BANNER OF LIGHT.

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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHITHER?

OR,

Out of the Darkness into the Light.

BY GRACE LELAND.

"A man without some sort of religion, is at best a poor reprobate, the foot-ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity, and the wondrous eternity that is begun with him; but a woman without it, is even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume!"
—*Ik. Marvel.*

"*True religion* is a life unfolded within the soul, *not* a something forced upon us from without."

CHAPTER I.

If you were ever in the quiet town of Mapleville, reader, you must have observed as you rode from the village toward Mount Cloud, an old mansion, very stately and elegant in its day, doubtless, and still retaining somewhat of its former grandeur; albeit there is the look of desolation about it, which so often creeps over edifices of its kind. A little out from the road, and almost hidden from view by trees and shrubbery, it stands, a relic of the last century. The most striking feature of the place is the row of stiff poplar trees, which form an avenue from the road to the mansion, and back to the road again in a semi circular form. I love to see poplar trees around these old, castle-like houses; there they seem in place, and make the picture more perfect; but anywhere else they are to me intolerable, and have a homesick look, which is not pleasant. Another peculiarity you must have observed about the place is its lack of flowers. The trees and shrubbery form so thick a shade that the few blossoms that dare to lift their heads, look lonely and almost sad; and, notwithstanding the beauty of the spot, there is about it an expression of gloom which you feel rather than see. An air of cheerfulness is imparted to it only when the birds are flying from tree to tree, making the air vocal with their rustling melodies. Hamilton Hall was formerly the residence of an English gentleman of that name, but the family became extinct, and the estate fell into the hands of strangers. Mr. Mervyn, his wife and one child, had lived there several years at the time our story opens.

It was a bright September afternoon, and the glory of an autumnal sunset was painted on the western clouds, and already the dim shadows were wrapt around the valley, although the last golden beams of the setting sun rested lovingly upon the mountain's brow. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of horses galloping over the smooth road, and then merry voices were heard, and presently a lady and gentleman were seen guiding their spirited steeds along the avenue.

The lady, Mabel Mervyn, was young and very beautiful. You would at first have been astonished at her wonderful and radiant beauty, but if you are a close observer of human nature, you would ere long have discovered that there was something wanting to complete the picture. The indescribable charm which true womanhood, or true manhood always confers on its possessor, was not hers. She was graceful in appearance; yet, although the most perfect outward beauty was hers, it was not lighted up and intensified by the brightness of the spirit. It was a casket of rare and dazzling beauty, but the *gem—oh! where was that?*

Her companion was several years her senior, with a fine, manly face, which was the index of a true and honest soul. Bryant Leslie was a nephew of Mr. Mervyn, and was a physician in a distant town; and at this time he and his wife were visiting their friends at Hamilton Hall.

Mrs. Leslie was standing on the door-step awaiting their arrival, and as Mabel bounded into the house, after Dr. Leslie had assisted her to alight, she said to her husband:

"Did you ever see one so perfectly beautiful?"

"Only one, dearest;" and his tender kiss and look of love told *whom* he excepted.

"Bryant, that is only flattery. You know she is far more beautiful than I."

"Most persons would call her so, I know, but she has not the beautiful spirit my Nellie has, and seems not half so beautiful to me."

"She has promised to visit us this fall."

"I am glad of it. You will find, on closer acquaintance with Mabel, that she has many noble qualities of heart and soul, though they have never been aroused to action. When we were children together, I only knew her as a pleasant playmate, though she was then somewhat exacting and imperious; but now that I look with the eyes of a man, I can see how unwise has been her education. Uncle and aunt are really conscientious, and, so far as they have understood their duty, I believe they have faithfully performed it; but their minds are cramped by prejudice, and they stand just where their fathers stood, fearing to take a step in advance. Mabel's soul cannot be thus fettered, and I only fear that she will tear herself away from the truths of Christianity, and become that most pitiable of all objects—a woman without religion. You know I had not seen her until this week for five years, and I see a sad change in her. She seems impatient if the subject of religion is only mentioned, and evidently tries to avoid all allusion to it."

They were interrupted by Mabel:

"My dear cousins, you must not monopolize each other any more during your short stay. Come, I want to hear that new song, Nellie."

They went in the comfortable old-fashioned parlor, and Mrs. Leslie seated herself at the piano. She had a very sweet, musical voice, well adapted to the simple, pathetic song, which she sang with exquisite taste.

"It is strange," said Mabel, "I love to hear you sing such songs, but I have no patience to sing them myself. And as for psalm tunes, I have given up trying to play them. If I commence Old Hundred, it is sure to change into a polka before I finish. Another song, Nellie dear, a new piece."

Mrs. Leslie next sang the beautiful little sacred piece, entitled "Heaven." Mabel did not ask her to sing again.

"Don't you like that, Cousin?" asked Dr. Leslie.

"It is too prosy. I like something lively better;" and the impulsive girl seated herself at the piano, and executed one of Mozart's fine compositions with that skill which only belongs to true genius.

"It is beautiful, is n't it, Nellie? There is true inspiration in that," said the doctor, after Mabel had ceased playing. "Vocal and instrumental music are both beautiful, yet neither alone will satisfy. In the latter we have perhaps a fuller, deeper inspiration, while in the former both words and music are an inspiration, and strong in their union. If we could retain only one form of music, I believe we should all prefer the simple songs and the good old psalm tunes so pleasantly linked with memories of our childhood."

The tea-bell rang, and the conversation was not resumed.

The next morning Dr. and Mrs. Leslie started for their own home. The days after their departure were very long ones to Mabel. Restless and unsatisfied, she found her daily duties a burdensome task, and she yearned for excitement that she could not find in her own quiet home. Like a meteor, shooting athwart mid heaven, she wandered uncertain, she knew not where; but He who marks the course even of the fallen star, led the misguided one in a way she knew not of.

CHAPTER II.

"Isn't it dreadful to die? Poor Jennie!" and Mabel shuddered as she spoke.

"Not 'poor Jennie,' dear Mabel, but happy, blessed Jennie. She was a Christian, and death had no terrors for her. We shall miss her much, and that home-circle in which she was the brightest sunbeam will sadly miss their loved one, but yet we love her too well to wish to call her back to earth."

Mabel's only reply was an incredulous smile.

Ida Ashley continued:

"When my Christian friends are called to the Better Land, I cannot dwell long in the shadows which lie clustered so thickly around the tomb. My thoughts will reach out and follow after those loved ones 'gone before,' and instead of the cold clay, and the tears and lamentations of the bereaved, I see the rejoicing spirit as it is born into that holier life, and receives the crown of the redeemed, and I hear the welcome it receives from the angels in heaven. We do not mourn for them, but in our selfishness we mourn for ourselves."

"Ida, you talk strangely! Mr. Phillips does not preach like that. His ideas of death are far more gloomy, and his church-members have no right to differ from him in opinion," she added, a little bitterly.

"Dear Mabel, the soul cannot be fettered. To be sure, in regard to the great doctrines of the Cross, I agree with him; but different persons, though members of the same church, take different views of things, and perhaps no two persons in any church entirely agree upon every point."

"*Then what and where is Truth?*" questioned Mabel.

"Perhaps Truth, in its perfection, cannot exist on earth, because we in our ignorance and sin mingle with it more or less of error; but if we pray for truth, and live out the light we do receive, I believe it will be well with us, and what here seems dark and mysterious will there be made not only plain, but radiant with light. We must study the Scriptures, not to try to make them come down and shape themselves to our own previous ideas, but we must go up to them like little children, and earnestly pray that the Holy Spirit may enlighten us, and make them plain. We must study them for ourselves, praying that the blessing of heaven may attend us, and then we may rest assured that our Heavenly Father will lead us into all truth."

"Well," said Mabel, "I cannot feel as you do. Oh! I would be willing to suffer anything and everything if I could only always live."

"*You* will not die, Mabel; you will only lay aside your body like a worn-out garment, while you, *yourself*, will live, and realize life more than you possibly can now."

"No, Ida, don't talk any more about it. When my body dies that will be the last of Mabel Mervyn; and your own rich imagination in regard to the future may continue to reach forward, but it will never clasp hands with the reality."

"*Mabel!*" Ida was astonished, and she spoke very tenderly, very sadly.

"Oh, I can imagine all you would say, Ida; and I can easily imagine, too, how you will worry your kind little heart about your poor, deluded friend Mabel; but don't trouble yourself further about me. It will do no good to talk. Have n't my kind parents talked, and has n't Mr. Phillips talked, and Deacon Somers, and a host of others, till I am fairly tired and out of patience? So do let me alone, my dear Ida, on this subject of religion. It will do me no good to talk about it, I promise you."

"Mabel, my dear friend, I will pray for you!"

Mabel looked troubled, and they walked on in silence. They were returning from the churchyard, where but a few days before a new treasure had been laid, forming another link between earth and heaven, for Jennie West had gone down through "the dark valley" with a calm, unshrinking faith, knowing that her Saviour and his angels were with her, and that the bliss of heaven awaited her on the other side. Ida and Mabel had both stood beside her lifeless form, and to Mabel it seemed that a bright light had gone out in eternal darkness; while Ida, looking upward, beheld the new star in heaven, whose pure, loving glance reached down into her soul. To Mabel's thought Jennie was lost; Jennie *had been, but was not*, and bitterly her heart struggled against the fate which had stricken her friend down in her lovely youth-time. But Ida saw her friend *the same Jennie*, only glorified, angelic, with the light of heaven resting upon her brow; and already she had heard the rustling of an angel's wing, and her heart had whispered, "*It is Victory!*"

And now, as the two friends walked on in silence together, there was, in a spiritual sense, a great gulf between them, and over the yawning abyss Ida stretched forth loving hands, calling, in her earnest sympathy, "Come, come up higher!" and the other sighed mournfully, "There is no light! I seek no higher life!"

They soon reached the avenue of poplars leading to Hamilton Hall. A gentleman stood in the porch, and when he saw them advanced to meet them. Ida noticed the warm flush that passed over Mabel's face as she recognized him, and her woman's soul, rich in its intuitive power, looked through it down into Mabel's heart and read the secret there.

Three years previous, while attending school in Willowvale, Mabel had become acquainted with Howard Meredith, a lawyer residing there. He was a man of considerable talent and information, had traveled much, and was a close observer of human nature, although his profession, acting upon a nature peculiarly devoid of delicacy and spiritual intuition, rendered him harsh in judgment and sometimes unfeeling in action. There was a deep vein of selfishness running through his character, which was not at first apparent to an ordinary observer; and an instability of purpose, and a fickleness of disposition, which were partially hidden by an ease of manner and a genial humor which made him, notwithstanding these faults, a general favorite in society. He had been at once attracted by Mabel's beauty, and her gay independence of thought and action, unsubdued though it was by the power of religious principle.

At the time our story opens an engagement existed between them; and while his cold, selfish nature was incapable of any emotion of love and, in regard to Mabel, only his feelings of pride and self-love were aroused, yet she loved him with all the intensity and earnestness of devotion which a young maiden usually bestows on the first object of her affection. As a gay, thoughtless *girl* she loved him; [illegible] in her still slumbered—and his was not the magic wand of true sympathy which should reach down into the rich depths of her soul, and bid her true nature to arise, shake off the dust of selfishness, and seek its native skies.

The future, all unread to her, lay before the eye of the Infinite One, who would unfold it in all its varying light and shade to the young heart so gay and hopeful. What would it bring to her? She thought not of its lessons or its responsibilities. She thought only of the gay pleasures of life, and how happy she was in loving and being loved by Howard Meredith. And yet—and yet—oh! those yearnings, those strivings, those flutterings of the spirit's wings, that *would* not rest! Those bitter, bitter surgings of doubt, and darkness, and unrest! No, in spite of her gayety [illegible]

After a few moments Ida left them, and proceeded homeward. On her way she thought of Mabel wandering among the gloomy shades of unbelief, restless and unhappy, and then she thought of her woman's heart, longing for affection, and going out so fondly toward another, and then of herself, rejoicing in the sunlight of God's smile, and in the affection of one brave and noble and true.

Then came stealing into her soul a prophesy of swift-coming ill to Mabel and to herself. What it was she knew not, but she could hear the distant rushing of the waters so soon to engulf them both.

CHAPTER III.

Ida's walk was a long one, and after proceeding some distance she left the main road, and entered upon a path leading more directly to her home. It lay through a ravine whose wild, beautiful scenery always delighted her. On either side the ground swelled up to a considerable height, and was dotted with beautiful trees; while a merry little stream came dancing between, singing sweet songs of its forest home; now winding smoothly and silently over its pebbly bed, now dashing like a playful child over the wild, jagged rocks, then pausing beneath some tree to lave its roots, and kiss the overhanging moss. It seemed indeed like a thing of life, with its ever-varying tones and low rippling murmurs, hastening toward the distant sea.

Ida went on, until she reached a large willow tree, whose branches dipped noiselessly into the stream. Beneath it was a flat, moss-covered rock, overhanging the brook, and there she seated herself.

The spot was dear to her, not only for its own rich spell of beauty, but also because of the bright associations lingering around it. Everything whispered of happy days in the past. How often she had sat there with one beside her in whom her fond heart rested. Here he had first told her of his love, and the spot had become sacred to her. Then, still another halo of brightness rested there, when, seated together on the rock, he had told her of the new light which had come into his soul, uniting him in fellowship with his Saviour. It was then she had felt more than ever before *how sure* God's promises are, that He will answer the prayers of His children. For she had prayed for years that his soul might find rest and peace in a Christian faith. He, too, had grown up from early childhood under the Sabbath ministrations of Mr. Phillips; and thick folds of doubt and darkness had wrapped themselves about his mind, until to his oft-repeated mental inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" there had come an answer of hope and trust through Ida's brighter faith. For she had striven in conversation, and in her letters, to awaken in him a more simple, child-like faith, to disrobe his views of the mystery and gloom in which they were veiled.

Arthur Huntley was the nephew and adopted son of a lawyer residing in Mapleville. He had loved Ida from childhood, and they had been like brother and sister until a nearer and dearer relation existed between them, that of betrothed lovers. He was at this time pursuing his studies preparatory for the ministry, at a theological seminary in a distant town, having graduated a year previous at one of our best universities with the highest honors in his class.

And now as Ida sat there alone, and thought of him, so noble in his manhood, so true in his Christian character, she exclaimed in the fervency of her grateful devotion, "What can I render unto thee, Father Divine, for thy rich mercy toward me?" There was a faint rustling of the leaves at her feet, and with the low sound there came again that strange, chilling foreboding of coming ill. She little thought what answer the future would bring, when offering the All-wise Father would require of her!

She rose and hastened home. Letters that had been brought in from the post-office lay upon her table, but those that directed to Arthur's familiar hand-writing. There was one from the town where he was studying, but the superscription was in an unknown hand. A strange tremor, a feeling of dread came over her, and her trembling hands could scarcely open it. It was from Richard Wilson, a classmate and particular friend of Arthur, informing her of his sudden and dangerous illness. His friend Arthur, he wrote, was delirious most of the time, and repeatedly called her name, and during a few lucid moments had expressed an earnest desire to see her.

Ida sank upon her knees, and remained motionless as a statue. There was perfect silence in her little chamber; no word escaped her lips, no sob, no sigh even; but oh! the angels in heaven looked down into a soul filled with anguish unutterable. They saw the tumult and the wild tempest of grief sweeping through it, leaving only bleak desolation behind. Ay, but they saw, too that order and harmony would grow out of the chaos, that the sunshine of God's love would cleave the shadows, that the sweet flowers would spring up and make all beautiful again.

How long Ida remained there she knew not, but she did not rise until from out the anguish and the dread there had gone up to heaven the prayer, "Father, thy will be done!"

The next evening found Ida far away from home, in the town of A——. Mr. Wilson met her at the depot.

"He is no better," was his reply to her half uttered inquiry about Arthur. He accompanied her to the house of one of the Professors, to which Arthur had been removed, and where she was kindly offered a home so long as she should stay. She soon hastened to the bedside of the sick one. Arthur was asleep; a bright flush was on his face, and his breathing was short and irregular. His lips moved. She leaned down to listen. He whispered her name. Then, for the first time the blessed tears rained over her face, relieving her overcharged feelings, and she grew strong and calm. She re-arranged the pillows and bathed his burning forehead with cold water.

The door was opened noiselessly, and the physician entered. He was a kind, fatherly sort of man, and possessed great medical skill. Ida's searching eyes scanned the expression of his countenance as he examined his patient. She accompanied him from the room.

"Must he die, Doctor?"

Accustomed though he was to scenes of sorrow and suffering, the good physician felt his heart moved to compassion as he looked down upon the upturned face, so earnest, so beseeching in its expression, and could only with difficulty control his voice, as he replied:

"I will not deceive you; there is but a bare chance of his recovery; yet he is in the hands of an All-wise and merciful God. Trust in him, my young friend, for he will do right."

Ida stood a moment with her head bowed and her hands clasped tightly. Then she looked up, and her face was very white, as she said:

"I know it. I thank you for telling me truly. God will give me strength."

The doctor gave her all necessary directions in regard to the sick man, and departed.

Notwithstanding the advice of the physician and request of Mr. Wilson, that she should seek rest for the night, Ida would not leave Arthur. Unmindful of fatigue, she ministered constantly to his comfort, and the hours of the night wore slowly away. O, how she longed for one glance of recognition; but though he looked upon her, his bodily vision conveyed no tidings to his brain, and he would plead with her to send for his Ida. Then his thoughts would turn to his studies, and he would rave often in different languages with which he was familiar. In vain she whispered to him that she was Ida; in vain she pressed her lips to his forehead, and laid her cheek fondly against his. He knew her not, and continued to call for Ida.

The early morning brought Dr. Wyatt again, but even he could not persuade Ida to rest.

"The time may be short; do not drive me from him," she pleaded. "I am well and strong, I am not even tired, and I could not sleep. Let me stay, Dr. Wyatt. I *cannot* leave him."

The days passed slowly, and the sick man grew weaker, rapidly. Too severely had his mental powers been taxed, and his bodily health had been long growing feeble. Deeply interested in his studies, and ambitious to excel, he had been unmindful of his bodily weakness, until, when disease attacked him, it found him lacking physical strength to resist its progress, and expel it from the system.

The crisis came—it passed—and there was no hope. He sank rapidly.

"Will he not speak to me once?" Ida whispered to the doctor. "Must I be denied one look of love?" and her face was as white as that which lay so still on the pillows. She knelt beside him and pressed her lips to his. "Oh, Arthur, dearest! speak to me once more."

It seemed as though that voice of love followed out into the dim death-shadows the spirit of the beloved, and called it back to earth, for he slowly opened his eyes and looked earnestly upon Ida. A look of joyful surprise followed—his lips moved:

"Ida! my own darling!"

Her presence seemed to bring him new strength, but it was only for a short time. He lingered a few hours, and was able to converse. Oh! in the weary after years that came to Ida, how precious to her was the memory of these last hours of his life! They talked calmly of their approaching separation.

"It will not be long, dear Arthur. Oh, our Heavenly Father will let me soon go to you, will he not?"

"In his own good time, my Ida. But a strange feeling of certainty comes stealing like a promise into my soul, that I shall come back to you. Can it be that the departed soul is permitted to come back to earth?"

"Oh, if it were only possible!" said Ida.

"I shall soon know," he continued, "and if spirits can return, and hold communion with their friends on earth, I will come to you. Would it startle you to see me, then?"

"Oh no, no. Come to me, if you can, dear Arthur."

She did not speak of the fearful sense of coming loneliness that came over her, for she would not cast shadows around his way to the tomb; for his sake she forced herself to speak calmly and even cheerfully of his departure.

"Ida"—his voice had grown weaker—"will you read the 14th chapter of John?"

She took his little Bible, and still holding his hand in hers, read those words of inspiration. She felt as though an angel stood by strengthening her, for she was very calm. When she ceased reading he lay a few moments with his eyes closed. Suddenly he looked up with a joyful expression:

"Hark! do you not hear it? 'Tis the music of angels! Death is not fearful, my Saviour is with me, and his smile lights the dark passage. He will comfort you, my Ida. I will come to you—Ida—beloved—"

"Oh, Arthur!"

But the inanimate clay answered not to her call. The spirit had gone out from its earthly tenement.

Ida's head sank upon the pillow, his hand still clasped in hers. A few minutes passed, and she did not move. They would have led her from the room, but she had fainted. Bravely as she had for Arthur's sake controlled her feelings, now, that all was over, the unnatural, almost superhuman strength which had sustained her gave way, and her over-wearied spirit found momentary relief in insensibility. When she returned to consciousness, Dr. Wyatt and Mrs. Haybrook, the Professor's wife, were anxiously bending over her, and only the kind care she received from them prevented her from being seriously ill.

Ida received the deepest commiseration from all who had known Arthur, for by all he had been respected and beloved; and many among them for her own sake felt a deep emotion of sympathy for the stricken mourner, so calm, so submissive in the midst of her woe.

The remains of Arthur Huntley were conveyed to Mapleville, and deposited in a lovely spot in the churchyard. Ida returned to her daily duties as teacher of the village school. She never murmured. She was never seen to weep. The deep anguish of her soul was only known to the All-pitying Father, and to his angels. Many sad, deep lessons had life already brought to her. Then came this, the deepest and saddest of all. There were others still in store for her; for oh, those souls which would solve the *great problem of life*, must be thoroughly worked over and purged. Only through great tribulation can we enter the vast inner temple of God's holiness, and behold the glory of his countenance.

CHAPTER IV.

October, the artist of the year, had come, hanging her rich paintings in the forest trees, and murmuring in her low, sweet tones, her weird incantations. She had come, as always, throwing her own rich spell of beauty on every landscape scene, and irradiating the very atmosphere with her sweet, bright smile.

But on the evening when we again find Mabel, the sky was overhung with thick clouds, and Night walked forth robed in her blackest garments. Not a single star dared to find its way through the folds of those pall-like clouds, and all was dark. Yet not silent, for the fierce wind was forth, shrieking as if in mad defiance. It crept through the forest with its deep, vengeful mutterings, it rushed over the fields, and through the village, shrieking down the chimneys and through the alleys like some lost spirit seeking in vain for rest. Then it crept through the crevices and cracks into the hovels of the poor, and made the little children shiver with dread more than with the cold, and cling to their mothers in fear—while *they* turned pale, and sighed, and sewed on faster, thinking of the coming cold winter. Then it sped on to the dwellings of comfort and plenty, and tried to find its way to the *happier* hearts within their walls, but in vain it sought to enter. It shook the windows and crept down the chimneys, it saw only light and joy within, and met the warm, cheery flames in the fireplace; so it racked and twisted the trees and shrubbery, and moaned through their branches, and dashed the rain-drops more fiercely against the window panes.

In the sitting-room of one of these, the home of her cousin, Dr. Leslie, we find Mabel. It was a very pleasant room, with its bright wood fire, and had just that *home-look* which you like so well to see, dear reader. The table was spread for tea, and looked very inviting with its table-cloth and napkins of whitest linen, and china of purest white. The white, light bread, and nice sponge cake, and custards were all made by Nellie's own busy hands, and the preserved fruit did honor to her skill as a housewife.

Mabel sat upon a low ottoman before the fire, gazing into the coals, and watching the flames as they wreathed themselves around the wood and then passed off in the curling smoke. And she thought, "So is life! We live, we die, and are not. A few years, and what now is will not be. Time will roll on, and all existence will cease."

A shade rested upon Nellie's usually sunny face, and she now and then went to the window, and listened; for the doctor had not yet returned from his daily round, and he was suffering from a severe headache. But the darkness revealed nothing through its impenetrable folds, and she could hear only the moaning wind as it trampled over the branches of the trees.

She returned to her seat by the fireside.

"A penny for your thoughts, coz?"

"Oh, I was only moralizing over this fire. I like these old-fashioned wood-fires. We have nothing but stoves at home, that have such a gloomy, orthodox look, so dark, and grim, and precise, that I can hardly appreciate their good services in imparting warmth. I like so well the good old-fashioned times, when the huge *logs* blazed in the generous fireplace, and people were what they seemed, when they lived simple, honest and true lives. Now so much is cold and artificial, and heartless. I wish I had lived in those good old times."

"And had been now, instead of a young girl of eighteen, a staid, dignified old lady of seventy-five or eighty, with frilled cap, and spectacles, and knitting-work, and troops of grandchildren around you."

"Oh dear, I should be old now if I had lived then, should n't I? Well, I like youth and fun and frolic, but I have a real fancy for the fashions and customs of olden time."

"There comes Bryant! I'm *so glad!*" And Nellie sprang up quickly, and lighting the lantern, carried it out.

"Are you not tired and chilled, Bryant?" she asked anxiously, as he met her in the passage.

"Not much, my Sunbeam."

In a few moments he returned, and Nellie assisted him in laying aside his overcoat.

"How is that headache?"

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"It is there yet; no the latest accounts say."

"I have felt so anxious about you."

"Too have?" kissing the upturned face. "When my little two-year wife has grown into a ten-year old, she will have learned not to worry if her husband is out in the storm;" and catching her up in his arms, he marched into the sitting-room, and placing her in a chair, said: "There, little one! I will warrant you have gone to the window at least twenty times this evening, trying to perform the miracle of looking through this thick darkness, and beholding the form and visage of your delectable husband. And as for you, Coz, I imagine your thoughts were all expended elsewhere."

"Mistaken, for once, most humble cousin mine, though I will confess this bright fire has engrossed a good share of my attention."

"And to pay you for slighting me thus, I shall inflict my presence upon you, the fates permitting, all this long evening."

After the doctor was duly warmed and dried, they seated themselves at the tea-table. His second cup of tea was just poured, when there was a loud ring at the door.

"Old Mrs. Granby has fallen down stairs, and is most dead!" said the almost breathless messenger to the doctor.

"I will go immediately," and Dr. Leslie, hastily swallowing his tea, and again prepared to go out.

"Don't leave the table for me; I shall not want a second edition of supper;" and he went out again into the stormy darkness. In about an hour he returned, and the evening passed pleasantly away without further interruption.

The next evening a lecture was to be given in the village, which they were all particularly desirous to hear. Mrs. Leslie, however, was unable to go, but would not allow the others to remain at home, and the doctor and Mabel accordingly went.

The large hall was filled, and many were obliged to go away, so great was the crowd; for the lecturer was one of those men who possess the happy faculty of finding the way to the hearts of the people; one of those who are not only great in intellect, but in heart also, a true man, and an earnest worker for humanity. The lecture was deep, logical and sound, with a vein of rich humor running through it, which made it attractive to all. In the midst of the lecture a voice asked:

"Is Dr. Leslie in the hall?"

"That is too bad, Bryant," whispered Mabel.

"Never mind," said he, rising. "If possible, I will be back before the lecture is out." Then whispering a few words to a gentleman near by, he turned again to Mabel. "Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Maynard. Miss Mervyn, Mr. Maynard. If I don't return, Mabel, Mr. Maynard will be your escort."

Mabel bowed her thanks to Mr. Maynard, and the doctor left the hall.

Mabel had not observed the gentleman till her cousin introduced him. Then, as her eyes met his, a thrill passed over her, for which she could not account. His deep, clear eyes seemed to read her soul, and she felt at once attracted toward him to a degree to which she seldom was toward strangers. He was rather below the medium height, his figure slight, and his features, though not regular, were lighted by an expression which told of the nobility of his soul. He was one who would at once inspire even a stranger with respect and confidence, and Mabel, in one hasty, *reading* glance, saw all this ere she turned her attention again to the lecturer.

At last the discourse was ended, and the doctor had not returned; and Mabel took Mr. Maynard's proffered arm with a graceful self-possession and kind confidence which placed him at his ease at once.

"I should have no fancy for a physician's life, to be the servant of *everybody*," said Mabel, when they had gained the street.

"His life is a laborious and trying one, certainly," replied Mr. Maynard, "yet his is a high calling, and is only equalled, I think, by that of the minister."

"Oh, ministers," said Mabel. "I regard them as poor, miserable creatures, either as too indolent to do anything but preach, or else as hypocrites."

Mr. Maynard was surprised to hear such words from a woman, but only replied:

"You are rather severe upon the clergy, Miss Mervyn."

"But is n't it so, Mr. Maynard? Do you think that one minister in five hundred believes what he preaches?"

"Certainly I do."

"I can't, at least. Now our own pastor, Mr. Phillips, preaches *very* Orthodox sermons, and he tells us it is no matter how good the lives we live, or how much good we do to our fellow-creatures, that we are, nevertheless, totally corrupt, and shall be eternally punished unless we accept salvation in just such a way as he tells about, 'going to Christ,' and all that; and now I wish to know what is the use of our going to Christ, and looking to him, if we don't obey his teachings, and do good to those around us? One time, after Mr. Phillips had disposed of all of us poor sinners—that is, all those who don't belong to the church—and had given us a glowing description of our future residence in Hades, he overtook me on the steps of the church, and shook hands with me, and smiled as graciously as if I were going to Heaven with him, and went *to talking about the weather!* I wanted to ask him if we should discuss the weather at the great judgment-day. I believed, then, everything I heard a minister say, and I went home and had a good cry. Mother came to me soon, and I told her I hated Mr. Phillips, because he could talk with me about the weather when he thought I was going straight to the bad place; and that I thought he did n't care whether any one else went to Heaven or not, if *he* only got there. Mother was shocked, and I was sorry I had hurt her feelings, but still I always disliked Mr. Phillips after that. And besides, although pious persons always dispose of sinners before they die, just as soon as they lose an unconverted friend, they manage some way to push him into heaven just at the last moment, and then such a rejoicing as they have over these death-bed conversions! I 'm sure if I could n't go to heaven *honorably*, like an honest person who had a right there, I would n't creep in at the last moment, especially after I had been using my influence to keep others away, as they say every sinner does; that is, if there were *any* such place as Heaven. I believe all these things exist only in the imagination. But dear me! I did n't know I was making such a long speech; you must think me very rude."

"Do you mean to say, Miss Mervyn, that you do not believe in God, in Christ, in immortality?"

"Yes, it is all, in my opinion, a most absurd chimera."

"Do you not feel a longing for something better, holier than this world can afford—a desire to live more truly than you can live here? Do you not feel the need of an Almighty arm to lean upon, of a Friend who will never fail, of a God of unerring wisdom, and a Father's guiding, protecting love?"

"Yes; all this we must feel sometimes, and I should be glad if there were a God—that is, if He were a good and merciful Being, who loved His creatures. But I think it is dreadful to believe in a God who creates millions of souls that they may be eternally miserable; and that at the great day of judgment He will separate families and dear friends forever, though they may have differed only a little in opinion; and that for finite sins He will inflict an infinite and eternal punishment. That cannot be just any more than merciful."

"Christians differ very much on these points," said Mr. Maynard, "but the God in whom I believe is a holy and merciful Being, who loves all His creatures, and is not willing that any should perish."

"If there is a God, why are some persons afflicted so severely? I have seen poor, innocent, little children abused and suffering, and then I said, 'Surely there cannot be a God, or He would care for these little ones.'"

"He does care for them, Miss Mervyn, with infinite compassion. Man is sinful, and sin produces suffering, not only in the heart of the sinner, but its consequences extend to others also; but through the chaos and the darkness thereby produced, God guides His own with divine power, and it is well with them."

"Then *all* are not His own?"

"All who will put their trust in Him, all who bow to His holy will, and become disciples of Jesus; and His love extends to the most hardened sinners, and by His holy influences He seeks to lead them, also, to a purer, holier light and life. And is not the fact that we do earnestly desire a future existence one proof that that desire will be gratified? For, if you will but notice, for every natural want of the human soul there are provided means for its gratification."

They had reached Dr. Leslie's door, and they bade each other "good evening," but not till Mr. Maynard had expressed a desire to renew the conversation when opportunity should again be presented.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

"WE REAP IN GLADNESS WHAT WE SOW IN TEARS."

BY BELLE BUSH.

Youth is fleeting, youth is fleeting,
To the shade-land of the past,
And its hours though bright or dreary
Travel on and travel fast;
Flowers which wake in early spring-time,
Birds that sing on leafy spray,
Linger through the joyous season,
But in Autumn pass away.

To the "sunny climes" the warblers
Hasten from the Winter's cold,
And the rose seed finds a shelter
Underneath the genial mould.
But they come again with gladness,
When the May-morn lights the hills,
And the same gay smiles and voices
Linger by the dimpling rills.

These may have a second spring-time,
And forget that storms have been,
Oft returning like the sunlight,
Floating o'er the copse-wood green.
But the tones within our being
And the spirit-flowers which die,
Perish from the earth forever,
As the peace-clouds leave the sky.

And the joys of earth departing,
To the heart return no more;
All their withered leaves lie scattered,
On the dark oblivion shore.
Memory may keep their odor,
Wafted from the Lethean wave,
Yet 't is but an empty sweetness
Of a flower that 's in the grave.

Why! oh why, when earth grows dreary,
And we pine through gloomy hours,
Can we not, like birds and blossoms,
Seek the far-off sunny bowers?
Why must we bear on our spirits
Shadows dark of many fears,
Straining all life's fairest roses
With the briny dew of tears?

Why must we from friends be parted,
Why repeat the sad farewell,
And forever hear the music
Of the mournful funeral knell?
Why! but that the soul which struggles
May grow wisely strong with years,
"We may never reap in gladness,
If we fear to sow in tears."

Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1863.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE ON EARTH AND EXPERIENCE IN THE SPHERES

OF

JOHN STOUGHTON,

LATE OF

LONDON, ENGLAND.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Introduction.

The writer is very frequently in a condition in which there is both by signs and hearing a consciousness of the presence of those who are generally invisible and inaudible; in this condition there is a free interchange of thought and expression. The following narrative is given as it was thus received, and there is no particular merit due the writer, either for the ideas or the style of composition. Justice, however, compels me to say that the entire narrative is not given by the one whose experience is related, but that on many occasions, others who have had more experience, and who have been for a longer period dwellers of the inner life, have come and given lessons, which are designed not only for the subject of this narrative, but also for those who are seeking to know all that can be properly revealed to mortals of the nature and condition of that mysterious inner life, toward which humanity is ever moving with solemn and stately tread.

CHAPTER I.

Experiences on Earth.

We ask you now to write the narrative of one who has passed through many chequered scenes, though he is now comparatively happy, and in a condition favorable to rapid progression, with an experience that will enable him to become a powerful teacher. The practical lessons which he has embodied in his nature cannot be lost. We will introduce him to you, and aid him in telling you his own story.

Brother, I come to speak to you of a life on Earth and in the Spheres, which has been hitherto hidden as much as possible within my own bosom.

I was born in the suburbs of London, about the year 1783, as near as I can remember. My name was JOHN STOUGHTON. I had many aliases, but was usually known among my companions at Stoughty, or Pudd Stoughty. I grew up in the haunts of infamy and crime, and drew in vice and ignominy with my mother's milk. The earliest recollections of my earth life, are associated with deeds of darkness from which most children would shrink, and my mother led a life of infamy and dissipation, and died when I was quite young, and I was thrown upon the cold charity of the world among the lowest and most dissipated beings that infest the purlieus of that large city.

Forced by those who had me in their charge to beg and steal as much as I could, I soon became an expert, and my first exploits in these brought me into favor with the ungrateful wretches with whom I lived.

I can remember no particular starting point in crime, for as far back as my memory goes, I felt that the hand of every man was against me, and what could I know or do better than to lift mine against every man. I knew not what the pangs of conscience were, and yet I felt bitterness and anguish in my lot, because those around me who were older and better adepts in crime continually defrauded me of my rights and of my ill-gotten gains.

It is painful for me to recall these scenes of my early childhood, especially now that I can see that other children do not have such an experience as I had. I never knew what it was to feel the reproofs of conscience, because such a thing as moral accountability was never presented to my mind. I was not ignorant of the popular notions of heaven and hell, but I had no inclination to seek either of them, and all the restraint I ever felt in regard to any act, was the fear of discovery and punishment. My whole aim was to devise plans by which I could commit depredations upon individuals and society, and thus acquire means and influence, and at the same time escape detection. It was not the act, but its discovery that we dreaded; to evade and deceive even my best friends, was evidence of shrewdness and power that was esteemed by all except the parties defrauded.

I need not enumerate the particular crimes that marked this period of my life. There is nothing in the calendar that I have not had a hand in—robbery, arson, and even murder were looked upon as legitimate pursuits, that might be followed by any one who had cunning and shrewdness enough to escape detection and punishment. This was my education, and when I look back to the period when I arrived at manhood, I perceive that I presented an illustration of a human being in whom all the lower propensities were developed, and in a very active condition, while the moral nature and the spirituality of my being was entirely dormant and undeveloped.

Years passed on, and the stream of pollution on which I had embarked rolled on with increasing velocity and carried me along, so that each succeeding year gave me a deeper dye of crime and infamy, and a corresponding degree of unhappiness; for, say what you will, "the way of the transgressor is hard," and the fancied enjoyment, even in the successful realization of the most daring exploits, is empty and hollow, and there are always so many drawbacks, that I cannot consider it as happiness.

It is with pain that I recur to these scenes in my life, and I should not do it now were I not urged to do so by some kind friends, who have given me instructions, and whose counsel and advice I am glad to receive. They say now that if I will relate to you a full narrative of these things—make a complete and honest confession, that beautiful veil which has been woven out of the tears, and anguish, and remorse, through long years of suffering, will be thrown over all these deeds of infamy and shame, and when they are thus covered, they will be as beacon-lights to others, and I shall no longer feel as I have felt, pangs of sorrow and remorse, when I look back upon them. Each succeeding year found me steeped in new scenes of wickedness. Here a kind friend remarks that it is not necessary for me to recite the particular crimes, for it is not these alone that produce human conditions, although their impulse may direct it. It is the exercise and development of certain faculties and propensities of the human soul, and the restraint and inactivity and consequent dormant and undeveloped condition of certain other faculties, which form and establish the human character.

There are many persons whose external characters present no blemish to their fellows, who are living, walking sepulchres, full of hypocrisy and deceit, and for whom there must be a long career of suffering and remorse before they can fully outgrow the conditions into which they have gradually brought themselves. Occasionally one of these smooth-faced, oily hypocrites will have the shell which has kept him so nicely concealed broken, while he lives in the form, and then there is a terrible development. Death always cracks this shell, and lets the lying, sneaking deceiver out. One of the worst phases of error is self-deception; and it is a very common one, even among good people, and there is none harder to remove, since "to know one's self diseased is half a cure."

There are others again whose conditions and surroundings have been such as to give them a very low place in the estimation of their fellow-men, and yet when their interior condition is examined, they will be found to be far less inharmonious than appeared on a superficial view. Human law, based upon outward observation, must make acts the criterion of motives, and in many cases the result of an act which is entirely beyond the control of an individual, the measure of his crime.

To continue my narrative. At the age of thirty-three years I was thrown out of the earth sphere by a violent death, caused by a companion in one of those scenes of wild dissipation, which had become the rule and not the exception in my course of life.

There have been times when I have felt a very strong desire that he, who thus took my life, might be brought to justice, as society calls it. Now I am glad this farce never was enacted. We were both deeply and insanely intoxicated, and neither of us had any more knowledge or accountability at the time, than the liquor which we had been drinking.

I am also very glad that I was not judicially tried and executed, although the crimes I had committed would, according to the opinions of mankind, have fully justified it.

There are several reasons why I rejoice that this was not done. In the first place, I should have been exceedingly active—criminally active in my endeavors to evade and escape punishment, and as a result of that activity, I should have had more to suffer in spirit-life. In the second place, I rejoice that this was not done, because I perceive that after having been convicted and found not fit to live, the high pressure system of theological magnetism would have been applied to me as it has been to hundreds of others in similar circumstances, and in all probability, I should have yielded to this, made a confession of some of the acts of my life, and a *profession* of religion, and then been regarded by these deluded people as a repentant sinner, accepted of God through the merits of Jesus Christ, and prepared for an entrance into heaven to walk with the saints in glory.

In such a state of mind I should have passed into a still more dreadful condition than that which I am about to describe to you. At one moment a saint on earth, with blasphemous professions and prayer upon my lips, and the next a fiend in hell. But I was saved this degradation, and am thankful now for it.

I recite these scenes now as you would relate the story of your childhood from your present standpoint. Explaining and describing events by my present feelings, and not as I felt and realized them at the time when I was actively engaged in this fearful drama of life. In the next chapter I must continue to give you my present impressions and recollections of the terrible scenes through which I passed. This narrative brings us now down to the year 1810, when I died.

There are times now "when, on the wings of remembrance, my soul is away." That it goes back to the scenes of my earth-life, and I can recall event after event, not exactly in the order in which they occurred, for they seem to have been classified and arranged in such a manner that the events of a similar character will come up before me together, in order, and if I think of any class of actions, they are all brought up before me by this association, and any single event will bring its class before me with so much regularity, and order of succession, that I can readily understand why it should have been thought by some persons that all the events of a lifetime were instantly brought before them. A single prominent event flashing up, and almost instantly its associates arranging themselves around it.

A spirit-friend tells, and I fully appreciate the thought, that it is a great aid to the advancement of any spirit, to have such an arrangement of the acts of his life—in other words to have his house set in order; and when the influence of any course of actions is thus arranged, we can take a quiet retrospect of them, and they become a part of our history, which there is neither power nor desire to change. They then cease to have an influence in directing our future course, and are only retained as illustrations of the law of cause and effect, and warnings for others in their journey through life. And now when I am engaged in giving instructions to others, I need only present to them the picture which the events of any particular chapter of my life has made, and they can read from this profitable lessons. You know that the teachers in your sphere can impress more emphatically on the minds of their pupils and fellow-men those truths and experiences which have been most deeply and indelibly impressed upon themselves, and that is true in *every department* and condition of life; and men or spirits are only fitted for practical teaching by experience in the thing to be taught.

It is only when such an arrangement of the effects of human actions has been made, and when the spirit through growth has become positive to these, so that they can no longer control it, and lead to repetition of improper acts, that the beautiful veil to which a kind friend alluded can be thrown over them, and their influence on the author of them cease to be painful. Such is now my case with many of the events of my life, and I may here remark that some of them seemed to fall very readily and easily into this orderly arrangement, while others were much more difficult to control, and continued at times to cause pain and remorse by their positive influence over me.

The question of continued identity, or self-consciousness, is a very important and interesting one, and a spirit now says to me, and I ought to say here that I find myself constantly aided in giving this narrative by spirits who are with me, and who enable me to express my ideas and feelings in much clearer and better language than I could use, were I alone.

He says there are times in the experience of all spirits, in which, like persons in profound sleep, they lose all consciousness of the succession of events, or the passage of time, and it is only by comparison and association that these blanks in existence can be filled.

He says, I lost a period of time, which will be mentioned in the next chapter, in total, and complete oblivionsness at the change which is called death; "and then again you remained for many years in a whirl of excitement, and experiences in which your ideas of the passage of time were very far from correct, according to the ordinary standard, but through the association and instruction of your friends here, and by a comparison of dates from the period when you were cognizant of them on earth, to that in which you came *in rapport* with certain individuals still in the form, from whom you could obtain the present dates known to them, you had the power of computing the length of time in which you had been passing through these changes."

I found that when this occurred, and I made the acquaintance of some earth friends, they were using the date 1832. I supposed that mankind had lived on until they had exhausted all numbers, and then began again at units and passed on thus far, but gradually my friends here explained to me that in this I was very much mistaken. "For," said they, "you now see persons, places and objects which were familiar to you while on earth. This could not possibly be, if so long a period had passed away, for with it all these would have been swept into oblivion."

I was much perplexed at this period in correcting my impressions, but my friends here were very kind to me. They never attempted to force any view upon me by positive assertion, but very gradually they would present certain facts to me that would set matters about which I had been puzzling my brain all right. And so careful were they in this, that it often seemed that I made the discovery myself. Now I perceive that in all this experience I was aided by kind friends, who with unselfish love desired my growth, and toward whom I now feel deep gratitude.

A spirit friend remarks:

Now you can give a lesson of what is meant by 'setting your house in order.'"

It is not covering up and concealing the acts of life and their effects, for this cannot be done; these effects are written all over you, but in bringing them out and arranging them in their places and associations all of a class together. Thus, for instance, the thief will bring up all the acts of theft of a lifetime, together with their associations and surroundings; and he will continue to do this and place himself in conditions and surroundings similar to all these. And when he is not tempted in any one of these to repeat any of them, he will then find himself placed in conditions where there are still stronger temptations than any that he has known; and if he now stands firm and upright, he will realize that "blessed is the man that withstandeth temptation."

It is only by growth and development that this can take place; but let me say that it can be done more easily in your sphere than this; and the man who attempts to put off the evil day and to escape the labor that must result from his misdeeds by putting it off, is only storing up wrath against the day of wrath. Whenever these acts are thus properly classified and arranged, and there is a growth and development of the individual which enables him to rise entirely above the influence of the whole of them, then they cease to be a weight upon the spirit.

There are few single incidents that can overcome the human will; but a class of actions, when combined, will often do it, and it is necessary not only to overcome the temptation of single habits and incidents, but of all the combinations which can be made of them; and when a host of these rear their battlements and stand in grim and serried ranks before us, and we can stand with a firm and manly resolve in an unwavering purpose and determination to conquer, then is the victory of the spirit triumphant and glorious—monarch of the right and the true.

There is a fact in relation to the influence of these combinations of thoughts and actions that my spirit friends mention here. They speak of it as the cumulative effect. It is this: When any improper habit has been indulged for a considerable period, it will be found that, after the full gratification of it, there comes a feeling of shame and disgust, and a resolution more or less strong to avoid it in future; and this will be kept for a time without much difficulty, but sooner or later this resolution becomes weakened, and the desire to repeat the habit strengthens, until at last the cumulative force of the latter sweeps all the barriers away, and the indulgence in the habit assumes a power greater than it ever had before. These insidious cumulative effects are among the most difficult to eradicate and overcome. They continue to gather up their recruits, day by day, until their forces are overwhelming. You may see a common illustration of this in the cases of persons who occasionally indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks. How often will they resolve to abstain from the deadly and polluting cup, and for a time maintain their resolution? But alas! the cumulative temptation comes with a sweeping, surging power, that carries all before it.

The means of overcoming these cumulative effects are very simple when understood. Thus no single act or impulse can overcome the will to do right; it is combination. Thus, for instance, the drinking man may withstand the temptation for the liquor [illegible] near him all the time; he may even have strength to resist the invitation and magnetic force of a single friend, but let him be in company with a number, and he is overcome and falls a victim.

Now, then, shall he learn to escape? By studying the combination, and watching carefully how each new influence is added to the power that is enticing him away from the path of rectitude. And, while he is fully competent to combat with these forces, let him stand firm; but when he sees that they are coming upon him in overwhelming numbers, let him retreat as fast and as far as possible. An honorable retreat from an unequal fight is much better than an overwhelming defeat; because, even in successful retreat, he is inspired with strength. This rule will apply to all these temptations; and let it ever be remembered that every time you overcome temptation you become stronger, while every time you yield to it, the reverse is the case.

I can now look back upon the scenes of my life with different feelings, and can almost realize—

"That one healing draught
From the bright eternal morning, by the weary spirit quaffed,
Shall make all the joys and sorrows of this short life's journey seem
But as lights and shadows on the pathway of a dream."

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPIRIT VISITANTS.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

Ah, is it not a blessed thought
To weary wanderers here,
That the pure spirits loved and gone
Do sometimes hover near?
When worldly cares press on the soul
In sorrow's darkest hour,
When all seems dark and drear around,
And grief asserts her power,

That we can hold communion sweet
With spirits from above—
Spirits of those we knew below,
The objects of our love?
That we can almost feel their breath
Upon our cheeks again,
And that their seraph wings shall ease
Our every care and pain?

And when we press the pillow white,
And vainly seek for rest,
Oft, oft our weary forms are by
Soft angel arms caressed;
And spirits hover o'er our couch,
And bring to us sweet sleep.
Above our couch their angel-watch
Till morning's dawn they keep.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—NO. 5.

BY C. B. P.

The sacred or mystical numbers in the old religions had their astronomical correspondence in the heavens as the seven, the twelve, the three, triad or trinity, &c.—the 666, 608, and 365; &c., known only to the initiated, though the revelator John appears to have been instructed by the unfleshed soul of one of his brethren of the prophets in somewhat the same manner that Masonic mysteries are to-day imparted from the spirit-land as tests through the mediumship of women; for these are not admitted into the Holy of Holies of the Masonic arcana on this side of the Jordan, yet we have been assured by a Mason that he has so received tests which could only be known to the initiated. So John, when instructed by the unfleshed astrologer, probably some "wise man from the East," finds himself able to read the Book in "wisdom," and has "understanding to count the number of the Beast" in its astronomical relations to the *sign* or man of 666.

Not only from John's observatory at Patmos, where he was entranced, or "in the spirit on the Lord's day," (*dies solis*, or day of the sun.) was his visual nerve quickened or rendered clairvoyant for the better reading of the book of heaven, but from the mountains of old Jewry we find the sun and zodiacal signs in correspondence with the Lord and twelve tribes of Israel as wrought on "the pattern in the mount." "The Lord came from Sinai and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined forth from Mount Paran, and he came with ten thousands of saints (stars). . . . There is none like the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky." There is some confusion from the involution of the Word, but the Biblical mysteries include the Chaldean astrological and symbols and the ghostdom of the spirit-land. The personifications have come to the present time somewhat confusedly blent. The sun was the Lord—the Stone of Israel was the Lord—an apparition or spirit was the Lord—as well as the subjective influx, the Christ or Lord shed abroad in the soul. We may behold the God of Jeshurun in *Auriga*, the charioteer, or in the chariot of the sun "in his excellency on the sky," and who rides by the "help" of his ten thousand saints or stars. They come to his "help" against the mighty, and fight with the Lord against Sisera. He sends an angel in each ghost, and there is manifestation of the Word for every one to profit withal—by Urim, Thummim and Teraphim. Sometimes he was seen like the apparition of the Brocken in the mists of Israel's mountains. Sometimes he spake from between the cherubim, and sometimes face to face with man. He hamstrung Jacob, transformed Laban's cattle and performed wonderously before Manoah and his wife, &c., &c., &c., throughout all Jewry. And when he descended "in his excellency from the sky," it was to be toted about in the ark, or "veiled chariot"—and woe to the profane hands that would save the ark from falling when the oxen stumbled, or the profane eyes that would look within the veil. If "God's hand was heavy upon they of Ashdod," it was no less heavy upon his own people who sought familiar relations with this "holy Lord God of Israel."

Says "TIME AND FAITH." "It has already been shown that in the sacerdotal age the troops of all nations were taught to believe that it was God himself who led them to battle, personally present, on extreme occasions, in a veiled chariot, or closed palanquin, escorted by a considerable body of priests. Hence military standards were almost invariably religious standards, ensigns bearing some sacred emblem, or divine name, and consecrated by a priest, with imposing ceremonies. The Germans, says Tacitus, to impress on the minds the presence of a tutelary Deity, carried to the field with them certain images and tokens taken from the sacred depository, the religious grove. The images in this case (as we know that the Gothic nations never represented the Divine Being by human forms) were no doubt chiefly zodiacal, and partly there is reason to believe, some of those phonetographic devices before described as mistaken for crosses, one of which appears on a standard adopted by Constantine, in compliment to the foreign mercenaries serving in his army." This "sign," or inscribed cross, placed on the cross surmounting the [illegible] of the emperor, is [illegible] with Latin words, signifying hope by the [illegible]. The military standards of the ancient [illegible] may conclude from the extraordinary [illegible] blessing, to have been connected

with the zodiacal signs; changed perhaps at a later day by the people of Judah for an ensign, with the words engraved on the mitre of their high priests, *sacred to Jews*, rendered, 'Holiness to the Lord.' * * * Mahometans, although greater image haters than modern Jews, and, certainly not worshipers of the Mpon, still follow the standard of the Crescent."

We see the same worshipful reverence for modern flags with devices to the God of battles. To blaspheme the flag is to blaspheme God, even though it holds slavery in its folds, and is not always very nice in its distinctions of right and wrong. The flag and the priest are as close akin as the Lord and the priest; while both flout the heavens, they yet leave a considerable trail of the *serpens* along the earth plane wherein chaplains divine in the name of the Lord.

The old theologies, including the Bible everywhere, present a curious intermixture of astrology and religion in symbolic drapery. If Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with the trail of the serpent, confound the wisdom of the wise and bring to naught the understanding of the prudent, so, too, the mystical conjunctions of the ancient heavens, as personified by the mystics and rolled together as a scroll, are difficult now to be set in order to their exact relation, though Spiritualism and Astronomy furnish the keys to the ancient Holy of Holies. Even John wept while divining the heavens, when he saw its Book "sealed with seven seals," and only to be opened at a point of time when the "sign from heaven" was in *Leo*, or "Lion of the tribe Juda." So, too, the sign from heaven "represented with the body of a goat, the head of a lion, and the tail of a serpent was doubtless intended by astrologers for some mystical conjunction of the signs, *Capricornus*, *Leo*, and *Draco*—a trinitarian sign from the heaven of heavens.

"The evidence of old astronomical, astrological, and mythological associations, having at an early period become connected with Christianity, might fill many volumes, and is such, that some critics, carried away by it, have hazarded the extreme opinion that no part of the Evangelical narrative is historical. * * Time, however, soon incorporates new historic elements with older traditions, modifying both;" hence, "the continued influence with the multitude of old forms of faith, the popularity of astrological theories, the mistakes of association arising from different acceptations of similar terms, especially of *Iesus*, *Iesous*, *Chrestos*, *Christos*, *Chuios*, *Krisos* and *Chusna*. Cybele, nursing the infant Jupiter, and Devaki suckling Chrisna, do but prefigure the Madonna suckling Jesus." So, too, the creative intelligence of the Heathen *Sophia* and *Logos*, "Wisdom" and the "Word" had their Hellenic counterpart in Jewrydom, as set forth by Plato, Philo-Judæus, and the Evangelist John.

Earliest Christianity would appear to have had its outgrowth from the spiritualism of the Essenes, a come-outer heretical sect from old Jewryism, as derived from earlier Chaldeanism. Jesus, as the personated Christ or annointed, was radical and democratic in his kingdom of heaven, and presented many beauties in his moral and spiritual phases, though he left some things unsaid which the old fogies and conservatives could not bear, so that he had to talk somewhat in the similitudes of the letter of old time—the letter that has killed many by the rendering of his undeveloped reporters; for even his immediate disciples were rather slow of heart to believe the inner or initiated sense of the Word.

As the *Essenes* were born of the spirit out of the death of Old Jewry, so in the efflorescence appeared Jesus and the Apostles, still gauging, however, the spirit by the shell of their former habitations, the Biblical Word, or pasteboard barriers of old time, as symbolized by the sun and twelve zodiacal patriarchs; for not at once are we delivered from the body of the old death, as may be seen in the looking back of Mrs. Lot, who thence became, pickled in the old brine, after the salt had lost its savor, and was thus transmuted into a pillar of carbonaceous salt, and seen standing to this day, as witnessed by Capt. Lynch, of the Dead Sea expedition.—Mrs. Lot is a pillar about forty feet in height, to be noted by pilgrims to the Jordan as a monumental warning to "remember Lot's wife," and not to sojourn in a conservative fossildom of the old exoteria, when the progressive evolution announces "Let it slide!

Josephus and Philo-Judæus show the essential oneness of Essenism and early Christianity. The more active phase of the Essenic radical reform appears to have commenced with John the Baptizer, or Washerman, who would have cleanliness go with Godliness, and who was not inclined to sit still and see the salvation of God, but warned the old fogies and conservatives to flee from the wrath to come. The new movement was bravely radical and democratic, a remorseless grinding of the old bones in the power mills of the Gods, and a thorough ventilating by such fans as would thoroughly purge the floor. Jesus and the Apostles also raised the wind, or holy spirit, for a like ventilation of old time, so that the Jewish clergy, amidst such furious winnowing, became as much alarmed for "the temple of the Lord," as the Ephesians for the temple of the great Diana. The Essenian "*circles* became the Christian *ekklesia*, congregation, or church." Jesus and his "circle" of twelve was a tremendous battery against the old formulas. Old Gentilism had its spiritual circles. "Druidical circles were the churches of the ancient Britons and Gauls, and the religious object of those circles has, with us, permanently connected the word with religious assemblies!" Throughout the continent, literary and social reunions are called *Circles*." So, too, in "revivals," when we wish to increase the "power" of the electro-spiritual batteries, or Holy Ghost, we invite and urge the seekers of the Lord to come around the altar for the insuring of a more powerful outpouring of the spirit. If we supply the spiritual conditions by prayer, music, &c., there will be an "open sesame" for the influx of the Lord. All spiritual batteries are more or less modified by physical and moral surroundings, according to the measure of the harmonies or discordances; for the spirit-world controls through the laws of interblent relations between the mundane and transmundane estates. So far as we meet the conditions, our prayer is answered.

"All in vain, unless the spirit
Of the Holy One come down—
Brethren pray, and heavenly manna
Shall be showered all around."

Tacitus, in his "Manners of the Germans," thus describes the old Heathens. "Their Deities are not immured in temples, nor represented under any kind of resemblance to the human form. To do either, were to derogate from the majesty of superior beings. Woods and groves are the sacred depositories; and the spot being consecrated to those pious uses, they give to that sacred recess the name of the Divinity that fills the place, which is never profaned by the steps of man. The gloom fills every mind with awe: revered at a distance, and never seen but with the eye of contemplation."

It will be recollected that when the children of Israel were inquisitive to look beyond "the eye of contemplation," the Lord broke forth upon them, so that they died before the Lord. On one occasion, the "children," after such a breaking forth, exclaimed: "Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God!" Hence "the gloom fills every mind with awe;" for the Ancients *tabooed* the Holy of Holies from the people, so that only the priests should go in and out before the Lord, somewhat as among the modern Isles of the sea, where sojourned Herman Melville, whose *Typee* account of serving up a human victim in "the most holy place," and *tabooing* the people, is a correspondent *type* of them of old time.

But the school of the Essenes was a [illegible]

and define the sense in which they use the terms "matter," "spirit," soul, natural life, divine life, "God within us," "continued existence," and "immortality." To the thinking mind it is absurd to allege the human spirit is ignorant and sensual, and the divine soul, or God within us, is free from error and impurity, and then assume and assert the human spirit and the divine soul is one and the same conscious identity. And yet analyze carefully their teachings, and this absurdity is prominent therein. So they allege spirit is coëxistent with and distinct in essence from matter, and then accept and assert if God is a spirit he must be material.

Now as this confusion in the use of terms leads to doubts and difficulties which greatly retard our progress in comprehending correctly our own origin, nature and destiny, the movement of the Psychological Society of New York referred to becomes worthy of our general coöperation and approval. To rescue many prominent Spiritualists from the "materialism" which still partially enslaves them, it is important to agitate the question, what, if any, is the distinction, both in origin and essence, between matter and spirit, between spirit and soul, between natural and divine life, between "continued existence" and "immortality."

If man is a finite animal, and also Divine, it is difficult to rationally realize why the bird or the brute are not alike so. If man, a finite animal, has continued existence, it is alike difficult to imagine why the bird and brute have not also. If the continued existence of man proves he is immortal, why should not the construed existence of other forms of animal life be continued alike? When we claim man as both human and divine, and because so he is immortal, we should seek to learn and to define the distinction between human and divine, that we may apply this as a test to the lower forms of animal life. If we say man is a finite spirit, in whom dwells a divine soul, we should try to define the distinction between spirit and soul, that we may apply it also to birds and brutes. It is not enough to arbitrarily assume and assert man and man alone is immortal, because he and he alone has continued existence, or to claim that because he is the highest form of animal life, therefore he is divine. The thinking, reasoning mind asks for the why and wherefore thereof, and public teachers must endeavor to rationally meet the question. Supposing that some, if not many of the members of the Psychological Society of New York, are still tinctured with the materialistic views from which they have been but partially emancipated by their conversion to Spiritualism, I hope some of them may examine and review the solution of the origin and nature of material atoms, or atomic matter, suggested in my previous article, published in the BANNER of Dec. 27th, for to intelligently grasp a knowledge of spirit essence or substance, we should seek to comprehend the destinction, if any, between spirit and matter. But it will be found difficult to reconcile such distinction with the dogma that material atoms are simple and self-existing elements. This is the grand problem to be rationally solved before we can satisfactorily dispose of the questions, What is the destinction, between Spirit and Soul, Animal and Divine Life, &c.

It is the starting-point of inquiry into the philosophy of creation. If we cannot decide whether the material atom is a simple element, or a compound effect, surely we should hesitate to decide whether God is a Spirit or a Principle. If we accept they are simple and self-existing elements, surely we must follow in our reasonings where this premise logically lands us, though it be that matter is God. If we accept they are compound effects, then let us follow in our reasonings the logical conclusions therefrom, though they be that God is a spirit, not omnipresent, but localized.

I trust some of your able correspondents will review my solution of the Origin and Nature of Atomic Matter referred to.

PHILADELPHIA.

March 7, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY WILFRID WYLLEYS.

Already now a long and motley train
Of bondmen, freed from slavery's heavy chain,
Before my gaze with humble aspect stands—
"Food for these mouths and labor for these hands,
A part in life's eternal strife to bear;
Truth for these souls, and garments, too, to wear.
We've crossed the line, our hearts are strong and brave;
Henceforth we're *men*—let no man call us '*slave*;'
All that we ask is liberty to toil,
Bread for our labor—let the niggard soil
Be ne'er so rugged, yet the hardy task
Be ours to conquer; all we care to ask
Is, that our limbs, our wives, our children, be
Not chattels made, but as God made them—*free*.
With room to work, and wages for our pains,
And soon you'll hear, from all the blooming plains
Our songs of joy up to the heavens ascend,
From harvest labors to the poor man's friend.
And senates then, as 'gainst man's direst foes,
Will not again their hellish laws oppose
'Gainst Afric's sons; but all mankind indeed,
Joint heirs of labor, worthy common meed,
Will hail us then, and o'er the distant waves
Proudly proclaim—'*Our country knows no slaves.*'"
This the fair picture fancy brings to view,
As now I mark you strange and motley crew
Pass o'er the way beneath you guarded light,
Slaves yester e'en, but *freemen* at midnight,
Yet may our hopes—our noblest hopes—be crossed,
And Afric's freedom be forever lost,
And base-born chiefs, who rule the traitor crowd,
Strong by intrigue, in foul-mouthed treason proud,
Call up each horde, array each hostile clan,
Crush freedom out, and on the rights of man,
Call down black doom, and unrestrained wave
Their iron bonds o'er each remanded slave.
And dark browed freeman; strong in hell-born might
Call slavery's roll on Bunker's sacred height.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkles of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talents, or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin, the fire that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Alladin palace. Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do.

Reader, did you know that every column of a newspaper contains from ten to twenty thousand distinct pieces of metal, the misplacing of any one of which would cause a blunder or typographical error? With this curious fact before you, do n't you wonder at the general accuracy of newspapers? Knowing this, to be the case, you will be more disposed, we hope, to excuse than magnify errors of the press.

A GOOD HINT.—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewilderd shepherds.

PERSONALITY VS. OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY.—NO. 5.

Since the publication of my article, No. 4, on the 27th of December, the Psychological Society of New York have published a series of questions, to which answers are requested, among which I was glad to observe the following: "Is there a distinction between soul and spirit—and, if so, what is the distinction?" Many of those who publicly discuss the question of "Spiritualism," or, as some prefer to term it, "the Harmonial Philosophy," are so careless in the use of terms to express their thoughts as often to seemingly contradict themselves. Some affirm man is "a trinity," composed of body, spirit and soul; others say he is a physical, intellectual and moral being. Some claim he is a duality, composed of two selfhoods—one animal and finite, the other divine and immortal, &c. But my experience is that they generally lose sight of these asserted premises in their argument, and use the terms spirit and soul, and animal and divine, as synonymous. They tell us of the human soul and the divine soul, of the mortal spirit and the immortal spirit, and speak of these often as one and the same conscious identy, while they almost in the same breath insist that our ignorance and errors result mainly from our omission and neglect to consult "the God within" and which they claim is divine.

[illegible] time that our public teachers should agree on

NIGHT STILLNESS.

[From the German.—For the Boston Post.]

In silence deep the stars were shining
High in the heavens, with splendor bright;
A warbling heard I, and a chiming
Amid the stillness of the night.
Yet was it not the foliage, rustling,
Nor yet the nightingale's sweet tone;
My soul was ravished by the listening
To that strange music's pleasing drone.

And oh, it seemed, as to my ear,
Came soun 's of late and sweet refrains,
As if from brooks and wavelets clear,
The sirens sang their magic strains;
As if, in dreams, each wood and field
In happy drowsiness did hum,
As children who to slumber yield,
Lisp forth the cradle hymn of home;

As if, in her bright silver car,
The moon half murmured and half sung;
As if each brightly shining star
Was whispering in some unknown tongue;
As if, from yonder arch of blue,
An angel choir descended here,
To sing romances sweet and new,
In every dreaming slumberer's ear.

Oh Nature, this is still thy way—
Thy music, old, yet ever new—
That like the organ's swell doth play,
And penetrate our bosom's through!
When in his soul man thee receives,
His swelling heart doth quickly ope;
With milder sadness than he grieves,
And oft his grief is changed to hope.

Then warble still, your soothing songs,
Ye angel voices, sweet and clear!
Balm for sufferings and wrongs
To all sad hearts shall ye appear.
And where, far from a chosen one,
A restless youth awaits the light,
Then bid him, in your gentlest tone,
For me, a hearty, sweet "Good-night."

BOSCAWEN.

Correspondence.

Mr. Mansfield in California, etc.

MR. EDITOR—I have this day received the first number of the Banner on my subscription for the year 1863, filled as usual with well digested original, and choice selected reading matter. I thank God that while other banners have trailed in the dust, and been forced to yield before the enemies to freedom, the BANNER OF LIGHT is still unfurled to the breeze, inviting volunteers to its standard in support of the right, and to crush out wrong wherever found.

We of California do not feel the effects of the horrid rebellion as much as you of the Atlantic States; but our sympathies are with the Union, and you have heard from us in a material way. Our bounty to the suffering soldier has been dealt out with a liberal hand. But while suffering humanity has been knocking at our door for alms *material*, we are slowly but *surely* climbing the ladder of progression *spiritually*.

I am of the opinion that the thousands upon thousands of spirits that have passed to the shores of eternity by this inhuman war, will soon increase spiritual demonstrations all over the land. Parents, children, relatives and friends, who mourn the departed, will long for and seek intercourse with them; and I anticipate that great good will result from it, in more ways than one.

Our mutual esteemed friend, J. V. Mansfield, has just returned to San Francisco, from a tour to the Northern California mines. He returns to his labors with renewed vigor and strength. He is doing finely now, and by his ease of manner and gentlemanly bearing, added to a fine exterior, he leaves a good impression on all who visit his rooms.

I made him a friendly call on the 18th inst., and while conversing on general topics, he was influenced to write. The communication was to me, from a departed friend, Lewis Cory. He apprized me of the presence of seven different spirits, five of whom—with the writer—I had known before their departure, none of whom Mr. Mansfield had any knowledge of. One was a brother-in-law, with full name given—Lewis H. Hewett—who passed on about nine years ago, at Detroit, Michigan.

This test was wholly unsolicited, and to me quite conclusive. He has given many astonishing tests since his arrival to our golden shores; but few, however, have ever found the light—most of them have been given to church members and scoffers, who refuse to give them publicity. As we have no organ through which we can reach the public ear, and our secular press ignoring everything spiritual, we lose much spiritual matter here that would interest the public.

Pleasant breezes for the BANNER. May its light increase, and its shadow never grow less.

Yours, B. B. HALL.

San Jose, Cal., Jan. 30th, 1863.

Interesting Funeral Services.

DEAR BANNER—I have too long neglected to inform your readers of the most interesting funeral I ever attended.

On last Thursday week, Thomas Freeman, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, departed this life, aged eighty-four years. I had agreed with the old gentleman and with his children to attend his funeral, and to speak on the occasion, if within reasonable distance, so that I could be notified. I was telegraphed on the day of his death to be present on the Sunday following, and I complied with the request.

The funeral was attended by a large concourse of relatives, acquaintances and friends, and I am happy to say that it was, in every sense of the word, *a spiritual funeral*. For some four or five years before his death, our aged Brother was a consistent and devoted Spiritualist, and so are all his children, male and female, including two sons, two sons-in-law, two daughters-in-law, and two daughters. All of these were present, except one daughter, who lived some two hundred miles distant, and was prevented from attending by ill health. Before the death of our aged Brother, he expressed the wish that mourning should not be worn on the occasion, and that there should be no manifestations of sorrow, but that his children and all present should be joyful and happy over the birth of his spirit, which had been so many years confined in the mortal body. In the interval between the time of his death and the day of his funeral, frequent conversations were had with him, and with his wife, who had preceded him to the spirit-land some three years, and they were both particular to give the same directions respecting the manner of conducting the funeral, which he had given while in the body. After going to the spirit-world, the old gentleman, then young again, selected the good old song:

"There is a land of pure delight,"

to be sung over his mortal remains, and he expressed the wish that his children should lay aside the forms and customs of the world, and of the Church, on such occasions, and join heartily in the heavenly song. On searching in the book for the song, we found that he had turned the leaf down ready for use, though this fact was not known to any one previously. We had a joyful and happy time. If any of us shed tears, they were tears of joy and not of grief. Such funerals speak volumes in favor of spirit life and light, and are the means of doing much good. They take away the sting of death and the dread of the grave. They show that the man is not dead, but living and conscious.

Our brother had been sixty years a member of the Baptist Church, and fifty years a deacon in the same church, before he became a Spiritualist. The day before his departure some of his Baptist friends visited him, and inquired if he would not like to have a clergyman come and pray with him. He promptly declined, stating that he did not need the prayers of the clergy, and that they could do him no good. He also stated that he could see the bright light, and enrapturing scenes of the spirit-land, and his wife and others, with outstretched arms, ready to receive him.

Brother Freeman was the most harmonious man I ever knew, and he remained so to the last. His honesty and integrity were acknowledged by all who knew him. As an evidence of his honesty, I would state the fact that he was fifty years to a day foreman of a large cloth manufacturing establishment in England, previous to coming to this country. May his sons and all of us imitate his example, that their and our last days on earth may be like his.

W. K. MARTIN.

Chicago, Ill., March 4, 1863.

More Light.

DEAR BANNER—Having been a firm believer in the influence of ministering spirits long before the first simple rap announced to erring mortals the divinity of the soul, I wish to state a few simple facts in my own experience. Should it call forth an answer from some kindly spirit, from above or below, throwing one ray of light along my path and dispelling some few doubts caused by a misguided early education, then a new and more vigorous hope shall be my joy, and a heart full of gratitude shall be bestowed upon the giver.

It is hardly necessary to state that, I have dear and loved friends in the spirit-world, for all have lived to love and mourn departed friends. I have two brothers and a sister who have been many years dwellers in the better land, and oftentimes by powerful impressions coming to me suddenly, and when my attention has been eagerly occupied, would force the conviction upon my mind that my angel sister was near me, standing by my side, and even when she would move to other parts of the room, although I could not see her with my climess of vision, yet my mind would follow, and I could at any time locate her position.

Being a member of an "Orthodox" church, and being taught all manner of false ideas (which I sometimes fear will require a lifetime to remove), I was much embarrassed and kept in doubt, even to the present time.

My father died some five years ago, and the evidences that I have received since then, visible and otherwise, I think should have convinced me long ago and eradicated every doubt.

About three years ago, while reading by the light of a lamp, my hand resting on a book, my attention was suddenly diverted to an involuntary motion of one finger. At first I paid no attention, but it was repeated, and each time with increasing vigor. Knowing that the cause of this did not lie within myself, I was led instantly to believe that my father was in the room in spirit form, and that this was his first effort to attract my attention, and pave the way for further and more effective demonstrations.

Since that memorable evening, I have not noticed the same peculiar movements in the hand, but I have had daily, and I might say hourly, manifestations from the same source. They are very strange to me, and I have never heard of any person being affected in a like manner. I can illustrate the phenomenon best by comparing these demonstration to that of the telegraph. We will consider the nerves in all parts of the body to be the wires, all other parts an involuntary yet sensitive machine; an unknown influence is communicated by means of these conducting wires, causing a pulsating or beating motion of the muscles, which may be seen at any time when under the influence of the operator. Could this influence (which I believe to be electricity,) be communicated to a telegraphic machine, or in raps upon the table, the sounds produced would be exactly similar. I am fully assured that my departed parent desires to communicate with me. How am I to improve my condition or those surrounding me so that I may commune directly with my angel guardians on the other side of the peaceful river?

HENRY BARTER.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Meeting of the Friends of Progress.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, in and around Lockport, N. Y., took place Union Hall in said village according to adjournment, on Saturday, March 7th, 1863, at half past ten o'clock A. M. The meeting was called to order by Father Whittemore, an old pilgrim, who cherishes the spiritual faith with a holy unction.

Elisha Smedley, of Gosport, was called to the chair, and Warren Clark was elected secretary. The services commenced by the reading of a short poem from the BANNER OF LIGHT, by W. Clark, of Gosport. The forenoon was occupied in listening to various speakers, after which the meeting took a recess till two o'clock, P. M.

The recess was made social by the warm-hearted greetings of kindred spirits from various localities.

At two o'clock the chairman called the meeting to order. After a song by the choir, Bro. J. M. Peebles, of Michigan, gave one of his able discourses. The remainder of the time was improved by Mrs. Elisa Clark, of Galesharbor, and others, in short and pertinent speeches.

The evening services were very interesting, and our souls were made glad with warm-hearted speeches, songs and music.

Sunday.—The morning was ushered in by a snow storm, which, however, did not last long, for by ten o'clock the sun shone out in all its splendor, and the friends of Human Progress began to assemble. After singing by the choir, Bro. Peebles indulged us with another of his telling speeches. He was followed by Bro. P. B. Bristol, of Danesville.

After the close of the morning session, came on our communion season. Bro. Davenport, of Lockport, prepared a long table on the tops of the seats, over which some kind-hearted Martha spread a cloth, clean and white, an emblem of our faith. Bread made from the choicest wheat was broken and offered to all, both saints and sinners, without money or price. In room of the intoxicating wine usually found on the communion tables of the popular churches, some kind friend furnished the real grape in purple clusters, as sweet and savory as when first taken from the parent vine. We ate, and we drank, while all hearts were overflowing with social delight. I have no doubt that a spiritual devotion and praise went up to the All Father God and Mother Nature, who provide for the wants of all their children.

At two o'clock the meeting was called to order by the Chairman, when the Committee of Arrangements reported that the yearly meeting of the Progressive Friends would be held in Lockport on the 10th, 11th and 12th of June next.

Bro. Peebles took the stand, and for more than an hour the audience listened with marked attention to the gracious words and glowing sentiments which came welling up from the speaker's heart, and in eloquent utterances fell upon the congregation.

Bro. W. Clark gave an account of his visit to the Indiana Penitentiary, and preaching to a congregation of convicts, as an illustration of some of the sentiments in the preceding discourse, showing the power of kindness over a cold sentimentalist. Mrs. Elisa Clark now took the stand, and spoke some thirty minutes in one of her best moods. After another song from the choir, and a few social greetings and warm hand shakings, each one went his way, hoping to meet again at the next quarterly gathering. So mote it be.

WARREN CLARK, *Secretary.*

Herald of Progress, please copy.

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LUTHER COLBY, ... EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

'Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind";

but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific, and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and, over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—*Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham England.*

To Subscribers.

Those of our patrons who send us only $2 00 *after* the 23d inst.—at which time we established the price at $2 50 per year for the BANNER—will receive forty numbers, instead of fifty-two, (the full price,) unless they remit in the meantime the extra fifty cents. We make this statement *now*, in order to avoid any misunderstanding in the future.

The New Volume.—A Few Words.

With the present number, the BANNER OF LIGHT commences its Thirteenth Volume. We should be, in a measure, forgetful of our relations to the thousands of readers and friends of this journal, did we omit to rehearse in few words the career of an enterprise of which so much was predicted, and which, we humbly consider, has achieved at least its full share of good in a world where all is by no means evil.

The promises which were held out, on the founding of the BANNER, have, in one way and another, sometimes according to and sometimes at variance with the methods anticipated, been fulfilled to a remarkable degree. We were most solemnly assured that such an organ and agent was wanted in this country, for social and secular as well as for more purely spiritual purposes—and that, in the fullness of time, it would be hailed by thousands, and yet other thousands, as the standard on whose folds were inscribed the advanced faith and enlarged opinions of the human family. We were warned of the seriousness of the work on which we were entering, and of the greatness of the field in which we had been appointed to labor. It was enjoined upon us many times that only through doubting and trials, after sacrifices and temporary disappointments, by the help of strength which resided not in mere mortal hand or brain, we should finally reach that position as a journal where our influence would work with the widest and profoundest results. Before reaching that point, the land was to pass through manifold trials and convulsions, and the characters of men were to be weighed with scrupulous exactness in the balances. But in the new times—which, we are all of us now persuaded, are surely to follow close upon these present trials and tests—the BANNER was promised as an organ to which more people would turn for spiritual help and social aid than to almost any other.

These matters are recalled here, not from any unworthy or personal motives, for none such were entertained at the time of establishing this paper, or have been entertained as a rule of conduct since; but because it has, in the operation of events, been made so very plain, that the plan and purpose of the wiser invisibles, entertained years ago, have been all this while silently and efficiently working themselves out through the instrumentality of the BANNER, and the time of the still wider triumph is not now far off. That single conviction has inspired the hearts and strengthened the hands of the conductors of the paper, from the first. They have labored in full faith that their labors were not to be in vain. Through obloquy and opposition, through ridicule and misrepresentation, they have steadily held on their way, believing that everything which is intended for use in life, is likely to meet with opposition and labor under a load of misunderstanding.

We conceive that the BANNER, in its career of a half dozen years, has achieved some good—the most of which can be told only by the souls that have been benefitted. Ours has it been to seek to enlarge the limits of faith, and relax the fetters which have so long been imposed on free thought. Our labor has lain in the direction of exciting and directing the nobler and profounder sympathies of human nature, and of awakening men to the power that has long lain concealed in their charities and affections. Our preaching has been that which the angels themselves have passed down to us to disseminate, calling on others to exercise brotherly love, to practice self-searching and self-denial, to hold continually sweet communion with their own better nature, to listen in devout silence to the "cloud of witnesses" who from time to time approach them from higher spheres, and, in short, to convert all the powers and resources of life into means and methods for the development of the spiritual nature and the highest possible glory of existence. This has been the aim, if it has not distinctly shown itself to be the tenor of the teaching and preaching with which our columns have been filled from the first.

The MESSAGE DEPARTMENT of the BANNER has proved a most important part of the entire plan, and, as we rejoice to know and believe, has performed a vast amount of good. An immense number of tests have been established by it, and the persons for whom they were intended have been benefitted beyond even their own power of estimating. Infidel tendencies have in a great many instances been corrected by means of its direct teachings, and many an one who "came to scoff, has gone away to pray." The sad and weary ones have received untold comfort, the worldly have been arrested by the reality and immediate presence of spiritual things, the superstitious and blind believer has been enlightened in his faith, and the hypocrite has seen all possible disguises stripped away. If to achieve even a tithe of all this be worth the while, then has the BANNER's chosen work been nowhere near in vain.

True and sincere souls are to be found all over this great land, in lone and out-of-the-way places, in the army, in want and woe, in sick chambers, in circles where an open profession of faith in spirit-communion is even yet refused, all of whom count themselves our readers and friends, and who cheer and bless us even more than, of ourselves alone, we could cheer and bless them. They will not give up the paper that has so efficiently ministered to their spiritual needs. Nor will they, and their friends and other friends still, allow any conceivable state of circumstances to hinder the progress of the work upon which we have entered together. The whole labor, in fact, is merely one of co-operation.

In spite of the most trying circumstances in which it can be possible for a paper to maintain its existence and perpetuate its influence, and in consequence of the generous friendship and sympathy of those who are like-minded with ourselves all over the Union, the BANNER is a "fixed fact" in modern journalism, with an influence that is extending continually. So long as it remains true to the divine principles which it was established to advocate and impress upon others, it cannot fail of its meed of value and power. Were we unduly excited with a review of our position, we should betray the fact that we were not the proper agents for the high service required at our hands. We conceive that all our labors, the angels continually prompting, are for far other than personal ends; were we content with but a selfish service, our work would instantly cease to prosper.

We need, therefore, hardly pledge the uncounted friends and readers of the BANNER, our continued efforts, made without remission, on behalf of the same great truths and principles which have engrossed us these several years past. They must perform their part, however, and so we shall help one another. By working faithfully together, the whole field will be covered. Let them stand by the BANNER as devotedly as they have done in the past, and they will yet see, in broader and deeper characters than ever, the results of a faith which has long ago shown how superior it was alike to superstition and to the scoffings of ridicule. If the world is to be made better, the spiritual forces must be allowed to work without hindrance and obstruction; nay, more—they must be seconded by every possible effort, and in every possible way which the heart of man can justly devise and put forth. This paper was founded to that particular end, and will work for it to the close of its career. It merely calls on all of like faith and inclination to see to it that our work is not retarded for lack of adequate support. We do not believe, for ourselves, that such a disaster lies anywhere among the possibilities.

The Certain Consequences.

A member of Congress from South Carolina remarked, long before this war broke out, that the moment violence was offered the General Government by the hot-heads of the South, that moment the institution of domestic Slavery was doomed. Let the war result in the severance of a portion of the States and their subsequent independence, or not, they must even by this time admit in their own thoughts that the black man is going to get the best of the bargain. He will do better in this fight—better by far—than they can themselves hope to. Slavery is surely bound to work its own destruction. What a central government could never have done for it, what all the thunders from the pulpit, or the denunciations of professional philanthropists, or the machinations of politicians could not have hoped to achieve, that it has done for itself. We should not all have been united on the mere Slavery question; on an assault against the National Life we are as one man. Old parties faded out when the first shot was pointed against the walls of Sumter. It was the signal for new things, though even the wisest were looking for no such token and sign as that. We are to be made all new, regenerated and purified; and our strength will be a thousand fold greater than before.

The Other World.

No one can summon power to shut out the unseen visitors. They come in spite of us. It is not of our choice to say either Yea or Nay to them. They who think they may spurn their approaches, as if it could be done as easily as waving the hand, are totally ignorant of the simple law by which these things are governed. The preachers may preach against the communion of spirits with loved ones in the body, but they have to give way before the force of their own experience at last. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe writes her own experience in verse, of the other world:

"It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

* * * * * *

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings, glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream:
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream."

A Look Backward.

In running back over the revolutionary period of our history, we are struck with the fact, just now of unusual illustrative significance, that when the several Colonies, or incipient States, had entered seriously on the work of achieving their independence of Great Britain, Congress recommended to them that they ought to take care and set up some proper form of government for themselves, in lieu of the suddenly displaced royal authority. The very radical State Rights advocates are here met with a fact which ought materially to modify their dogmatisms on the total and complete independence, *in the first place*—before central and general government machinery was thought of—of everything and everybody. It is here made plain that, not until the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, sitting in the month of May, 1776, seeing that the result of the measures of the Mother Government was to be nothing short of independence, advised the several Colonies to set up each a local government for itself, was there, for the purposes of a continental system, anything like separate independence or untrammeled local authority. The central and the local were bound up together from the beginning.

The Soldiers' Wives.

Fanny Fern feelingly speaks of these devoted friends of their country. Some pen like hers was wanting to keep their devotion before the thoughts of the people of the land. She says that the men of military rank stand in one place in relation to their families; but for the wife of the *poor* soldier, who, in giving her husband to her country, has given everything; who knows not whether the meal she and her little ones are eating, may not be the last for many a hungry, desolate day; who has no friend to say, "well done," as the lagging weeks of suspense creep on, and she stands bravely at her post, keeping want and starvation at bay; for *her* no waving banners, no martial music, no long procession to chronicle her valorous deeds, none but God and her own brave heart as witnesses of her noble, unaided struggle. Fanny Fern says that when she thinks of these solitary women, scattered through the length and breadth of the land, she feels her heart warm to them, and would fain hold them up in their silent heroism for all the world to admire.

France in Mexico.

There have been conflicting stories about the French army in Mexico, the latest seeming to say that the Emperor thinks of withdrawing his troops altogether and giving it up as a bad job—which he might just as well do as not. Previous rumors indicate perseverance on the part of the French General, and that he has begun a forward movement on Puebla, the Mexicans collecting to defend it in great numbers. It was reported that Napoleon meant to use the Polish revolt as a convenient pretext for withdrawing from Mexico; but that remains to be proved. He is bold enough to conceive and to execute such a purpose, but whether he will do it is a question for time alone to answer. Still, let him persevere or not, we have no sort of idea that he is going to bring any portion of this continent under French dominion. Mexico might be made a Spanish province, if she could be conquered at all, but never a dependency of a nation like France.

Useful Statements.

The following useful statements, which we find in the London Spiritual Magazine, are said to have been made by spirits. Similar statements have been made to us repeatedly.

"They, (the Invisibles,) can both cover the sight and suspend the hearing of persons whenever they have an object in doing so. To write through a medium, they stand near the elbow and play the appropriate muscles of the arm as by a jet of electro-magnetism from the ends of their fingers, as a man would thrum the strings of a violin. Sometimes, when they find a brain easily impressed, and the thoughts readily controlled, they impress the mind with what they wish to have written. Thoughts are peculiar motions of the mind, and they can discharge their thoughts upon our brain, when they beget in our minds the identical thoughts that exist in their own.

To read our thoughts spirits watch the peculiar magnetic current, as it flows from the brain, for each thought produces its peculiar vibration, as much as each word produces its peculiar motion in the organs of speech. The sounds made are magnetic rather than electric, as they are obliged to use the materials which they chiefly possess, four-fifths of their composition being magnetism, the remaining fifth is electricity. Electricity forms the solids of their bodies, answering to the muscle and bone of ours, while magnetism, which is more refined, constitutes the fluids with which the solids are permeated and supplied with nutrition. They cannot pass through fluids, nor see through them, if agitated, much better than we can, because they see upon the same principles that we do. When, therefore, the lines of radiation are disturbed and thrown into innumerable angles, they bring to them no clear image of the objects to be seen. There is nearly as much difference between the subtle, penetrating power of a pure current of magnetism, and a pure current of electricity, as there is between electricity and light.

Their velocity in traveling depends upon their state or elevation. Mediums, who are in the love of goodness, and the desire of expanded knowledge and truth, will attract to them spirits of an elevated order, but the sphere of such as are of an opposite character, repel their approach, and attract spirits of low conditions. The motion of material things and persons, by unseen causes, and the responsive sounds to questions, will awaken an attention which is desirable to the fulfillment of good designs. The machinery of man is well adapted to this great work. He is so organized that what he can do, they can do with the same organism. If he can speak, write, or move material matter, so can they through him with such forces as he applies to effect the same results. That force is the will of mind acting upon electricity, giving it motion, which acts upon the nerves and muscles, giving them motion as will prefers, and the power thereof is felt upon the human body."

The Real Poland.

In order to show the full extent of the country which was dismembered by the great conspiracy in the last century, we subjoin a statement of the amount of Polish territory which was seized by the three conspirators:

	Russia.	Austria.	Prussia.
1st partition, square miles.	43,000	27,000	13,31f
2d " " "	96,000	———	29,000
3d " " "	42,000	18,000	22,000
Aggregates.	180,000	45.000	57,000

Total extent of Poland, 284,000 square miles.

After the third partition there was still left the small Republic of Cracow, which, however, was extinguished by Austria in 1846.

This great empire comprehended Poland, Courland, Pedolia, Lithuania, Galicia, Volhynia. In 1807 the great Napoleon attempted to revive the hopes of the Poles by organizing the duchy of Warsaw, with an area of 60,000 square miles and a population of 3,780,000, but the fall of the French Empire and the peace of 1815 destroyed this State. The whole of this ancient Empire is remarkable for its uniformity of surface, possessing no mountains, and its soil is wonderfully fertile, so that it has been termed the granary of Europe.

The New Catholic Church.

Mr. Sawyer, the gentleman who has recently made a new translation of the New Testament, is the minister at this new place of worship. It is located for the present at Mercantile Hall, in Summer street. The congregation is small, but is fast growing. The services are about the same as at other churches. The Bible, though rendered somewhat different from its rendering in other churches, is made the basis of religious teachings.

This church differs from other churches mainly in being more liberal in the belief of its members, who are required to rehearse no creed and subscribe to no written tenets of belief.

Mr. Sawyer is a scholar. As a speaker, he is gentle, but earnest and forcible. Many persons who would like to practice less religious bigotry than is imposed by the churches, will doubtless gravitate to this new place of worship.

Persecution of Dr. J. R. Newton.

Read the letter of H. T. Child, M. D., of Philadelphia, in regard to the prosecution of Dr. J. R. Newton—who heals the sick by the laying on of hands—for alleged assault and battery, etc. It would certainly seem that theological bigotry is not dead yet in our land, but that it shows itself on the surface occasionally, even in Quaker Philadelphia, just as it did long ago in Boston, where was hung an old woman on the Common because she *was* a Quaker. But thanks to an intelligent jury, Dr. Newton was declared not guilty, and that, too, without even the jurors leaving their seats.

We understand Doctor Newton will be in Boston about the last of April, and will for a time attend to healing the sick, as formerly. When he comes he will be welcomed by hosts of friends, who know him to be a good and true man.

Holding On.

There is great virtue in this receipt, as all manufacturers of pitch plasters will readily tell you. Gen. Dix lately said that he had not the slightest doubt that the Government would come out of this war victorious; but the success was not to be secured by any single great triumph, or series of triumphs; but by *wearing* out the conspirators with everlasting firmness and resolution. The great secret of the world is hidden in this little phrase; almost every obstacle can be worn out, if we will "stick to" long enough; but many give up just when holding on is of all things, necessary; and lose all the results for which they had expended their previous labor. It is the wrong way, and never can be made the right one.

"Nut Seed."

The hotch-potch communications in the Investigator of late in reference to the spirit photographs are really laughable. We fear the editor does not exercise his usual discrimination in allowing such stupid stuff to appear in his columns. For instance, the intelligent reader has only to peruse the communication in that print of March 16th, headed "The Spiritual Frauds," to at once see that the writer doesn't know what he is talking about. If he had read the articles, pro and con, of late in the BANNER on the subject of spirit photography, he never would have blundered so ridiculously. But what else can be expected of an apony-mous scribbler? "Nut seed" is the signature. We think as much.

The Trial of Dr. J. R. Newton.

Many of your readers are probably aware that Dr. J. R. Newton has been practicing the healing art in our city for several months past, and I believe has met with greater success than has ever attended his healing before. He has made thousands of warm and true friends here by his kindness and the wonderful healing powers he possesses.

Here, as elsewhere, he has been very successful in that terra incognita of the medical profession, the incurables, and there are many who had been given up in hopeless despair, to that which is worse than death, a life of suffering, who will ever bless the day when they received the ministrations of his healing power, but it is not to publish the doctor's cures that I write, this is not necessary for the readers of the BANNER. Many of them, however, may have heard that the doctor was arrested some time since on a criminal charge, and I think it due to him to give a brief statement of the facts in the case.

On the 26th of November last, a Mr. Bergen, of this city and his wife, visited the doctor, for the purpose of being treated themselves, and also of having his advice in reference to their daughter, a little girl of about three years, who, it appears from the testimony of the father, had had a fall about a year before, and had never been able to walk up stairs since, and would frequently stumble and fall in walking; she was evidently very scrofulous, as was proved by several of the witnesses at the trial.

They told the doctor that she had a difficulty in her right knee, with swelling and stiffness. She was put through his usual treatment, which consists in moving the limb in various directions, rubbing it up toward the body, and being laid with her face downward on her father's lap, the doctor made pressure on the *lower* part of the spine, and drew back the lower limbs. The result was very satisfactory—the child at once walked better, and in a few days was entirely cured.

This treatment occurred on Wednesday. On the following Sunday, the mother "stripped the child to wash it," and discovered a small tumor between the shoulders. Some of the neighbors were called in, and after consultation, it was concluded to take the child in the evening to a physician. He said there was no doubt that Doctor Newton had broken the child's back! Other consultations were held, and various opinions were given, and it was concluded to appeal to the strong arm of the law.

An "indictment was framed and presented to the Recorder of the city, charging the doctor with "assault and battery, and fortune-telling." The father and mother of the child, and one other witness were examined, and the doctor was bound over for trial at Court. The same witnesses were examined before the Grand Jury, when the absurd charge of fortune-telling, on which there had not been a particle of evidence, was abandoned. The other was continued for trial.

The reason for making it assault and battery, was simply this: The doctor had taken no fee from these parties, and hence the charge of mal-practice could not be brought against him. The doctor thought proper to select a number of witnesses out of the numerous cases who came to him, desiring to testify to the benefit they had received from him.

On the 4th of March, after the usual vexatious delays of the law, the case was brought up in court. The father and mother and four physicians were examined by the prosecution. They proved the facts substantially as I have stated them above. The physicians declared it to be a case of scrofulous disease of the spine, that could not have been brought on by violence; and the father testified that the doctor did not touch that part of the back. At this stage of the trial the District Attorney arose and addressed the jury nearly as follows:

Gentlemen—This was a serious charge made against the defendant by these parties. I had examined the evidence, and thought there would be ground at least for a trial. I have brought it before you, and I now confess that if such a charge were brought against any of our regular physicians, without more evidence of guilt than has been given, I should ask for an acquital. In this case, we are not to inquire whether the practice of the doctor be quackery, but whether he has committed any injury to this child. I think there is no evidence that the doctor either intended to or had committed any injury, and as I CONSIDER HIM FREE FROM BLAME OR CENSURE, I ask the jury to acquit him.

After a few minutes consultation, the jury rendered a verdict of acquital, without the examination of a single witness for the defence. This we consider a great triumph and vindication of the doctor.

Some of the witnesses were so desirous to give their testimony, that he was induced to publish a few affidavits in one of our papers. But there was no need of this. He is to-day more popular than ever he was, and, during the short time he will remain here, I have no doubt his rooms will continue to be crowded as they have been.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

634 Race street, Philadelphia, March 10th, 1863.

☞ We find the following extract from a letter written by a lady now employed in the Military Hospitals at the Southwest, in the Traveller. She talks like a true woman, and the circulation of such matter will do much good:

Those are living quietly at home, have no idea what it is to be where war is actually raging all around you. I never realized what war was. Now I have been at Vicksburg—have seen the burning shells flying through the air—have seen the camps and the soldiers as they are when far from home and before the enemy. I have seen the work the men have to do, and have seen them doing it, and talked with them freely, and learned how they felt about it. Be sure of this; *there will be no turning back or giving up with the army.* I have also been with the wounded, just brought in from battle; such wounds as never come home to our hospitals in the East. I know at what cost the work is done, and how nobly that cost is borne—counted as nothing, if only we can win, and guard the old flag from harm! That is the way they talk. The cost *is* great; but in the lives of nations as of individuals, there come seasons when we must peril all. And here, side by side with all this noble loyalty, is the secession spirit, contrasting with it, and striving with it at every turn!

I went yesterday to the —— Hospital, to see my old patients, and there I had a hearty greeting. They were good fellows, and I have thought a great deal about them. The poor sick and wounded on board our boat, in all their sufferings, were so good, so thoughtful of others, it was very touching. They are always so glad to see women round them. If there are any who still object to having women in the military hospitals, I wish they could only see and hear what we see and hear constantly. As I bent over the wounded, hard hands were stretched out to take mine with, "Oh, it is so good to have a woman come." It is quite noticeable that the strongest feeling and the first word are always about the mother! Her name first, and with the dying, last. When speaking of what we do for them, whatever may be the age of the woman, the phrase always is, "You have been to us like mothers."

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

M. A. J.—LAWRENCE.—Inadmissible.

J. N. W., RICHFIELD, O.—The subject of your letter has occupied our columns of late to the exclusion of much other matter, and we feel that our readers do not require any more such food. We shall place your letter on file, however, to use if it becomes necessary.

H. M. MILLER.—A letter with two dollars enclosed was returned to your address Jan. 29th, 1863, care of Wm. B. Hatch, Elmira, N. Y. We also sent another letter, Feb. 24, 1863, to you, mailed Green Bush, Co., N. Y., notifying you where the first letter was rected.

Bother of City Life.

Willis hits it off very neatly, if not with a spice of philosophy, in his Rural Letters, where he speaks of the common necessity of saluting, every day, persons whom you chance to be acquainted with. "The objection I have to a city," says he, "is the necessity, at every other step, of passing some acquaintance or other, with all his merits or demerits through my mind—some man, perhaps, whose existence and relation I have not suggested, whom I neither love nor care to meet; and yet he is thrust upon my eyes, and must be noticed. But to notice him with propriety, I must remember what he is—what claims he has to my respect, my civility. I must, in a minute, balance the account between my character and his, and, if he owes to me, remember his wife and children, his last illness, his mishap or fortune in trade, or whatever else it is necessary to mention in condolence or felicitation. A man with but a moderate acquaintance, living in a city, will pass through his mind each day, at a fair calculation, say two hundred men and women, with their belongings. What tax on the memory! What fatigue (and all profitless) to them and him! 'Sweep me out like a foul thoroughfare!' say I. 'The town has trudged through me!'"

Important Acts.

Two important acts have been passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and approved by the Governor. One authorizes towns or cities to raise money for the relief of certain relatives of volunteers disabled or deceased in the service of the United States, the money not to be so applied for more than one year, or after relief has been received under the pension act, and to be reimbursed by the State.

The other forbids cities or towns to pay bounties except for recruits enlisted for three years to fill existing deficiencies, to whom one hundred dollars each may be paid—and the bounty to be paid by the State is limited to fifty dollars for new enlistments, and twenty-five dollars for reënlistments. A bounty fund of a million and a half is authorized, and a sinking fund to be raised by taxation is at the same time provided for.

Short Cuts and Old Fashions.

There is no such thing as an "across lots" route to what is great and good—we must all consent to going around by the old highway. There are stones to hurt the feet of the traveler along the road, there is dust to choke his free breathing, and a sultry heat from the sun that beats down on his exposed head: but these he is not to expect he can escape from, if he would gain the goal he sets before him. The old ways are tried, well worn, and secure; the new paths, professing to be short cuts to goodness and virtue, are simply impossibilities. No one can build up character—solid and enduring—without patient toil, and persistent effort, and constant sacrifices. In this respect, the short cuts are all of them deceitful. There can here be no improvement on the old fashions. Everybody should bear this in mind. What is got with cost and pains is valuable and enduring: the rest is "but leather and prunella."

Always Comparing.

A brilliant writer says that we have a constant itching to measure ourselves by those about us, and he declares, for himself, he would rather be measured by a *tree* than a fop, or a politician. It is true as gospel that we all grow to the nearest standard. We become Lilliputians in Lilliput. However deep the cause lies, or whatever it may be, the fact is a patent one. What *should* we do if we were debarred the privilege of continually comparing and contrasting ourselves with others. The boy begins it, in the form of imitation; and goes sick around the house from his first chew of tobacco, or the first whiff of a cigar. The man follows it up, and struggles like a fool, when not like a knave, to drive as fast a horse as his richer neighbor, or "cut as wide a swath" at Newport and Saratoga. The bond of *sympathy* between persons is one thing: this desire of herding with everybody merely to see and imitate and finally outshine what all the rest do, is a dwarfing process, and deserves general reprobation.

Correspondence in Brief.

MESSAGE TESTED.—I was much pleased, Mr. Editor, to see a communication in the BANNER recently from Dr. George Cutler. He passed away on January 17th, very suddenly and very much lamented. He was one of Nature's noblemen. I have had frequent conversations with him on the subject of our new dispensation, but he invariably pronounced it all a humbug. The last time we met was at a small party in Charlestown. The subject was broached in presence of some worthy members of Orthodox churches, and the last words he said were, "It is all a humbug. I do not and cannot believe in spirit communion. It is impossible." I told him sooner or later he would find out his mistake when he crossed "the Jordan."

As you have, Mr. Editor, invited those who were acquainted with persons who have passed on, and who are recognized by their spirit communications, to write to you, I am most happy in complying with your request.

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES PIERCE.

Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, March 16, 1863.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF "US."—In renewing my subscription, permit me to say that in this region the friends look upon the BANNER OF LIGHT and HERALD OF PROGRESS as *two* of the necessities; and if paper goes up like cotton, or flour, there are just two "horns of a dilemma" on which "to hang," viz: pay the advanced price, or go naked and starve. It is unnecessary to say which of the two every sensible man would choose. So I say, "Give us this day our daily bread," provided through our weekly spiritual papers, despite the rise in paper; ditto the rise in gold, war, secession, Jeff Davis, etc. As an old subscriber to the BANNER, who began with the first number, and shall continue as long as I stay on this side of life, permit me to congratulate you on the success of the BANNER. "Long may it wave."

JAMES THOMPSON.

Davenport, Iowa.

Lyman C. Howe, writing from Hanover, N. Y., under date of March 9th, says:

"I see accusations against H. Melville Fay. I would like to see, in the BANNER, Mr. Fay's defense, if he has any. It is lamentable to realize that so much dishonesty is practised in the name of Truth and Humanity. How long shall our most sacred hopes be thus wantonly trifled with? Physical demonstrations are a sublime reality in the chain of evidences which bind us to the immortal world, but shame to perfidious pretenders who seek to invalidate *real evidence* through falsehood and bogus imitations. If Mr. Fay is a genuine medium, and at the same time a *cheat* for the sake of greater fame, then he deserves the greater condemnation. But if he is truthful and sincere, suffering from wrongful persecution, then let the truth be given undisguised, and charges fairly answered, and his mysterious conduct candidly explained."

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

H. B. Storer will speak in the semi-trance state, before the Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next.

The Atlantic Monthly for April is now ready. It contains articles by Mrs. Stowe, Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik. Marvel) Prof. Agassiz, J. R. Lowell, Gail Hamilton, the Country Parson, Theodore Winthrop, Mrs. Howe, and other popular writers. We shall notice its contents more fully in our next. For sale at the principal book and periodical stores.

The Boston Post calls Mr. Hume, "the humbug Spiritualist, medium, &c." The Post will learn, ere long, that "curses, like chickens, will come home to roost." Some of the best men and women in the United States are Spiritualists, and they are not well pleased with the Post's continual flings at their faith and the exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued

Judge Thomas on New England.

In a speech in Congress, just at the close of the session, Judge Thomas, of this State, a conservative and altogether an able man, undertook a thorough defence of New England from the many foolish attacks that are made upon her, and succeeded to the satisfaction of every son of the old hive. On the points of craftiness and meddlesomeness, his remarks were so excellent that we cannot do less than repeat them to our readers. Said he:

"Another alleged obnoxious trait of character of the Puritan (and his descendant) is his love of money and craft in getting it. I meet the allegation at the threshold; I take issue on the fact; I utterly deny it. I have had opportunity to know something of the people of New England in the different callings and paths of life, and something of men on both sides of the water. I have studied man with some diligence in history. The New Englander, (Yankee, if you please,) loves to get money. He wants success in everything to which he puts his hand, and he is very apt to succeed. He has thrift and providence. He lays by for the rainy day and shady slope of life. He abhors a vacant pocket and the dependence which attends it; but as a race no men are more honest in getting money or more liberal in the use of it than the men of New England. Liberal in their own households, and in every work of kindness and Christian charity, no people live better or give more freely, or understand better that to do either a wise economy is necessary. Of course I am speaking of the general rule, which, like every rule, has its exceptions. Every soil has its crop of hucksters and petty craftsmen. Ours are peripatetic, and are very apt to emigrate South or West. Some find their way to Government agencies, and a few half way back—to Washington.

The New Englander is said also to be an intermeddler. How far politically he has concerned himself with the rights and interests of other portions of the country I have had occasion briefly to suggest. Upon the matter of slavery I cannot deny that a portion of our people have trespassed beyond the just bounds of State comity. But I cannot forget that the bearing of the slaveholders toward the people of the North has naturally provoked hostility, and that from the sparks emitted in the collisions of extreme men on either side the fires of civil strife have been kindled. As an individual, the New Englander has curiosity largely developed. He loves to know what is going on in the world. He is inquisitive. But these qualities are not peculiar to him. They were found in the first man and woman, and will be in the last. But out of the rind of one apple tasted, said John Milton, the knowledge of good and the knowledge of evil leaped forth into the world as twins cleaving together. With all his interest to know what is going on in his neighborhood, he worships the god of boundaries, and will not remove the ancient landmarks. No man respects more constantly the division-line between his own and another's right."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"Mediumistic Failures and Deceits, with a Special Application to Spirit Photographs," from the pen of Rev. J. D. Mandell, of Athol Depot, will appear in our next.

Those who have sent sealed letters to our care for answer, must wait patiently their return. We cannot forward them to the writers until we receive them from the medium. Sometimes the spirits write four pages of matter to a single letter, and it takes time to accomplish so much writing.

We would inform our English friends, and the public generally, that it is our decided opinion that real spirit photographs have been made in this city, and also that there is strong circumstantial evidence that counterfeits have also been made by the same parties.

Mr. Home, the medium, has just returned to London, after a month's visit to Paris, where he has been repeatedly a guest at the Tuileries, and present at the Court balls during that period."

"The History of the Supernatural, in all Ages and Nations, in all Churches, Christian and Pagan, demonstrating an Universal Faith," by William Howitt, is the title of a publication just issued from the press of Longman & Co., of London, England. Will the publishers forward us a copy for review?

SIGNIFICANT.—The Washington Star says that the large number of refugees coming within the lines of our army within the past two or three weeks, particularly of that description of the people denominated by the Southern autocrats as "poor white trash," is one indication that the end of the rebellion is rapidly approaching. Starvation is approaching, and they are fleeing from the city of destruction.

Mr. Boyle requests us to say that he shall reply in our next to Mr. Mumler's communication, which appeared in this paper last week.

ANIMAL INSTINCTS.—A great many words have been employed to describe the nature of Animal Instincts, but we think the best definition is that which Kirby gives. They are "unknown faculties, implanted in their constitution by their Creator, by which, independent of instruction, observation, or experience, and without a knowledge of the end in view, they are impelled to the performance of certain actions, tending to the well-being of the individual and preservation of the species."

To show foreign nations that we "Yankees" are not yet entirely "used up," we have only to inform them that fifteen hundred thousand men are liable to be conscribed under the new law of the first class, and more than that number of the second class, leaving a "home guard" of "old boys" able to do military duty "on a pinch," say well on to a million. Yet we desire peace, always, and in case of a foreign war, we have enough agricultural districts in the rear to feed the whole.

Sharpe's Rifles are called "Beecher's Bibles" by some of the soldiers. The term originated with the Democrats, and was used reproachfully, but now it is regarded as honorable.

Corn meal has been selling in Galveston, Texas, Knoxville, Tennessee, and other markets, at $5 per bushel.

Somehow, editors can never be favorites. A country girl was split from a wagon at Columbus, Ohio, and had all her finery mussed and dirtied, and lay for some time insensible. Her first exclamation on recovering was, "I hope there are no editors in sight."

"Families," observes Dr. Noah Webster, "are the nurseries of good and of bad citizens. The parent who neglects to restrain and govern his child, or who, by his example, corrupts him, is the enemy of the community to which he belongs; the parent who instructs his child in good principles, and subjects him to correct discipline, is the guardian angel of his child, and the best benefactor of society."

Over 9,000 bales of cotton passed Cairo during the month of February.

General Toombs has left the Rebel army. No wonder. He sees that there are too many general tombs in Rebeldom already.

A letter from Florence, Alabama, to the Mobile Register, says that Wayne county is full of renegades, styling themselves Union men. They have been joined by many deserters from the Southern army, and have become more formidable than ever.

The Southern rivers are rising, but not so the Southern slaves. The slaves will rise—in the scale of humanity, when the rebellion goes down.

At what season of the year did Mother Eve eat the fatal apple, that has caused so much misery in the world, ever since? Why, early in the fall, of course.

The Gloucester Telegraph says a dozen or more vessels arrived from Georges during the storm, and brought in together, about five hundred thousand weight of fish.

At Rome, Pasquini has made a joke at the expense of the Emperor Napoleon and his campaign in Mexico. The word "ducat" in Italian expresses alike the English word "duchy" and "ducat." Pasquini foretells that, although the war in Italy only costs three ducats, the war in Mexico will cost a "Napoleon."

If you were to take the letter S from a certain word, why would it cause grief? Because it would make a sweep weep.

The French have many negro soldiers at Vera Cruz, brought from their West India Islands. They are not such asses as to reject the services of brave men because their skins are dark.

Cotton has been received at San Francisco from Japan. Let our war go on for two or three years longer, and there will be so much cotton raised in other countries as to throw that of the South out of the market.

The Haytien minister, who is a good looking negro, has taken the residence at the corner of 18th and K streets, Washington, where he is about to live in style. It is one of the finest residences in the city, and for the last four years has been occupied by Ex-Senator Latham, and Ex-Representative Clark, of New York. It is but three or four doors from Secretary Stanton's residence, and but a block from the Mexican Minister's.

Parson Brownlow realized from the sale of his book within ninety days, over $17,000, which sum was paid over to him by the Philadelphia publisher, George W. Childs.

Winter has been lingering in the lap of Spring for a week or two with a vengeance. March, thus far, has been the only really *cold* winter month.

"It is a well known fact that *Shakers* are an ingenious people," said *Digby*, yesterday; "but I've been wondering for a long time whether or not they invented *props*."

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—Think of this sentence the moment you rise each morning, and, our word for it, your days would pass as smoothly as you could wish—*provided* you could keep out of your hearts Hate, in order to give place to Love.

In the moral world there are obstacles which frequently obstruct the course of celestial light. The eye in general is so much dazzled with the glare of material objects, that it cannot discover the lustre of a different light.

A GREETING TO THE GEORGE GRISWOLD.

Before thy stem smooth seas were curled,
Soft winds thy sails did move,
Good ship, that from the western world
Bore freight of brother's love.
'Twixt starring hate and striving there,
When wrath flies to and fro,
Till all seems hatred everywhere,
How fair thy white wings show!
O'er the great seas thy keel ploughed through
Good ships have borne the chain
That should have knit old world and new
Across the weltering main.
The chain was borne—one kindly wave
Of speech pulsed through its coil;
Then dumb and dead in ocean's grave
Lay hope and cost and toil.
But thou, good ship, again hast brought
O'er these wide waves of blue,
The chain of kindly word and thought
To link those worlds anew.—*London Punch.*

Prizes continue to be taken by our navy from time to time. The schooner Belle, of Nassau, with coffee and salt, was taken by the Potomska in Sapelo Sound, Ga.; the British steamer Queen of the West was run ashore near Charleston about March 1, and at last accounts Admiral Dupont was trying to get her off. The Vanderbilt brought into Key West, on the 7th, the English steamer Peterhoff, with clothing and (probably) arms and ammunition for the rebels. Sundry other schooners have also been taken.

The sunset clouds are the visible song of the day that is dead.

Smoking should never be allowed in the rooms of photographers. It is the cause of the numerous failures which they deem inexplicable. Perhaps this is the reason Mumler fails so often to produce genuine spirit portraits.

The North British Review states that six millions and a half pounds sterling, more than thirty millions of dollars, are expended annually in Great Britain for the arrest, trial, and punishment of criminals.

A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

Dean Swift said with much truth, "It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he never was reasoned into."

The anxiety that a man feels for the want of funds is called *capital* punishment.

If the ship-builders on the Mersey have any mercy for humanity, or expect any mercy shown them in the next world, they had better cease building ships for Rebeldom. "Justice is slow but sure."

The owl of famine is hooting dolefully from the hollow and blasted tree of rebellion.

The Government, it is reported, contemplates the establishment at Washington, or Annapolis, of a camp of instruction for 100,000 men—an indication of a purpose to give vitality to the Conscription Law. It is mooted in Washington circles that 500,000 men are to be drafted soon.

EMBRYO RECRUITS.—Mrs. Harvey Curtis, of Wallingford, Conn., on the 6th instant, presented her husband with *three sons*. Mrs. Shurtz, residing near Mendota, Wis., in the German Settlement, last week gave birth to *four children*. All are alive and doing well.

The cargo of the George Griswold was to be manufactured into a hundred thousand pound loaves, to be distributed to the distressed operatives on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. America's contribution to the marriage feast of England's future king.—*Evening Gazette.*

Digby would like to know the exact dimensions of the oven that bakes such "orful" big loaves. Perhaps Ike Partington can tell, or the g'Nat of the Post.

A correspondent of the Plymouth Memorial says that the rebel pickets are often bright and saucy. One of those punning rascals called out to one of our pickets: "Say, Yankee, do you intend to go to Richmond, this time?" "Yes," answered Yankee, "that is what we intend." "Well," said Secesh, "if you do, you'll have to pass a *Long Street*, between two *Hills* and over a hard *Stonewall*, before you get there."

Some one was speaking of how "whiskey flies into one's head." Widdikins believes "Larks" thrive on that insect, *whiskey-flies*.

Dr. A. Courtney, Surgeon in the Royal Navy, says: "I repeat it again and again, that alcohol, in all its forms and combinations, whether in the carefully home brewed, or in the wine that sparkles, is never converted into nourishment."

A witness in court, who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows: "You drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend to this moment?" "No, sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you—I put it to you on your oath, did you not drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I drive the horses!"

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT ST., (opposite head of School street,)—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2 3-4 and 7 1-4 P. M. *Admission Free.* Lecturers engaged:—H. B. Storer, March 29; Miss Lizzie Doten, April 5 and 12; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, April 19 and 26.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Every arrangement has been made to have these meeting interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Seats free. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 29.

MARBLEHEAD.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall Speaker engaged:—Warren Chase, March 29.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Mrs. M. S Townsend, March 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, during May.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists in this city have removed from Wells' Hall, where they have so long met, to the church, corner of Central and Merrimack streets, where they will continue their Sunday services, afternoon and evening, at 2 1-2 and 6 1-2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Austin A. Simmons, March 29; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, April 5 and 12.

CHICOPEE, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon, March 29; Mrs. M. M. Wood, April 5 and 12; N. Frank White, May 3 and 10; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, May 31 and June 7 and 14; Miss Emma Houston, June 21 and 28.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall. Services in afternoon at 2 1-2 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, March 29; Adin Ballou, April 5; Ezra H. Heywood, April 12; Miss Lizzie Doten, April 19 and 26; Leo Miller, May 3 and 10; Miss Emma Houston, May 24 and 31; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, June 7 and 14; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, June 21 and 28.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday school and free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 1-4 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Dr. A. B. Child, April 5; Ralph Waldo Emerson, April 12; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, April 19 and 26, and May 3 and 10; Mrs. M. M. Wood, May 17 and 24; Emma Hardinge, month of June.

BANGOR, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Houston, every Sabbath till May 10.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during April; Miss Emma Hardinge in May.

NEW YORK.—Dodworths Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Andrew Jackson Davis will occupy the desk for the present.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

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

H. B. STORER, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Boston, March 29. He may be secured for Sundays in this vicinity, by addressing him at 30 Pleasant street, Boston.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Boston, April 5 and 12; in Quincy, April 19 and 26. Address, care of Banner of Light.

MRS. LAURA DEFORCE GORDON will lecture in Chicopee, March 29. Those desirous of securing her services, along the route of the Great Western Railroad, C W., for the first two weeks of April, will please address as above immediately.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Taunton, March 29; in Providence, during April; in Philadelphia, Pa., first four Sundays in May; in Chicopee, May 31 and June 7 and 14 in Stafford, Conn., June 21 and 28.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE'S address is Lexington Avenue, 2d door above 32d street, New York City. Will lecture in Philadelphia, Pa., the last Sundays of March and through April; in Providence, R. I., in May, and in Portland, Me., in June.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Marblehead, March 29; in West Brookfield, Vt., April 1—[his address from April 1 to April 15 will be South Hardwick, Vt.]—in North Stockholm, N. Y., April 19; in Watertown, N. Y., April 23, 24 and 26; in Ellisburg, N. Y., May 3. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

MISS EMMA HOUSTON, will lecture in Bangor, Maine, from March 15 to May 10; in Old Town, May 17; in Quincy, Mass., May 24 and 31; in Chicopee, June 21 and 28. She may be addressed at either place as above, or East Stoughton, Mass.

MISS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., March 29; Stafford, April 5 and 12; in Willimantic, Conn., April 19 and 26; in Taunton, Mass., during May; in Quincy, Mass., June 7 and 14; in Springfield, Mass., June 21 and 28. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Reference H. B. Storer, Boston.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Providence during March; Boston, April 19 and 26; in Troy, N Y, May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31. Applications for week evening lectures in Western New York, should be made immediately. Address, box 315, Lowell, Mass.

MRS. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in South Reading and Bridgewater once in four weeks, until further notice. Address, Brandon, Vt.

MRS M. A. C. BROWN will answer calls to speak in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Address, Sandusky, Vt.

LEO MILLER will make engagements in New England for the month of March. He speaks in Quincy, May 3 and 10. Address Springfield, Mass.

MRS ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 423, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Bridgeport, Conn., during March; in Lowell, Mass., April 5 and 12; in Portland, Me., April 19 and 26, and May 3 and 10.

MISS NELLIE J. TEMPLE, Inspirational speaker, Jacksonville, Vt., is engaged to speak, on Sundays, one half the time the present year, at Ashfield, Mass.; at Shelburne Falls, one quarter ditto, and at Jacksonville, Vt., the remaining quarter. She will speak in those vicinities on week days, if required.

MRS. E. A. BLISS, Springfield, Mass, will speak in Philadelphia through May; in Quincy, Mass., the two first Sundays in June.

MRS. A. P. THOMPSON will speak in the trance state, in Kensington, in the Union Meeting House, on Sunday, March 29.

AUSTEN E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, Vt., will speak in Lowell, March 29.

DR. L. K. and MRS. S. A. COONLEY will speak in Feltonville, Mass., April 19; in Berlin, Mass, April 26; in Worcester, Mass., during May. Address until the middle of April, Newburyport, Mass.

W. K. BIPLEY will speak in Oxford County, March 29, and April 5; in Milford, N. H., April 12 and 19; in Lowell, Mass., April 26, and May 3. Address, as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Oldtown, March 29; in the vicinity through April and May; in Dover, Me., through June. Address, Livermore Falls, Me.

MRS. SARAH HELEN MATHEWS, of Lowell, Mass., will receive calls to lecture in towns in the Western part of New Hampshire, or Southern and Central Vermont. Address East Westmoreland, N. H.

DR. A. B. CHILD will lecture in Portland, Me., on Sunday April 5.

MRS. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Chicopee, April 5 and 12; in Portland, Me., May 17 and 24; in Stafford, Conn., Sept 6 and 13. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

MRS LAURA M. HOLLIS will speak in Pittsfield, Me. during April; in Dover, during May.

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, 87 Spring st. E. Cambridge, Mass. She will speak in Charlestown, March 29; in Randolph, Sunday April 5 and 19.

J. M. ALLEN, inspirational writer and speaker, wishes all communications to be addressed, for the present, "East Bridgewater, Mass., in care of Galen Allen."

H. T. LEONARD will answer calls to lecture. Those wishing his services, please address immediately, North Sandwich, Mass., Cedarville.

D. H. HAMILTON is now ready, after twenty years preparation, to respond to calls for lectures upon the Science of Matrimony, with a view to answer and settle the great question: How shall we marry? Friends, give us a call on your own terms. Address, Lewiston, Me.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, Musical medium, may be addressed at Hooksett, N. H., until further notice.

A. H. DAVIS has returned from his lecturing tour to his home in Natick, Mass., and will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, for a month or two, at any place within thirty or forty miles of Boston. Address as above.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN will, if desired, speak in the vicinity of Milwaukee on week day evenings. She may be addressed Waukegan, Ill.

LIZZIE E. GILLIGAN, trance speaker, will accept calls to lecture the second and fourth Sundays of each month. Address Landgrove, Vt.

GEO. A. PRIEST, of Dover, Me., Trance Medium, will speak to the friends of Spiritualism, in towns in the vicinity of his home, occasionally, if the friends of the cause request, for two or three months, or till further notice.

M. TAYLOR, during March and April will be at his home in Bowdoin, Me., and will comply with requests to lecture, attend funerals, or perform the marriage rites in the vicinity. All letters or papers intended for him should be addressed to Litchfield Corner, Me.

MR. and MRS. H. M. MILLER will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania or New York. Also, attend funerals, if desired. Address, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Ridgebury Bradford Co., Penn.

MRS. E. H. WARNER will answer calls to lecture abroad two Sundays in each month. Is engaged the remainder of the time in Berlin and Omro. Post-office address, box 14, Berlin, Wisconsin.

MISS LIZZIE M. A. CARLEY, care of Dr. A. B. Child, 15 Tremont street, Boston.

MRS. C. M. STOWE may be addressed till further notice, care of T. J. Freeman, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis.

M. A. HUNTER, M. D., will receive calls to lecture. Address, box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON may be addressed at Worcester, Mass., care of James Dudley.

E. WHIPPLE is lecturing on Geology and General Reform. Address for the Fall and Winter, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

MRS. C. F. DODGE, of Palmyra, Wis., will respond to calls to lecture or attend funerals.

MRS. M. S. KENNEY, Lawrence, Mass., will respond to calls to lecture and attend funerals, as she has done for the last eight years.

J. S. LOVELAND, will answer calls to lecture. Address, for the present, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

P. L. WADSWORTH, care of A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, N. Y.

DR. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, 24 1-2 Winter street, Boston.

MRS. A. P. THOMPSON, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

L. JUDD PARDEE, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.
MRS. MARY A. RICKER, Chelsea, Mass.
REV. STEPHEN FELLOWS, Fall River, Mass.
MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD, Taunton, Mass.
B. J. BUTTS, Hopedale, Mass.
REV. ADIN BALLOU, Hopedale, Mass.
N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.
WM. F. WHITMAN, trance speaker, Athol Depot, Mass.
MISS B. ANNA RYDER, care of Banner of Light.
MRS. J. PUFFER, Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.
FREDERICK ROBINSON, Marblehead, Mass.
J. J. LOCKE, Greenwood, Mass.
P. T. LANE, Lawrence, Mass.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF. Address, Exeter Mills or Bangor, Me.

MRS. CLIFTON HUTCHINSON, Milford, N. H.
FRANK CHASE, South Sutton, N. H.
GEO. S. NELSON, Concord, N. H.
A. P. CURRIER, Holderness, N. H., care of D. K. Smith.
J. L. POTTER, Trance Speaking Medium, Montpelier, Vt.
MRS. E. M. WOLCOTT, Rochester, Vt.
MISS FANNY V. KELTON, Montpelier, Vt.
CALISTA P. WORKS, Proctorsville, Vt.
MRS. J J CLARK, care Wm. E. Andrus, West Killingly, Ct.
MRS. J. A. BANKS, Newtown, Conn.
MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE, New York City.
MRS. F. O. HYZER, Buffalo, N. Y.
ALEX'R G. DONNELLY, Bennettsburg, Schuyler Co., N. Y.
H. CLAY BURCH, Smith's Mills, Chautauque Co., N. Y.
MRS. S. L. CHAPPELL, Hastings, Oswego Co., N. Y.
J. W. H. TOOHEY, Penn Yan, N. Y.
MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON, Hammonton, N. J. care A. C. Stiles.
MISS FLAVILLA E. WASHBURN, Windham, Bradford Co., Pa.
DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio.
MISS MARY A. THOMAS, Cincinnati, Ohio.
MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, Toledo, Ohio.
MRS. H F. M. BROWN, Waukegan, Ill.
MRS. A. F. PATTERSON, Springfield, Ill.
MISS BELLE SCOUGALL, Rockford, Ill.
REV. HERMAN SNOW, Rockford, Ill.
W. F. JAMIESON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich.
MRS. M. J. KUTZ, Cannon, Kent County, Mich.
ABRAM and NELLIE SMITH, Three Rivers, Mich.
REV. J. G. FISH, Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich.
JOHN MCQUEEN, Hillsdale, Mich.
A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich.
MRS. J. R. STREETER, Hebron, Porter county, Ind
MRS. L. BROTHERTON, trance speaker, Pontiac City, Mich.
J. SOUTHARD Poetic Inspirational Medium, Pontiac Mich.
MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND, Fon du Lac, Wis.
DR. P. WYMAN WRIGHT, Brodhead, Green Co., Wis.
A. P. BOWMAN, Richmond, Washington, Co., Iowa.
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We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by these *free circles*, as many persons who first attended them as *skeptics*, now believe in the Spiritual Philosophy, and are made happy in mind thereby. Hence we hope to be sustained in our efforts to promulgate the great truths which are pouring in upon us from the spirit-world for the benefit of humanity.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Feb. 19.—Invocation; The Causes and Effects of Female Prostitution; Dr. John K. Hobarton, of Birmingham, Eng., to his son; Geo. Foster, to his mother, at Bellows Falls, Vt.; Samuel Galt, to his wife, at Uxbridge, Mass.; Rebecca Anderson, of Charleston, S. C., to her mother, in Montpelier, Vt.

Tuesday, Feb. 24.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Arnold Wilson, of Cartersville, Ga.; David Ayling, to Richard Grey, of Mobile, Ala.; Mary Williams, of Booneville, Mo.; Col. Wm. Brown, late Assistant Adjutant General of Massachusetts, to his friends; Edith Haines, of Patterson, N. J., to her mother.

Thursday, Feb. 26.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Charlotte Ann Hollyon, of London, to her mother and uncle; Billy Thornton, of New York; Henry Elliott, of the 28th Pennsylvania Regiment, to his mother, sister and brother; Eliza Burke, to her father.

Monday, March 2.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Sarah Gibson, of the Princess' Theatre, London; Jonas Ware, of Northfield, Vt.; William Warren Jones, of Charleston, S. C., to his father; Eliza Crawford, to her parents, living in Elm street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Tuesday, March 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Joshua Tanner, of St. Paul, Minn.; Thomas Appleton Lee, of Charleston, S. C., to his parents; Edith Griswold, of St. Louis, Mo., to her parents, now at Fortress Monroe.

Thursday, March 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary L. Kingston, to her friends in New York City; Billy Dowan, of St. Louis, Mo., to his friends.

Monday, March 9.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Theodore Davis, of Montgomery, Ala.; William N. Hathaway, who died in camp at Alexandria, Va.; Arthur Laurlette, to his parents residing in Wellington Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tuesday, March 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Margaret Hertze, of London, Eng.; Stephen P. Tower, of Cohasset, Mass., to his parents; Alfred Hodges, of the 10th Michigan Regiment, to his brother William at Detroit, Mich.

Thursday, March 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Kitty Longstreet, to her father, Gen. Longstreet; Wm Cross, late of the 11th Indiana Regiment, to his wife in Princeton, Ind.; Lieut. Arthur Redman, of the Confederate Service, killed at Murfreesboro', to his brother in the Federal Army; James M. Granby, to his mother and sisters in Hartford, Conn.

Monday, March 16.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; David Toppin, of Philadelphia, Penn., to his sons, David and Thomas, in the Confederate and Federal Armies; Georgiana Brian, to her parents in New Orleans; Lewis Corey, of San Jose, Cal., to Mr. Hamilton, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church; Michael Donnahue, a member of Company I, 19th Reg., to his brothers, Peter and James.

Tuesday, March 17.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Tom Burke, to Theodore Burke, of Arkansas; James H. Briggs, of New Bedford; Hannah K. Pierce, to her husband, in Albany, N. Y.; Foo Chow, a Chinaman, to Ar Chow, of Sacramento, Cal.

Invocation.

Oh thou God of Mercy and Justice, as we stand upon the shores of mortality we behold the wild billows of human woe rushing madly at our feet and our souls are heavy with this human woe. Oh our Father and our Mother, out of the midst of this mental darkness we will send up a cry of agony unto thee. Oh Lord our God, the air is filled with human sorrow, and darkness seems to cover the face of the earth. But, oh our Father, we know as morning follows night, so light and joy will succeed this season of darkness and woe, and poor mortality will lift itself again and rejoice in the light of thy smile. Oh our Father, we would bear unto thy throne the desires of thy children. Oh God, endow us with new strength, and may we be ministering angels unto weak and erring humanity. Oh, baptize us anew with divine inspiration, and may our souls be wide open, and may the souls of humanity be open in turn to receive those gifts which thou hast bestowed upon us. Oh our Father, unto thy most holy keeping we commit the desires and aspirations of thy children, for we know that thou wilt garner them up in thy great storehouse, and return them again to thy children in the eternal future. Thus, oh Father, we feel safe in committing them unto thee. Our Father and our Mother, though we walk through the valley and the shadow of death, yet we will fear no evil, for thou art with us. Oh, may we so inspire thy children here gathered to-day with a knowledge of thy presence, that they shall know no evil, but rest entirely upon thy goodness and thy mercy.

Feb. 16.

Life after Death.—Faith.

A good brother, who is infidel to all received religion, sends us the following question:

"What evidence have we that man lives after death, save the evidence of faith?—and what is faith?"

Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for and not seen." To us faith is the shadowing forth of the soul's knowledge; for the soul has a positive knowledge of the hereafter, being capable to penetrate by and through the present into the future. Faith is the dim reflection of knowledge that exists in the soul of every man and woman. But as we have before stated, man is a dual being, possessing both an inward and an outward nature. The inward is the Spiritual, or Divine; the outward is the Natural, or Mortal.

Now faith exists in the Natural, but it hath been born of the Spiritual or Divine; and inasmuch as all things that come to mankind from a spiritual source are mysteries to the children of earth, so this language of the soul is but little understood by man's outward consciousness, because man in the external is an imperfect being.

"What evidence have we that man lives after death?" What evidence have we that he dies at all? Our questioner will doubtless refer us to our senses—to the daily demonstrations of death, which are to be seen in external life. But again we would ask, what evidence have we that man dies at all? We have no evidence; we can find no ground whereon to stand, for surely the change that you call death is not death, for the divine portion of man is not at all affected by the change called death. But how shall we know that man lives after death?

Man receives all his knowledge by experience. Mark us, all his knowledge, his belief in life, is the result of experience; for knowledge comes from experience, and you can gain it in no other way. Now in order to *know* that man exists as a distinct individuality after death, you must experience the change called death. True, the disembodied may return, preaching of a post-mortem existence to all of God's children who live in the flesh; but they can give you no *positive knowledge* of that fact. You may believe it to be such, but it is not knowledge, for knowledge comes alone from experience.

But we have evidence of man's immortality; we have evidence that he exists after he casts off his mortal body. The stones upon which he treads, the sky, the flowers, give him evidence of man's future existence. In short, everything in the external realm of life points to life eternal. But the highest, the divinest and the grandest of all evidences afforded man is found in his own consciousness. It comes in the form of a desire. Man desires immortality. He shrinks from the thought of annihilation. He asks of the Divine that his being may be projected into the future, and as a lawful child of that Divine, he must receive an answer to his question.

During all ages of time, from savagism up to civilism, we find the inhabitants of the spirit-world have been ever returning to their own homes, giving as much proof as they are individually able to, that they are enjoying the consciousness of immortality. The cases are not isolated by any means, but a thousand times ten thousand witnesses have thronged your earth daily; but, alas! they have given you no knowledge, for that must come by experience. And yet we would invite our skeptical friend into the Temple of Nature. The doors are wide open, and there are many teachers in that temple, and all preach to man of immortality—all teach of a future state of existence. They tell you of the past, you know of the present, and they tell you of the future; and the soul of your own interior consciousness projects these shadows in the form of faith into your external consciousness, and you find yourselves believing in a future state of life beyond the tomb. What is faith? We can answer this question no better than by saying it is the language of the soul that is but yet as little understood.

Feb. 16.

Henry Dustin.

I'm something of a stranger to these things. If you'll be kind enough to say that Henry Dustin, of the 6th Maine Regiment wishes to commune with those he's got here on the earth, you'll do me a great favor. I died of inflammation of the lungs, at the St. James Hospital. This is hard business, Captain, hard business. I'll come again.

Feb. 16.

Theodore Tompkins.

Good day, sir. In Yankee land I presume? [It is certainly so.] Well, they say you are noted for your kindness: what are you going to do for me? [I will do whatever I can to help you.] Well, you understand, I suppose, my object in coming here is to commune with my friends; and I wish you to distinctly understand I am not of your party. Will it make any difference? [No.] I know you think of us as being on the other side, but really I can't realize it as so.

Well, I used to be known on earth as Theodore Tompkins, of Charleston, South Carolina. I have a wife and two children at that place. I should like to commune with them, if possible. I parted with my body the 18th day of September last. I was not fortunate enough to die in the presence of my friends, and had no means of telegraphing them at that time.

Shortly after I became aware of my existence as a spirit, I became anxious to go home, but was made acquainted with the fact that this was the only way I could reach home. At first I thought I should hardly be found this way, but the desire has grown so strong to return home, that I resolved to lay aside all feelings, and to come here and speak, even though it be among Yankees. I thought I never should. I wish you to understand, Mr. President, or Mr. Superintendent, or Mr. Chairman, whichever you are, that I do not consider you, in any sense, beneath me: not at all, sir. I know you Yankees have always thought we Southerners felt ourselves above and beyond you, but I think it's an idea of your own. I wish you to understand me as coming to you and asking a favor of you.

I have also a brother. I suppose you have heard of Stuart's Cavalry? [I have.] I have a brother in that Cavalry, and I should like, if possible, to speak with him. [What is his name?] William. I suppose I shall find it rather hard to overcome the prejudices of childhood, but I shall labor hard to do so. I am aware, sir, that I shall be expected to prove my identity to my friends, and, if you have no objections, I propose to take my own way to do it. [I have none, I assure you.]

Well, on the 17th of September last, quite early in the morning, I wrote a few lines to my brother, and a few words also to my wife and family. I there and then told him I feared we might never meet again on earth, for I felt a strange presentiment of coming evil, and, in case I lost my life in battle, I wished him to perform a certain kind act for me, which I do not care to speak of at this place. I now wish to meet him with reference to that subject. I feel quite sure that I am *myself, and no one else*, and I feel equally sure that I could prove my identity to him. But it's impossible to do that, my good Yankee friend, while he is in one place, and I in another.

Allow me to ask you a few questions. [Certainly.] I know very little about these things you call mediums. Are there any at the South? [I presume there are many.] Is it necessary for me to designate any one for my family to go to? I know of none. [They will seek out one for themselves through whom you may commune.] I have many things that I'd like to say to my friends, which I don't like to speak of here. I would rather meet my friends in private. I presume you would feel the same were you situated as I am.

I understand your Mr. Lincoln has issued a proclamation freeing the slaves. Is it so? [It is.] What do you propose to do with them? [I don't propose in this matter at all.] Oh! What does does Mr. Lincoln propose to do with them? [That has not transpired yet; events will show.] Good-day, sir.

Feb. 16.

Andrew Strong.

My name was Andrew Strong. I was nine years old, and lived in Augusta, Maine. I died of sore throat last March. I have n't been away a year yet. I have a father sick in the Hospital. [Which one?] In Washington, sir. My grandfather, Nathaniel Strong, was a minister—a Baptist minister—and he says he wishes he could talk to my father, but he can't. But he says he wishes my father to give up his present ideas of God and get some better ones. He knows he taught him those things when here, but he would n't do so if he was here again.

I've died since my father went away. He was home before I was taken sick. I don't like to talk here. Can't I go home and talk? [If your mother will let you.]

Well, I want my father to be happier: that's what I want. He thinks he shall die, but he won't. I want my mother to know that. They say he'll get well. He need n't be afraid of dying now, for he won't. My grandfather says he hopes to give him a lamp to his feet before he is called upon to cross the bridge. He means by that, some knowledge of the place where we live. My mother would be afraid to have me speak to home. Do n't send my letter to her, but to my father, will you? [I'll send it to him, if you wish.]

I remember what my father said to me the last time he was at home. He said I "must be a good boy, and mind my mother." I tried to, but sometimes I did n't: [What is your father's name?] Nathaniel Strong. [What regiment did your father belong to?] The 10th Maine. [What is his captain's name?] I never knew. He's in the hospital now. He aint in any regiment. My grandfather says your paper goes all through the hospital, and he'll get it. Good-by.

Feb. 16.

Cecil Lawrence.

Oh dear me, I've brought my father here, and he can't talk now. [Say what you can then for him.] My father's name is Thomas Lawrence. My name, Cecil Lawrence. I was eleven years old, and lived in Baltimore, Md.

My father went into Louisiana to protect some property of his, and he did n't come back again, but went into the service, and was killed. And I died just about the same time. My mother is left, and she don't know that we can come back. My uncle is in Baltimore, too. We want to go to him first, my father and I. [Will you give your uncle's name?] I have given my name. [Your uncle's name?] His name is Lawrence. [His first name?] Oh, David.

I was burned about two years before I died, and it scarred my face. My mother can't mistake me, for I can tell her just how I looked. But I have n't got the scars now, only I remember them, tell her. And I've brought my father here, and he can't talk, so I had to.

I wish you'd ask my mother to go to that lady that lives on Baltimore street, that lets folks come—that lets dead folks come to her—so my father and I can come. I don't know what her name is, but I've been to see her, and anybody can go that wants to. I can't pay anything.

Feb. 16.

Michael Murray.

Faith, I don't know at all where I am. [Where do you wish to go?] If I was going where I like to, I'd like to go to New York. [Say what you wish to here, and we will print it in our paper.] I don't know about that. [Say what you can.] Well, I got folks here I'd like to talk to—that is, I got them on the earth, but I don't see one of them here.

I was sick a long time, and had n't the privilege of going home. I had something like rheumatics, trouble in my head and all over me, and I feel very much as I did before I died. I don't know how it is. Well, sir, I'm straight from Falmouth. It's a few hours only since I got free from my body. What's the day of the month, sir? [The sixteenth of February.] Sixteenth of February. Well, sir, according to that, I've only parted companionship with my body three days.

Now I've got plenty of folks in New York, but divil a one here. [You can say what you wish to them, just as if they were here.] Well, what I please to say is, I'm dead. I don't know as there is any one to carry that news to my folks, so I'll carry it myself. [What is your name?] How, sir? [Your name?] Michael Murray—not Murphy. I went in the 11th New York regiment. Are you always sick when you come here? Do you always feel sick here? [No, not always. You must try and not think of your sickness here.] Well, you see I got sick so long I think about it all the time. It's very hard to go into another body and not think of it. And if you tell me right about time, it's only three days since I parted with my own body, and I've not had time to forget it.

My brother James I'd like to talk with. [Where is he? In New York?] Yes, sir; I left him in New York. [Is he there now, do you think?] Well, yes, sir, I suppose so, unless since I was sick he's started off to see if he could find me. But I'd like to have you send my letter to him, and say that his brother came here, and say he's dead, and very well off when he's away from these sort of bodies, but now not so well off.

I want to talk, sir, away from this place. I'd as lief talk here as anywhere, if my brother was here, but not when I don't know any one. [You'd like to speak privately with him?] Well, privately or publicly, I don't care the divil what way, if I can only talk to him. And there's crowds what comes here, so that you find it hard work to push one's self in. Self-power is what you need in order to get in. Faith, it's a place of desire. Well, it's about the same as it was here on the earth—first come, first served, and if you happen to be a little behind time you find it pretty hard to drive yourself in. You have to make a sort of a bayonet charge.

I was sick, in all, three or four months. I took sick with rheumatism in my head, and it went all over me. [How old were you at the time of your death?] Thirty-one—somewheres between thirty-one and thirty-two years. I was thirty-one, and between four and five months, most five months. [Have you a wife in New York?] Well, sir, I have a wife. If you please, I'll say nothing about her, if it's all the same to you. I have a child I'd like to reach, but it's too young, and it's about that child I'd like to speak to my brother. Well, Capt'n, I'll do as much for you some time. [Is your brother boarding in New York?] Yes, sir; he's not married at all. He's boarding, I suppose, in Chamber street—I don't know the number. He was working for a man named Coxen, and is a tailor by trade. Well, sir, good-by.

Feb. 16.

Captain Frank Dale.

[Written:]

I ask to commune with my brother, Surgeon General Dale. Can I do so otherwise than at this place?

Feb. 16. CAPTAIN FRANK DALE.

Invocation.

Oh Death, thou radiant Angel of Life, we would introduce thee to humanity. True, thou hast been their guest from the beginning of time, but they have been unconscious of thy presence, for had they known thee they would not now fear thee. Oh Death, we would have thee array thyself in the glad and beautiful garments of Life, and present thyself to man, that he may no longer fear thee. Oh Death, we would see thee around us in the beautiful monuments of thy care. Oh Death, these monuments are found in the radiant and loving forms that have peopled the earth. Oh Death, we would ask that humanity might come nearer and nearer unto thee, until they shall no longer fear thee, but love thee. Oh Death, thou who hast so long been an object of terror unto the hearts of mankind, we would present thee to them in a new garb. Oh, thou Angel of Light, we would show thee unto humanity in all thy beauty and glory; we would lead humanity up to thy grand temple, and present them to thee in all thy beauty and loveliness of character. Oh Death, we would hold out our hands to welcome thee, not as an angel of despair, but one who cometh to set the captive free, to give deliverance unto those that mourn in the flesh. Oh Death, thou art this very hour laying thy hand upon thousands who call thee Death, and who go about the streets mourning, because they know thee not. Oh Death, roll back the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and let the captive spirit go free. Oh Death, show to mortality that thou hast no sting, that thou hast nothing but glory, honor and beauty for those who clasp hands with thee on the celestial shore. Oh Death, thou King of Life, come unto these, thy children, and show them that thou art an angel of Glory and Beauty. They fear thee because they do not know thee. Oh, come in thy beauty, that they may fall down and worship thee!

Feb. 17.

Evil and Inharmonious Spirits.

Andrew Jackson Davis tells us, so says an anxious inquirer, that there are no evil or inharmonious spirits in the summer-land, or dwelling-place of spirit; that all good may be expected therefrom, and that all evil or inharmonious things come only from us in the mundane world. Now how shall I reconcile his teaching with the teachings of various invisibles, who report to us from that summer-land from time to time?

It would seem to the casual observer that there was a wide difference of opinion existing between Andrew Jackson Davis and the teachers who purport to come from that summer-land. But if we look at the subject carefully and spiritually, we shall be able to perceive that the difference exists only in the ignorance or misunderstanding of the person referred to as authority in this matter.

Andrew Jackson Davis, or his good guide, we should say, teaches you that all good cometh from above, and all evil from below; that there is nothing but harmony to be found above; for when the spirit hath so far ascended in the scale of wisdom and goodness as to have outgrown inharmony, surely it must be in harmony with all its surroundings, must have attained a condition of perfect good. But, until the spirit does ascend so far in wisdom, you are to expect inharmony, imperfection, and the many thousand ills that pertain to a condition of inharmony or evil.

Now you are not to suppose that the dwelling place of the disembodied spirit is a perfect heaven of peace, and a condition of exalted harmony. On the contrary, you are to suppose that each individual makes its own heaven, makes its own temple, and worships its own God. Thus you are to perceive that there are as many spirit dwelling-places, as there are spirits to occupy them.

Andrew Jackson Davis is not infallible in his teachings by any means. Although we find him a great channel for receiving spiritual communications, yet we find him quite as imperfect as many with whom he deals. He belongs to the Natural world. He has not been freed from the turmoils, the inharmonies that cluster about the spirit in the earth-life, therefore all the Water of Life that is poured through his organism, must partake of that inharmony to a greater or less extent.

"How shall I reconcile his teaching with the teachings of various invisibles, who report to us from that summer-land from time to time?" You are to receive all that comes to you not as infallible, but as fallible, and finite. You are to weigh each atom of thought received from spiritual sources in the balances of your own reason. You are at liberty to reject all that does not seem to be good and true to you, and to appropriate all of good to your own use and benefit.

Andrew Jackson Davis, as an individual, has not been brought into spiritual rapport with the great mass of beings who have lost their material bodies, and that once peopled your earth. He has been singled out to fulfill an especial mission by God, and we need not speak of him as an individual, for most of you are familiar with him through his teachings, but will simply refer you to that light that has been poured into his organism, and which is outworking itself in his daily life. You need not come to the spirit-land to know of him or his teachings.

You have a prompter within you, and if you follow the dictates of that guide, you will not go very far astray. We have ever sought to impress this truth upon the minds of our hearers, that as the earth fades from view, or the spirit takes its flight from earth, so that spiritual condition of light finds it, and it enters the hereafter precisely as it left your condition of life. If it has not progressed high in the spheres of wisdom here, it must hereafter. You are to understand that each individual lives and acts under the laws of his own being, or soul.

One of long ago sought to impress this truth upon the minds of his hearers. He of earth told them that the Kingdom of Heaven was within themselves. Surely, if Heaven be within our own being, what need have we to wander outside in space to find the God of Creation? We have only to turn within the holy of holies of our own being, and we shall be sure to find him.

Feb. 17.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—Which was the first teacher—Experience, or Theory?

ANS.—Experience, certainly. Theory is the child of Experience.

Q.—Do spirits take any recognition of the flight of time, here?

A.—They do; but not as you measure time. The disembodied spirit measures time by the changes of the spirit. When the disembodied return to you, referring to your measurement of time, they are obliged to gather their information from earthly sources.

Feb. 17.

Andrew Burnside.

My friends, I visit you to-day with feelings which I cannot describe. Every male member of my family have taken up arms against this Government, and I am virtually the guest of those who stand in the relation of enemies to my kindred.

In May, of 1860, I was called upon to part company with my body. Since that time I have been striving to make myself acquainted with the laws of return, but have never succeeded successfully, until to-day; and how well I shall be able to perform my work to-day I cannot tell. It seems to me that I would be willing to give all I ever possessed on earth for the privilege of communing with my children. But oh, my God, I have n't got a dollar, and no body that's fit to meet them with. 'Tis true that I have one altogether better than I ever had, but they would not recognize me should I present myself before them in my spiritual body.

I was a cotton merchant, residing in Hamburg, Georgia, and bore the name of Andrew Burnside. I shall be well known in that section of the country. I had no warning that I was soon to leave my body; was taken sick in the morning and called for before night. Since I have been away from my family, your rebellion has broken out, my home is desolate, my children have turned ruffians, my friends, have they turned enemies? It seems so to me. For myself I do not care; but for those who are on the earth I do care, for I know they are suffering, and will suffer still more in the future.

I was the guardian, or master, if you please, of many blacks. I thought I did my duty by them. I tried to. I oft-times wished that they were free, for I felt that I should be far better off without them than with them. I could not take the first step, but I thank God somebody has taken it. Oh my friends, you need to spare your condemnation of the master, for he was as much to be pitied as those he held in slavery.

Mr. Chairman? [Sir.] I am aware that civil war is desolating your beautiful country, and I presume that the mails are very imperfect, if they are in operation at all. May I ask is there any hope that my communication will reach my family? [I cannot promise you success in this respect, at present.]

Why, Mr. Chairman, I would sell my birthright to Heaven for an hour's talk with my friends! I think I would. I am exceedingly unhappy in the present condition I am thrust into. I see near fifty, or between forty and fifty of the black men who were once under my protection, treated not as I would treat them, I think, and by my own—shall I say children? Yes. Why hold them? Why not let them go free? Why seek to come yourselves and them too?

Mr. Chairman, I would ask this much through your paper, that if any member of my family chances to read my communication, that they may straightway furnish me with the means to speak with them. I assure them I ask this as much for their own good as mine. [Had n't you better give your children's names?] I would rather not, sir. I shall be well known, Mr. Chairman. I think there can be no such thing as mistaking my identity. [It would be better, I think, to direct your communication to some particular person.] First of all, I would then desire that my communication reach one Andrew Burnside. That is my name also, you understand. [Yes.]

Well, I feel that I have taken the first step. What the second may be, I know not.

Feb. 17.

General Cheatham.

Good-day, sir. By the kindness of your superintendent, I avail myself of the use of your [illegible] here to-day, and I will say at the outset I am no stranger to these manifestations, for I took care to acquaint myself with them when on earth.

I am General Cheatham. Oh yes, from the rebel service, and now I propose to fulfill an engagement made prior to death, with your permission. [You have it, sir.] My good friend Potter, of Tennessee, will remember that there was something of an engagement existing between him and myself. Some thing like this was said by him at the time of conversation: "Cheatham, if you go first, return, demonstrate the truth of this Spiritual Philosophy," and I believe I made a similar request of him at the time.

He stands upon your shore, and I have passed on. I made myself acquainted with this thing while on the Pacific shores, and I found it was of great use to me after entering the spirit-world; for instead of being obliged to wait as many do, until they have learned the laws necessary to coming back, I find that I can return at pleasure. You will understand that I have not been long in the spirit-world. I have but just arrived, and you are not to expect that I can give you much information about my new home. I simply come here to say that I still live, and more than all, that I live with unchanged sentiments; and could it be possible for me to be ushered back into my own body once more, I would pursue exactly the same course as I did when on the earth before.

I presume you Federalists are fighting for the Constitution and the Union as it was. So says your Government. [There is a difference of opinion among the people of the North in regard to that matter.] Mr. President, I believe report says that there are between two and three millions who believe in the Spiritual Philosophy living here at the North. Now there are very few among that number who really believe that the Union will ever be restored again upon its old basis. Now how in God's name do you expect to restore it with so many traitors in your midst? Do you know that you Spiritualists are all traitors? Why, there is not a man or a woman, who is a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, but that is a traitor through and through. You ask them if they are fighting to restore the Constitution and the Union as before, and they will tell you, No. And as for unity on its old grounds, they know that such a thing is impossible; and it seems to me as if you were wasting blood and treasure for nought. You are fighting to establish a certain principle that never can be established. Yes, Mr. President, you Spiritualists are all traitors.

Now you may not any of you be hung as traitors, but you deserve it, every one of you, just as much as an Arnold or an Andre. You may not carry treasonable papers in your boots, but my God, you carry the principles in your souls! You can't deny it. What are you going to do? Oh, put on a fair face to Government, and at the same time be exerting an influence in thought as traitors. When do you think your war will close? [I've not the slightest idea.] Ah, you've not. [I don't think it will end until some of the rascality is beat out upon both sides. When that is accomplished, we may hope for peace and true liberty.] Yes; well, if you ever have that true liberty, you must have a new Constitution and a new Union. [I expect so.] Ah, you admit that, then. [Yes, and the South will join the new Union, I think.] Very possible.

A word with regard to my friend. I would ask, if he sees fit so to do, that he may answer me in some way, I care not how. I do not believe I shall have the pleasure of meeting him on the spiritual side very soon. [Is this friend you refer to Bishop Potter?] No, sir. [You have n't given his first name.] No, I do not wish to. You mistake me, sir, if you think I ever was engaged with bishops. I never was guilty of that.

Feb 17.

Emma K. Knight.

I promised to visit you to assure my friends of the truth and beauty of this new religion. As yet, I find myself weak when I draw near earth. I cannot gather as much power to myself as I would wish, to make myself distinctly understood. But I have waited many months, and although I have communed many times in private, yet I find there is more strength to be gained by coming here than elsewhere.

I am anxious to gain that strength and experience, that I may become a powerful and faithful guardian to my friends, and for my dear companion and little ones, who are still on the earth. I would say to them, "Oh, the half has not been told you. You have heard that the spirit-land was a place of beauty and rest; that the tired spirit could there repose and find all its demands answered. But oh, the spirit that is confined in mortality, cannot realize the beauty and glory of the spirit-world. It so far exceeds your mortal comprehension, that it would be vain for me to strive to present you with the picture.

To the dear friends I have in the East, I would say, "When troubles gather around you, and the clouds of life seem full of human woe, oh know that our Father's smiling face is behind the clouds, that he only waits for your fitness to receive his smile, only waits until you are ready to receive his smile, to give it you. So, when trouble comes, do not murmur, but rather thank God that it does come, for it is an instrument in the hands of God to prepare you for the spirit world."

I would have my dear little ones brought up in spiritual light. I would have them taught of heaven, not as the ancients taught of heaven, but as those guardian angels teach you who return to you from time to time. Oh, do not tell them their mother is dead; rather tell them she lives. Seek to impress this truth upon their young minds, that their mother is ever watching over them, and I shall not fear that they'll walk astray with this light about their feet. Oh, no, 't is ignorance only that makes you stumble in the way of life, but wisdom, wisdom, you can ever lean upon it, and you will ever feel safe.

During my sojourn upon the earth, it was my privilege to be a medium for the angels to commune through. Oh, blessed privilege! Oh, divine inheritance! And though it brings many shadows, yet it brings many, many joys. I was taught of heaven, and received the full assurance of a blessed hereafter before my death. And death had no terrors for me. Oh no, I did not fear to take his hand and enter the Beautiful City with him. I only ask of the Great All Father that my dear friends may pass to the spirit-world as joyously as I did. I can ask no greater blessing for them.

I am Emma K. Knight. You will know me as one of your former contributors.

Feb. 17.

Alonzo Jarvis.

My father said if anybody he knew would come here he'd believe. My name was Alonzo Jarvis, and I lived in St. Louis. [Do you remember the street?] Yes, sir, but I can't give you the number. I can give you the street. [That will do.] It was Vine street, sir.

I was most nine years old. I was sick I think it was eleven days, but I'm not certain. I took cold, and had fever in the throat and lungs. [Did n't they call it diptheria?] I don't know, sir; but I know how I felt, but I don't know what they call it.

My father is a broker. He don't believe much about people's coming back after they're dead, but he said if anybody would come back that he knew, he'd believe—and I've come. My mother would come if she could, but she's only been here a little while. She's only been here three weeks, and she don't know anything about coming back. When my mother gets as she can come, I want my father to find a place at home, where she can come. She would n't like to come here. I don't care.

You don't let the medium go away from here, do

you?. What I mean is, you don't let any one take her body, do you? [No. What is your father's name?] Just the same as mine. [Have you any sisters?] No, sir. [Were you the only child?] Yes, sir. [Have you been in the spirit world long?] Yes, sir. I've been there it will be two years in Spring. Mother has'n't been there three weeks. Don't you ever let this medium go away? [You could'n't hold control of her body long enough to go home.] Yes, I could. [This place is many hundred miles distant from St. Louis.] Yes, sir, I know it is. Well, can't my father come here? [If he wishes to.] I want to ask him to come here, because I like this one, and I might not find anybody there. [Your father can find you a medium in St. Louis, I think.] Well, I like this one. [If you were to take this medium to St. Louis, she might not be able to let you speak when she got there.] Yes, she would. I could some, anyway. They say so, and that my mother can, too. I don't want to write. She don't, either. I want to talk.

Well, my father said he'd believe if any one come here that he knew, and he'll know me. He's all alone now. [Are you with him much?] Yes, sir; he don't know it. He whipped me just a little while before I was taken sick, because I said something about God, what was n't just right, he thought. [Did you swear?] Yes. I hear him swear sometimes. [He ought not to have whipped you, then, for what he does himself.] No, sir—no, sir, so my mother says. She thinks he won't fail to remember that, for he told her he never was so sorry for anything in his life. I remembered it, for it was only a little while before I was taken sick.

Well, I reckon I'll go. You've got my name and age, have n't you? Because there would n't anybody know me without those. I can come better than I can go. I don't like to go. Now I'm going.

Feb. 17.

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June 21. tf

GENERAL DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

OF THE

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.

The above is the title, and heads of the contents, of a very neatly printed pamphlet, being the Report of the Committee on Organization, of the Society of Spiritualists of Boston. It is a document which will interest Spiritualists all over the country.

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June 20. tf

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This work is presented to the public, in obedience to the request of a large multitude who have listened to Mrs. Hatch from time to time, and who were not satisfied with merely hearing her discourses once, but desired their publication, that they might have the privilege of taking them into the quiet of their own homes and perusing them at their leisure. It was also deemed expedient to put them in such form as would render them accessible by the public, and preserve them for coming generations.

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An intimate acquaintance with the principles of Nature in its every department greatly assists us in forming a correct idea of the character and attributes of its Author; and it is for this reason that Natural Philosophy is becoming daily more and more a part of common education, for no true principles of religious ethics can ever be divorced from the manifestations of God in the material universe. In all of her discourses there is a blending of Religion and Science, the one the material form of which the other is the spirit. In this respect, especially, it is believed that her teachings will have a most salutary influence upon the public welfare; for every enlightened Christian earnestly recommends the study of Nature, and in it he beholds the inspiring Revelations of God. But as long as Religion is *conjectural*, and founded upon the experiences of those whose religious powers are in extreme action, while their moral and intellectual are but feebly exercised, rather than upon the inherent nature of man harmoniously developed, we shall have on the one hand, bigotry and self-righteousness wedded to ignorance, and on the other, a repudiation of all religious forms.

As man becomes enlightened, he becomes more truly religious, not in the sectarian sense of that term, but in the philosophical and spiritual; and it is for this reason that he should be educated, and thus be enabled to understandingly commune with God through every department of Nature. Then, not in the sanctuary alone will his soul be drawn forth in prayer and aspiration, but, wherever he may be, his heart wells up in thankfulness, and he is in constant communion with the Author of the beauties and blessings by which he is surrounded. It is believed that no work more perfectly blends the religious, moral and intellectual principles of man than the one we now present to the public, and if it shall assist in any way to elevate him from ignorance and superstition to a higher condition of spiritual life, we shall be made glad by the accomplishment of our long-desired object.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, who was the means of conveying to the world the thoughts contained in this volume, was born in the town of Cuba, Allegany county, New York, the 21st day of April, 1840. Thus a part of these discourses were delivered before she was seventeen years of age. Her literary or scholastic attainments are such as she was able to procure in a rural district of the country antecedent to her tenth year, at which time she became an entranced speaker. Up to that period she had no knowledge of spiritual intercourse. One day, with slate and pencil in hand, she retired to compose a few lines to be read in school; and while seated, lost her external consciousness, and on awaking she found her slate covered with writing. Believing that some one had taken an advantage of what she supposed to have been a sleep, she carried the slate to her mother, and it was found to contain a communication from Cora's maternal aunt (who had departed this life some fifteen years previous), and addressed to Mrs. Scott, the mother of Cora. During her eleventh and twelfth years she was controlled by a spirit calling himself a German physician; and her success during that time, as a medical practitioner, was very remarkable. Although she has never given the science of medicine a moment's reflection, the most philosophical, general, and at the same time the most minute, descriptions of disease, its cause, pathology, and diagnosis, which were ever listened to, have been given by her.

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The Beauteous Morning-Land! I see it often
In dreams and visions of the silent night,
When the freed fancy heavenward takes its flight
To those far realms whose stars of beauty soften
With golden radiance the dark plains of earth.
It is a glorious land. There vales and mountains,
Clad in the robes of endless summer, stand;
There streams of truth flow from unfailing fountains,
And spread their living waters o'er the land;
There wisdom reigns supreme with joy and mirth;
The crystal air is fragrant with sweet flowers,
And birds of Paradise sing in the bowers.
O radiant Morning-Land! thy hills sublime
Rise, Phœnix-like, beyond the gloomy vales of Time.
—[*De Vere Vining.*

If we still love those we lose, we cannot altogether lose those we love.

THE POET'S SOUL.

"I burn my soul away!"
So spake the Rose, and smiled; "within my cup
All day the sunbeams fall in flame—all day
They drink my sweetness up.

"I sigh my soul away!"
The lily said: "all night the moonbeams pale
Steal round and round us, whispering in their play
An all too tender tale!"

"I give my soul away!"
The Violet said: "the west wind wanders on,
The north wind comes; I know what they say,
And yet my soul is gone!"

O Poet, burn away
Thy fervent soul! fond Lover, at the feet
Of her thou lovest, sigh! dear Christian pray—
And let the world be sweet!

Use not reproachful language against any one, neither curses or revilings.

"IT STILL MOVES."

It still goes on. The driving rain
May chill, but light will gleam again.
It still goes on. Truth's enemy
Wins a defeat with victory.
It still goes on. Cold winter's snow
Comes that the grass may greener grow;
And Freedom's sun, whate'er befall,
Shines warm and bright behind it all.

The prayer of deeds is oftener answered than the prayer of words.

SPIRIT-FRIENDS.

O could we all the world forget,
And hear the truth without disguise,
Our hearts might hear the love-tones yet
Of Spirit-friends in Paradise.

Let not the stream of your life be a murmuring stream.

WHY SHOULD RELIGION AND SCIENCE QUARREL?

Lectures by Rev. Adin Ballou, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday, March 15, 1863.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

On Sunday, the 15th, the Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, occupied the platform of this Society. We give below a brief summary of the themes discussed:

"I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."—*Rom* x: 2.

"Brethren, be not children in understanding: howbeit, in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men."—*I. Cor.* xiv: 20.

After reading the above-quoted texts, the speaker asked, What is science? and then proceeded to give his definition as being the critical and comprehensive knowledge of things, or of any particular subject, both as to its facts and principles—as of astronomy, geology, mechanics, music, ethics, etc.

What is religion? Comprehensively it is the ideas, emotions and acts of moral agents in relation to God, and the obligations he imposes on them—including all that properly comes under the heads, Theology, Piety and Morality.

Science results from the exercise of the intellectual faculties—those of the forehead—Individuality, Casuality, Comparison, and their minor associates—the perceptive and reflective faculties. The object is to ascertain, define and demonstrate truth.

He then proceeded to enlarge upon this topic, by explaining the difference between a man who had his intellectual faculties highly developed, and a man who had his religious faculties highly developed. The scientific man was rarely, if ever, religious; he looks upon all religious worship as a mere waste of time; believes in nothing which he cannot *scientifically* explain; has no faith in Religion, Spiritualism, or God. Because he cannot see God through his telescope, he says there is no such being as God; and because he cannot see spirits through the aid of his telescope, he scouts at the idea of Spiritualism. He is perfectly blind and bigoted to all progressive ideas which he cannot analyze, weigh, take up in his forceps, or bring within the range of his telescopic vision. He has so trained his intellectual to the entire neglect of his religious faculties, that he cannot make one step advance in the latter direction.

Religion results from the exercise of the religious faculties—those of the top head or crown. These we call sentiments—religious and moral sentiments: *Spirituality*, which gives faith in things and beings not reachable by the external senses, and its higher developments, the knowledge of them; *Veneration*, which worships the divine; *Conscientiousness*, which senses duty, and distinguishes moral good from moral evil; *Benevolence*, which blesses others; and *Hope*, which assures of good to come, and the glories of immortality. These sentimental faculties of our nature are affectional, intuitional, inspirational and aspirational. Their exercise is sublimely ideal, emotional and sentimental. They are our highest affectional faculties—bringing us into close communion with the spiritual, the divine, the infinite.

Thus you perceive that Science is of the Understanding—cool, judicious, and deliberate—not of the feelings or the will, but of strict induction, synthesis, analysis and reason. It says, "Give us the facts, the principles, the nature, the relations, the philosophy of the thing—the *absolute truth* as it is." But religion is from the spiritual sensation and moral feeling. It is the higher affections, intuitions, inspirations and devotional emotions. It says, "What is this Power above me, this inner spiritual world around me? I stand in one; I worship, I must do right, I must bless others, I must hope for higher than present good, I must look forward to the immortal Infinite. What shall I do to be saved from evil and to inherit eternal life?"

Do you not perceive five important truths here?

1. That both the Scientific and the Religious faculties may be strong or weak, active or inert, poorly or richly developed, in a high or low state of discipline. Hence their science or religion may be low or high.

2. That one person may be high in Science, and low in Religion; another high in Religious feeling and low in Scientific understanding. The speaker here gave various instances to illustrate this point. The man of high scientific attainments may be strictly honest in all his dealings with his fellow-man, and would not cheat a human being out of a cent knowingly; but you will never find him at church, at the prayer-meeting, or any place of religious worship; he has no fellowship or sympathy for any such "nonsense," for such it seems to him.

3. That one person may be high in one department of Science, and low in others—also high in one department of Religion, and low in another. This point was elaborately illustrated by the speaker. A man with his religious faculties largely developed, has the most unbounded faith in religious worship, is always present at the prayer-meeting and other places of religious worship, but in his intercourse and dealings with his fellow-man he will drive as sharp and shrewd a bargain as possible—looking out for number one—without a thought as to whether he is cheating or not.

4. That persons who excel in one class of faculties or in one department of Science or Religion, and are low in another, are prone to pride themselves therein, and despise those who excel in another direction, but are low in that to which they are devoted. Hence the antagonism.

5. That to make a complete man, a harmonic human being, all the natural constitutional faculties must be healthily developed and active—each group and each faculty in its proper place. Otherwise you have a one-sided, angular, discordant man or woman. The physical, passional, rational and religious faculties, all in order and normal exercise, make a whole man or woman.

Now in order to bring about this harmonious state of existence, Science and Religion must be married; they must come together and harmonize; they cannot exist apart and progress. One cannot annihilate the other. You never can do away with Religion any more than you can kill the top of your head without injuring the rest of the system. Nor will Science ever be less active and useful than now.

The answer to the question of our theme is now plain. "Why should Science and Religion quarrel?" There is no reason why they *should*, but there are reasons why they *do* quarrel—why they are arrayed in hostility to each other, and made to *seem* at enmity. Pause for a moment and consider the facts: That many Religionists are afraid of Science, Philosophy and Reason, as destructive to their Religion. Also, that many who are devoted to Science and rational philosophy, hold all forms of Religion and Spiritualism in contempt. After demonstrating these facts at length, he asked the question, Why? and proceeded to answer, First, because the parties on both sides are fractional, ill-balanced, partially developed persons. The Science and Reason haters have large religious faculties, or very active small ones, and weak, or inert rational faculties. And the Religion haters the reverse. Second, The Science and Reason haters have a crude, unscientific, irrational Religion. And the Religion haters have an irreligious, materialistic intellectualism. Third, Both parties see each other's worst side, and become habitually and traditionally hostile.

After elaborately discussing the three last mentioned reasons, he added, But all this is weakness and imperfection. It proves only that the hostile parties are not *whole* men and women. There is no necessity—no good reason—for a truly religious person hating, or being afraid of, or disliking the most strict Science and Religion. Nor on the other hand, for the most intellectual and rational Scientist hating, or contemning the strictest requirements of a pure Religion and Spiritualism. But there are the best of reasons why Science and Religion, Rationalism and Spiritualism, should coexist in harmony. Some of these are as follows:

The Intellectual and Religious faculties are inherent coördinates in the constitution of man. It requires *both* to make a whole human being.

These inherent, coördinate groups of faculties both need to be healthfully exercised and developed in order to the general well being of individuals, families and society.

These inherent, coördinate groups of human faculties are both very liable to error, abuse and perversion, when acting regardless of the other, but far less so when acting in mutually respectful concurrence with each other.

These two groups of faculties are indispensable to the correction and cure of each other's errors, abuses and perversions.

Neither the Scientific, nor the Religious faculties, without the others, can carry forward the progress of human nature—individually, socially and collectively.

After commenting upon and elucidating these several points in a clear and comprehensive manner, he closed with an eloquent and earnest peroration, urging a united effort to blend together all these seemingly discordant faculties, so they may work together as a harmonious whole, thereby improving the social condition of the individual, the family, and the whole human race.

The entire discourse was replete with sound logic and instructive teachings.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

Stumbling Blocks in the way of Human Progress.

In the evening, Mr. Ballou took for his text the fourteenth verse of the fifty-seventh chapter of Isaiah:

"Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling blocks out of the way of my people."

After dwelling at some length upon what he meant by "human progress," and "stumbling blocks," he proceeded to notice a few of the many stumbling blocks which lie in the way of human progress; first alluding to the notion so strongly fixed in most minds, that the Bible, sacred books, and communications from invisible intelligencies, &c., are entitled to extraordinary reverence as *superhuman* in their words, phrases, language—*mere letter*, rather than in their few highest ideas, fundamental principles, and religious spirit—their unfoldment of eternal, absolute truth and right. After commenting at length, he proceeded by asking:

What are the common views entertained of the sacred authority of the Bible—the Old Testament and the New? of the Alcoran? of the Shaster, Vedas, Zendavesta, &c.? Of oracles among the Pagans? Of Spiritualistic communications and revelations? Of eminent Spiritualistic visions and teachings? Can any of these be of real weight and value to us further than as they bring to our apprehension a clearer understanding and better appreciation of absolute truths, principles and duties? After specifically alluding to these ancient teachings, and illustrating *how* they were stumbling blocks to human progress, he urged the necessity of having the way clear.

He cited, as another instance, the notion so strongly fixed in many minds, that the work of salvation from sin, and progress into higher conditions of happiness, has been done, or will be done for them by Christ, or some high mediator, or by guardian angels and spirits, or by the force of great natural laws, rather than *in, through* and *by* themselves, with the multiform sympathetic help of Christ and higher beings all aiding them to help themselves. Here the speaker made some very happy allusions to the absurdities so generally cherished by those who believe in this kind of saving grace, and showing most conclusively that this was a stumbling-block of great magnitude to human progress, and should most certainly be removed.

He then commented upon the common views of the Atonement, &c., mediation and salvation; the notions of Mahometans, Jews and Pagans about intercession; the notions of many Spiritualists about guardian angels; the notions of Spiritualistic philosophers, about the law of universal progress; circumstantialism, necessity, and so forth, showing that the moral effect of all these notions on the practice, habits and moral character of men, is to nullify or neutralize the moral stimuli of the grandest truths. What better is a first rate, merely theoretical, or blindly sentimental extremist, than a first rate Mahometan or Jew?

He said another stumbling-block was the notion, very generally cherished as sound, that this earth is man's only state of moral probation or discipline for all future eternity; so that if he leaves this world in sin he becomes hopelessly fixed therein, world without end.

If so, the far larger portion of mankind must become confirmed reprobates. If so, all future punishments, or suffering, must be worse than useless, tending only from bad to worse. If so, to all who leave this world of sin, existence must be a great curse. If so, what is the moral character of their Creator? and what must men be who resemble him? These points were each dwelt upon with terseness, and a sprinkling of satire: especially the idea advanced by Henry Ward Beecher, of man's *voluntary* reprobation; and then the speaker asked what would be the moral effect of this notion? answering his own question thus: To scandalize the character of God—to debase theology. To narrow, and dwarf, and harden men's hearts. To justify and confirm a selfish, partial and vindictive morality among men, individually, socially and governmentally. And this is a stumbling-block that must necessarily be taken out of the way.

He then mentioned another stumbling-block, which was the very general notion, prevailing in different classes of minds, that Religion and Reason are naturally hostile to each other, and cannot coöperate in full vigor harmoniously together.

He said the dominant idea of Religionists against Reason is, that it is infidelity. And that skeptics, rationalists and scientists look upon Religion as a superstition. But human nature is both religious and rational in its constitution—understanding and affectional sentiment must stand together—else you have not a *whole* man. This, too, is a stumbling-block that needs to be removed.

Again, the notion almost universally cherished, that final resorts to unbeneficent, deadly force, vindictive inflictions, and penal torments, having no regard to the *good* of offenders, are absolutely necessary to the maintenance of law and order, whether in divine or human affairs, and therefore right in the highest moral sense, citing many instances to illustrate his meaning, and maintaining that it cannot be so. If so, said he, the universal Fatherhood of God is a fiction. If so, the universal Brotherhood of Man is a fiction. If so, the declared perfect love of God is a fiction. If so, the second commandment is a fiction. If so, the Golden Rule is a fiction. If so, love to enemies and the overcoming evil with good, is a fiction. If so, the axiom that the good of one and all is the same, is a fiction.

There must be somewhere or somehow a way of treating offenders, even the worst, so as to restrain and correct them, alike for their good, the public good, and the good of all concerned. God must know of such a method, and men can reach the knowledge and practice of it. Else war, death-penalties, and destructive forces will be endless, and universal progress impossible. And this stumbling-block must be removed out of the way.

Finally, another stumbling-block, he said, was the idea that the organism and laws of society are supremely important and authoritative, as divinely vicegerent, and therefore to be obeyed at whatever repression of individual conscience. Hence there are two radically different kinds of righteousness—individual, and social and political; what God makes right through the private judgment, and what he makes right through public organic judgment of State or Church. He gave illustrations as to how this would work on the professedly wise and good of hostile States and nations, citing the condition of our own country at the present time, arguing that it was altogether wrong, that more humane modes of correcting evil should be resorted to—restrictions that would result to the benefit of all concerned. He enlarged most eloquently upon this theme, and said that *this* stumbling-block must be removed before man could make much progress.

After remarking that he had several more points he wished to dwell upon, did time permit, he closed with a most fervent and eloquent appeal for a more general harmonizing of all the discordant elements of our natures and a greater regard for the welfare and advancement of the individual, society, and the whole human family.

The discourse was listened to with marked attention and evident satisfaction.

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Obituary Notice.

Died in Newburyport, on the 16th inst., Mrs. Abigail T. McNeill, aged 58 years 7 mos.

The deceased was a woman of excellent natural endowments; with a kind and loving disposition, she was a dutiful wife, a cherished mother, and a dear friend. Through affliction and suffering her spirit was made ready to enter the Home of the Immortals. From a field of usefulness has been taken a truly Christian woman, one who carried out the injunction to "visit the sick and comfort the sorrowing," regardless of her own personal comfort. She surely has gone to her reward.

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