



Literary Department.

MARYAM IN THE DESERT. AN ARABIAN TRADITION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSENKRANTZ, FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Introduction.

It is well known with what intense enjoyment the Arabs listen to the stories and legends of the past, when, resting from the fatigue and oppressive sultriness of the day, they encamp amid the desert's stillness for the night; and each one in his turn becomes the narrator of the beautiful and romantic, it was thus, without doubt, that originated and embellished the wide circulation, the pathetic story of Job that not until the century in which Solomon flourished was put upon record, and thus transmitted to our times by the hand of some thinker, who deemed its sublime simplicity might inculcate a lesson of use and beauty to mankind. Thus, too, may have originated those pleasant tales, part of whose characteristic tone has been handed to posterity in the weird and startling revelations of the Arabian Nights. Whoever would dwell for years among that people, master their language, and pay attention to the wonderful and poetic legends they possess, would be enabled to give to the world a fund of new and beautiful, and teaching discoveries, that would benefit and elevate as well as entertain.

The legends of a nation, as well as their songs and customary dances, are always a reflection of the soul-condition of that nation; they are important aids to the history and moral status of all combinations of people, great or small. One of the most touching and suggestive of the legends of the present Arabs, was brought to Europe by the Count Farbin, who, in 1817, and 1818, visited the Orient. He heard it one evening, amid a circle of natives, with whom he was journeying through the desert from El Arish to Damietta. I extracted his attention by the homage of silent and deep emotion which it elicited from the listeners.

It is not improbable, that these traditions of the desert, so oft repeated, were almost verbally transmitted through the lapse of years; as were once the Homeric songs, and the sorrow-laden poetry of Ossian. From other travelers, we have heard that the narrative we are about to give is known to numbers of the wandering Arabs, who have committed it to memory, and who love to repeat it whenever the occasion is presented; when it is always listened to with heartfelt appreciation.

It is also certain that there is a foundation of fact to every tradition thus preserved; only the imagination of the narrator permits the indulgence of vivid coloring, and the adornment that is natural to his climate.

CHAPTER I.

The Wounded Prisoner.

During the long continued wars and divisions between the Motaliam, or Chief of Jerusalem, and the Arabs of the Desert, it came to pass that a young Sheik was taken prisoner by stratagem of the Turks, near the vale of Bekaa. The youthful chieftain was celebrated for his surpassing strength, and invincible daring; his name was Ismail, and he was the son of Ahmed, the son of Bahir. His father was the head of the tribe Wahydyoh, one of the most dreaded of Barr el Cham, (or Syria). Ismail had given ample proofs of his courage with the strong arm that had prostrated many a lion-king of the forest at his feet. Wounded unto death, he was, with much difficulty, carried to Jerusalem, and there in the court-yard of the palace of the Motaliam, he was placed against one of its pillars. The pallor of death was on his sun-browned countenance, but his manly features were not effaced, nor in least diminished its lofty dignity of expression; but his limbs were stiffened and cold, and every one that looked upon him, said:

"Here dies the Terror of Syria, the Defender of the Desert."

His blood yet flowed; and that which the pity of his enemies refused to grant, was awarded by their avenger; for, the Motaliam anticipated a heavy ransom in return for the life of the only son of the Sheik of the Wahydyoh; therefore he sent for the interpreter of the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, who was known as a man of great power in the healing art; and he spoke to him thus:

"Hearken unto my words, oh physician. Because you have obtained a gift from heaven wherewith to heal mankind, and because among this people you are called an Avenger, do I confide this prisoner to your keeping. If you feel that you can restore life to his breast, let the body be carried to his home. And do you swear to me to bring this man by the twentieth day of the month of Sheval; if you do not return him, and he escapes your watchfulness, your blood shall atone for the treachery. But if you restore him to life, behold, one-half of the ransom-money shall be the reward of your skill."

The interpreter, after bowing deeply, examined the wounds of the young Sheik, and said, as he solemnly pressed his hand upon his forehead, he foresaw:

"It shall be done—as my Lord commands. Send me this slave, and I will endeavor to heal him for the world of the ransom you shall allow for him."

The dying chief was conveyed to the house of the physician, whose name was Yuhanna Ebu-Temym; and in whose Christian heart glowed brightly the divine flames of compassion. He lived near the gate of St. Stephen, in Jerusalem, close by the Path of Sorrows; and his garden was built of the fragments of the wall surrounding the fish-pond, to whose precincts it extended.

Maryam, the loveliest of the daughters of Palestine, heard the repeated knockings at the door; when she heard the voice of her father, she unbarred and unbolted it; for, it was the custom of the Christians to keep their houses securely fastened. She was somewhat alarmed as she saw the people entering bearing the senseless form of the young chieftain Ismail.

"My daughter," spoke Ebu Temym, "I bring here a son of misfortune."

The face of the beautiful Maryam was overcast with grief and pity.

"This is the most terrible of the Bedouins, the son of Ahmed, the Sheik of the Wahydyoh."

"What!" exclaimed the maiden; "This the son of Ahmed, who is so fearful to the Bethlehemites, and he is yet so young? But, father, we will forgive him. Think of the Samaritan's mercy; heal him by the power of your art, my father."

"Hasten then," responded Ebu Temym, "bring balsam of sakkum, and bandages of linen."

She promptly obeyed, and Ismail was placed upon the bed of his host. Maryam prepared the dressing, and upon her knees before him, she supported his head upon her arm, and scanned anxiously the face of her father, to read there a signal of hope for the patient's recovery. Alas, the last sign came light unto the lips of the chief! With a throbbing heart, Maryam watched the immovable face; he was the first man she had observed so closely. With deep sorrow and tenderness, she gazed upon the veiled eyes, whose long, black lashes shadowed the pallid cheeks. A broad, deep wound had opened his breast; Ebu Temym believed it a mortal stroke; and Maryam shuddered convulsively, for she could not feel that the unfortunate one was a stranger. With one hand she held the preparation that was to staunch the blood that still was flowing over the soiled turban, and the garments of the sufferer; the tears she could not restrain, nor wipe away, fell in a gentle shower upon the brow of the young prisoner.

Their benign influence seemed to break the lethargy that benighted him in the death-sleep, the dying one opened wide his eyes, and gazed in bewilderment upon the lovely vision that hovered near him; he faintly whispered:

"Blessed be God and his holy Prophet! I am in Paradise!"

"Oh, blessed Virgin, mother of the true God!" cried Maryam, "He lives! I snatched by thy name! Oh, aid and strengthen this poor unbeliever, that he may be restored to thee!"

CHAPTER II.

The Recovery.

Ebu Temym and his daughter were unremitting in their attentions, and never left the bedside of the son of Ahmed during his illness. By day and night he could read the loving sympathy in Maryam's expressive countenance; her words of consolation inspired him with freshened hope; for the pain of his wound was exceeded by the mental agony of the shame of servitude under which he labored.

Gradually he recovered his strength, and his grateful heart responded fully to the merciful care of his benefactors. As soon as he could walk Maryam led him beneath the shades of the towering sycamores, that surrounded the dwelling and the garden, and there she listened to his narrations of the wars of his tribe; of the vengeance of the Wahydyoh against the traitorous Dsohezar; of his relations and friends; and of the freedom and beauty of life in the desert. The evening time often found them deeply interested in these recitals, as the song of the Mueslin and the call to prayer resounded from the pinnacle of the great Mosque El Haram.

"Maryam," said the Arab chief, "why is it that you cause me to forget my father and my tribe—ay, even the Prophet himself? In you darky walls that exclude the view of heaven, your eyes are the only stars that mine can follow. Either my bones shall turn to drifting ashes, wherewith the wind of Yamyh toys, or I will spread the bridal tent above my head in the desert. My father and my mother will tremble for joy at your approach; all of the Wahydyohs will kiss the hem of Ebu Temym's robe, and the daughters of Kabyleh will strive with each other for the honor of washing your feet."

Maryam blushed and earnestly replied: "I am a Christian; and can never become your bride. Everything in this life separates us; Ismail, but death may be more compassionate, and may award what life refuses."

CHAPTER III.

The Persecution.

In the meantime the Pashaw of Damascus had heard of the great wealth of the Motaliam of Jerusalem, and he envied him the possession thereof. He summoned him before the Divan, overwhelmed him with reproaches, accused him of robbery; and at his word of command, the hand of the man before whose glance Judea had trembled, fell bleeding at his feet.

The new Motaliam was a favorite of the Pashaw's. He resolved to maintain his grailings, to

his patron by a suitable present; therefore his avolous eye fell upon the convent of the Holy Sepulchre, and upon those of the Armenians and Greeks. Twenty of the wealthiest Jews fell beneath the blows of his emissaries; Jerusalem was filled with alarm and terror. Then spoke Ebu Temym to the Sheik: "Listen to me, son of Ahmed. I have pledged myself with a sacred oath to the last Motaliam; but I have promised nothing to his follower. Fly, if your strength allows you, and take advantage of the confusion now prevailing in the city. Hasten to-morrow, at the setting of the sun, through the gate of Naby Dahud. Conceal yourself in the caves of Hakeldama; the graves offer the securest and most holy places of refuge. Then direct your steps with care toward the desert; and may God, who directed thee hither, guard and guide thee in thy flight. May he give thee length of days, together with those whose blood flows in the veins."

Maryam turned aside with brimming eyes; the cup she held fell from her nerveless hand. But Ismail responded thus:

"Oh, my father, how can you request me to fly hence when danger threatens those from whom my heart is never absent? And Allah, the cruel ruler, persecutes as yet, only the wealthy of Jerusalem; but when this new Motaliam has slaughtered the camels, then will he also lay hands upon the innocent lambs, and will fleece the sheep. He will think of the conflict of Tiberias, when he knows that Ismail, the son of Ahmed, is a prisoner, and no ransom will rescue my life from his grasp, for there is blood between us and the children of our children. Abd-Allah will soon demand of you an account of the slave delivered to you, keeping, and what will the mouth of truth say to him? Let us fly together; or if you will appear to me fidelity, I will hasten to my father. He will approach from Pharan with the sons of his tribe; they are gentle as the gazelles, and powerful as the lion. I will bring with me a trained camel, that Maryam can guide without difficulty; you must then meet us at the entrance of the vale of Gaza. The children of the Wahydyoh will welcome you with cries of joy. We will await your coming on the three last days of the month of Sheval; I will keep watch upon the hills of Ebu Waht, until mine eyes behold you."

Maryam knelt before her father and clasped his knees, as she spoke with heartfelt earnestness:

"This youth speaks not of himself, but it is a revelation from heaven that is announced through his lips! Yesterday, as I offered up my supplications before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, there came to my soul a foreboding of all he has uttered here. Let us escape from the first fury of these merciless men! The hand of God will disperse the storm, and he will redeem his people! But let us not delay our flight, I beseech you!"

Ebu Temym, deeply moved by the words of wisdom and the tears of the maiden, gave his consent. All their preparations were speedily concluded, and every necessary precaution agreed upon. Already Ismail had uttered the wish of parting:

"Oh, that you may long for the sight of the tents of Ahmed, the son of Bahir, even as the weary wanderer in the desert longs for the sight of the green oasis!"

But they were interrupted in their plans, and compelled to await a more propitious time. The tumult increased in the streets of Jerusalem, until Ebu Temym feared for the life of his guest if he permitted him then to depart. He concealed him beneath the vaults of the great waterfall, and then returned to Maryam with restored composure. But the soldiers of the tyrant seized him, and accused by treacherous Greeks, he was conveyed to the presence of the Motaliam. His daughter never again beheld him.

They took the little all that Ebu Temym possessed. Maryam in her grief and wild alarm flew to the Superior of the convent, to implore his intercession for her father, but the place was surrounded by a warlike band, who reviled and threatened the monks.

"My daughter," said the aged priest, "our Lord is trying our faith with great trials. Thou, above all, art one severely smitten. But turn with thy anguish unto Him, who in this sacred spot drained to the dregs the bitter cup of sorrow! Daughter of Jesus Christ, wherefore callest thou on me? Thy earthly father is no more!"

The unhappy maiden knew not of her irreparable loss; she felt senseless to the earth. When she recovered, she found herself in the midst of Christian women, who were opposing the departure of Maryam, who also was ordered to appear before the Motaliam. For this stony-hearted man, having heard of her exceeding grace and loveliness had determined to send her to the Pashaw of Damascus, as an addition to the odalisques of his harem.

By humble entreaty and the offerings of presents, the pious monks succeeded in postponing the departure of the orphan Christian, for a few hours. They entertained the hope of rescuing her from the prevailing persecution by giving her into the keeping of the holy women of Bethlehem; but that same evening tidings came that Bethlehem was also in the power of the savage Metualia. And the rumor spread that that very hour, the convent of Jerusalem and the church of the Holy Sepulchre were to be attacked. Then each one thought alone of individual escape and safety; women and children were concealed in the subterranean depths of the graves of kings and judges. The fearless Christian men leaped over the walls, and buried the sacred books in their faith, the consecrated vessels, in the caves of Jerusalem, and in the depths of the

CHAPTER IV.

The Escape.

Then Maryam returned hopeless of counsel or escape, to the Bedouin guest, who awaited her with the utmost anxiety. He ground his teeth in the extremity of his anger, and breathed only vengeance as he heard of the death of Ebu Temym, and witnessed the agony of the bereaved and forlorn maiden.

"If the All-merciful One has granted me strength until this moment," she said, weeping, "it is that I may implore you to fly. I have revealed all to the Father of the Convent. Issuf, one of the janisaries who served the monks, is won by them and paid to aid in your flight. He will conceal you in Bethany, where the Arabs of Sileam will provide him a camel. See, the night has come, hasten to the valley of Jehoshaphat; there you will find your guide, who will expect you until the ninth hour. God bless your path, and guard your footsteps. Think sometimes of the unfortunate Ebu Temym and his daughter."

"You urge me to flight," said Ismail; "and you speak not of following me?"

"I cannot go with you, for I am a Christian, and may not become your bride. But if you love me, Ismail, you will flee this peril and save your life. May you live happy in the Desert. Maryam will find a refuge at the grave of her Saviour! Oh," she continued, sobbing, "I know but of two evils that I could not survive—to deny my Lord, or to behold thee die! Alas, that God sends is light to bear."

Ismail replied gloomily, as he again threw off his mantle, and cast aside his weapons: "Maryam, you can never have believed that I tremble for my life; you cannot have thought that the son of Ahmed is a coward! Wherefore do you try me thus? Why should I carry hence my life without that which is dearer to me than the breath of life itself? Oh, what have I heard! You can live away from Ismail? I cannot away from thee; I remain. I swear by the Prophet, no power on earth can separate us."

"You remain!" cried Maryam, in an extremity of apprehension; "you remain to await your death!"

"I await it without fear."

"Son of misfortune, know you not that I could never outlive you?"

"I shall at least die first," said Ismail, with perfect calm. And this fearful calm decided the destiny of Maryam:

"My God!" she fervently exclaimed, and threw herself upon her knees. "What shall I do? Shall I flee the country that is moistened by a father's blood? Shall I leave Ismail to die? What am I, poor orphan, that this should be done for me? If my father lived, I should be his to obey. Now I am alone upon the earth. To whom do I belong? For him, numberless loved ones would weep and I would be the cause of their tears, for I should have led him to destruction. Who cares for me on earth? There are none to weep for Maryam. But he must live—he may yet be happy. Save then your own life, Ismail, and take mine with thee. I follow to the Desert! Forgive me, oh, holy Mother of God! forgive, and if it is sin, I alone am culpable."

There was no time to be lost. Guided by the glare of a conflagration that consumed the Hospital of the Armenians, they fled through the alleys and hedges that encircled the neighboring gardens, and reached the foot of the wall that environed Jerusalem. They found fugitive Christians there, and they helped one another. In profound silence the mutual aid was given, for the slightest sound would have discovered them to their expectant murderers, Ismail, who had never known what it was to fear, then felt its influence for the first time. They sped on with winged haste. But Maryam, unaccustomed to fatigue, could not long keep pace with her companion; he bore her in his arms, and through the night soon glistened the tower of Bethany. Ismail was rejoiced for the safety of Maryam, and her heart throbbled gladly in view of the friendly asylum. The signal agreed upon was given but no answer came; all was silent as death. In vain he searched around for the janisary and the promised camel. The ninth hour was already past.

CHAPTER V.

The Desert.

What was to be done? How continue their wanderings? How live for days in rugged hilly paths, and in the Desert, without help or subsistence, without shelter or refreshment, on the hot and movable sands? And yet Love knows no danger; to its angel heart of faith all things are possible. Ismail persuaded the weary Maryam to a continuance of their journey.

"I know of a well," he said, "on the way to the land inhabited by my tribe. There, we shall find date trees, whose delicious fruit will revive you, my beloved. I will carry the light burden that you are. It is but two days travel, and when your strength fails, you shall renew it from my heart."

With the simple trust of a child she believed him; and he, inspired with the religious glow of a first and pure love, breathed only for her, and around them was cast by unseen hands the white mantle of unalloyed innocence. They hastened on; eager to take advantage of the coolness of the night that they might journey on more quickly. Vain hope! Maryam's strength gave way. Her tender feet bled painfully, pierced by the cruel thorns. Ismail suffered himself, as he looked upon her sufferings, his heart was torn with anguish; he took her in his arms and carried her for many hours. But it was a slow progress over the sharp flint that they passed over.

arms and carried her for many hours. But it was a slow progress over the sharp flint that they passed over.

The sun arose, and before them spread the boundless waste. It was a calm and endless sand ocean, crimsoned by the morning's beams. There was no shelter, not a tree or shrub, not a sound of life. But Ismail felt the returning bliss of hope, and his strength was anew restored; for the Desert was his home, the soil of his freedom.

"Take courage, oh Maryam!" he cried. "Be of good heart, for before the day ends, we shall reach the well Engaddi."

Encouraged by his cheerful words, Maryam continued her painful efforts to walk, and strove to conceal the pain and misery she endured. She leaned upon the arm that so lovingly sustained her, but the pallor of her face revealed her fainting state, and she came nigh falling to the ground. The Bedouin again took her in his arms, and carried her through the Desert path; he bore her thus the entire day beneath the burning sun. He, too, was yet feeble from his wounds, and he felt his strength departing. In the distance he saw on the horizon the palms of Engaddi, and it appeared impossible to reach them before nightfall. But Maryam lay within his arms as one dying; consumed by thirst she could not articulate a word. The Arab felt his soul transfixed with grief; he hastened on with his precious burden, stopped breathlessly, and again sped on. Cold dews of perspiration bathed his brow; drawing breath with difficulty, trembling and exhausted, he pressed the idolized one to his breast, and still sped forwards. The palms grew larger to the sight; they came nigher. Ismail would have flown toward them, but he could go no further, and he sank to the earth; both lay there long, unconscious, and immovable. He recovered first, and staggering on he reached the water, drew some in the hollow of his hand, and forgetful of his own thirst, he sprinkled the pale face and held it to the lips of Maryam. She slowly opened her eyes, and a faint smile dawned upon him; thinking only of him, she said:

"Without me you would not suffer so, and you would be nearer the land of your fathers."

That night and the following day they reposed by the well in the shadow of the palms. As darkness approached Ismail placed himself at Maryam's feet, and thus watched and guarded her from wild beasts. She spoke in her sleep, broken, incoherent words, and the Arab listened with surprise and alarm. The breath of night was mild; in the broad heavens gleamed the everlasting stars, as in the gardens of earth the flowers. From time to time there swept over the horizon a flash of light that illuminated with pale lustre the swaying palms. Those vivid gleams are those of passing angels, who go forth to meet the spirits of the Darkness, and who terrify them away with a flaming sword.

The juicy fruit of the date tree and the pure water of the well refreshed the bony Bedouin, and restored to him the almost vanished strength. But the maiden of Jerusalem lay in the shadow like a broken lily. She recovered not from her exhaustion, as did he; but thoughtful ever of her friend, she would no longer delay there.

They left the repose of Engaddi, and wandered forth in the desert. Ismail carried the beautiful and uncomplaining sufferer as before; and he had provided dates and cooling draughts of water for the refreshment of both, therefore their journeying was not as painful as at first. They met with Arabian herdsmen, who gave them milk, and bread baked in the ashes. The oldest among them who knew the tribe Wahydyoh, became guide to the poor fugitives. They journeyed together to the vale of Harma; the herdsmen aided them over the summit of Gaba, through the stream of Soebta, and through the solitudes of Hebron.

"My child," said he to Maryam, "trust in God; for it is He who has guided your footsteps to us—the pasture-grounds of Edom. He has taken my daughter, the delight of my declining years! and, looking at you, I remember her, and my grief awakens at the sight of your grief. Lean upon me, upon the withered branch, that tender rose!"

Maryam was so exhausted she could hardly move her delicate limbs; her eyes found no more tears to weep. As night again advanced, the keen eye of the Arab detected several horsemen in the distance. He concealed his companions behind an overhanging rock, and hastened to meet the riders.

CHAPTER VI.

The Arrival.

"Ye men of the desert!" cried the Arab, "tell me, are you from the noble Kabyleh of Wahydyoh, the Queen of Boor and Eblata?"

When the men heard those words, they descended from the hill with the speed of lightning, and replied:

"We are;" and they followed the old man to the rock. And when Ismail recognized them, he was filled with joy, and ran toward them, and commanded them to announce his coming to his father, and request him to send a camel.

"Arouse thee, oh my sister!" he said to Maryam, "the whole tribe expects thee. I will restore to thee a father."

Soon, and Maryam was lifted upon a young camel, gentle and docile as a kid; the Arabs and Ismail supported her. Yet she sank fainting back a number of times before they reached the hilly plains of Haros, where the old Sheik Ahmed, the son of Bahir, with his wife and daughters, and all the members of his tribe did dwell.

"Sheik of Wahydyoh, oh my father!" cried Ismail, "I have brought you a daughter, and she is the daughter of the Motaliam of Jerusalem."

mail, "behold, this is the angel who has saved the life of your son. Let a new-born babe be killed to do her honor, and offer her of your calm and your salt."

CHAPTER VII. Kamall's Rest.

There was a sound of great mourning in the tents, and the women wept by day and by night; for the whole tribe of Wahydyah had loved the fugitive dove as a sweet token of Heaven granted to the son of the wilderness.

THE ROUTINE OF LIFE.

To-night at sunset, the last fall flowers were fresh and bright, and the grass green. A moment ago I went out to look at the moon and think of the unchangeable. She surely is changeless, and so I would think of all things beautiful.

"Ah, me! it is not well to sigh, with our faces turned heavenward, over the departure of innocence and ignorance; over the departure of a dream of heaven, which we innocently thought earth could realize. To cherish a loved hope for years, and then have it plucked from its niche in the heart by the knowledge of our own imperfection creeping in."

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

I hear them tell of the Beautiful Land, And I long, oh, I long to go. That its strange and beautiful mysteries My ravished soul may know.

Written at Camp Biens, Miss., Sunday, July 13, 1862.

MAN.—It is important to remember that the present condition of things may be very different from the ultimate design. I have seen the rose when only the thorn appeared. The careless traveler was wounded as he passed that way. When I saw it again, there was a sweet flower, that loaded the passing breeze with its precious odors.

Original Essays. PRINCIPLES OF ORGANIZATION, AND THEIR RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM.

BY EDWARD B. FERRAND. NUMBER FIVE.

In preceding articles upon the subject of Government, I have indicated that a perfect, harmonious, regulative organization must be based upon, and result from, the interblending of two principles, in themselves antagonistic as to operation, but, when cooperatively blended, productive of complete, natural, artistic harmony; the principle of Freedom or Individual Sovereignty, and the principle of Order or Natural Leadership; in other words, the principles of Divergent and Convergent Individuality.

The aim and endeavor of all Religions in the past has been, and is now, to induce a right state of heart, and to bring the individual into loving sympathy with God and his fellow-men, according to the conception which these religions obtained of the Supreme Being, and of human duties.

Religion belongs to the heart, as Science and Intellect do to the head. It is therefore allied to the affectional side of our nature, rather than to the intellectual. The essential element of the affection is its devotion, its faith. Hence Religion allies itself rather with the faith-giving, loving, devotional, aspirational faculties, than with the analytical, inquiring, questioning, knowing faculties.

It is time that this antagonism cease; time that the Church recognize the nature of Intellectual Revelation; time that Science recognize the nature of the heart-revelation, time that man and woman, intellect and heart cease to quarrel for the superior position, and come to recognize that each has certain advantages over the other; that each in its own position is the superior; that each without the other is imperfect and incomplete; and that only in their harmonious reconciliation and loving cooperation is there hope for the speedy regeneration and salvation of the world.

Yielding, therefore, to Christianity all its claims; recognizing it as having power to completely sanctify the heart; it is still inadequate, as a practical working religion, to the wants of the age. It is so necessarily from the fact that the sanctification of the heart is only half the work requisite to practical salvation. The other half is the information of the head.

While the New Religion integrates within itself the religious faiths of the past, it also embraces the whole body of scientific discovery. Its Theology is indeed a Science. "Theology," says its articles of Faith, "being thus the highest of the sciences, is necessarily the last among the sciences to attain to the fullness of its development; from which proposition arise two subordinate ones, as follows: First, that Theology is a 'progressive' science, capable of a higher and truer development in succeeding years, generations, epochs and dispensations. And secondly, that it can only begin to be rationally and symmetrically constituted after the discovery of a great Unitary Science, or the Principles of the Universe, as the basis upon which must rest the strictly scientific side of the Theological fabric."

The Principles of Unitary Science, embracing the scientific aspect of Theology, having been, by the divine permission, and the cooperation of good angels, recently discovered, it is possible that now, for the

The desire to do right does not point the way. The churchards of the land are filled with the graves of those who have died in the faith. The laws which have been enacted to bless the earth, and in its ignorance of the laws of health and physiology, added, protected, candied, humored, fed the child into its coffin. The Inhuman injustice of trade and its laws, starving the workers, and making rich the non-workers, cries aloud to the sky, and good men are eagerly longing and asking how shall this iniquity be righted? and the longing and desire give them no answer.

The condition of the Christian Church itself is a powerful witness to the fact that religious devotion and right desires alone are inadequate to the task of the world's redemption from wretchedness, ignorance and misery. The decline of faith has been constant and accelerating during the last two hundred years, until in England and America, religion proper has little vitality outside of the Catholic Church.

We need, then, a new Religion. A Religion founded upon Science, which shall fully satisfy all the demands of the head, and at the same time, feed the ever yearning and now unsatisfied cravings of the heart. I shall endeavor to state concisely and clearly the nature of such a Religion, without attempting, in this paper, to give the scientific grounds of its constitution. They will come hereafter.

Religious Sects in the past have based themselves upon some one or more fundamental articles of Faith, and have, with more or less rigidity, excluded from the pale of truth all who did not recognize their peculiar tenets. I have referred in former articles to the Philosophy of Integralism or Wholeness, an offshoot of the Science of Universology, by which we discover that every religious body of the past has had for its basis a truth which is inherent and fundamental in every department of the universe, as well as in Religion.

The New Catholic Church "is the integration of all modes of expressing and cultivating the religious sentiments of the race." In the earlier ages, and in those countries still which have least completely emerged from the doctrine of these early times, God was conceived of as embodied in every portion of nature, or more particularly in certain particular objects or forms; whence arose the Fetish and Idol. In worshipping these the conception of the divine Unity was lost. On the other hand, in the same early times other minds conceived of God as a Being of absolute Unity, elevated by his ineffable perfection above all relations with the world and all concernment in its affairs.

Within the body of the Christian Church of the past the same differences reappear and are repeated in the dogmas of conflicting sects. These differences arise partly out of the essential difficulty of compassing any adequate idea of God, who is essentially incomprehensible, in his fullness, by the finite mind; partly out of the intrinsic individualities of different minds and of different nationalities and other masses of mind; and partly out of the undeveloped state of the race hitherto, which has precluded the discovery and entertainment of so complex or compound an idea as that of the New Catholic Church, which is Integralism or the reconciliation of Infinite Unity in Unity. The Trinitarian affirms God as three persons, not however denying but equally affirming their essential Unity. The Unitarian insists exclusively on the conception of absolute Unity. The Pantheist finds God represented in every object of nature, and thus virtually re-affirms the doctrine of an infinite variety of Gods, or of embodied objects representative of God. The Atheist, searching through the intellect, to find God by the analytical process, arrives at "zero" and reports the result of his investigation as his contribution to the aggregate of truth; the Transcendentalist refines and elevates and attenuates his conception, until he returns to the Brahminical idea of the Absolute, also equal, for the finite mind, to annihilation or zero.

Finally arises the New Catholic Church, based on the scientific discovery of principles which accept, and justify, and mediate between, and reconcile, not only all the conflicting sects of Christendom, but all the conflicting religions of the past and present, in the higher, and more spiritual, and wiser religious movements of the future.

The unity of the Faith of the Church is not to be found in the truths apprehended and accepted by any single or individual mind, but in all the truths apprehended and accepted by all minds. Hence the Creeds of the Church are not one, but many; different and even opposite Faiths combining, balancing, and harmonizing with each other in the bosom of the greater truth—Infinite Variety in Unity. As in the constitution of the Church, so in its Faith, all truths derived from all sources—in the Universe of Truth; Observational, Scientific, Intellectual and Inspirational—constitute the Universal Creed of the Church—a creed which is therefore progressively developing in Time; but, in a special or interior sense, the Creed of the Church is the aggregate of the Truth, known or believed, in relation to the highest sphere of thought and feeling, and in relation to the out-working of the Divine Love; and Wisdom in beneficent action.

While the New Religion integrates within itself the religious faiths of the past, it also embraces the whole body of scientific discovery. Its Theology is indeed a Science. "Theology," says its articles of Faith, "being thus the highest of the sciences, is necessarily the last among the sciences to attain to the fullness of its development; from which proposition arise two subordinate ones, as follows: First, that Theology is a 'progressive' science, capable of a higher and truer development in succeeding years, generations, epochs and dispensations. And secondly, that it can only begin to be rationally and symmetrically constituted after the discovery of a great Unitary Science, or the Principles of the Universe, as the basis upon which must rest the strictly scientific side of the Theological fabric."

The Principles of Unitary Science, embracing the scientific aspect of Theology, having been, by the divine permission, and the cooperation of good angels, recently discovered, it is possible that now, for the

time, a scientific, intellectual and the strictly scientific of the edicts of Divine Truth can be brought into the human mind to each other. The great Mediator between Science and Religion, between all conflicting opinions and all spheres of being, is the great scientific discovery of final truths in the direction of the universe and the infinite; and the new ground of revelation, thus furnished, requires to be signalled by the inauguration of a new religious movement; by the revival of faith; and by the organization of a church destined speedily to become so universal by the acceptance it shall meet among men, as it is, from the first, by virtue of the principles upon which it is based.

The new birth of the race, or what is the same thing, the first birth of the race into a Spiritual Life, is to be coextensive with, and consequential upon, the reopening of all the religious, moral, scientific and material influences which have in the past tended to the development of man; together with the discovery, in this age, of Universology, or the Unity of the Sciences, or the Revelation of the Laws of Divine Order and Harmony in the Universe, as the type or model from which harmonious societies can be constituted; and, finally, the awakening of the Spirit Spheres and the return of their inhabitants into an active interest and participation in mundane affairs.

Through the medium of Universology and its corresponding Philosophy of Integralism, aided by other causes, a Universal Reconciliation is about to be effected between all possible Religions, Metaphysical, Political and Social Systems.

This grand Reconciliation will grow in a great measure out of the recognition of the fact which the new Science and the new Philosophy substantially demonstrate; that, wherever any human mind has clearly perceived a truth there, there is a truth; and that, consequently, there is a higher and more complex truth in which all of these minor and apparently contradictory aspects of truth unite in a central harmony with each other; or, in other words, that wherever any mind sees or thinks it sees a truth there, there is a truth, in the same manner as when the eye perceives an object there, there is an object; saving, in both instances, the influence of hallucination or diseased action of the internal and external vision; that is to say that it is not the nature of the human mind to attach itself to absolute falsehood, and that when it appears to do so, it is because a truth is concealed amidst the error; that bigotry itself is no other than the love of truth with a narrow, intellectual perception of its extent and relations, and the fear that any new truths proposed may be denials of the old.

Whenever, therefore, any considerable number of persons, any large branch of the human family, for instance, has adopted and persisted in any dogma, or belief, there has been underlying such belief the instinct of some great principle or truth, and that in this manner all truths have been germinally represented in an isolated or individual way in the creeds and institutions of the past.

In the doctrine and polity of the new Catholic Church will be embodied substantially the Creeds and Institutions of all the churches of the past, freed from their crudities and peculiarities merely, but essentially conserved; while they will be overlaid, illuminated and integrated into one grand composite system of truth, by the broader and higher philosophy of the present and the future.

Such is a condensed statement of the Platform of the new Church, representative of a new Religion. Its office, "is to inspire goodness and wisdom, and a divinely spiritualized energy into individuals, and thereby into the race; to elevate man from a natural state of crudity, which, whether it be called by and regarded as rebellion against God, or as ignorance and undevelopment, is that from which he needs to be rescued or saved. The Church must, therefore, possess goodness, and wisdom, and power in herself, and can only justify her existence in so far as she exhibits these attributes in a degree above that of natural or unregenerate men. It is, therefore, the duty of the Church to reside, with her spiritual influence, over all human affairs, domestic, social, industrial, educational, political, and the like, and to infuse into them that elevation of purpose, universality of scope, and unselfish devotion which pertain to the highest ideal of religion, and which are themselves derived from aspiration to the Infinite."

Such a Church embodies within itself the twin requisites of a new social order—Science, which informs the intellect and enables it to point out the methods of practical procedure; Religion, which infuses into the heart the love of the Divine and the Human, and causes it to yearn for the good of all, and to spend itself in practical efforts for human advancement. Such a Religion can take hold of the feelings and insure the devotion of practical men. So long as Religion taught the meanness of man, the impossibility of human happiness, and called attention away from earth to some indefinite and, to many minds, impossible future; so long men took but little interest in it or its teachings. Men demand, in our day, that practical advantage shall follow effort. Religion, in the past, has pointed to no such advantages. It has rather urged men to look away from earth, to forsake, to a great extent, worldly things. It has preached a method of life, perfectly adapted perhaps to a perfect state of society, but utterly impossible in our imperfect state. Kindness, the law of Love, how beautiful cover among highly developed people, is impracticable in actual society, to the extent urged in the Gospel, and the practical common sense of mankind has always so considered it. "First pure, then peaceful," is practical wisdom. The Law of Love universalized, must be preceded by intellectual and moral development universalized. Meanwhile the problem is, how most speedily and efficiently to attain this intellectual, moral, material and spiritual development.

In the past, Religion has never attempted to deal with this question. The welfare of man on earth was something which belonged not to her; and as Religion concerned not herself with the temporal interests of man, man has had but little care for Religion in the burdens of temporalities. But the New Religion comes with a creed which must satisfy the world. It affirms the race to be in its infancy, the world to be its future home, heaven to be here upon earth, when, through the efforts of devoted men and women, using the methods pointed out by Science, the earth becomes the garden of the race, and humanity the dwellers therein. True Religion, the new Gospel affirms, is devotion to the discovery of all truth and its practical application for the material, intellectual, moral and spiritual regeneration of mankind.

Such a Religion will lay fast hold on the hearts, and inspire the energies of all the teachers of the Race, and give a new impetus to social advancement. It will engage the practical faculties of men, and call them out in "new efforts toward an end worthy to be striven after, and 'godlike' when attained. In the hands of intelligent, spiritualized, earnest men, possessing the instrumentalities of Science, and inspired by the love of humanity, the work of social reconstruction will rapidly advance. Institutions, reconstruction will rapidly advance. Institutions, adequate to the wants of the world, based on first principles, will speedily take the place of the meagre ones we now are cramped into, and will give new conditions for a more rapid and healthful development of mankind. The abolition of poverty, will quickly follow the introduction of associated industry and equitable systems of commercial exchange; rebellions, wars, bloodshed will cease under a better and truer method of government, founded on attraction and recognizing the inherent individuality of every one; impurity will be no longer a tolerated, 'magnificent' evil; the 'poor' will be allowed love-united inhabitants of earth, and shall be allowed to live in peace and the day of Jesus shall be here. This is not happiness down upon the New Earth. Now it is Utopian. A year ago it would have been deemed the 'practical possibility' of earnest, devoted men and women, using their brains in the application of laws discovered by Science, and applying them to which every great nation, and every individual, thereby, would have been the ultimatum, and to which the great world would have been, and to which the sinking hopes of humanity turn expectantly.

WATCH AND PRAY.

But prayer, does not wholly consist in aspirations in utterances, and high conceptions of duty, but also in the application of these in all our transactions of life.

To "watch," guards us from temptation, and bad habits, and to "pray," effectually prepares the soul for all its needed requirements.

All the fears of the world arise from the conception of the liability of poverty and want overtaking them. They place but little or no reliance upon the divine statement, and rest upon their own exertions.

THE WAR OF THE SPIRIT SHALL TRIUMPH.

Look up, thou that art cast down; let the smile of gladness rest upon thy brow, for the earth shall break forth in songs of joy, for thy redemption draweth nigh.

Come up into the hill-top, yes, come up into the towering mountain's height, and the telescopes of wisdom will assist you as you look down upon the hosts that will oppose you as you march on to victory.

Judging the future by the standpoint of the present, thou wilt learn there is strength in the few and weakness in the many. When opposed by the brute force of his brethren, Joseph was thrown into the pit, and subsequently sold into bondage; apparently there was victory of the strong over the weak; they being evil minded, planned and designed evil against their brother; but in the end the victory was in favor of their victim.

And when the self-righteous priest stood at the altar in his sacerdotal robes, to offer up an offering for sin, he was bearing in his bosom a hatred that death alone could remove from his envious mind.

So it is at the present time: those who, in their own estimation, stand preeminent above their fellow men in the scale of righteousness are the most bitter against the truth of spirit-life, and its intercourse with mankind.

Ask of him if the followers of Jesus were deluded, and he will reply, "Oh, they lived in the days of miracles." Ask of him if he had lived in the days of Jesus, what course he would have pursued different from what the Priests, the Scribes and the Pharisees pursued at that time, and he will tell you that he would have been a follower of Jesus.

In their denunciations against Spiritualism, they overlook the bounds of prudence; they create a desire in the minds of many to hear, and see for themselves, and frequently, what they first see is so different from what it was represented to be, there will be a desire to see more, and the more they see, the more they will want to see, and in the end will become confirmed in the faith of spirit-life, and its intercourse with mankind, to the astonishment of those who created that desire.

Christ the Teacher has instructed us how it can be done in the plainest manner; yet it is not known why the creeds have omitted to receive so plain a statement, a statement on which hangs all of man's welfare and happiness here and in the future.

confusion any stalking over the land in dread array, the peaceful motions of guardian spirits, as they hover around, would quiet the upheavings of a discontented people, and peace reign throughout the land, and the songs of joy be heard from hill to hill, from shore to shore, as the race of man extends.

Fear not, for the great battle is being fought, and the redemption of humanity from the thralldom of error draweth nigh. The year of jubilee will soon be proclaimed, and the ransomed will return with songs in their mouths, and everlasting joy in their hearts.

Fear not, for the light that now shines upon your vision is but the germ of that light which has lain hidden for ages beyond the clouds of darkness, and bursting forth upon the world, resplendent in its glory, lighting up the dark corners, and penetrating the gloom of earth-life with its brilliant light.

WHERE LIES THE TRUTH?

I read with much interest and profit in your paper a few weeks since a number of extracts from various criticisms on Dr. Child's Book, "Whatever Is, Is Right," and was impressed with the marked difference in temper, and spirit of the friends and opponents of the doctrine or sentiment in question.

Why this difference? Plain enough to those who have eyes to see. Those who are in the immature states of affection, analogous to the sour and acrid states of unripe fruit, contemplating all subjects from their inward conditions, invest those subjects with the hues and colorings derived from the state of their own affections.

Although Dr. Child has given it a fuller statement and a broader application, the doctrine in question is not new. It is as old as the Hebrew Scriptures, and crops out in the writings of several of the Prophets, of Paul, and the "Christian Fathers."

"And I sought whence is evil: I set before the eye of my spirit the whole creation, whatsoever we see therein, sea, earth, air, stars, trees, mortal creatures—yea, whatsoever there is we do not see, angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things? Why made he anything at all of evil, and not rather by His All-mightiness cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart overcharged with most gnawing cares.

"The shadow and the light." "The fourteen centuries fall away between us and the Aforesaid; and, at his side, we urge to-day the immemorial quest and old complaint: No outward sign to us is given, from sea or earth comes no reply, Hushed, as the warm Nubian heaven, No vainly questioned; bends our frozen sky."

No victory comes of all our strife. From all we grasp, the meaning slips; The Sphinx sits at the gate of life. With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet Of fear before, and gull's behind; We pluck the way-side fruit, and eat Athens and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unbecked The sad bequest of sire to son; The body's taint, the mind's defect— Through every web of life the dark threads run.

Oh, why and whither?—God knows all! I only know that he is good, And that whatever may befall Or here or there, must be the best that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim A Father's face I still discern, As Moses looked of old on him And saw his glory into goodness turn!

For he is merciful as just; And so, by faith correcting sight, I bow before his will, and trust: How'er they seem, he doeth all things right;

And dare to hope that he will make The rugged smooth, the doubtful plain, His mercy never quite forsake, His healing visit every realm of pain;

That suffering is not his revenge Upon his creatures weak and frail, Sent on a pathway new and strange, With feet that wander and with eyes that fall;

That, o'er the crucible of pain, Watches the tender eye of Love, The slow transmuting of the chain, Whose links are iron below to gold above!

Ah, me! we doubt the shining skies Seen through our shadows of offence, And down with our poor childish cries The oracles of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause, And of the just effect complain; We tread upon life's broken laws And murmur at our self-inflicted pain.

We turn us from the light, and find Our spectral shapes before us thrown, As they who leave the sun behind Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

And scarce by will or strength of ours We set our faces to the day; Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal Powers Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin, But love must needs be stronger far, Outstripping all and gathering in The erring spirit and the wandering star.

A voice grows with the growing years; Earth, hushing down her bitter cry, Looks upward from her graves, and hears: "The Resurrection and the Life am I!"

Oh, Love Divine! whose constant beam Shines on the eyes that will not see, And waits to bless us, while we dream Thou leavest us because we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire, All hearts of prayer by thee are lit; And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire In dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st, Wide as our need thy forces fall; The white wings of the Holy Ghost Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

Oh, Beauty, old yet ever new, Eternal Voice, and Inward Word, The Logos of the Greek and Jew, The old sphere-music which the Samian heard!

Truth which the sage and prophet saw, Long sought without but found within, The Law of Love beyond all law, The Life of everliving mortal death and sin!

Shine on us with the light which glowed Upon the trance-bound shepherd's way, Who saw the Darkness overflowed And drowned by tides of everlasting Day!

Shine, light of God!—make broad thy scope To all who sin and suffer; more And better than we dare to hope, With heaven's compassion make our longings poor!

"Too late I loved thee, oh Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! And lo! thou wert within and I abroad searching for thee. Thou wert with me; but I was not with thee."—August, Soliloq., Book X.

"And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death; but an Infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness; and in that I saw the Infinite Love of God."—George Fox's Journals.

ANIMALS IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

BY E. O. DUNN.

I noticed an article in a past number of your paper relative to the existence of animals in spirit life, as to whether they were spirits of animals that once inhabited this plane of existence. Owing to my clairvoyant organization, I have often been privileged to behold the beauties of that beautified world, hence I positively know there are spirit animals in spirit-life, but deny their being the spirits of animals that once lived on earth.

Now, admitting that the spirits of animals pass to spirit life, retaining their individuality, what would be done with them? There are thousands of animals dying to one human being. Now, some opine that the spirit world extends only about sixty miles outward from this earth. Then consider for a moment the enormous numbers of spiders and their procreative propensities. Each spider will produce over four hundred per month. Now, reflect upon the number in existence, and the myriads they would produce in one year; this multiplied by six thousand, (allowing the Mosiac account of creation correct), and this multiplied by an eternity to come, what would you do with them all, saying nothing of toads, snakes, lizards, crocodiles, and millions of other kinds less useless in the animal kingdom? (useless, I mean, in spirit-life). Hence, my opinion is, were you to boil them all down to a solid extract, they could not be contained in that amount of space.

But the question now arises, from whence come the spirit animals of the spirit spheres, seen by clairvoyants and described by spirits? I reply they are a production of the spirit world, the same as our animals are of this. They exist by virtue of necessity. They are as much a legitimate production of the spheres as the spirit flower, plant and tree. We do not think, for a moment, that the spirit of the tree goes into the other life as an individuality. But there is a life-principle in the vegetable kingdom, and even the mineral, as well as the animal or human. Shall we infer, then, that the rock of aqueous formation will exist in spirit-life the same as in this? Certainly not. Am I now asked whence goes the spirit of the animal when decomposition takes place? Tell me what becomes of the life-principle of the flower, the tree and rock, and I will tell you what becomes of that of the animal.

The vegetable and mineral kingdoms, as well as the animal, are vast laboratories or mighty processes of refinement through which physical (and spiritual) matter must pass in order to be prepared for the human. The animal is not perfect in organization, (though perfect on its plane); but there is a higher plane of perfection, and in accordance with the laws of progression, all imperfect organizations must give way or pass on to a higher gradation of perfection. It will not do to predicate of the animal what we do of the conscious progressive and inspirational man. The animal has not the higher organs of the human brain, therefore it must pass from the comparative plane to a higher; or, in other words, the keystone must be placed in the arch ere it is perfect. This keystone is the spiritual group of organs which pertain alone to the human kingdom. This may be termed the coronation, enabling the immortalized spirit to retain its individuality, and withstand the devastating tempests of a boundless eternity.

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AUNT MYRA ON MARRIAGE.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Thank you, stranger, for your queries put to my article on "Marriage." I think we have had the mistaken policy of marrying opposite characters about long enough, to try a few of the harmonious sort. Marry two races, white and black for instance, and the offspring is a hybrid, and must go on to engender the other race finally, or perish; for hybrids do not propagate long. I think in less extreme cases, the same is true of hybrids.

It is not true that like dispositions in both parents are followed out in children. It has long been known that clergymen with very pious wives have the rudest and wildest children—nature seeking her own balance by poisoning the other way. Children often take the opposite extreme of both parents. How seldom the second or third generation retains the wealth that the joint efforts of husband and wife accumulated. The children of misers are usually spendthrifts.

The children of extremists, if mated on their own plane, as they should be, will fly across and back, lessening a little each time, till the true harmony is attained which is the best and only permanent condition for the race. Harmonious persons with good dispositions and uniform organizations have the best children.

Trying to improve the race by mating extremes, is a failure. We have too many cases of men of strong passions and sensual feelings seeking and marrying girls of the opposite extreme, and sending one after another to the grave, broken-hearted and broken-spirited, often leaving one or more feeble little sufferers to linger a few months behind, and then follow. Such men should marry on their own plane, and there would be little danger of the children being worse in that extreme.

All my observations go to prove that the most sensual parents have children on the other extreme, generally, as in religion. 'Tis the medium line that holds the balance in society, and some stop at it from each extreme.

But my letter which Aunt Myra referred to, was on harmonious marriages, and did not attempt to give the laws of offspring in it; yet, I am sure these will not be found to conflict with the true laws of marrying and being happy. I have seen enough of social life to be certain that in no sense can opposite characters and dispositions marry and be happy. I know there are many wild freaks of passion, and some of love, almost unaccountable; but these are only the exceptions. Desdemona and Othello may exist in real life, as well as in fiction, although most are in fiction. Whosoever bites at such bait will get caught. I have heard much of virtuous girls reforming rakes and libertines, but the cases I have known were failures; perhaps one in a hundred may succeed, and even that would be sufficient to tempt many girls to run the risk and perish, or become fugitive wives.

I cannot say much in a letter for the BANNER on this subject, for I am determined to keep mine short, and wish all writers would, so we could have more of them each week; but Aunt Myra will find my say more at length in my little book, the "Fugitive Wife," to which I could add much more testimony. I do think it is time our young friends were taught the laws of sexual harmony and happy unions, so we could escape so many unhappy marriages and partings, and certainly our old system has been, and is, based on the very mistakes in theory that Aunt Myra mentions. The theory is wrong, and the results are disastrous, as we see daily.

As I write this, a fugitive wife, not a mile from me, is trying, by the aid of her parents, to protect her child from being stolen by her husband—its father. She has fled from his home in a Western State, to her paternal shelter, and he has followed, and prowls about to steal the child, and thus get her back to his "bed and board." They are said to be extremes. I never saw either, but no doubt it is like those I have seen. Oh, the misery and brutality of our system of marriage, yoking vice and innocence constantly, and both ignorant of their true harmony and the law of sexual happiness!

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPIRIT WHISPERS.

BY W. A. ENGLISH.

O brother dear! we come to thee A joyous band of spirits free; We're watching o'er thee from above, And often whisper words of love. Brother! we come to you to-night With buds and flowers all fair and bright; We would that you with us could see These emblems that we bring to thee!

One brother, dear! I hope that you Will ever to your trust be true, And mind the light within that's given To guide you onward unto Heaven! Assist the needy, cheer the sad, And make earth's sorrowing children glad; Then, when you meet us all above, You'll see the bounteous fruits of Love.

COST OF THE CANONIZATION OF THE CHINESE MARTYRS.—The cost of canonizing saints is enormous. It is lucky there are so few of them. The recent canonization of the forty Japanese martyrs at Rome, cost nearly \$2,000,000, \$700,000 of which was presented by the Franciscans, and \$500,000 by the Jesuits and Carmelites. The tapers used at the church were 85,000 in number, of the purest white wax each weighing three pounds, and alone cost \$25,000. On their being lit up, some of the tapestry took fire, and, but for the presence of mind of the man lighting up, the whole of it must have been burned.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Object and End of Government.

We are supposed to exist, at least where thought and expression are free, for our own happiness and good. The single object we have in life is to better ourselves—materially first, and spiritually afterwards.

It is not to be forgotten that we do not belong to the government; the government belongs to us. That is the creature; we are the creators. If it is not so, it is because we have forgotten ourselves by being untrue to ourselves, and have surrendered a power which belongs to us alone.

Each of us voluntarily—in a free government, where the broadest liberty becomes the aim sought—calculates to so far surrender his absolute rights, for the sake of the rest, as to make what yet remains just as secure as possible.

Many carelessly suppose that about that we construct a form of government for us, to make it look imposing to outside nations, and give them an idea of our strength and importance.

Which is the better? Does it not look plain enough that the popular form of government is, in the order of events, the flower and promise of all the rest? And if we suffer this to go down before the assaults of conspirators, who design to supplant it with despotic systems of their own, and mean anything but a rational enlargement of the liberties we already enjoy, where shall the waiting and watchful millions of the earth look to find another example of free government—so fair and so full of golden promise, offering its bounties so lavishly to all the nations—to encourage them? We fear they will give over all further hope in utter despair.

Still Fussing.

The credulous, through their sermons and journals, still stand out for their own party and side against all others. If one of their own number happens to be a little more liberal than the rest, straightway they alight upon him with warnings and threats, all in the spirit of the old inquisition-time.

Garibaldi.

In the general stir up of nations the world over, we watch the movements of so active a mind as that of Garibaldi with great eagerness. Just as Napoleon is thinking of fastening himself, with the aid of iron-plated fleets and gigantic armies, upon our southwest, with the hope of having a hand in the separation of these States and the establishment of a new empire southward, the old Italian hero looms up, and warns him to vacate Rome and let Italy have what naturally belongs to her.

"The Lyceum Church."

We observe that the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE of London, in its August number, publishes the Platform, or Basis, of this newly formed church of Spiritualists in Boston, prefacing the same with remarks of its own. We give them, that the readers of the BANNER may be well apprised of all the opinions and movements of Spiritualists, the world over; and especially, to let them know what are the sentiments of the leading Spiritual publication in London relative to the first regularly formed Spiritual Church in America.

The remarks of the editors of the Spiritual Magazine will be found exceedingly interesting, and to suggest the outlines of a philosophy, and a practice based upon it, with which no liberal and intelligent mind can find fault, even if it cannot accept and subscribe to it. They are as follows:

"Many of the gentlemen at Boston who are best known as having devoted attention to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, have recently formed themselves into a society under the above denomination. They have, moreover, stated the objects of the society, and have framed their creed, or articles of belief, the former of which we will give entire, whilst of the belief we can only find room for some extracts. We shall feel much interest in observing the results and development of this body, for it has become with us a somewhat settled idea that such organizations are not likely to succeed in any permanent form, however well they may answer for a time the immediate personal needs of those who form them.

It has indeed one excuse in its favor, which its promoters put forward, at the start of the idea, and it is desirable that they should by some means disengage themselves from many of the irregular opinions confusedly classed as Spiritualism; but this end might have been obtained by other means equally efficacious, and more logical than the founding of a new 'Church,' of which the chief religious article is that 'religion is life.' This is no new discovery in Christendom, and has been insisted on in all ages of the world of which any record has come down to us.

It is not because most of the present forms of religious thought have overlaid and distorted the great truths of the life itself, that we are to follow in their track, or to be limited by their ignorance or their bigotry, or to accept even their own statement of what their Church teaches of truth. We have the right to judge for ourselves from the fountain-head, and to find much more in their books than they themselves can see, and to read them by a brighter light, and a higher knowledge. In this way we have much agreement with both the objects and the articles of belief of this new society, though we do not share in their discovery, and we like them all the more because they are old, and because their main truth can be traced through the old books and the old times.

Can You Do It?

When a person whom you have long believed to love and respect you, loses his temper on account of a natural (or unnatural) infirmity, and speaks out to you in a way that fairly shocks your self-esteem, pride, and all the other qualities of character that you seem to hold on by, can you summon good sense and resolution to the rescue at just the right moment, and answer with an unflinching temper and in kind words? When fortune goes entirely wrong, and what you plan seems the very result which you cannot reach—can you then bid your heart be patient, and calmly confess that what you have had meted out to you is, after all, the very best that you could have asked for? Can you be patient, when things do not go to suit you?—gentle under the sting of sharp words?—hopeful in the clouds of adversity?—calm when all around you are passionate? If you can, then you may know that you are far on the road of progress and development, and that your happiness is secure.

Negligence of Government Officials.

We saw the other day at the Isles of Shoals one of Francis's Patent Life Boats, placed there by Government, for the humane purpose of rescuing mariners and others who might peradventure get wrecked in a storm on these dangerous ledges. On examination, we found it entirely useless for any purpose whatever. The cork originally on its sides are gone, the canvas coverings having become rotten from continual exposure to the weather. It lies in the open air, bottom up, the stern and bow embedded in the ground, and somewhat rotten in consequence. Who is at fault in this matter? An available life boat should be placed there forthwith, instead of this rotten concern. And it should be taken care of after it is placed there, ready for use at any moment.

Some people's hearts are shrunk in them like dried beans; you can hear them rattle as they walk.

Continuing the War.

Inasmuch as views on all sides are continually publishing in the papers relative to the conduct and continuance of this unhappy war, we should think we omitted an item of much more than the usual interest if we declined furnishing the readers of the BANNER with the following remarks from Archbishop Hughes, of New York, recently returned from Europe. What he says, he says in such excellent temper, pleading for peace even while he is nowise behind the first in point of patriotism, and manifesting so truly Christian a spirit in reference to the closing up of our intestine troubles as to make a lasting impression on all who will listen, in the present din of arms. The Archbishop delivered the address of which the following extract is a part, immediately after returning home:

"I do not know what may happen in case this war should continue as it has been since I left this country. The papers have rendered the condition of the country perfectly confused. It is very difficult for one even acquainted with this country to comprehend how the land lies; and so it is with foreigners. Nor is it in any one's power to say with absolute certainty what may happen if this war continues. What is the prospect of its coming to an end? I do not see any prospect. There does not appear to be an issue, and it may be that God, for some design of His own, which future generations will appreciate, has permitted this calamity to scourge the country in order to bring from these results benefit to the whole human race. These are circumstances the results of which no man can fathom, they depend upon no many conditional circumstances. But there is one question that ought to be clear to every mind, and it is this—that if such a warfare should continue for years, it is recognized as the privilege of other nations, in the name of humanity, to try to put an end to it. The people themselves should put an end to it with as little delay as possible. It is not a scourge that has visited this nation alone. Wars have been from the beginning of the world, nations against nations, and that most terrible of all wars, civil war, in which brother is arrayed against brother.

How long is this to go on? As it goes on it is affording a pretext for all the nations to combine against us; but even then, I say their interference should not be permitted, except in the way of benevolence; but if with the sword, we should unite in setting them at defiance. But I would say if they do interfere, and interfere successfully—if the country and the government are not against them, they will be successful. Then it will be come divided into fragments; then the strife will hover on all the borders; every State will claim to be independent, and render itself an easy prey to foreign powers. Oh! let this be so. I know little of what has occurred since I left. I have had scarcely time to look at a paper since my return; but by all accounts much has been attempted, but not much realized toward terminating this unnatural war. Volunteers have been appointed, and they have answered the appeal; but for my own part, if I had a voice in the councils of the nation, I would say, let volunteers continue and the draft be made. If three hundred thousand men be not sufficient, let three hundred thousand more be called upon, so that the army, in its fullness of strength, shall be always on hand in any emergency. This is not cruelty; this is mercy; this is humanity—anything that will put an end to this dragging of human blood across the whole surface of the country. Then every man, rich and poor, will have to take his share; and it ought not to be left to the government to plead with the people, to call upon them to come forward, and to ask if they will permit themselves to be drafted. No; but the people themselves should insist upon being drafted, and be allowed to bring this unnatural strife to a close. Other efforts will be made on the other side, and who can blame them, since they have cast their die on the issue. But, any way, this slow, lingering waste of human life should be put short.

In the meanwhile it is enough for us to weep over this calamity; it is enough for us to pray to God that it be brought to an end. It is enough for us to make a sacrifice of everything to sustain the power, and the authority, and the unity of the only government that we profess to acknowledge. But it is not necessary to hate our opponents, nor to be cruel in the battle; it is necessary to be brave, to be patriotic—to do that which the country needs, and for this God will give us his blessing as our recompense for discharging our duty without violating any just laws, divine or human."

The Editor's Tunnel.

Scotarian editors in their review of books condemn what they would not have written, if they had written the books themselves, and applaud what they would have written. This they do because they are limited perception and narrow acceptance. So an editor who condemns largely, is largely wanting—and an editor who condemns not, is not wanting in a larger perception of truth. Liberal editors, in their reviews, tell what a book is, without the spirit of condemnation. They can comprehend the reason why other men are different from themselves, in thought and expression. They have liberality to allow others the freedom of thought and expression, as well as themselves, without thinking it ungodly.

Scotarian editors, too, think that all they throw out to the public must be run through their little tunnel of thought and belief; that if a sentiment is published that is not their own, they must tell their readers that they are of a different opinion, as if it were important, in all that is printed in their papers, that their readers should know whether it met their approval or disapproval.

Liberal editors give every man a free hearing, without feeling that it is necessary to shape everything that they publish to the narrow limits of one man's belief; without thinking that it is necessary for an editor to first masticate all the food for thought he sends out to the world.

Humanity.

Well, says the "New Republic"—"there is no authority but the present hour. It matters not how well these old forms of church, and state, and social life, served our fathers; the only question is, how well will they serve us?—how are they adapted to the wants and works of this hour?" Emerson insists, in one of his golden essays, that we are to speak the things that seem good and true to us now, as if there never had been a past and would never be a future; and if to-morrow brings a change of view and belief, then speak the truths that come with to-morrow just as stoutly. We are superstitious, if we pay too much deference to the forms and faiths that have been, or stand in doubt and awe of those which yet may be. For, our life—what is it? We do not live in yesterday, or in to-morrow; but in to-day alone. The Now! is all we have or know, and all we ever shall; and all nature is focusing her influences and impressions steadily upon this single point.

Just as We See It.

Things have in them exactly what we see in them—nothing more, less, or different. We find simply ourselves repeated in what we investigate, or look into. We could not have more, if we sought for it. A musician hears music all about him, for it is upon that his awakened soul is set; a painter sees colors; a sculptor sees forms; a judicial mind is all the time hunting for those underlying elements which go to make up judgment. The truth is capable of being expressed in various ways. Mr. Beecher has hit the mark in his way, thus: "One man sees in nature merchandise. The poet comes after him, and does not see a sixpenceworth in the whole of creation; but he sees wondrous cycles and circles of beauty. He sees meaning in beauty that the mere merchant-eye never sees. One man walks in the woods; and what does he see? 'My heavens!' he says, 'what knees for a ship! If I only had them in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, I would not ask for more money than they would bring.' He says, 'When I what magnificent planks that tree would make! And what does another man that walks behind him see? He uncovers his head, and says, 'God abides here.' And, beholding a noble and venerable tree, he says, 'Oh, what majesty and glory! Five hundred years sit enthroned in the top of that monarch of the forest.' And he feels himself all a tremble. He sees in the trees, not timber, and planks, and ship's knees, and what they will bring, but their higher relations. What a man sees, therefore, depends, not upon what is in the eye, but upon what is back of the eye—the feeling that he carries with him."

The Spiritual Free Meetings in Boston.

The Lyceum Church of Spiritualists in this city, after a vacation of eight weeks, will resume their regular meetings at Lyceum Hall on Sunday next. The services will commence at quarter to three o'clock in the afternoon, and seven and a half in the evening. Mr. H. B. SROXER, one of the ablest inspirational speakers in our ranks, will occupy the desk on this occasion.

As the pecuniary liabilities of these free meetings have devolved upon a few individuals, it is of the utmost importance that the Spiritualists of Boston come forward and sustain them, by placing whatever sums they may think proper in the hands of the Committee for this purpose. We have no doubt they will respond at once, and thus insure a permanent continuance of these meetings free to the public. Something certainly should be done to lighten the burden now resting on the shoulders of the few noble souls who have carried them on since January last, at which time Dr. Gardner relinquished his individual control, after eight years of indefatigable efforts to sustain them, in order that the Committee of the present Society might have an opportunity to try the experiment of free meetings.

We are assured that speakers, both normal and abnormal, will be engaged from time to time to elucidate our glorious, heaven-born philosophy, who are fully competent to entertain and instruct the audience. The experiment, as far as attendance is concerned, is already a success, the large hall having been filled to overflowing nearly every Sunday.

The Ovation to Generals Corcoran and Fremont.

The reception of General Corcoran by the Municipal Authorities of Roxbury and Boston on Friday of last week was on a magnificent scale, and will long be remembered among the prominent incidents connected with the present rebellion. Many Irish soldiers were in the procession. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested at every point where he passed, showing conclusively the high respect our citizens entertain for the incorruptible Irish patriot.

The ovation to General Fremont was also of a gratifying nature. Thousands upon thousands of persons crowded Tremont Temple on Thursday evening, and all the avenues to the building, filling the Melrose, and overflowing into the street, for the purpose of seeing and hearing the General. The Temple, inside, appeared one dense mass of human beings, and in Tremont street a very large assemblage gathered to catch a glimpse of him. Before he arrived the Germania Band discoursed some of their sweetest music, being located in the south gallery of the Temple. His patriotic speech was listened to with profound attention. We regret that our space will not permit us to place his eloquent remarks before our readers.

No Show.

Speaking of recanting, one of our daily exchanges says: "After all, the work that makes no show is the main thing." It is so in all departments of life. Take a man who spends ever so much time in telling what he is doing, and you have one who, depend upon it, accomplishes but little at the most. Constant effort does the job at last. Silent perseverance accomplishes the end in view. Patient plodding is the mysterious genius that digs away the mountain. There is nothing in the world that can stand up against steady, constant, persevering work. We may plan and scheme as much as we please, if we do not fall to and determine to carry out our plans with actual labor, kept up until they are all completed, we fail utterly of our aims. It is astonishing, on going away from an industrious man and coming back to him again after a time, to see what an amount of labor he has performed. We are made to believe that there is some secret magic in his patient operations.

An Editorial Visit.

Bro. Plumb, of the Herald of Progress, recently paid Boston a flying visit, and that paper of August 23d contains between two and three columns of his highly interesting "jottings." We thank him for his kindly notice of our establishment; but we regret exceedingly that we did not see him personally. He had been lucky enough to find our hotel, while wandering through our "crooked" thoroughfares, we should have endeavored to make his visit pleasant, if possible, than it was. In speaking of the wealth of Boston, he says:

"One cannot fail to be strongly impressed with a sense of the solid wealth of Boston. A visit to the business streets more recently built up, conveys an idea of solidity, permanence and strength, scarcely found in any portion of New York. Take one circle embracing Franklin street, and we believe Winthrop square, comprising blocks erected since the crash of '57, and we have a collection of massive, magnificent architectural piles, solid, capacious, and solidly built. We dare say, in magnitude and real evidence of wealth, by any similar area in any city of the world."

Personal.

We are pleased to learn that our worthy co-laborer in the Spiritual ranks, Austin E. Simmons, of Woodstock, Vermont, has returned to the lecturing field, from which he has been absent nearly two years, on account of home affairs. Bro. S. will be cordially welcomed by his numerous friends and others who are anxious to listen to his eloquent and instructive words of wisdom and truth.

Rev. Edwin H. Chapin, of New York, who, with his family, arrived at Paris on the 14th ult, has gone to Wiesbaden, under the advice of Dr. Tronseau, whom he consulted immediately on his arrival in Paris.

Rev. J. C. Fletcher attended a meeting of the Society of National Industry, at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, July 16th, and made a speech. He urged on the members the importance of extending the cultivation of wheat and cotton, as two of the great elements of national wealth and strength.

Rev. A. L. Stone, pastor of the Park street Church, in this city, has volunteered his services as chaplain of the Cadet (40th) Regiment.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, at last date, was in London, in good health and spirits. She had just arrived from Rome. Miss Cushman is reported as intensely patriotic, and anxious for the success of the Union cause.

Mr. C. H. Foster, in Portland.

The editor of the Portland Daily Advertiser, occupies a column of his issue of Aug. 25th, with a graphic account of the wonderful manifestations of spirits through Mr. Foster. The editor's account of these Spiritual manifestations given at one sitting, with Mr. Foster, is enough to make stubborn scepticism falter and founder. The report seems to be without prejudice, and is fair, though the editor is professedly an anti-Spiritualist; and in it there is not a word to question the genuineness of Mr. Foster's claims. We cannot refrain from expressing our admiration for men who are bold enough to tell the truth when they see it, although by so doing they may incur the censure of bigoted wretches.

Of the excellent and satisfactory character of Mr. Foster's mediumship we have no manner of question. We can only wish that every one who has any doubt of the now, to us, well settled fact of Spiritualism, could once witness what we and many thousand others have witnessed, that has been given through him—for to witness these manifestations, is to know the fact that spirits do communicate.

The Mob Spirit.

The men who encourage the mob spirit are worse than the mob itself. For they, at least, can control their passions; they know how to keep cool themselves, for they are deliberate enough in instigating others to deeds of violence. But an excited mob is a thousand-headed wild beast; full of passion; frothing at its many mouths; removed from the reach of reason entirely; ready for a dash at whatever promises to yield it instant and coveted return; looking about with its thousand pairs of savage eyes for some further object on which to spend its fury. It is that unsafe, because undeveloped element, which lies moping and mewing at the very bottom of society; and suddenly, becomes uncontrollable when by the displacement of superior influences and elements it is let up. Every reflecting man ought, therefore, to consider what he does, when, by word or deed, he encourages the liberation of those base human passions which must needs be kept under, or we have no liberty worth the name.

Just as you will.

It is as you will have it. You may mope and go with a long countenance as much as you please; it is no more difficult to pull the wrinkles out of the heart and face together, and wear an expression of contentment and pleasure. We may put on cheerfulness just as easy as put it off. When we are in actual pain, we put on nothing; we think of something else than appearances; it is of no consequence how long or short our face is, and we do not feel the inclination, either, to add to the grief which is then real. This matter of the spirits is as much habit as it is anything else. It is common to find a solemn looking face, whose owner could not tell why he wore such a mournful countenance as that, if he tried. Now he can put on a cheerful one, if he will; and he would astonish himself to find what a change in his feelings would, by reaction, be wrought by the change in his face. Keep the spirits level and healthy, crucify the blue-devils, exercise the will so as to keep it in vigorous condition, and you may enjoy life almost at your pleasure.

All Nonsense.

What can be the use in being jealous? or even in being impatient and uncomfortable because your talents, abilities, goodness, or what not, are not recognized, appreciated, ventilated, and made a mountain of at once, by other people? Praise is sweet, but sincere appreciation is sweeter. The nobler the gifts, the more silently they operate. The man of genius knows the strength he possesses well enough, but he does not think it necessary to keep telling people of it, lest it may be overlooked, or forgotten. A gift of a spiritual kind is valuable chiefly, if not entirely, for the amount it produces; what its owner, or admirer, has to say about it is of no sort of consequence. Hence, why are we all so full of fever if we are underrated, or not rated at all? Let us live first for the sake of our own development; we can afford to wait for others to find us out until we have first found out what we are and what we are good for ourselves.

Vital Religion.

Rev. T. L. Caylor, of New York city, speaks of the very low state of vital religion, and the almost entire absence of converting power, and adds: "Perhaps it is not too much to say that during the last year more souls have gone into eternity, and fewer have gone into the church of Christ, than in any year our country has yet seen." This does not look well, coming from one of the "pillars of the church." What is the cause of the absence of "converting power"? Is it because there is a lack of faith in the churches of the present day that they fall to progress? We fear such is the fact. People who feel that they need vital religion, enter the ranks of Spiritualism.

Stanley and Conant's Polemorama.

This Polemorama, which has been seen by thousands of persons at the Tremont Temple, is universally regarded as the finest painting, on an enlarged scale, ever exhibited in Boston. Everybody should see it. The exhibition of these great War Paintings will probably remain in Boston a sufficient length of time to enable all our citizens to have a peep at them. But don't delay seeing them immediately on that account, as they may possibly slip away to New York before many days—and then would some people be disappointed!

Announcements

After the vacation during the hot months, in many cities and towns, the regular Spiritual meetings will resume on Sunday next, September 13th.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"Little Nellie" is informed that the Banner is mailed to her address every week. If she does not receive it, "Uncle Sam" is at fault—not us.

Old-Fashioned Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts and their friends are invited to attend a Picnic at the celebrated Dunoon Rock or Private's Cove, Lynn, on Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1892.

New Books.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

New Books.

ARCANA OF NATURE. BY HUDSON TUTTLE. CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

Correspondence in Brief.

M. A. Baldwin, writing from Gravesville, Calumet Co., Wis., under date of August 18th, says: "Enclosed is one dollar, for which please send the 'Banner' for six months to Mrs. C. Coffin, Chilton, Calumet Co., Wis."

Advertisements.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements.

DR. H. T. HALLOCK, ELECTRIC AND MESSAPIC PHYSICIAN—No. 19 East Broadway, New York. Magnesium and Electricity used when indicated, and Chloroform examinations, either personal or by letter, made when desired.

The Battle of Baton Rouge.

To my many friends who read the BANNER, and know one of my sons is in Gen. Butler's division of the army, and at Baton Rouge, the following brief letter may be interesting.

Family Dye Colors.

Black, Dark Brown, Blue, Light Brown, Dark Blue, Light Blue, Green, Light Green, Pink, Purple, Orange, Vermilion.

Family Dye Colors.

For dyeing Silk, Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shawls, Scarfs, Dresses, Ribbons, Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Children's Clothing, and all kinds of Wearing Apparel, with perfect fast colors.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] E. W. L. SOUTH HARTFORD, N. Y.—Your Essay has been received and filed for publication.

General Declaration of Principles.

SOCIETY OF THE LYCEUM CHURCH OF SPIRITUALISTS, WITH A PLAN OF ORGANIZATION, Embracing the following subjects: Objects of the Society—Articles of Belief Commonly Accepted, as Truths by Spiritualists—Sum of Spiritual Revelations Concerning the State of the Soul in the World of Spirits—Of the Supreme Being—Of Religion in General—Of the Sunday Spiritual Meetings—Of the Character of the Addresses—Of Speakers—Of Internal Management—Of Resources—Of Membership—Designation of the Society.

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We have tried to.

Without meaning to boast at all, we nevertheless take a pleasure in assuring our friends and readers that the BANNER Office has done its full duty in the matter of this war.

SPRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

DR. L. J. FARNWORTH, Writing Medium. For answering sealed letters, may be addressed to Beach Street, Boston.

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Preserve This.

The following recipe for the cure of a bite of a mad dog is important to those who may be unlucky enough to be bitten by rabid canines this season or any other. We reprint it from the Toronto Leader.

The New Postage Stamp.

The attention of those who have already commenced demanding a premium on the new postage stamp currency, is directed to section 185 of the Act of Congress, passed March 3, 1892, which reads as follows:

SPRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

DR. L. J. FARNWORTH, Writing Medium. For answering sealed letters, may be addressed to Beach Street, Boston.

The Worcester Spy understands.

The Worcester Spy understands that the lower junction shop, near the Norwich Railroad, at South Worcester, has been leased by the State, and will be used as barracks for the new militia regiments.

What hast thou done that's worth the doing?

What hast thou done that's worth the doing? And what pursued that's worth pursuing? What sought, thou knowest thou shouldst shun? What done, thou shouldst have left undone?

A Splendid Steel Engraving.

S. B. HERTZAN, JR. For a copy of the above engraving, send 10 cents to S. B. Hertzan, Jr., 100 Broadway, New York.

ABC OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. AUTHOR OF "WHATSOEVER IS IN THE HEART," ETC. IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 35 cents.

A Plea for Farming and Farming Corporations.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming.

I Still Live.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES! BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE. This Poem of twenty pages, just published by the author, is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts, offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.

Bulwer's Strange Story!

A VOLUME OF 386 PAGES, Elegantly Printed, and Illustrated with Steel Engravings, AT THE LOW PRICE OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. (Postage nine cents.)

Twelve Messages.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILLER, MEDIUM, TO JOSIAH BIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

Scripture Illustrated.

Moral and Religious Stories, FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS.

Essays on Various Subjects.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Omnipotence that is so rapidly approaching.

Communications from the Spirit World.

Communications from the Spirit World, on God, the Deceased, the Death, Crime, Harbony, Mediums, Love, Marriage, etc., etc., given by Lorenzo Dow and others, through a lady. Price 25 cents, paper.

Light in the Valley.

MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. BY Mrs. Newton Grosland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00.

The Unveiling.

OR, WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM. BY Dr. F. B. Randolph. Price, 30c.

It Isn't All Right.

OR, A Rejoinder to Dr. Child's celebrated work, "What It Isn't All Right." By Cynthia Temple. Price 10c.

The Book of the Day!

THE LITTLE WORK—a sort of Pocket Companion—just published with the title of the "HONEST MAN'S BOOK OF FINANCE AND POLITICS."

Every One's Book.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES! A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH!

Common Sense.

THE most eloquent appeal the event to a nation's heart. By that great Statesman and most shamefully wronged Patriot, THOMAS PAINE. Let everybody read it. Price 10 cents. Mailed free of postage.

Consumption.

HOW TO PREVENT IT, AND HOW TO CURE IT. BY J. James O. Jackson, M. D. This is one of the most important and valuable books that we have ever seen.

New England Clairvoyant Institute.

ESTABLISHED for affording individuals the means of securing the benefits of clairvoyance, presents the following specialties: MEDICAL LETTER, comprising a synopsis of the disease, prescription of remedies and diet, \$1.00.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was written by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of J. H. COVART, in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens 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.

Notice.—Our regular circles will be resumed on Monday afternoon, September 1st.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications announced under this heading: Thursday, July 24.—Invocation: Apostrophe to America! Questions and Answers: Mary Elizabeth Sawyer to her son; John B. Gholston, 224 Reg. Co. A.; Walter L. Cheswell to his sister in Baltimore; Caleb McCallister of Montgomery, Ala.

Invocation.

Spirit of Infinite Wisdom, we will love, adore and trust thee forever. Into the great balance of thine eternal being we cast our every thought and desire, feeling assured that they will be returned to us with mighty lessons of prayer. Our Father, we will send up a new song of thanksgiving, notwithstanding there is darkness and death brooding around us, for we know that thou wilt disperse the darkness which hangs like a funeral pall over our nation, in thine own good time. Oh, Infinite Spirit, we know thou art all power, all goodness, all justice. We will not murmur, but will bless thee for all thou hast given us in the past, and for all thou art ready to give us in the future. Oh, Holy Spirit of the Universe, we declare our infinite trust in thee. Amen. July 21.

The Evils of Society a Necessity.

Are the evils with which society is cursed a necessity? This is the question proposed for this afternoon's consideration. Surely there are a necessity to the producing cause, but it is our duty to pause and consider what that cause is. You have been told it is God; but we declare that God is the soul of harmony, and therefore cannot be the cause of anything that is not good and harmonious. Now, then, according to our belief, the so-called evils of society are a necessity to the producing cause, and although the legitimate and lawful children of that cause, yet they are not of God, and, therefore, ought not to exist.

It were impossible to enumerate the number of sins or evils floating upon the surface of society, and which are born of ignorance. Now, then, it is your duty to sweep away all of darkness—mental, physical, moral and religious—that dwells with you on the earth.

You have been told that all that exists with you is right—perfectly right. We beg leave to differ from you, for whatever is not born of God cannot be right; and these evils which float upon society and curse your every hour, are but the results of artificial life, engendered by your own inharmonious conditions. There is not a law among you which is not at variance with God. You fall to perceive this, because you have lived so long in the material world that your eyes are blinded to the ways of the true God. You continue to live at variance with God's laws not because it was foreordained that you should enter heaven through hell, but because of your blindness and ignorance.

The evils with which society is cursed, are they a necessity? We would say in reply to this question: to God, never; to your ultimate good, never; to your existing, present, never. They come simply because your artificial and surface kind of life has engendered and fostered their growth among the children of earth. You have been living in the material instead of the spiritual world, and could not be expected to live loyal subjects to both God and Mammon. The evils of life—they are not of God, and whoever declares they are, does so through ignorance. God is a being of infinite goodness and purity, and the radiations from his divine spirit are in perfect harmony; they give you only peace, infinite wisdom and happiness.

Strive, then, to rid society of its evils; sweep them off the course of time-served life, and commence with a reform at home—within your own beings. See to it that the lives you lead are free from all excesses; but if they are not, oh, in the name of God, seek only to bring about a reformation at home. In this way only you are to enter heaven and receive the reward of labors well performed while on earth.

Oh ye Spiritualists of modern times, do you know how much God expects of you as a class? Do you know, oh ye children of light, that the angels expect much of you? Oh, if you do, you will set an example to others less wise than yourselves, which shall be worthy their imitation. Oh, live such lives while here upon earth, that you may not be ashamed to enter the presence of your God in the world above.

Charles Gordon.

I don't want to find fault with Uncle Sam nor anybody else, but it's hard to feel satisfied when you see you might have been saved and been of more service to your country and your friends.

I was wounded and taken to Richmond a prisoner. If I had been properly attended to by the surgeon I should not have lost my life; but I can tell you of thousands who have been sacrificed in the same way, and it's a most damnable oversight upon the part of Government. [There are ladies here.] I know I beg your pardon. It's only telling the truth in little too strong language. I'm not the only one who can testify to this—I'm not the only one who believes in the inefficiency of our Government's surgeons.

How was it with General McCall? I saw him in Richmond. He was taken prisoner simply through the surgeons' neglect, and so it was with thousands of our best men. They die upon the field for want of proper care and medical treatment. Instead of sending the best surgeons to war, Government provides for the poor soldiers a corps of insignificant, untalented boys, who do not know how to take care of the sick and wounded any more than I do, nor one-half as well, for I'll be blief if I don't believe I could do better than most of them who profess to have studied medicine, to say nothing of surgery.

I belonged to the 22d Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, and was a member of Company A. My name was Charles Gordon. You may question the truth of my assertions; but the testimony of others will sooner or later prove that what I have said here to-day is correct. [How old were you when you died?] Twenty-three years. I do not expect to be promoted by my story, but I do hope that by my coming I shall at least open the eyes of people to an evil which has been in existence ever since the war commenced.

Instead of sending surgeons to war that don't know anything, send men who have had experience, and that do not go flying about the battle-field as if they did not know which way to turn, or what to put their hands on first. They're perfectly crazy, and do not know their place at all; and even in the hospitals they do not know their duty, and if they do, do not do it, on account of the lack of numbers. What's three surgeons where five or six hundred are frantic with their wounds, and calling for help? or even three times three surgeons? [In what battle were you wounded?] Before Richmond. I suppose you call it White Oak Swamp. What can you do toward remedying this evil? [Can print your remarks upon the subject in the BANNER OF LIGHT?] Well, I wish I had lived to have been of more use to my country, and I might if I had been properly attended to by the surgeons. I can tell old Abe that unless he reforms matters in this respect he'll never gain the day. You've lost the services of many of your best men in this way. Now, McCall was slightly wounded; I know that myself. If the surgeon had properly cared for him, he could have sustained himself, and would not have been taken prisoner by the rebels. He was not cared for at all; his wounds was not dressed at all, nor was mine. [Is General McCall dead?] No, but he might as well be, for he's about the same as dead to you.

I knew nothing about this coming back while on earth, and its mighty new to me. [Were you from Salem?] No; from Boston. [How long have you been dead?] Since the fifth day of July, I was wounded in the arm. [How long did you live after receiving your wound?] Three days I lived, I think. There was no need of my dying at all, any more than there was of you who are sitting in that chair. I tell the truth; and it's so with thousands. Well, good by; God speed your cause; but He won't if you do not care for it yourselves, for God trusts a good deal to you. All day to you! July 21.

Daniel Williams.

I can testify to the truth of his statement, though I was recently well cared for, yet I know there are thousands who get no care, and die, positively, from the want of medical attention.

I have only been here a week. I'm from the 25th Massachusetts Regiment, Company G. I died of what is called camp fever and inflammation of the bowels, in Washington. I'm not so well able to talk as he was. [Referring to the spirit of Charles Gordon.] I do not know why. [You were probably very weak when you left.] I was weak.

Well, say I'm comfortably well off, and happy as I expected to be, and will do all I can to make my friends happy, both on earth and in the world above. They tell us we can progress continually—as long as eternity lasts.

LIFE'S STRUGGLE.

When thou art prepared for Heaven, Thou shalt find thy Heaven here.

Oh, gentle preacher, is it so, in truth? Think of those suffering, conquering ones, from Earth redeemed, in that bright home—Invisible—[Yet from whence light on us is now down shining. As those mysterious curtains slowly unfold And the deep, dusky haze of our earth's atmosphere is interpenetrated by those shining beams.] Think of them they thus would answer thee? Methinks the soft, sweet voice of one, who bravely, Like a God-child, bore her cross below, whippers "No, oh no!" The dear love of Heaven with its Pure faith entered within my soul and gave me Strength to strive almost alone 'gainst sin And sorrow, and nerved me to endure 'e'en To the parting hour—yet felt I to have conquered Heaven there—and grieved to leave the paradise So gained? Oh, no! "I was ever combat, struggle—As peace divine within me flowed, so ever were The selfish strivings around me felt to be More dark and dreadful; the love within longed To flow out, assuring others how divine a thing It was, evil with good to overcome; but to those I spoke, my words seemed idle dreams—for Power was might, and might was force; brute force, Or a strong will—and custom the acknowledged law—Religion, bigoted pride, or superstitious fear: Thus simplicity, a trusting faith and sympathizing Love, were well nigh crushed by its surroundings; Until its sweet affection, ever longing to spring forth, Gladdening and helpful toward its fellow-sufferers, Forced back within the secret chambers of my soul. Aspired, and drew life alone, from Life's true source—Above—and felt indeed that "Heaven's kingdom is Within you." So He from whose pure lips Came forth those gentle words, Heaven within Him; And as He spoke He stirred the Hell without, 'till It—His crucifixion compassed. So, too, those Hopeful, striving ones who first received his teachings, Breathing forth love and peace, until their zealous lips Were sealed with martyrdom; Not that they sowed In vain those seeds of holiest life, which blood has ever Nourished in earth's deep soil of selfishness, for Yet they shall spring stronger and strike deeper than That noxious Upar tree—and so its leaves shall be "The healing of the nations." They conquered Heaven And found it—in that pure realm alone where "We see as we are seen, and know as we are known," In that felt Presence where is Love forevermore.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—Dear Sir: Thinking that some of your readers may perhaps feel some interest in knowing how the cause of truth progresses in this far off land, California, I have concluded to give you such idea of matters and things here, as can be conveyed within the limits of a short letter.

I need not say to you that the "BANNER" is highly prized in this section of the country; the number of copies required has probably notified you of this fact before. But do you know the eager enthusiasm with which we watch for its arrival; how carefully its contents are noted, and how its influence for good is silently extending from house to house, and from town to town?

I frequently hear remarks like this: "If I could afford to have but one paper, that one should be the BANNER." The interest in Spiritualism in this place seems to be rather increasing than otherwise. By this I mean not so much in physical manifestations, as in the spiritual truths presented for consideration. Many of our best minds are investigating earnestly, and quietly, these sacred truths; and some who have been unbelievers in the immortality of the soul, now declare themselves believers; and not only that, but they also believe the immortality of the soul capable of demonstration by natural and philosophic laws, which will, ere long, be made plain to all. In this I most firmly believe, and look forward with much interest to the result of those deep studies and investigations, which some have already entered upon with so much zeal, and which I believe will yet prove the problem of immortality as capable of solution by direct scientific rule, as any problem in mathematics.

The "Progressive Friends" have recently taken a hall—the first time that they have made any effort toward the regular holding of public meetings. So far they have been well attended, and exceedingly harmonious, and the interest seems to be rather on the increase than otherwise. Col. L. W. Ransom is president of the society.

We have sometimes felt the need of good test mediums, but the recent arrival of Mr. J. V. Mansfield (who, perhaps, has no superior in this line), has supplied this want, and the eager crowds which throng around him, and the packages of letters upon his table, show how anxious people are to communicate with their loved and lost ones.

I recently saw a "Test," which was given through this medium, and as it has been a source of much consolation to the bereaved mother, as well as gratification to myself, I take the liberty of transcribing it for your columns, hoping that it may also rekindle the light of hope in other sorrowing hearts.

forever forget my former boyish looks. I followed the parades that weak down the river, but I could not distinguish one from the other. Mother, you ask me what I am doing. Well, mother, I am not doing much, I am being taught the way of spirit life, and so is Henry. By and by we will both come and tell you and Henry's dear anxious ones of our beautiful home. Henry is not here now; was he, he would send word to his dear ones. Mother, did you not see me in a vision?—you called it a dream. Excuse me now; come for me often, do. Mother, we shall meet again—love to dear father. Your son, WILLIS BOOTH. To my mother, Margaret M. Booth. I have, my dear sir, written a longer letter than I at first designed to. Should you see fit to publish it, I will construe it into a willingness to hear from me again, and will write you at some future time, when I have something of interest to communicate. Till then I remain very truly yours, HENRIEBO. San Francisco, June 20, 1862.

VISIONS OF THE WAR.

A soldier belonging to the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment writes to us as follows: I had a distinct vision of the Baltimore riot six months before it took place. In October, 1860, I was traveling among the mountains of Virginia on business. I retired one night greatly depressed, on account of the probable secession of the Southern States and its effect upon my country and my business. In my sleep an attendant came to me and said: "You would know the future. Come with me." I went with him to the streets of a large city. We were rushing to arms; a large mob had collected; among a small band of soldiers I saw myself, armed and equipped; men were shot at by the street; dead, wounded and bleeding men lay upon the ground; the soldiers charged upon the mob and dispersed them, and I saw myself safely through the city. "Where is this?" said I to my attendant. I was answered, "Baltimore." I awoke, and thought it a remarkable dream. April 19th, 1861, it was fulfilled in all its details.

This was the beginning. I have also seen the end, and it is near. Some months since, my attendant again appeared. We visited a large army encamped before a large city. They were fighting on all sides, but the management seemed to me to be bad. I desired cannon to be planted at different points. I found fault with the generals. In the meantime a terrific thunder storm was raging. I sought shelter beneath an oak. Says my attendant, "Be patient—God will arrange this; even now his hosts are marching." I looked again, and from the North came division after division, marching in quick succession from another point directly into the city. Their blows fell in quick succession; I could hear them distinctly. I looked on, wondering at all this. Presently from the other side of the city came men on horseback, men on crutches, men with one arm gone, one leg gone, &c., and they proceeded leisurely North. Says my attendant: "It is over."

We then started for the North. I looked back, and all was desolate; but as we proceeded North we came to a large fortress. Beautiful fields surrounded it. Over it floated in proud glory the stars and stripes. I never saw the flag look so beautiful: its stars glittered like diamonds. We entered; in an upper room I saw the wounded and bleeding patriots cared for; in a lower room all were engaged in various departments of industry. Says my attendant: "God smiles upon the industrious; industry is necessary to the development of mind and the happiness of man."

I awoke, and I believe it was not all a dream. The city I saw was Richmond; the battle McClellan's battles; the divisions the reinforcements being sent him; and the fall of Richmond; the impregnable fortress the principles of the North; the flag our glorious Banner, after the war; the desolation, the condition of the South. I believe I have become what is termed an impressive medium. I am known to but few Spiritualists, but my visions of national events, as well as personal, prove singularly truthful. I have had several important ones, in which, having a part to act myself, I do not disclose them; but they will be left on record, and when the stars and stripes march onward toward the North Star, carrying Freedom, Liberty and Progress with them, the world shall have the record, and Spiritualists will find it valuable. Not desiring to let my light remain under a bushel, you may publish this if you like; but desiring to avoid notoriety, I withhold my name; you can have my name, however, and those of witnesses confirming my statements, if you wish them. TRUTH.

BABY ROSE.

See! the night is drawing on, Evening's purple car Slowly drieth up the East. Lo! the sunset star! Twilight sings her lullaby; Daylight's curtains close; Twilight gathers on thy face, Little Baby Rose. All the little playful wiles Half imprisoned lie. Playing bo-peep round the mouth, In the half-closed eye. Bring the lights, stir up the fire; While it cheerfully glows, We must dress thee for thy bed, Little Baby Rose! See the little outstretched hands, The tiny dimpled feet, Fashioned by Almighty skill, Perfect and complete. Ah! the warm, the living form! Here all art must close; Man could never fashion thee, Little Baby Rose! Ah! what art thou gazing at With those open eyes? Art thou reading in the flames Of life's mysteries? Solemn problems, flickering joys, Wavering into woes? Time enough for thoughts like these, Little Baby Rose. Time enough; yet this we know, Thine the common lot To joy and suffer—earth hath none Sorrow fadeeth not; He who ruleth earth and Heaven, All the pathway knows, He must mark it out for thee, Little Baby Rose. Lullaby, sweet lullaby— He who never sleeps Guards the children of His love, Israel ever keeps. Lullaby, sweet lullaby— Soft the eyelids close; God be with thee—bless my child— Little Baby Rose!

The Montreal Gazette states that the provincial government are now engaged in organizing an active volunteer militia force of 30,000 men, to be paid, armed, and clothed, by the local authorities; also that it is their intention, when this is completed, to endeavor to organize another force of 30,000 volunteers, to be armed and clothed only—John Bull to pay the men.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Way. Thinking a few notes by the wayside might be acceptable to the numerous readers of the BANNER, I note a few facts as they have lately transpired in my life-experiences. This is the county town of Lake County, Indiana. It numbers but few progressive minds; but they are of the right stamp—earnest, active laborers in the great field of human needs. They have long battled for the right, and will continue to do so, regardless of what Mother Grundy may think or say; and gradually but surely will they see reward for their co-laborers with the watching angels.

The great mass of the people here are surrounded by a wall of bigotry and ignorance of genuine Christianity, more impervious to the light of inspiration or revelation than the famed walls of Jericho, that tumbled down after the rams' horns had been blown seven times around about the city. Last Sabbath we were called upon to address the people here, on the occasion of the translation (a short time since) to the spirit-land, of a young and promising sister of about sixteen summers, whose last connected utterances were, "I am going home to my father and mother." She had been the leader of the choir, and well did she fill that place, whenever the Friends of Progress held their meetings. And when her services were not needed there, she had been in the habit of playing the melodeon, and aiding, with her angel voice, the Methodists in their worship, and also in taking charge of a class in their Sabbath school. She was, from her ability and loveliness, a general favorite. Her father, Dr. Farrington, and also her mother, had gone, some years since, to the flower-decked shores of the Better Land. On the occasion of her mother's second birth, Brother J. H. Luther—whose wife is her sister—by special request of the mother adopted and received her into his own family, giving her the same advantages of educational unfoldment as his own children—she being about twelve years of age at the time. And in all respects toward her, did he and his amiable wife act the part of the friends of humanity—the true Christians.

It not being convenient at the time of Adella's departure to the home of her spirit parents, to get a speaker of their faith, the funeral was postponed until last Sabbath. But at the time of the burial, Brother Luther—that they should not be esteemed as bigots—courteously extended to the Methodist minister here the privilege, "if he felt it a privilege," to make a prayer, and requested their choir to sing some appropriate hymns. As friends passed around the corpse, dropping flowers on the mortal casket, from which the beautiful immortal spirit had taken its flight, the scene was both beautiful and affecting, causing tears to course down the cheeks of many. I would that I might stop here, but cannot and be a faithful chronicler of facts as they transpired.

Brother Luther, who is auditor of Lake Co., said to these Methodists, (I will not say Christians), if they could consistently with their profession, grant the use of their house of worship for the funeral, and if their choir would sing for the occasion, it would be received as an act of courtesy and good feeling toward them as citizens. One would have supposed, after having had the services of the departed, and when in the form had expressed much regard for her, that they would, for her memory's sake, if not for that of her very respectable relatives, granted their house, &c.

But no. "Our house belongs to our God, and you Spiritualists cannot enter therein. We are a Methodist choir, and sing the praises of the Methodist God. We cannot sing for the Spiritualists." But thanks to a few noble minds that stood outside of their creed-bound ranks, who volunteered to aid in singing, we were well supplied for the occasion. And the Court House furnished a comfortable place, which was well filled, notwithstanding it was a rainy morning, which prevented friends coming from a distance. Fraternally thine, ABRAM SMITH. Crown Point, Ind. 1862.

Letter from London, Canada West.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—In your publication of the 21st ultimo, you gratified the friends of progress with a notice of the position of Spiritualism in this once obscure locality. By the demonstrations lately exhibited by the presence first of Mrs. S. M. Thompson, of Toledo, then by A. B. Whiting, Mr. Blade, and lastly Mr. Fay, the Orthodox theory of the condition of the spirit-world is put fairly upon the defensive, and a hopeless defence it is. At frequent private circles, intelligences of a high order do often communicate, by brief lectures, admonitions, and answering of questions.

At a circle held on Sunday evening, the 29th of June, the phenomenon of a spirit giving its name, "Martha Smith, of Water street, Rochester, N. Y.," announced its presence, and said, through the speaking medium: "I left my body this evening, upon a sofa while reading a book, and was conducted here by a spirit to show the fact that, under suitable conditions, spirits may temporarily quit their bodies, and after manifestations in distant places, resume their bodies again." This would seem to explain the case of Paul, as modestly presented by him II Cor. chap. xii, v. 2. The conducting spirit said that such transient visitors from the earth-world are distinctly known by spirits by some expressive peculiarity.

Will some Spiritualist in Rochester take the trouble and find out whether such a person as Martha Smith resides in Water street, Rochester, and whether reading or dozing on a sofa on Sunday evening, the 29th of June, that?

Being Secretary of the Spiritualists' Harmonical Association, of London, Canada West, I am instructed by the Association to send you for publication in the BANNER, the following resolution: Resolved, That the thanks of the Harmonical Association, of London, Canada West, are due to Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Toledo, for her various and arduous labors in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism in our city; and that we hereby tender to her the same as a mark of our regard for her as a lady, a public speaker, a test and healing medium, in all of which capacities she has signally commanded our respect and admiration; and that this Association do annually recommend her to the favorable notice of the public generally, and to our brother and sister Spiritualists in particular, in whatever part of the world she may be called on to labor; and that it is the sincere wish of this Association that she may be, ere long, again permitted to visit us, and teach us more of that beautiful philosophy of which she has just given us such a delightful foretaste.

LIST OF LECTURES.

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

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