

## Literary Department.

### THE CONSORTS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

How swells the soul as we read the tale  
Of the martyr fire, or warrior's grave!  
Of the reading of life's misty veil,  
When proudly the battle-banners wave!  
For the golden glory lighted the hour,  
That shines on our own declining days,  
Where Memory spreads with her magic power  
The splendors of life's autumnal haze!

When Gallia's victor-eagles flew,  
And the up-lifted Bourbon quailed—  
When the human heart, with impulse new,  
The dawning light of fair Freedom hailed!  
And Napoleon's braves their war-ory pealed  
Through the Syrian heat, and Russian snow,  
Till the floating ark of Tillet sailed,  
The conqueror's name with fame's highest glow—

Where bright Guineen spread her drooping hills,  
Low down to the sounding ocean shore—  
And the leveled sunlight the bosom thrills,  
As its foats the smiling vineyards o'er,  
Lived a peasant-laborer, and his foe,  
Who, oft in bliss beneath the roofter's shade,  
Sat with the wife, when their toll was done,  
And softly the chimnes of the vesper played!

But again "to arms!" through the vineyards rang!  
"To arms! for false Russia's oath is vain!"  
And the son and sire to conflict sprang,  
Till their eagles waved "mid Moscow's flame!"  
They shared the file of the dread retreat,  
With the sturdy veterans' fearless joy,  
Till, while roaring thunders cleft the sheet,  
The Old Guard thinned at red Krasnoi!

'Twas past! and the dead and dying lay  
Outstretched and pale on the frozen ground,  
That thawed at morn by the battle's bay,  
At eve grew cold as the heart death-bound!  
Wide 'mid the sweep of the Gallic bands,  
The bygone-dies spread their plumes afar,  
'Neath the same pale light that in other lands  
The lone wife hailed as the "shepherd's star!"

The dying sire saw the watch-lights shine,  
As he shivered in the cold night air—  
But no friend dare leave the stricken lie,  
For they feared the wary foe's snare!  
And the father pillowed upon his breast  
His fainting child, in their utmost need,  
While far through the gloom his vision pressed  
Where he heard the tramp of the Cossack steed!

Oh, dying braves! from the field ye won,  
Lift up your hearts through the dark'ning sky!  
Oh, mourning wife, by the wild Garonne,  
Bepress by thy faith the tearful eye!  
For time's standard waves! and hastening vast  
Loom high o'er life's smoke-wreathed battle-tide!  
There the spirit rests when the march is past,  
And the column files through Heaven's arches wide!

### WHITHER?

OR,

### Out of the Darkness into the Light.

BY GEORGE BRADDOCK.

"A man without some sort of religion, is at best a poor reprobate, the foot-ball of destiny, with no tie that binds him to his kind, and the wondrous storm that is begun with him, set a woman without it, is a woman whose flame, without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume!"

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

### CHAPTER VII.

Deacon Somers was walking along one day in early June, driving his team, stopping now and then to wait the slow motions of his oxen, his eyes cast thoughtfully to the ground. He was intent on a bargain he was about to close with another farmer, which would bring the welcome dollars peacefully into his pocket. What mattered it to him that the bargain was an unfair one? Look out for your own interests, was his motto, or as he expressed it, "Look out for number one." His religion was not carried into his every-day life; but was kept carefully laid away, during the week, ready for Sunday use. Then it manifested itself in loud professions, and in a strict observance of the outward duties of the day; after which it was again laid away, while he served Mammon during the coming six days with renewed vigor.

At the commencement of the previous winter, he had spoken on this wise at a conference meeting in his own way, urging the claims of religion:

"I hope we shall have a revival of religion this winter. There's nothin' to prevent it. We're nothin' in-else to do, and can stand to the concerns of the soul just as well as not. Now when spring comes, there'll be the ploughin', and the plantin', and the hoein', and then the hayin', and the harvestin', and we shan't have time to attend to religion. And this winter we have a plenty of leisure, and it's a good time to have a revival, and I hope we shall have one." Whereupon he sat down, thinking doublet his duty was well performed.

He was called "light" in many matters, and the poor and the oppressed never found in him a friend, but he believed strongly in total depravity, election, and eternal punishment, so his faith could be found with him. On the whole, Mr. Phillips considered him the most excellent of his three deacons.

As the deacon walked on, he saw the gray-haired and white-headed Mr. Phillips rapidly approaching. Mr. Phillips stopped when he saw the deacon, and thinking that they passed the usual time, they had an opportunity of talking.

compliments, in which the important subject of the week was duly discussed with all gravity.

"Deacon, I am waiting to have some conversation with you on an important subject. I should have spoken to you yesterday at church, if it had not been for my exchange. I have sent word to the other deacons, and I want you all to visit at my house this evening to discuss the matter. This Spiritualism is making bad work here, and must be attended to. It will not do to let Satan come into our midst with impunity, though transformed into an angel of light. Our religion is endangered when such fatal delusions come creeping even into the Church."

"You refer to Miss Ashley, I presume? They say she sees the spirits, and hears 'em talk, and is a writin' medium, too, but I think she's kind of crazy. You know she lost her bean."

"Yes; but she's as sane as any person. She is dreadfully led away by the wiles of Satan. He is trying her, and it will be proved now whether she is one of the elect, or no. But we must do our duty."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Phillips, you're right there. I've been a thinkin' a good deal about it lately, and think I, it won't do no how for these things to continue so. And I think for my part, if Miss Ashley don't repent of this, and come back to the true faith, why, she must be excommunicated, there's no two ways about that."

"That is the only course to be pursued, truly. I am glad you take a right view of it, deacon. I shall see you this evening. Good morning." And his impatient horse was suffered to go on.

The evening brought the three deacons to the house of their pastor; and while they are conversing we will take a glance at them.

Mr. Phillips, with a smile stereotyped upon his face, and which he seldom brushed off, excepting when he enters the pulpit, is talking earnestly just now; while near him sits Deacon Somers, with his self-satisfied, somewhat slumber expression of countenance.

Next is Deacon White, a man who acts and looks and thinks as if he were made of iron. Cold, immovable, hard—it is doubtful whether he ever addressed or thought of God as his Father. Just fifteen years before he had suddenly discovered that he had a soul, and at the same time had been seized with the fear lest his newly-found treasure should be eternally lost. So he had recourse to the Assembly's Catechism; which he studied just one week, at the end of which time he became convinced that in some miraculous way he had been made over into a saint. His was a very inpenetrable nature, and if he had a heart, it was so tightly bound up in his precious dogmas that it had little room for action. The poor man's spiritual being seemed stagnant; even his respiration was cramped. He sits there now, so dark, so still, a man of few words, but of strong prejudices and indomitable will.

Not far from him sits Deacon Downs, with straight, upright form, an intellectual and finely developed head, and a countenance that would at once inspire one with respect and confidence. He was the eldest of them all, and his head was thickly sprinkled with those "sternal spring blossoms," so beautiful in old age, as "betokening the eternal spring time of heaven." He possessed a great and noble soul, firm religious principle, and a large, warm heart, rich in that most blessed of the three—Charity. He was a man of much influence, for all respected and loved him; but his brother deacons, and Mr. Phillips, looked with some suspicion upon the good, elder deacon, who took an active part in the reforms of the day, and who acknowledged all those as Christians who have the spirit of Christ, whether or not believers in a Calvinistic creed, whether or not members of any visible church.

The conversation had been thus far carried on mostly by Mr. Phillips and Deacon Somers, who harmonized wonderfully in all their ideas. They talked of Spiritualism and its tendencies, as they regarded it, showing themselves entirely ignorant of the beautiful philosophy, which more distinctly reveals to us the union existing between earth and heaven, between man and his God, and brings us into direct and constant contact with the solemn realities of eternity. They talked of it, but not a single flaw could be found in her character or deportment. They could not accuse her of any neglect of duty as a church-member. In all things she was a true and consistent professor. But she was a medium, and a believer in Spiritualism, and as such ought not to remain in the church.

Finally Deacon Downs spoke:

"If Miss Ashley conscientiously believes in the communion of spirits, and if her belief in that doctrine makes the Bible more precious, makes her religious faith and principles more firm, and quickens her love to God and man, I think it an act of injustice to expel her from the church. The church and all its interests are dear to her. She has professed to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I don't see as she loves and reveres Him any the less since she has become a Spiritualist. She says that His words and example come to her with greater power and better meaning since she has, as she believes, talked with His spirits. We know what a sad affliction God in His wisdom has been led to lay upon her. She is bereaved and lonely." She believes that she conversed with her friends, and she finds comfort and support in this belief; and the teachings that come to her in this way, are all such as harmonize with the teachings of Scripture. She does not deny her opinions upon other matters, and she tells us that her religious faith is unchanged, that she still does not teach her doctrine, but that she holds it frankly that her religious opinions were dear to her, and that she should not part with them until she was convinced they were untrue; but if once convinced they were erroneous, it would be her duty and her privilege to leave them behind, and embrace higher truth. Thus she stands, the same in character and deportment as before, simply believing in addition that spiritual communion with their friends in earth. Will you, for this, excommunicate one who earnestly desires to be a true disciple of Christ?"

There was an ominous silence for a few moments.

"I must say, Deacon Downs, I don't expect to hear such sentiments advanced by you," and the ready smile came upon Mr. Phillips's face. "I think either I must have misunderstood you, or you don't rightly understand the subject. Do you mean to say that you have any doubts about the infallibility of the Bible? or do you mean to say that you have any doubts about the infallibility of the Bible?"

"No, I am no believer in Spiritualism myself. I have not investigated the subject, and can therefore only judge from observation what its effects are, and they are very various in different individuals that I find it different to decide what its general tendency is. I once remarked to Miss Ashley, that we should naturally expect those who profess to be received additional light and truth, would, in life and practice, be superior to other Christians; and that, judging from what I had observed, I could not see that Spiritualists, as a class, were any more devout, self-denying, or charitable than others. She said it was too true, but that was probably because Spiritualism is yet in its undeveloped, crude condition. Multitudes have gladly received the faith in its outer sense, but comparatively few have recognized its hidden spirit, in all its power and holiness. This was the answer she gave me, and she also added that she thought it ought not to be made a sectarian thing, but should be engrafted into the different churches, thereby making them more spiritual, and better able to understand the teachings of Christ, and to imitate and follow Him. As I said before, I am no Spiritualist; but it does not follow that because my Christian brothers or sisters become Spiritualists, I must pronounce them unchristian, and false to their professions of Christian faith. I think we need charity. We are all sinful creatures, and liable to err; and there is a God who will judge aright. Let us not presume to judge for Him."

Mr. White spoke next. "Spiritualism is a deadly delusion, the work of Satan, and its doctrines are sure death to the soul. No Spiritualist can be a Christian. It is my mind that Miss Ashley must renounce the delusion, or be excommunicated."

"You speak my sentiments exactly, Deacon White. Satan is right here in our midst, goin' about seekin' whom he may devour. Now the spirit of God is in us here; other places round about, but He don't come here; and if we want him to visit us, we must put down these feet to the church. We must n't let these things continue so, that's certain."

"It is plain," said Mr. Phillips, "what our duty is in this case. A painful one it is, but we should not therefore shrink from it. Perhaps our deluded young sister may renounce her fatal belief, and return to the way of truth and duty. If not, she must abide the decision of the church."

Further conversation followed, and notwithstanding the mild yet firm opposition of Deacon Downs, it was decided that a church meeting should be speedily called, and a vote taken on the subject.

It was excommunicated. The blow fell heavily upon the lone one. She felt it was unjust. She loved her Saviour, and she wished to be called by his name. The precious privileges of the communion season were rudely taken from her, as were in part the pleasures of Christian fellowship. Many whom she had formerly thought her friends passed coldly by, and became as strangers. Some, however, and among them Deacon Downs and his family, proved true friends, and gave her not only their continued esteem and friendship, but their heartfelt sympathy. Ida had well learned the lessons life had brought to her, and she did not fall or falter now. The heavenly messengers who often visited her brought strength and peace to the weary soul, and as they returned to their bright home, carried up to the Great Father her prayer of trust. "They will be done!"

Mabel did not die. Not her former pride and unbelief died, and revived not again. She was changed. She had been at home a few days, suffering, yet patient and brave. She often promised to spend the day with her, and many a pleasant morning found her with her and chase at the door of Hamilton Hall, when Mabel would accompany her home.

Their friendship for each other was deepened and strengthened. A new tie of sympathy bound them more closely together, that of suffering and earnestness. It was beautiful to see Mabel, in her childlike eagerness grasping new truths, while Ida, like a loving elder sister, guided her weaker steps in the way of life; and to Mabel, also, came beautiful angel messages, bringing to her soul a knowledge of the truth, an unquestionable proof of immortality.

Mabel was indeed greatly changed, both in personal appearance, and in her inner life. Her once dazzling beauty was dimmed. Her beautiful black hair, had been cut off, her face was thin and pale, she was weak and emaciated, and her step was uncertain and feeble. Her eyes, too, had lost much of their brilliancy, but there was in them a softened, chastened expression, more lovely than their former lustre. But her spirit had awakened to new and glorious life, and was growing more and more beautiful. In that darkness and anguish which had come to her, life had been reared. As one has beautifully said, "Trial brings man face to face with God and his lovin'." So Mabel, in her great life- sorrow had beheld the lovin', infinite Father, and had bowed her will to His!

### CHAPTER VIII.

A few years have passed, and if we go to the village where Dr. Leslie still resides, and enter a pleasant little parsonage, we shall find Mabel. No longer a wayward, thoughtless girl, but a lovely, religious woman, she is all that a minister's wife should be. Mr. Maynard had been dismissed by his former society because he had avowed himself a Spiritualist, and had at once received an invitation to locate in B—. Not long after he had brought home his bride, who was not only admired, but very soon universally beloved. He was a faithful, devoted laborer in the cause of Truth, and Mabel was indeed a helpmeet. From the circumstances of her early life, and from the peculiar and deep experience of her own soul, she was particularly adapted to the station she filled. Were any in doubt and darkness; or whose vision the film of unbelief was gathering;—she will show and understand their feelings and their needs, and how well, therefore, she knew how to present to them the blessed truths of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Shall we walk in this pleasant Sabbath evening, and get once more the inmates of the parsonage? Mr. Maynard, followed by the wife of the day, sits upon a sofa, and Mabel, in her old white dress, places her hand gently over his forehead. If we pass into the next room, we shall see a little bed room, and a young girl, who has just been called to her father's side, is lying in the arms of her mother, who is weeping over her.

The little Ida of three years is a child of rare promise and beauty. The joy and darling, but not the idol, of her parents' love.

Mabel is far more attractive than in her girlhood beauty. She has passed through many sorrows, but from each trial she has come forth stronger for the conflict, a brighter glow resting in her soul and gleaming out in her daily life.

Long ago she learned that the deepest, truest love of her soul was never given to Howard Meredith; and her deep gratitude rises to God, who made their paths to diverge, and who has awakened in her heart its truest, holiest affections, which, now centred upon their true object, will deepen and strengthen throughout the eternal ages. In the tender love of her husband she is more than satisfied, and in him and her precious child she is richly blessed. Yet even in this happy home sorrow has folded her wings and become their guest. One day voice is hushed, and the stars are looking down upon a little grave watered by their tears. But the parents still love to welcome to their hearts the angel-child who comes to them, bringing into their home the sunlight of a happier world than this.

There is another distant grave, hallowed by sacred memories. Ida Ashley sleeps there. Suddenly the summons came, but found her ready. While writing to her friend Mabel, the messenger stood beside her, stilled the beating heart, and Ida was at rest. She was laid under the willow tree, beside the grave of Arthur Huntley, and the village children vie with each other in making the two graves beautiful with flowers.

And now, reader, that to Mabel's question, which went out from her soul as she wandered in the dim mazes of skepticism, to that question "Whither?" has come the answer in her religious faith and life, we leave her.

Her way as it lies before her is no longer dark, and she fears not to tread the path, though it may lead through tangled and thorny labyrinths of suffering, through dark valleys and over bleak mountain heights, for in and through it all she beholds the end whither she is striving to attain. Thus with her way we go onward, working our way through the testing and the striving of this earthly life, through its tempests and its heaving billows, up toward the great *order of God!*

### A NARRATIVE

### Life on Earth of John Stoughton,

LATE OF LONDON, ENGLAND, AND HIS EXPERIENCE SINCE HE ENTERED SPIRIT-LIFE.

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### CHAPTER IV. Physical Culture and Training in the Spiritual Sphere.

The ancient fable, that the plane of earth was supported by four large elephants standing upon the backs of four huge tortoises, and these suspended in airy nothing, is not more absurd and fallacious than many of the theories that have been advanced in regard to spirit-life and its surroundings.

The scientific world, with all its profound researches, its learned and elaborate investigations, has failed to reach the first glimpse of truth in reference to the existence of spirit matter, while, in fact, external matter, which has been the field of labor in which these philosophers have been delving and following each other for so many ages, is but an expression, on the outward plane of spirit matter and its forces, which underlie the entire fabric of the universe, and every single atom within it. Still these men have failed to perceive the fountain and origin from whence the little kaleidoscope of the material universe sprang into being, adapted to many outward and tangible perceptions.

But if the scientific world has failed to recognize the spiritual world, the theological world has been more absurd in its efforts to reconcile spiritual existence and conditions with the narrow and bigoted conceptions supposed to have been entertained by some of the early fathers in the Church, and hence the theological descriptions of the after-life are painfully absurd and contradictory; but we need not dwell upon these. We shall simply state the facts and experiences of our own existence here, and leave all free to judge for themselves, knowing that if we can rear a beautiful temple of truth, it will stand forth in immortal beauty, while the old temples and pillars of error, like the ancient ruins of earth, will crumble and fall, leaving only the fragments of truth, which were mingled with them as monuments of their original grandeur and beauty.

I had no particular belief in an existence beyond the confines of time, and therefore had no conceptions of spirit-life, and like many others with whom I have conversed, I was very much disappointed to find such a world.

"Among the first conceptions I remember like the fact that I had a physical body, so precisely like that which I had had on earth, that I felt confident it was the same, and that I was not dead, or if I were, death only affected my surroundings, and not me. This body was as real as anything I had ever known of, and I have seen hundreds of others who have realized a similar experience. I have seen again and again cases in which scars, and marks, weaknesses, and deformities have come here, perfect facsimiles of the physical form as it lived and breathed on earth. I have seen the most beautiful forms translated into this life, from similar physical ones of earth, and I would say to the children of earth everywhere, you are now building up the former physical bodies which shall give you a status and character when you enter the life, and shall very materially influence and modify your conduct here."

"I am told now by one of your friends here, who has

made this subject a matter of deep and profound study, that the Apostle Paul was right in two declarations that he made. First, that "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." We would prefer to say there is a physical body, and there is a spiritual body. The second declaration is this, "That which is spiritual is first, and afterwards that which is natural." The spiritual body, though embryonic in its character, finds in the embryo of a human being those elements which it requires to form for itself a physical body, and through the combination of these embryonic human beings are born into the world. The spiritual body, acting upon and building up the physical, while the latter in turn reacts on the former. The physical body may be compared to a scaffold which is erected around a temple during its construction, upon which the workmen stand to perform their labor; but mankind being ignorant of this fact, and supposing that the physical is the only or chief object of life, devote almost all their energies to building up the scaffolding, and when death sweeps this away, it is so cumbersome that it often falls upon and almost crushes the poor, weak temple which has been so neglected that it has scarcely any firmness or strength in it.

I am to speak of my own physical experience here, although I was brought up in ignorance of the physical laws, and committed frequent violations of them, still I had a very fair physical form, was noted for my strength and agility, and had the other parts of my system been as well developed, I should have left a very different impression among mankind. My friends here say that the influence of physical power in giving direction to moral and intellectual character, is not duly appreciated on earth. It is the engine, without which the train, however valuable or rightly freighted, can only move down an inclined plane. When I became conscious after the long probation through which I had passed, there was but little to be done for me physically. I began to exercise the various organs, and found a peculiar and refined gratification in the use of all these organs, which, while it was pure and healthful, was far more delightful than any of the recreations I had enjoyed on earth. The chief physical training which I needed, was a proper variety adapted to the condition and wants of each organ.

CHAPTER V. Mental Culture and Training in the Spiritual Sphere.

The mind of man consists of a number of faculties, expressing themselves on the earth-plane through various organs. Each of these faculties has a peculiar object and mission—perceives and comprehends facts within a certain domain. The general tendency of mind, with its various faculties, on the earth-plane especially, is to run into antiquity by the active and abnormal development of a few of these. Everywhere, therefore, in the earth-sphere, and all along the borderline in spirit-land, we see the results of this unequal development and culture of mind manifesting themselves in fanaticism and bigotry, leading to narrow and contracted views, often erroneous and dogmatic; and hence there are but few instances of that grand and comprehensive scope of mind that belongs to a well balanced and properly cultivated intellect. In my own case, there were many faculties which required much labor to bring them out from the dormant condition in which they had been left by neglect, while in earth-life. It is the uniform experience here that the longer the germ of any organ remains in this dormant state, either on earth or in the spirit-land, the more difficult it will be to set it in motion on a healthful and vigorous road of progress. You know how much easier it is in early life, in your sphere, to attain the rudiments of any system of knowledge. The difficulty increases, and their germs are not inaccessible to us, yet all spirits agree that it is better, both for pupil and teacher, that the rudiments of all knowledge for which there are germs in the human mind should be obtained in the earth-sphere, and as early as the physical development is matured, so as not to be injured thereby.

We know there have been errors, not a few, on the other extreme of pressing young children, especially where they have weak physical bodies and active mental organizations, forward too rapidly, and thus injure both the physical and mental powers. We desire to impress your minds with the importance of avoiding extremes. The division of the mind into faculties here does not correspond exactly with any one that has been adopted on earth; they tell me it is natural and based upon a more extended range of observation. The mode of training has this peculiarity: that where any faculty, or group of faculties, is weak or dormant, the entire group surrounding these is brought into action, thus warning them up and producing an influence that tends to awaken the dormant energies.

Ever since I became an inhabitant of these spheres, I have had guides and teachers, attracted to me by the wants of my system, and not by any expressions of my own; they not only came to me, but came well prepared to meet these wants; and I have found it to be a fact in my own experience, as well as that of others, that as soon as any faculty which had been inactive was brought into action, there arose a desire, not only to communicate to others my feelings, but to find those to whom the corresponding faculties were dormant or weak, so that I might awaken them and give a similar thrill of pleasure. There is an old maxim, "That in teaching we learn," that we find to be emphatically true. I have now had many years of instruction here, and am continually fed with those truths which are adapted to my capacity and condition.

A bright and beautiful guardian spirit of yours, whom we still call Edward, says I may repeat to you some lessons which he recently gave. The most useful manner in which these lessons are received is this: A subject is presented to the mind in the form of a question, and if the mind is not prepared for an answer, it continues to revolve the question over and over again, until a proper receptive condition is arrived at. Then the answer is given. Thus the question, What is perception? was with me for some time, and the following responses came: There are three forms, or degrees, of perception: first, simple perception; second, comprehension, and third, self-consciousness. The first is contained in all matter. The second and third are contained in the mineral kingdom; perceive the pre-

ence of elements around it similar to its own, and with more or less force, according to circumstances and conditions. Abstracts these as to bring together bodies containing either one or a few simple elements. A perception of this character extends through all phases of matter: in the crystal it leads, not only to a combination of similar elements, but to their arrangement in definite and beautiful order. In the vegetable kingdom it manifests still higher power in the selection of elements and compounds, which are brought together and arranged in the structure of the body of the plant. There is sometimes a dim foreshadowing of consciousness which is manifested in the animal kingdom, in which, in addition to the power of arranging the elements and compounds, and combining them in the bodily organism, there is consciousness of the existence of other beings and objects around them that are neither injurious nor adapted to nourish them, but so self-consciousness which alone belongs to man, who, of all living beings, is the only one that can say "I Am." This consciousness of his own existence, and of the nature of his internal and external forms, although crude and imperfect, is the basis of man's immortality, or rather springs from and is the result of that immortality, and though it may be very indistinct, it is capable of infinite expansion in the future.

The perception in the mineral results from nice and delicate shades of difference in the law of attraction, by which certain particles are influenced in a similar manner at the same time, and thus come together and form simple bodies. This is the law of perception everywhere. Far back in the dim and shadowy ages of the past, millions of years before the footprints of man marked the earth, matter in its gaseous condition seemed all one wild, chaotic mass, without form, law or order; but even then every atom and each particle had perception, and by this power knowing the presence of other elements and particles like unto themselves, they used the language of a very modern writer, when compared with their era: "It is not good to dwell alone," and thus, inviting each other into a close embrace, bodies both simple and compound were formed. Thus was the granite rock, and every other body, brought into existence. Even in that early and primitive period, glimpses of heaven's first law—order—were manifested. Hereafter the perception was clear enough, it not only called the elements together, but said to them, Arrange yourselves in regular order and form crystals.

An illustration of the law of perception in the mineral kingdom is presented in the case of magnetic iron ore, which attracts so wonderfully iron, nickel and cobalt, and says to all other substances in Nature, We know you not! Perception is the basis of attraction and repulsion. It is the law of chemical affinity. By it all things are made, and without it nothing could exist, except isolated atoms of matter.

In the domain of the vegetable kingdom we have simple perception in its highest manifestation. The plant, under the elevating influence of the life force, perceives the presence of those elements which are adapted to form for it an external body, and if favoring conditions exist, draws these to its embrace and binds them up in its own physical form. The splendid tints of the bright-eyed flowers are the result of very finely developed perceptions of the different primary colors of light, which enable the plant and flower to feed upon those colors which are adapted to their existence and growth, while the kindly and benevolent smile of the Divine Father shines forth in all the rich and varied hues of the many tinted rays of beauty, that, being unneeded by the flower, are sent forth to that eye and gladden the heart of the higher order of creation.

Some plants are so tenacious of life, that, though deprived of the food which light furnishes, they will make the effort to grow, but how pitifully and imploringly do their etiolated forms, so frail and tender, speak of a condition approaching starvation, and their efforts, feeble though they may be to reach the light, give unmistakable evidence of their need.

Without this power of separating the rays of light, by all objects in Nature, how vain would have been that glorious old day, "Let there be light," but with it how sublime and beautiful does all Nature become. This grand fact was not only let there be light for food for man and animal and plant, but let there be light for all matter, all that it can use and all that it can reflect, or give away, for here, as everywhere else, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Through the departments of inanimate matter, inorganic and vegetable, perception alone reigns; with the animal comes that higher form of perception which we call consciousness. A perception of the existence and form of other objects around the being independent of and beyond the mere wants of the physical nature. This consciousness comes through the medium of the five senses, and gives a perception of the external objects which surround the individual within a certain distance. It does not reach to self-consciousness or any very correct ideas concerning the physical body or existence of the individual. Plants and animals are divine ideas, and as such are immortal and indestructible, but being without self-consciousness they are subject to alternations of consciousness and unconsciousness without a connecting line.

Thus the Divine ideal animal finding the elements out of which it can form a physical body; comes into conscious existence, lives for a time subject to the laws of life, which are growth, maturity, decline and dissolution. This ideal then passes into an unconscious condition, where it remains until it shall again find the elements and conditions out of which it can build a new body. Now although unconscious of its previous condition, because there is no connecting link between them, the peculiar form of its body and the force of habit, lead it to perform similar actions in its new life, to those which had marked its character in the former states of action. Thus is explained the wonderful phenomena of instinct in plants and animals. It is in reality not a new plant, or animal, but an old one, repeating the drama of a former life, all unconscious however that such a life had ever been experienced by it.

Consciousness in the animal establishes the law of self-preservation. It renders them susceptible to a certain amount of education, but to no moral responsibility.

The Divine ideal animal has all the faculties which are found in the external animal, in a more perfect degree than has ever yet been expressed in the outward, because the material elements are not yet in the highest and most favorable condition for these to build up the best physical structure; hence there will continue to be an improvement in the animal race, but there is a nearer approximation to a perfect standard in animals and plants than there is in man, because the elements require a still higher and more perfect elimination for man's highest and best physical development than they do for any of the lower animals. This elevation and perfection of matter is through the vegetable, the animal, and the human kingdoms; all matter passes through these, and there is a beautiful interchange, a blending and linking together of all living beings, and though the highest Divine ideal plant can never become an animal, nor the most perfect ideal animal a man, yet each and all are laboring to carry matter upward and onward, so as to supply the wants of the entire domain of living beings, and thus do we perceive the grand panorama of life moving forward as a beautiful and harmonious whole, under the united and co-operating labors of the infinitely diversified forms of life; and while this grand whole is thus moving onward and upward, the Divine Father thus no longer sitting back and all the endless varieties of life shall, at the same time, back in the sunshine of happiness in the enjoyment of their own ex-

istence, however small and insignificant they appear when compared with the great sum total of life, of which it forms an important integral part.

We have seen that perception is a universal attribute of matter, and that consciousness belongs to animal life. An impassable barrier lies between this and self-consciousness, which belongs alone to and is the characteristic trait of humanity. All the perception and consciousness that had existed before man, continued with him. Self-consciousness was added.

The opportunity of man's consciousness in regard to his own physical system, has become almost proverbial. The nature and character of diseases which exist in the system, are seldom accurately comprehended by the individual affected; but the consciousness of his existence, the feeling of "I Am" is among the most positive realities to man disease. May torture the body, it may be so mutilated and disfigured that the nearest and most intimate friends cannot recognize it; still man's self-consciousness stands prominent over all this sad wreck of the physical, and exclaims with unwavering certainty, I am the same identical human being that first woke to consciousness in this physical form, and this feeling springing from man's immortality, is the strongest guarantee of endless life that man can have.

Sleep, which is common to the physical nature of all living beings, makes but a temporary interruption to consciousness, and a return to the waking state makes the thread of life continuous and unbroken. The involubility of human life depends upon self-consciousness; without this, man's accountability and responsibility for his acts would be an empty shadow—"the baseless fabric of a vision." Death would be the final account of all things, and life itself but a bubble on the ocean of Time.

One other lesson on this plane. For some time I was asking the question, What is Thought? At length the answer came as follows:

We have referred to the atoms which emanate from all bodies, and also to certain currents which flow out from them; these are always peculiar and distinct; each atom and current is a representation of the substance from which it originated. Floating everywhere through the regions of Space are these atoms—representatives of all the substances in the Universe. These are imperceptible to your ordinary vision, but influencing the mental organism of man, and in turn being subject to influences from it. One of the grandest attributes of mind is a power which exists within it, enabling it to control these invisible atoms and principles, and bring certain of them into combination so as to form thought and ideas.

The nature of the thought will depend upon the action of the will-power, and the character of the atoms brought together. Many of these combinations are imperfect, and transitory in their character, and the thought is so similar, some minds have not the power to do anything more than this, and hence their thoughts are of but little value, either to themselves or to others. Many minds whose general tone of thought is of this character, occasionally rise up to a plane on which they are able to combine the elements of grand and beautiful thoughts. Few minds occupy such a plane that all their thoughts are valuable and important to themselves and to mankind. All the combinations of thought which are above a certain plane, are immortal in their nature; these we call ideas, and this is the distinction between thoughts and ideas, the former being evanescent, very often do not work themselves out into tangible matter, and when they do, they make results that are only temporary in their character, mere footprints on the sands of Time.

Ideas are immortal, and may be very slow in working themselves out into tangible form. Both thoughts and ideas have a tendency, thus to make tangible and material expressions; but few thoughts obtain any footing on this plane. Ideas may remain a long time in the interior realm, be operated upon by mind after mind for centuries, until they reach a degree of perfection which enables them to manifest themselves in the outward, and then they are still capable of further progression and improvement.

A few only of the Divine Ideas have been wrought out into the visible, tangible universe, and present what is called matter in the form of the countless worlds that roll through Space. Many others are now moving in the same direction, and thus new worlds are continually evolved.

Human ideas are miniature types of the Divine, and all the wonderful constructions of art and genius which have marked the career of man are but the external forms and expressions of ideas which were originated and combined in the human mind.

Such have been the lessons given here, and I might extend them much further, but it is not necessary here. You will perceive that the field of mental vision is almost unlimited. I have met with minds here who have been drinking from these fountains for ages, and the solemn testimony of these, is, that the field is infinite and unbounded, save alone by the capacity of the exploring mind, and, as this is continually unfolding, so there is always an open career before it sufficient to fill the loftiest aspiration and satisfy every longing desire.

CHAPTER VI.  
Moral Training and Culture in the Spiritual Sphere.

I was not reputed as a very wicked man by those who received me on my entrance into this sphere. They tell me, and I know it is so, that my moral nature was dormant—almost dead; that not a single faculty of it had been exercised upon earth, and during all those long years of suffering that I have referred to, those around me were bringing all the influences they could to bear upon those withered germs of an immortal nature which I had brought up with me, so ignorant into this sphere. Slowly and by almost imperceptible degrees was I awakened to a perception of the moral faculties of veneration, benevolence, consciousness, &c.

As soon as I became conscious of my condition and surroundings here, I found such an entire change from those to which I had been accustomed on earth, that there was but little inclination to pursue a similar course. I soon discovered that there were two methods of cultivating the faculties: the first, by direct appeals to them, and second by presenting the effects of their action. The former will be readily understood, the latter I can illustrate as follows: You desire to develop the organ of veneration; for instance, the proper and legitimate function of which is worship, obedience and respect for the Supreme Being, and for those beings who occupy positions between ourselves and Him. (This faculty is often perverted into a respect for ancient customs and objects, and for persons whom we falsely suppose to occupy a position between ourselves and the Supreme Being. This is not true veneration, but superstition.)

To draw out and develop veneration without a direct appeal to it, there is presented to the view of the mind the character of Deity as displayed in the beauty and wisdom of His works in the various departments of nature; and while contemplating these, there comes over the mind a feeling of desire to imitate Him, and thus the faculty is strengthened. The same is true of the other faculties.

My experience differs from that of many others in this, that I was not here thrown among a class of spirits of a similar plane to that which I had occupied on earth. I am told that the reason of this was that it was not voluntary on my part to be in such company as I was; that at no time during my earth-life were there strong inducements offered to me to change my course, and of course there was no refusal on my part to accept them and make the effort to escape. I

do not understand this exactly, but the spirit who was here the other day, and said he would give you a piece of a bell that would throw you in the shade, says he knows all about it. He says his name is Ferdinand De Soto, and he will soon be ready to give you his narrative.

I am now about to bring mine to a close. I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to my story. A few words as to my intercourse with my mother, and I am done. I have already spoken of seeing and hearing her. Soon afterwards, I was permitted to visit her. I found that she occupied a very different plane from that which I did. Many of her faculties were still in a very bad condition, and it was not deemed proper that I should spend much time with her. I am certain she felt no desire to injure me, or lead me back to paths of error, but her influence was like that of a very badly diseased person upon one who is weak and sensitive. It was to her and to my children that I was most strongly attracted, to repeat from time to time the simple lessons which I was learning. We grow nearer and dearer to each other as we pass along, and the reminiscences of the past, though often sad and gloomy, tend to bind us more closely together, and each unfolding vision of the inner life brings with it new joy, brighter and more exalted hopes and a more perfect and glorious realization of that happiness which here as everywhere else is measured only by the capacity of the individual. We now realize that in the Father's house are "many mansions," and that each soul has its own, and that these are made more bright and beautiful by the labors of love in which while seeking to elevate the weak and fallen we are really blessing ourselves more than these.

Permit me to say in conclusion that you have brought me under lasting obligations by your kindness in receiving and transmitting this to the children of earth. A friend who has been with us during this visit, and to whom I am indebted for such valuable assistance in presenting it, will give you a concluding chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

By Edward W. Southwick, late of Yonkers, N.Y.

A new era in literature has dawned upon the world, in which spirits from almost all conditions in the inner-life may come and give a connected account of their peculiar experiences to mankind. However varied and apparently contradictory these experiences may seem, they are all parts of one great whole, and are essential to a clear and satisfactory comprehension of life in the spheres. When all these are presented to the thinking minds of the present age, there will be not only a better and more rational perception of the nature of life in the spheres, but also a nobler and truer appreciation of the duties and destinies of life on earth.

The unfolding of the spiritual nature of man on earth will remove a difficulty which has long existed, and from which much suffering has arisen, namely, the very imperfect consciousness of spirits on their entrance into this life.

The foregoing narrative was selected by us mainly to illustrate some prominent points, and we have succeeded so well in giving it, that it requires but little further comment.

First, the condition of total unconsciousness succeeding death may not seem of much importance to the individual, as under these circumstances one hour is the same as a thousand years; but we perceive that it is not only an indication of a bad condition of spirit, but that it actually produces a positively injurious effect upon one whose animation is thus suspended. The cause of this was the fact that the spiritual nature had never been awakened or called into action on earth.

The next point is the long period, to the victim himself apparently of endless duration, and hence a most terrible reality, of very limited and partial consciousness. This was exceedingly trying to those who were attracted to him by his condition, and who, like physicians around a patient, perceived this feeling; but they knew there was a philosophy underlying all this, and that while they were thus guiding his frail bark across a stormy and tempestuous sea, which threatened every where to swallow it up, this was the safest and best way for him to reach the haven of rest into which he was ultimately landed. The gradual unfolding of the spiritual senses but a single instance of a very common occurrence here.

In the brief account given of the physical condition and development in this sphere, we have passed over many important points hastily, because a better opportunity will be furnished to illustrate these in other narratives. It may not be amiss to call attention to the comparison made of the physical body to the scaffold around a building, both internally and externally, upon which the workmen must find their support while laboring for its construction and elaboration. There is a deep lesson in this, and every one would do well to inquire whether they are devoting their highest and best energies to the building of a mere scaffold, which at best is temporary and is always an incumbrance, though an essential one, to the progress of construction, and without which of course the building could not be erected; and hence a proper amount of care should be bestowed upon it, while we should never lose sight of that to which belongs "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"—the spiritual and interior.

In finishing the most perfect and beautiful physical mold which can be made, always keep prominently in view that which must be cast from that mold and shall retain its form when that shall have returned to its native dust.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
SOUL SYMPATHY.

Why do the lips so often fall to speak  
The richest words the longing heart would say?  
Why are imprisoned noble thoughts, which seek  
To shed their sunlight o'er our shadowy way?

God knows that few indeed e'er find below  
That sympathy their throbbing spirits crave;  
Our pure yearnings briefly live and glow,  
But to be sent unanswered to the grave.

Deep, earnest thoughts, which should find interchange,  
Are left unspoken, till the souls will be need  
Both to receive and give the rich exchange,  
Are weary of the dumb, cold life they lead.

And so this earth, which might be almost heaven,  
Sees only transient glimpses, far apart,  
Of that divinest light to mortals given,  
The beaming sunshine of a loving heart.

But oh, there is a home which will be ours,  
Where falls no shade of loneliness or gloom;  
And there the spirit's long-neglected powers  
Will be awakened into beauteous bloom.

The pure emotions which are fettered here,  
Chained, and denied the use of human speech,  
Will find, in that untroubled sphere,  
Expression in the language angels teach.

There fall companionship will satisfy  
The holy aspirations of the soul,  
And from existence joy will never fly,  
While God's eternal ages onward roll.

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure admiration.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THE DRAGON'S RETREAT.

BY KEZIA TUTTLE.

Out of the way of the fighters, here to the shady wood,  
Bloody, and faint, and aching, I have crawled as best  
I could!  
I hate this way of retreating, now while my very heart  
Thumps to be helping my comrades, till my wounds  
Gape wide apart  
To let the great streams of blood out—I hate to see it  
Flow—  
It is free, and strong, and loyal, and should not be  
Wanted so!

It hurts me to fly from battle, to join in this still retreat  
With the rest of the shot and dying, to join the spirit  
Retreat.  
Into the land of Silence, into the land of Peace!  
I'd rather stay in the battle till all the soldiers cease;  
But I'm going further off than the wildwood here—  
I can hardly raise my canteen, I can scarcely see or hear.

Oh home! oh love! lost heaven! I know how the sun-  
ken word  
"Shot!" will moan round the fireside, and a deep regret  
be stirred  
That they ever gave their Percy to fight for the tram-  
pled Right!  
I wish their dear eyes could see me, here in the yeaning  
lights!

Each tender grass-leaf trying to pillow my dizzy head,  
This mound here is just as easy as the downiest dyest  
bed.  
I am tired—this seems like resting—four days in a  
raging fight.

For a boy like me, a novice; but I see I shall sleep to-  
night.  
So deep that the cannon's thunder, nor a shout of vic-  
tory,  
Could wake my body to shooting—but then 't will not  
be so.

Dumb tongue—still heart—I've a spirit which burns  
like the northern star,  
And will, then, even then, be pulsing for Right and the  
Union war!

Retreating! how faint comes the tumult which croaks  
o'er the gory field;  
The forms of yon blue-mailed warriors are only half re-  
vealed.  
But oh! a rout! they are coming! well, it is spared  
from me

To ride with the busted soldiers in the crazy cavalry;  
I'm passed to another army, where men like Ellsworth  
stand,  
And we all shall serve our country yet, in the spirit-  
land.

Walnut Grove Farm, 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
TRUE HAPPINESS.

Having been subjected, one day, to more than an ordi-  
nary share of the disappointments, perplexities and  
vexations which await us at almost every turn in life's  
path, I, in a paroxysm of anger, condemning the whole  
human race as mercenary and unfeeling beings, threw  
myself upon a sofa and strove to find peace and rest in  
the gentle embrace of "Morpheus." Ere I had long  
been an inhabitant of the land of Nod, imagination,  
whom wandering propensities not even the chains of  
sleep can hold in subjection, began to picture the most  
delightful scenery.

I had exchanged my sofa and cushion for a grassy  
spot and little mound. Instead of resting beneath a  
lofty ceiling, I reclined under a wide-spreading oak,  
whose friendly branches excluded the too intense rays  
of the sun. On the right were spread out elysian  
fields, whose slightly undulating surface, covered with  
a velvet-like carpet of rich green grass, diversified by  
many hued flowers, seemed to lose itself in the fleecy  
clouds. On the left a grove of various trees, straight  
and majestic; no mark of deformity was there to pain  
the sight; on the contrary, Nature seemed robed in her  
perfect garb of symmetry. Before me a rippling stream  
wended its way to some distant region, ever and anon  
breathing forth more strongly its gushing melody, to  
whisper, as it were, a word of comfort to some sorrow-  
stricken soul, or while away the time of some dejected  
one. It seemed to sing of the far off happiness of some  
fairly land. Birds of varied and brilliant plumage  
flitted from tree to tree, or soared away through the  
boundless ether.

It was thus, lulled to repose by the brook's gentle  
murmuring and music's strain from a thousand war-  
bling throats, that I lay contemplating the beautiful  
and shifting tints of the azure sky, and watching the  
glorious orb of day in his onward march. He tips the  
tree-tops and greenward with golden hue, pearls the  
water, and imparts to the sky a ruby glow. Now,  
from myriads of tiny throats bursts forth a song. The  
zephyrs rustle gently through the trees, and all Nature  
sends up her evening hymn of praise to "God," the  
Creator. The sun is setting. I turn to gaze upon his  
splendor, when lo! a shadow intervenes. Bending  
over me is a being of exquisite loveliness. Her ethereal  
robe of spotless white is as a snowflake; upon her  
head rests a light wreath, in which are twined the pure-  
st and choicest of Flora's treasures. She seems in-  
deed one formed to float upon the breeze.

"Fair being! I come from the realms celest-  
tial? Or, hast thou been to some other climes thy birth? Hast  
some propitious God sent thee to my aid?"  
"Whence I come thou need not know. I am sent to  
lead thee where thou mayst obtain a jewel which thou  
fain wouldst possess. What wouldst thou?"  
"Above fame, honor, power or wealth, I seek hap-  
piness. Canst thou point out the way to obtain it?"  
"Yes, follow me. I will give thee the secret of  
true happiness."

Arising, I follow, and seem at once transported to  
more genial regions. The breeze of birds is uttered in  
a sweeter cadence, and the songs which fans my cheek  
becomes more laden with aromatic perfumes. At  
length we approach a cave. Entering, my breath  
seems lost in the fragrance of the flowers enamelling  
the green tapestry covering the entrance, and my eyes  
blinded by the profusion of light, which bursts upon  
them.

The cave far exceeds in beauty anything I had ever  
dreamed of. The walls and pyramidal top are hung  
with beautifully wrought stalactites, which reflect  
back with tenfold brilliancy the rays proceeding from  
some magic light, making the cave appear as if illu-  
minated by a thousand lights. In the centre plays a  
fountain, whose jets ascend nearly to the top, then de-  
scending, wash the floor with their crystal spray. A  
gentle breeze pervades the cave, and unseen Eolian  
harps fill the air with sweetest melody. At the remote  
end is an opening leading into a floral yard. Here are  
flowers of every specie, cool, refreshing fountains,  
shady bowers and melodious songsters. All betokens  
bliss.

At our approach a number of little fairies flee from  
the cave. One alone remains, she holding in her  
hand a sceptre, symbol of her regal authority, ad-  
vances.  
"Mortal, why hast thou come hither into my do-  
main?"  
"Gracious fairy, I have not, but have come in search  
of happiness in the suggestion of one who made me  
of thy name. In the world all are swayed by mercen-  
ry or speculative motives, studying slight advantages  
ment alone, regardless of the feelings and condition of

others. All happiness in this world seems un-  
alloyed happiness. Surely in this retreat naught else  
can I enjoy. Could I but dwell here, I would be con-  
tent."

"That cannot be. Thou art too corporeal to partake  
of our enjoyment, which in the heat of excite-  
ment, thou hast pronounced the same of bliss, as thou  
hast unjustly condemned the creatures of earth. Here,  
though flowers, fountains, birds and sweet music  
would delight thee for a time, yet they would eventu-  
ally cease to please. The charm of novelty would wear  
away, and thou wouldst pine for a companion. No,  
Earth's only happiness for mortals is that experienced  
while making virtue happy. Go, now; mingle with thy  
fellows, remembering that earth is full of beauty  
when the heart is full of love." Go: love thy neighbor  
as thyself, and while enjoying the happiness emanating  
from this source, may thy soul upon the thought  
that thou shalt wear a brilliant unspiced diadem when  
thou shalt stand amidst the throng of the "just  
made perfect," and wearing this crown, thou shalt  
dwell in the presence of the great I Am forever, where  
all is love—all is bliss."

With these words ringing in my ears, I awoke to find  
it all a dream, but a dream in which a new light had  
dawned upon my mind. I had scorned the precious  
and fruitful sources of happiness which God had given  
me, condemned unjustly my fellowmen, and rendered  
myself miserable. It made a deep impression, and I  
determined to adopt this as the motto of my life, viz:  
Never to let a day pass without making, as far as in  
my power, some one happier; without endeavoring to  
ameliorate the condition, alleviate the sufferings of  
some poor fellow-being. Oh, if mankind would throw  
off the mantle of selfishness, and adopt this senti-  
ment, how bright this world would be!

Say you, to whom shall we act thus? To your  
neighbor. And who is my neighbor? It is he who is  
suffering and indigent. It is that poor brother  
buried in the wilderness of error—into whose soul  
the light of the glorious gospel of truth has not yet  
shone. It is that needy fellow creature whom we  
meet, or of whom we hear, or know. Ah! it is all the  
world!

From brother's hearts be washed,  
The cry for strength and aid  
Comes to us sadly freighted  
With doubts and agony.  
Behold I you frail believer  
To the "Lamb for sinners slain,"  
He calls us to deliver  
His soul from Error's chain.  
Philadelphia, Pa., 1863. ADDE.

A Chapter from Arabian History.

During the absence of Hassan II, his throne was  
usurped by Dushawar, who began his odious reign  
by cutting off all who might claim the throne by her-  
editary right. Like a viper he altered the sons of  
the nobility to his palace, and then had them seized,  
and after the most brutal treatment, and refused cru-  
elty, he had them hurled from the upper windows.

Zerab, the only remaining prince of the royal line,  
resolved to be avenged, or at least not to die without  
an effort. When seized and carried before the tyrant,  
he managed to have a poison in readiness concealed  
under the sole of his foot, and stabbed the monster  
to the heart. Severing the head from the body, he  
showed it at the window, from which he was  
to have been thrown to the guard who awaited him  
below, eager to satiate their brutal cruelty by witness-  
ing his death agonies. The egyptians of the court  
gazed in silence for a moment, but seeing that Zerab  
was master, they hailed him as their deliverer with  
great applause.

He proved equal, if he did not surpass the tyrant he  
supplanted in barbarity. The brilliant name he had  
acquired, was eclipsed by his dark deeds of cruelty.  
His bigotry to the Jewish creed allowed of no restric-  
tion. The Christians were particular objects of his  
hatred. At one time he thrust twenty thousand of  
these helpless people into a trench filled with combust-  
ibles, and offered them on the altar of his diabolical  
real. By this act he acquired the name of the Lord  
of the Burning Pit, and those who perished in this ter-  
rible manner, are called the "Martyrs of the Pit."  
The Koran extols their fidelity, and anathematizes  
their persecutors.

Abyssinia was already a Christian country, and one  
of the Christians fled thither and entreated the King  
Nayash to invade Yemen. Under the command of his  
son Argot, he despatched an army of seventy thousand  
men, enjoining him not to spare a single Jew; to de-  
vastate one-third of the country, and capture one-third  
of the women and children.

Weakened by their intestine wars, and taken un-  
awares, the Arabs made feeble resistance. They were  
routed in a great battle, and Zerab, to escape,  
plunged from a high precipice into the sea, preferring  
death to the chains of the Ethiopian victor.

The sceptre of Yemen passed forever from the hands  
of his house, and an Abyssinian line ruled, perhaps,  
with more Christianity.—Historical Studies, H. Tuttle.

Colloidon and Gun Cotton.

Colloidon is a viscid and transparent fluid formed  
by dissolving pyroxylene (gun cotton) in a mixture of  
ether and alcohol. Pyroxylene is prepared by im-  
mersing cotton, fax, unisized paper, or any substance  
composed of lignine in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric  
acid. In 1838 M. Braconnot discovered that, when  
starch was submitted to the action of nitric acid it be-  
came converted into a peculiar substance, which dis-  
solved in the acid, and was precipitated upon the ad-  
dition of water. This substance, which was named  
xyloidine, was found to explode when dry, at a tem-  
perature of 356°. The subsequent researches of M.  
Pelouze proved this substance to be starch, in which  
one equivalent of hydrogen was replaced by one of  
peroxide of nitrogen. In 1846 M. Schöbelein discov-  
ered gun cotton or pyroxylene, an explosive material;  
soluble in ether and alcohol. His method of making  
it was by immersing cotton in a mixture consisting of  
one part of nitric acid added to three of sulphuric  
acid. After being immersed for five minutes, the cot-  
ton was washed repeatedly in water and dried. The  
sulphuric acid contained in the mixture, was simply to  
absorb the water formed in the process, which would  
otherwise weaken the nitric acid, and cause it to re-  
solve the pyroxylene. Chemists soon recognized the  
analogy of these two compounds, starch and lignine  
being similar in composition, and cotton fibre being  
nearly pure lignine. Further research proved that  
starch was three principal varieties of pyroxylene, de-  
pending on the strength of the nitric and sulphuric acid  
used. By employing the strongest mixed acids the  
most explosive gun cotton was produced; it contained  
the largest amount of peroxide of nitrogen, and was  
only soluble in acetic ether. This was the quality  
most adapted for blasting operations. The second  
kind, made with a slightly weaker acid than the last,  
contained less peroxide of nitrogen, was not so ex-  
plosive, dissolved readily in ether and alcohol, and is  
now used for making colloidon. The third form, made  
from still weaker acids, contained still less peroxide of  
nitrogen and was only combustible.—Scientific Ameri-  
can.

"Gone, Harry," said the gentleman gave a little boy a  
gold dollar. "Now you must keep that," said the  
gentleman. "Oh, no!" said the little boy. "I shall  
have it first. Maybe I shall keep my half." "You  
half!" said the gentleman. "Why, it is all yours."  
"No, it is not all mine; with an earnest thank of  
the head; no, it is not all mine; I always go halves  
with God. Half I shall keep, and half I shall give  
him." "God owns the world, he does not want it."  
"But the gentleman," the little boy and the gold and  
the little boy looked puzzled for a moment. "Could he have  
the gentleman? I thought he said, 'I shall have  
with me, and I will give him back his part.'"  
"Child's play!"

Reddick falls are constantly talking about their  
rolling stock. It seems there was a rolling stock  
long before the rolling stock was ever thought of. When  
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Written for the Banner of Light. ILL PRAY FOR THEE.

TO MRS. E. W. S.—Y. SUGGESTED BY HER REQUESTING THAT PRAYERS MIGHT BE OFFERED IN THE CHURCH FOR HER, FOR STRENGTH AND DELIVERANCE IN HER DAILY LIFE.

Why pray for thee? are not thy prayers ascending, Like holy incense, to the Father's ear? And loving ones—now angels—hourly bending, To catch each word, each wish, and tell it there?

What glory now around thy head is breaking When thou art made a medium for the just? Love's messages from them to earth life taking, How holy is the work! how sweet the trust!

Through them they lift the veil, that fainting mortal, Whose path is dark, and thorns obstruct the way, May glimpses catch of life beyond the portal— Of joys to come when dawns that brighter day.

Thou seest spirit-forms around thee bending, To soothe the earth's sorrow, lighten every care; With them thy heart, thy life, should ever be blending, In love and duty—they will lead thee where.

Could I but see them pointing me to duty, But know my feeble, faltering steps thy guide; Could I be shown by them the wealth, the beauty, Of calmly bearing life's e'er varying tide!

But oh! my way is cloudy, stormy oft and fether, And swelling waves, they rudely toss my bark; Or fog so dense surrounds me oft, that whither I'm gliding—oh! I cannot tell—it is dark.

I'm weary of the struggle, oft am weary, And faint would rest me on the other shore, Where mortals hide not, and the way is not dreary, And earthly fetters bind the soul no more.

Enough of work before me ever viewing, Burdens so heavy that I fain would share, But oh! this lack of wisdom, strength for doing, The errors to correct that blind them there.

Would I could see the All Father on me smiling, And saying, "Cheer thee, child, thou dost well," With patience labor, cease thy sad repining, Thy life on other hearts for good shall tell."

Then pray for me, that steps though faltering weakly, May yet be sure, by love and wisdom led; May spirits pure and noble help me, meekly, The path of duty cheerfully to tread.

And I will pray for thee! that onward, upward, Thy course may be by guardian-angels led, Till thou this form outgrow that holds thee backward, And with those guardians, spirit-wings shall spread.

And may I meet thee, then, where clouds no longer Obscure my sky; above the waves we'll soar, To cheer the fainting, and the weak make stronger, And pilot dark ones to the Elysium shore.

How many loved ones we will then be greeting, Who've stommed the tide, rock-riven and tempest-tossed, Now safely moored; how glad will be the meeting, The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed."

MARY.

Correspondence.

New York Spiritualism, and Mr. Olaus H. Foster.

Mr. Editor—Amongst so many explosions of skepticism, and carplings and cavillings at mediomistic doings, permit me to offer my testimony to the good faith and triumphant labors of one at least of our best public mediums of the test order, Mr. Charles Foster, of Salem. This wonderful instrument of the spirits is here on a visit to the city of New York, with his fair young bride; herself not unlike the mortal personification of the medium's guardian-angel. His rooms, at 39 Bond street, are thronged with eager inquirers after news from the bright immortals, bearing ample testimony to the undiminished zeal of the New York public in spiritual manifestations.

I have myself had a recent seance with Mr. Foster, and am bound to own all former experiences in my own and other's mediumship as communicants for spirits, paled before the indubitable facts afforded by Mr. Foster of spirit presence. No mere description of the ordinary routine of pellet and arm-writing tests can do justice to the readiness and ingenuity exercised by the spirits in manifesting through Mr. Foster, and as in addition to this much desired boon of mediumship, Mr. Foster adds the gentleman, like an honorable but somewhat rare habit (amongst mediums), of punctuality and fidelity to his appointments. I am happy to comply with the wishes of some of his grateful sitters, and bear this testimony of his good service amongst us, as well as to advise the many strangers who are daily the interested readers of your columns, that New York is fortunate in securing the aid of this famous clerk to the Spiritual Post Office.

At Dodworth's Hall, the labors of Mr. A. J. Davis and his estimable lady are highly appreciated, as the crowded Sunday meeting, and deeply interesting movement of "the Children's Lyceum" bear ample testimony.

In this day of universal disintegration and particularly selfish, though highly lauded individuality, we owe Mr. Davis a new obligation in addition to the many which his wonderful seership has conferred on humanity, for attempting so successfully a movement which tends to bring the diffused, and consequently wasted rays of spiritual illumination into something like a focus of strength and usefulness. Spiritualists, with a revelation of the most complete, and scientific system of religion, are little or nothing as a power to the world, owing to their total lack of unity of purpose, and fraternal associativeness, and generally speaking, the least attempt to inaugurate any of those movements amongst Spiritualists which Nature so emphatically points to as the harmonious order of creation in every department of the universe, from the shining republics of solar systems, to the microscopic harmonies of the human structure, when the least hint is even breathed of any such design and order obtaining amongst the licentiousness, fanaticism, and lobbyisms of Spiritualists, forthwith goes up a wall of anathemas against the presuming authoritarians, who are seeking to enchain the enfranchised soul of man in the cramping fetters of order, and torments of eloquence on "the right of the individual" to life free of all restraints, or laws, or obligations but his own sovereign pleasure, at once drowns the plea of Nature and her advocates, for the strength which grows out of union; no less in social, religious, and intellectual, than in national institutions. I know, too, we are very apt to attribute this spirit of disintegration "to the spirits," urging that "they read us our first lesson in individuality by compelling us all to live at loose ends, in the convenient, inexpensive and, particularly unrestricted, obedience to no law or order but our own will.

Without thinking how much freedom we enjoy from human restraint, so long as we profess to be mere mechanics of "the spirit," or how much the spirit of disintegration arises from the fact that we all combine together less for the purpose of carrying out some common aim than of finding upon one another some special aim of our own. I can only say, the New Yorkers with whom I have conversed on Spiritualism seem so thoroughly weary of this long struggle against the nat-

ural spirit of individuality, and the vain attempt to maintain a selfish individuality in the weakness of selfish isolation, that after straying off to all manner of half way reformatory churches, anywhere, in fact, to supply the famishing soul with half a loaf rather than starve; now that Mr. A. J. Davis, without counsel asked of any one, or leave granted, that I can learn, from the spirits, has actually inaugurated at Dodworth's Hall regular Sunday meetings, and week by week seems to be tending onward in the yet more formidable direction of order in the establishment of a good choir and children's meeting, styled, I believe, "The Progressive Lyceum," etc. The consistent attendance, glad faces, and marked approbation with which these efforts are met, is evidence enough that it is not the principle of order and association that is obnoxious to the growth of the spirit, but merely the form of dogmatism which associates efforts too often assume. Bidding Mr. Davis's efforts heartily God-speed, and commending a similar movement to all persons who feel the value of these reformatory meetings in individual growth and the diffusion of progressive ideas amongst the community, I take leave of New York to enter upon a seven weeks' engagement at the good city of Philadelphia. And here I am aware that the length of my engagement seems altogether too like associative opinion, to say the least of it. There certainly must be danger of Spiritualists becoming too united, when they can agree upon listening to the same speaker for the unexpired period of seven weeks. So long, however, as brave old Bansom Street Hall continues to display such close masses of kind, upturned faces as greet me on each succeeding Sabbath, and may a week evening beside, I have no fear that seven weeks' unity of feeling is going to kill Spiritualism.

I must not forget to add to my brief chronicle of York and its spiritual harvest, that the rejoicing numbers of sick made whole through the valuable ministry of Dr. James A. Neal, prove that the nobility of the gifts is with us still. And thus the brilliant tests of Charles H. Foster, the noble philosophy of A. J. Davis, and the yet more blessed gift of healing in the hands of Dr. Neal, may, I trust, be permitted to enter one plea, at least, in the name of New York, at the bar of that indefatigable detective of spiritual defalcations, Mrs. Grundy, and her jury of impostor hunters. "Seek and ye shall find," may still be our motto, and falsehood or truth, christianism or Spiritualism, will inevitably answer the spirit in which we seek.

My present address is care of M. B. Dyott, Esq., 114 South Second street, Philadelphia, where my friends will now, as ever, find me the devoted friend of humanity and the spirits. EMMA HARDINGS.

Physical Manifestations.

In No. 22 of the BANNER is an article from the pen of Mrs. Libbie Lowe Watson, entitled "Humbugs," pronouncing physical manifestations unreliable evidence of spirit presence and power, and denouncing the Fay and Davenport mediums as tricksters and unprincipled men. Now if your columns are open for investigating the subject, please allow me to state a few facts which came under my own observation, in relation to the Davenport Boys.

Last summer they, accompanied by their father, came to La Crosse, Wis., my former place of residence, and made our house their home. They gave their public circles in Barron's Hall, the father always opening the circles with a short lecture upon ancient and modern spiritual manifestations, showing that spirits had operated upon ponderable bodies in centuries past, and that God's laws are unchangeable and eternally the same. The committee were always chosen by the audience, and usually the most skeptical minds, but honest, candid men, in whom the audience had perfect confidence. Their box, which I should judge is some eight feet high by eight wide and four deep, was placed upon the rostrum fronting the audience. The inside is a plain box, with a seat across each end and the back side, the front consisting of three doors, which, when opened, exposed the whole interior of the box. At the top of the middle door is a small aperture, ten by twelve inches, I should think, covered by a black cloth fastened at the top. The boys are always seated, one at each end of the box, and scoured first by tying their hands tightly together behind them, then passing the ropes down through holes in the seats and securely tying them there; then their arms are bound down to their bodies, their feet bound together, the rope wound around their limbs, and the ends tied out of their reach.

They are thus bound so tightly that the only motion they can make is to bend their bodies forward a little, the cords which bind their hands often being drawn so tight as to stop circulation, and also to leave an indenture in the wrist the size of the cord. After being thus secured, and the instruments, which consisted of a violin, tambourine, bell and trumpet, were placed on the bench between them, or hung against the back of the box. The doors, which were fastened on the inside by wooden bolts without springs, were closed by the father, who always closed the side ones first and bolted them, then closing the middle one it would be instantly bolted by some power inside, and at the same instant hands would appear at the aperture at the top of the middle door, sometimes one, again four or five, and even more, of different sizes; also a lady's hand and arm, with a white undersleeve and embroidered cuff, would be protruded to the elbow. Then the doors would be unbolted from within, and the committee, after a careful examination, declare that the boys were still tied just as they left them.

Then, the doors being closed again, the instruments would be tuned and played upon, hitting the sides and top of the box, the bell sometimes ringing violently, and the trumpet thrust out through the aperture, and shook and thrown out upon the floor.

At the opposite side near a table on which the violin, guitar, bell, and trumpet were placed. The medium would then be tied to his chair by some one in the circle, and the ends of the rope tied out of his reach, so that by no possible means he could untie himself, or by any twist in tying, extricate either of his hands. These were only a few of the manifestations I have witnessed in the presence of these mediums, and all the facts herein given can be vouched for if necessary.

Now if the Rev. Mr. Dobson produce this phenomenon upon any other hypothesis than the spiritual, it is but justice to humanity that he expose the deception, but until it can be exposed and demonstrated as such, would it not be well for "friends of truth" to be a little more charitable, and not condemn as wholly unreliable, any phase of mediumship with which the kind Father has endowed his children? To me, as to our sister, the "Spiritual Philosophy" teaches all that is ennobling, beautiful and true." It endows me also with the spirit of Charity, Justice and Love. I have no right to be my brother's judge, and as far as my observation has extended, if any one phase of manifestation more than another is awakening the mind and calling out investigation, it is the physical manifestations, for they meet the demands of the masses.

Therefore, let us clothe ourselves with Charity, and let us not poison the waters which we offer to others.

Yours for the Truth, Mrs. SARAH O. DENISON, July, Oneonta Co., N. Y., March 7, 1868.

Adapt.

Adapt on the sea of life with the billows of a great national tempest beating around me, and each officer and seaman struggling to save his ship, or some political spar. Some truly and earnestly devoted to the ship, and some caring little what becomes of the ship if some spar, or bunk, or sail, or oar, or rudder, or party-politics, or city commerce, or banking, or speculating in currency can be saved and left for their selfish ends. "Out away the spar, then, and let Slavery go overboard in the rebel districts," cries the captain. "Hold, hold!" cries a thousand voices from all sections of the ship; "we must save Slavery if the ship goes to pieces;" and the "copperhead" rattle and hiss of the make, so well known to us of the West, backs up the cry with attempts to frighten the captain and his loyal crew, and in the terrible storm to compel a delay, or countermand of order at the risk of destruction. Oh, take their guns, take their horses, take their cotton, take their lands, take their lives, but do not take their slaves, for that would break the Constitution, where it is already broken by the rebellion; and beside, without their slaves they could not hold out in this rebellion, nor maintain an army for three months, for they will not work—nay, cannot work for support, as northerners do.

For two weeks before the late election, I was up in New Hampshire, feeling the pulses of the people. Most of them mean to be loyal, and act from good motives; but many are terribly deceived and imposed upon by the copperhead snakes, who play on the honest-hearted people, and awaken fears and weaken the confidence in the Government, while it is the only power that can save our noble ship, and the glorious principles we have started and partially rooted in the National and State Government of the loyal States. The contest is over among the stern old bills of my native State, and the right has once more triumphed, and I, though no longer a citizen of the Granite State, rejoice at the success of the loyal and true.

Our ship is still afloat, and I trust safe. The order has gone forth, shrill and clear, "Out away the spar, and let Slavery go overboard on the lee, near the bow of the ship; put helm hard up and luff a little, and we'll weather Hatteras." The men are after the axes; the order will be executed; and the ship will be saved; the "copperheads" will disappear, as did the ombion from the rebel flag of South Carolina, or as their namesakes do from the prairies and lead mines of the West, when we turn a hard of swins out to feed on them. Where could they have found a more appropriate emblem for treason than this rattlesnake, or for those who cooperate with traitors? The animal has some peculiar traits; there is but a short season of each year that it is sufficiently awake to bite; it carries the rattle and the poison, but shall them only at a particular season; is very sleepy most of the year. So of the political prototypes—their time is just before and at elections—they will sleep now in New Hampshire till near another election, then you may hear the rattle again, if not fed up by some hungry tribes before that time. But of all inconsistencies I have ever met, none is more glaring than for the traitors to their country, to the principles and names of Jefferson, Jackson, and Douglas, to call themselves Democrats—sacred names and principles to which life is consecrated, and I trust will ever be true while the rights of man are sacred to me as life and country.

From New Hampshire I drifted eastward, and now find myself near the middle of Maine, the middle of March, and the middle of Winter, apparently, for it is good sleighing, with fine, fair, clear, cold weather, with good prospects of six or more weeks sledding in March, (if they can all get sleds.) All is quiet down here; the "copperheads" are torpid, and even the theological hunkers are mum; but here and there is to be found some rattling revivalist, or prayerless Spiritualist, trying to arouse the quiet elements, that can, and no doubt will be, lashed again into foam before long, by an election or a great revival, or some speculative enterprise. Some one has started a project of seceding Maine, and attaching her by the Grand Trunk Railroad to Canada and New Brunswick, and with a water-path from Portland and Halifax to Liverpool, as if Liverpool was nearer than New York, (or less corrupt,) and as if the noble and pure-hearted people of this fine timber, potatoe, and hay State were nearer to a monarchy or Queen-dom, than to the principles of Washington, Madison, Adams, and Jackson; but this poscher could not awaken the guard, and so his scheme gave him no glory. This would be a good region and good time to cool off some of the sympathizers with our enemies. Pity the Woods could not be quartered in the hemlock woods of Maine for a while, with Valldingham for a waiter, and some commissioned off-duty, or disgraced officers to shovel snow-paths for them.

I shall be back to the Bay State before you read this; do not be alarmed for me. Lewiston, Me., March 18, 1868. WARREN CHASE.

Important Suggestions about Negro Soldiers.

Some months ago I communicated my impressions to a prominent gentleman in New York relative to the necessity of encouraging a strong desire on the part of the colored people to enlist as soldiers in the cause of Unity and Freedom, especially in this region, where they are so well accommodated. I endeavored to awaken the importance of this subject also, for other very essential reasons: Perceiving as I did the probability of a season of great sickness—the distillation of the yellow fever, in all likelihood the present year—I presented the importance of preparing these colored men for the worst—the unaccommodated were least able and less desirous to meet in such contingency. I felt, then, and so expressed it, as I do now, that these people, who, with but few exceptions, are so full of hope of freedom, and so desirous to go into the field in behalf of their "natural rights," inherent with all, and the preservation of the Union, to the end that they may be better and more speedily achieve their independence and liberty, as a whole, with efficient generals and patriotic aids from the regular ranks, would be the proper men to call into service to guard this field

adjacent localities during a season of epidemic yellow fever, which may be upon us the coming summer.

I also urged, as above, the importance of drawing the attention of the Government to a matter at once so important; and I would here ask, Mr. Editor, that you call the attention of our President to the subject—as the intimations given, as I have referred to, of several months ago, were but indifferently heeded—perhaps never made public, as I had hoped it would, and so desired. It should be borne in mind that the colored people of this region, especially the natives, are seldom victims of the yellow fever—at least, they are by no means so subject to its ravages as those not born in this latitude. Yours, truly, FREDOM. New Orleans, La., Feb. 14, 1868.

An Interesting Letter from the Army.

Mr. Editor—At a Spiritual Convention held in this city one week ago, the following letter, written by Major A. B. Smedley of the 32nd Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers, was read, and on motion, ordered to be sent to the Spiritual papers, with a request that it be published. Please give it a place in your columns, and oblige those interested. Yours, truly, E. WARNER. Berlin, Wisconsin, March 8, 1868.

ARMY IN THE FIELD, CAMP ON TALLA-MATCHO RIVER, 15 miles from Holly Springs, Miss., Dec. 6th, 1863.

To the President and Friends composing the Northern Convention of Spiritualists, Wisconsin: From away down in the "Land of Dixie," in the land where slavery, whiskey, and moral corruption abound, I send you my warmest greetings, with the hope that this may reach you in time for your Quarterly Convention, and find you in the midst of all the blessings the Father can bestow. Often while sitting at my camp fire, my spirit goes back to the State in which is my home, and to the friends I have left behind.

If anything more were needed to make me in love with the Harmonical Philosophy, my observation and experience since I have been in this army, have supplied that need. I have learned the fact: Sectarian religion does not stand by a man—does not build up the spirit—does not build up the moral nature in this place, where, more than in all others, it needed high moral power. If I meet an officer, who amid all the temptations of camp life keeps himself in the path of integrity, I am almost sure that man at home was called an infidel.

I have been much surprised at the instances of this kind which are continually coming under my observation. Some of the worst cases of moral delinquency I have met here, are where the individuals at home were members of some church, and whose daily walk at home was exemplary. I conclude from these instances that the human soul that can take in the principles and truths contained in our glorious system of morals, has, in most cases, strength of character and integrity of purpose sufficient to sustain him amid temptations.

It seems to me, however, that Reformers must take one step more in advance. The truth of the communion of spirits can no longer be doubted; the evidence is not here, but this is not all of reform; and I would that some of our noblest Reformers, who have been liberated from old creeds and superstitions, could come up to the high standard of moral excellence and earnest Christian lives which is demanded of them. I would have every one live the highest truth. I would have all who profess the Harmonical faith live out that faith with high-minded, uncompromising integrity; with bold and earnest devotion to the truth. Unless there is advancement in this direction, all we have gained heretofore will be lost. We have come to the point where the acknowledgment of the immortality of the soul, the sacredness of human reason, the inherent divinity of our common humanity, are fundamental principles. But shall we stop here? Shall we say by our acts we have attained all there is for us? Shall we not rather carry all these principles into every relation of life—into all our intercourse with our fellows—into every duty and every obligation?

I fear that too many Reformers feel that when they have acknowledged the fundamental principles of Reform, all has been done that is necessary. But this is not so. It is only the beginning, only the flowering season in our experience. The fruit must come, and come in beauty and perfection, or all these advantages sought to be obtained are lost.

A mighty obligation rests upon all who have the truth revealed to them. The day has come when it can be asked of every human soul, "What art thou doing with the talents given thee?" Shall the answer be from any, "I have buried mine?" God forbid! Rather let us gain five other talents, that our own souls, as well as all about us, may be strengthened and purified.

If in the providence of the Father I am permitted to meet you again, my friends, I shall endeavor to do my share of the work which is to be done. And may the Universal Spirit, and the angels of the bright spheres, aid us all, endow us with wisdom, strengthen us in purpose, and enable us to do our whole work with purity of heart and earnestness of life. For the highest good and truth, believe me, thine truly, A. B. SMEDLEY.

From San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. Editor—Since my last communication I have witnessed several delightful reunions between spirit friends and those still in earth form. One lady was made unexpectably happy by a communication, rapped out, from her spirit child, whom she was also enabled to see. Other friends have spoken through mediums, and our circle for development, and to it as for a higher life, has been thronged by our spirit-friends, who assure us of their great interest in our welfare, and will give us great aid.

I read with great interest the "Original Essays" published in the BANNER. We need earnest and deep thinkers to present us their thoughts, that they may help us to gain a high spiritual state. Spiritualists should take a high stand. To them is revealed the true philosophy and meaning of Christ's teachings, and to whom much is given much is also required." Let us search after the good and the true, and retire into the innermost recesses of our hearts and commune with ourselves, and thus be prepared to receive spiritual communications and lay them before all.

can be done. The minds of the people are ready to receive truth. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

We expected to have a depot in our city for spiritual books, but as yet there is none, and consequently no books to be had. Perhaps, however, the demand is too small. Still I think were an agent sent here, or were books sent to some friend of the cause here, it would remunerate those who were engaged in it. I remain yours truly, G. T. SAWALL. San Francisco, Cal.

Letter from Miss Cora Wilburn.

DEAR BANNER AND READERS.—I greet you from the far-off State of Iowa, from the county town of Marion, five miles from the railroad station, and thriving little city of Cedar Rapids. Two weeks ago I left Peru, Ill., and my kind and most congenial friends there. The iron horse conveyed me to Dixon, some four hours' travel from Peru; there changed cars, and found in the car I entered, an excursion party from Chicago, bound upon a pleasure trip to a celebration in Mar shalltown, Iowa. The gaily attired "birds of one feather," the ladies, having extensive possession of the car, politely hinted at that fact to your correspondent, so I went into the next car. We should be able to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; but why do men, especially soldiers, all of whom could be gentlemen if they chose, persist in chewing tobacco, and in making their company so hopelessly disagreeable, the pieces around them so irredeemably filthy? I went through a series of tortures, produced by sight, sound, and smell, during that long ride from Dixon to Clinton. At Clinton, the one car with passengers for across the river was put on board a sort of bridge-boat, and ferried across.

At Clinton, I put up at the Iowa Central House, as there was no opportunity for proceeding until the next day. Of course, the "fine birds of a feather all flocked together" in aristocratic exclusiveness. I sat by a corner, and was much amused by their evolutions. At last I obtained a room, and wearied out, sought forgetfulness of the world's foolish distinctions. But there was much noise in the house; some little children in an adjoining room set up a most unbecoming, loud and continuous squalling, that was kept up with other intermissions until past "the witching time" of night. Next morning at four o'clock I was aroused by the pounding of doors, and getting myself in readiness, I took an early breakfast, and at eight o'clock continued my journey per railroad.

Arrived at Cedar Rapids about noon; there got into some sort of a wagon, with a lady companion, a sick-soldier, and the driver. The day was bleak, and our vehicle was minus a top or cover. I came somewhat near never reaching Marion or ever again dipping pen in ink for the dear old BANNER; for the horses took fright in view of the puffing locomotives, and reared and plunged fearfully. We passengers jumped out twice; the second time just as one horse broke from his harness in his violent efforts to capsize us; but there was no screaming or fainting done, although I, for one, was terribly scared. I walked about the pretty village—I beg pardon—city of Cedar Rapids, and waited in a store until the damage was repaired. Unable to obtain another conveyance, I was compelled to go with the obnoxious one; but once started, and out of sight of the cars, the poor horses behaved well, and at three o'clock we reached Marion safely.

Here again with kind friends unseen before that day, I was cordially received, and entertained with true Western hospitality. Here, as everywhere, I met with a few congenial souls, on whom the heaven-light of a better faith is dawning. I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Dowling for the utmost kindness to one known only from afar. They would have kept me as an inmate of their home for a year, had I felt like remaining; but I have other kind friends to visit, to whom my promise has been given. I go hence to independence, to visit our worthy co-laborer, Mrs. Daniel, the editor of the Rising Tide.

Marion is a pretty town, like all places in this wide expanse of fertile country, streched over land enough for three towns. In summer it must be finely shaded with the numerous trees; but now all Nature wears a forlorn transition look; and Winter lingers in the lap of Spring. Last Friday we had an ice-storm—terrible visitation of wind, hail, sleet, and snow. March is acting out its boisterous nature as befits its reputation. I live in hopes of the coming of the genial Spring, that will delight the eye and heart.

With greetings of sisterly regard to all who remember me, I am, dear BANNER and readers, your ever faithful contributor and friend. CORA WILBURN. Marion, Lin Co., Iowa, March 21, 1868.

William M. Laning, of Baltimore.

On the morning of the 19th inst., in the first year of his age, William M. Laning, of Baltimore, closed his earthly career.

Mr. Laning was one of the earliest and most earnest investigators of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism in our city. Having rejected the current theories because of his inability to reconcile their dogmas with the revelations of natural science, he eagerly embraced that Divine Philosophy, which offers its votaries demonstrated facts, instead of theoretical fancies; the living inspirations of to-day, in place of the imperfect record of bygone ages.

For a season he edited the "Principle," and gave freely of his time, money, and more than ordinary intellectual powers to the propagation of a rational religion. In his character were blended elements of strength and beauty.

He was industrious, honest and truthful. Scorning debt, as he did falsehood, he lived above pecuniary obligations, and fearlessly spoke out his thoughts when the occasion demanded. He was a gifted artist, as many exquisite productions of his pencil declare. His memory was remarkable for its power, and I have many times listened with delight to his recitations of the more sublime creations of Poesy.

It was my privilege to sit at his bedside a few hours previous to his departure, and witness the serene joy that pervaded his being at the portals of the interior world unfolded before his vision.

Leaving a beloved wife and two little ones, he assured them of his earnest love and constant watchfulness, and directed them, when encountering the difficulties of life, to look up to him for counsel and guidance.

Through the mediumship of Mrs. Wilcoxon, who has been lecturing in Baltimore during the present month, an appropriate and beautiful discourse was pronounced over the material form, followed by an address from the spirit of Mr. Laning, expressing his great joy at the transition from the rudimental sphere to realms of light and glory.

This was exemplified one of the practical uses of that Divine Philosophy, now known as Modern Spiritualism. WASH. A. DANBEN. Baltimore, March 20, 1868.

"Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four year old, of a venerable lady, who sat on the garden seat, knitting. "No, my dear. Why is it?" said grandma, bending her ear, eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the little pet. "Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical search, and grandma her knitting.

A printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."

INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Lecture by Mr. H. B. Storer, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday, March 29, 1863.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

On this occasion Mr. H. B. Storer closed his course of lectures before the Society of Spiritualists in this city. In the afternoon he gave a very excellent treatise on the influence of the spirit-world on the dwellers in earth life.

The spiritual world lies all open to the investigation of man. There is a door open by which you can communicate with its inhabitants. Will you avail yourselves of the opportunity—or will you wait till you have arrived at the last moments of your earthly existence before you think of so important a subject?

The geography of the spirit world should be studied; man should take advantage of the opportunity now being offered him when seers or mediums have, as it were, left the gates of heaven ajar, and endeavor to learn something of that world to which the whole human family are so rapidly hastening.

After dwelling upon several points, he alluded to the pleasure we feel when in the presence of those we love, the happy, soothing influence which pervades us at such times, and then proceeded to explain how a similar soothing, magnetic influence surrounded us when spirits were in rapport with us.

How often has it been the case that you have turned around to see who was behind you, and saw no one, although you felt sure some one touched you or spoke to you.

It is not always necessary for one to be in a quietly-passive condition, but only to be passive to the spirits, for some can be reached when most active in the busy scenes of life.

He here gave several instances to more fully illustrate the idea of spirit presence. If at such times you see the long lines of your portraiture before you like a panorama, vividly recalling long-forgotten scenes of the past, or peer into the future, or feel the more tender emotions, till you are bathed in tears, you may then have reason to recognize the presence of the "loved and lost."

The spirit-land is not far off. You need not look to the far East or West, or to the Continents, to find it, for it is in your midst. You need not leave the path of your everyday life to find it, for it is so near, its inhabitants are constantly with and around you.

It is not necessary that you should visit the medium or seer, or listen to the lecture. In order to receive spirit influence, but simply pay attention to the experiences and influences on your own person. Never fear that they will lead you astray, or make you in sane. Friends who loved you in earth-life surely would not come from the spirit-world to injure you; but, on the contrary, they come to aid and bless you.

Individual experiences are to become the methods by which the science of spirit communion is to be evolved. It is the method by which the spiritual world is seeking to arouse thought and action to the importance of heeding the influence which the spirit-world is endeavoring to exert over the natural world.

It is well to sit in a harmonious circle, or listen to the inspirational lecture, for you thus are bathed in a magnetic bath, which enables the invisibles to approach nearer and exert a more positive influence on you.

The healthy person, possessing good blood, and an emotional nature, is nearest to the influence of spirits. The astatic person is the most skeptical, and the least susceptible. Immoral mediums can give you but messages from the lower spiritual world. The purer the medium, the more exalted the communication. But all medium powers are given by God for a use, and to be used temperately. No one should go through the world without noting the effect of these influences upon his system. By studying their effect, you can develop your own physical constitution, and thus develop your own medium powers.

The spirits will aid you in endeavoring to get into a condition to commune with the higher spirits. Be not afraid of any suggestions that may come to you from the spirit-world, so long as you are able to criticize them; and thus the doors of the spirit-world will be opened wide to you.

This brief sketch will enable the reader to perceive that the discourse was one of great practical benefit. We wish all our friends could have listened to it. Much profit is to be gained from such lectures.

The evening lecture, in continuation of the same general subject, comprised an argument concerning the nature of the spirit's life and methods of education in the spirit-world, drawn from analogies in its earthly experience. It was a thorough analysis of the nature of spirit, its organic tendencies, and the influence of circumstances upon it—and a very clear demonstration of the fact that unless there be miraculous interference with the methods of education best adapted to develop the spirit's capacities, the nature of the life after death must be essentially similar to the life on earth.

Our reporter being absent in the evening, we are unable to give a synopsis of the arguments and illustrations presented, which comprised, in the opinion of many hearers, one of the ablest and most interesting discourses ever given by Mr. S. in this city.

Announcements.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. This closes her engagement.

Mr. Amanda M. Spence speaks in City Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday, and the three following.

Supporting our own Formosa.—In the Rebel Congress Mr. Clay has introduced an act repealing the emancipation laws. The Confederates claim that this measure will elevate the tone of Southern society.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLEB, 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.

Emancipation.

Now that it has become the fashion to talk of this pregnant topic, we may hope to present it in every aspect it is capable of; in the belief that its discussion can nowise be unacceptable, and that it may have some share of profit. By the term EMANCIPATION, however, we do not mean simply the forcible and hasty rupture of those ties, such as they are, between master and slave in the Southern States—the freeing of the blacks from all the restraints to which they have been subjected since their existence began, or the mere exchange of one set of masters for another. Our view is a wider one than that, and we believe, of a larger and profounder significance: it is the spiritual, rather than the merely material view, and embraces every relation of life it is possible to imagine or understand.

President Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation, as a war measure, on the first of January, for such slaves as might at that time be within the limits of rebellious States and parts of States; how many of us, on the same day, or on any special day since, have issued silent and serious proclamations, as measures of profound and permanent peace, to the forces and faculties of our own souls which have long been pent in prison, or enslaved by passion, or blind with prejudice and ignorance? Few of us, we fear, lay the need of such a measure so much at heart as we should. One of two things is plain and certain for us all: either we must emancipate ourselves, daily and continually, or we must remain slaves; either we must "go up higher," or descend into the pit where so many wrecked spirits are groping about in darkness; we must leave off vice of all kinds, even the habit of entertaining vicious thoughts, or surrender to their control, ever growing more and more tyrannical, both in soul and body.

Thus does emancipation come to mean something more than talk only, when we agree to apply it in the personal sense. Who that does not respect and admire, even if he have neither will nor inclination to copy, the man who has subjected his lower faculties to the rational control of the higher, who walks erect and free, the slave of no lust or desire, at one with God's highest purposes, using even the vicissitudes of social life to the furtherance of his spiritual growth, and making every accident and incident of life, every relative success and failure contribute its portion toward the work of building up the beautiful character which he rightly esteems the great end and object of human existence?—Such a character is a silent force in Nature: it cannot be set aside; it must needs work with its own peculiar power everywhere. Is not such a possession worth a thousand fold what life has to show in the line of bribes, and position and factitious honors, and short-lasting wealth? Who that has eyes to perceive these things spiritually, and just as they are, but understands at a glance how much a solid possession of this kind is to be desired?

As men, in ordinary intercourse, after talking up a subject of special interest for a while, finally turn to one another and inquire when it is best to begin the new movement which is to perform such wonders of benefit, so do we turn around now and ask our readers, personally and each one by name, when it is best to begin the new work of emancipation. At some time or another it must begin, that is certain; either in this sphere, or some other; the work is at some time to be accomplished, and the longer we delay about it the surrier we shall finally be over the time which is lost forever by the procrastination.

We would not sermonize at all, though to speak of the necessities and law of spiritual growth seems only that to many. As a man really is, that will he really pass for. None can deceive themselves, however they may keep the hideous secrets of a foul character from others. Unless we are free, wholly emancipated, we may not hope to possess and enjoy the life which has been generously given us for an inheritance. We must subject the lower range of our instincts and passions, and hold them where they may be of the service originally intended—or they will subject us. Which mode would seem to be the more noble and glorious?

Satisfied.

We receive letters almost daily from our subscribers, who say it is right that we have increased the price of our paper, and they are perfectly willing to pay the small advance, as they get their money's worth in good intellectual food. Some intimate they would pay five dollars per year for the BANNER, if they could not have it without. Thank you all, patrons. Induce those who do not take this journal, to do so at once, if possible. We need much "material aid," you must be aware, in order to cancel our increased and increasing liabilities.

We have received from the friends, from time to time of late, various amounts in aid of our Public Free Circles; but not near enough to cover expenses. Yet we feel grateful for their favors. We shall endeavor to continue these Circles, for the benefit of earth's children everywhere, as long as our invisible friends and our earth friends aid us in so doing. Without such aid we are powerless to do the work efficiently.

Condemnation.

It seems as though the people, of all sects and conditions—that is, a large majority of them—were more prone to condemn their fellows (women of course included) at this time than ever before. The duties of editors are becoming more onerous than usual, in consequence of this state of things. How shall the evil be remedied? Is a question for wiser heads than ours to solve: The very atmosphere is pregnant with condemnation. People become vexed with each other on the most trivial matters. Forbearance is said to be a great virtue, but "very little is practiced just now. If we would only forgive those who err, and strive to make them better, instead of so often trying to make them appear as bad as possible by magnifying their shortcomings, we should not only elevate them, but ourselves also. Remember: 'To err is human; to forgive, divine.'"

Music Hall Congregation.

During the repairs on Music Hall, which will last for several months, this congregation will worship at the Melodeon.

The True Reformer.

The "Ideal is the real," has been, and is, the verdict of great minds; the actualization of an admired and exalted character is not beyond the reach of the earnest, striving spirit, the prayerful and watchful heart. High standards are not impossibilities of attainment; life is not destined to be a battle-ground of defeats; with true aims and steady purposes, it is the vantage ground of certain victory. The conquests of the spirit denote eternal gain, and the fortress of Truth, once duly manned and guarded by faithful sentinels, is invulnerable to the attacks of the combined legions of the universe. The human heart, frail, trembling, weak, amenable to temptation, can be so strengthened, purified and exalted by experience and trial, that it becomes impregnable to the assaults of wrong, now and forever. He who has lived and suffered, toiled and wrestled with adversity, overcome the inherited and acquired evils, admitted the angel visitants of teaching wisdom that came in the garb of sorrow, he is fitting for the place of teacher; he, a self-reformer, is worthy of reforming the wrongs that distract the world.

The true and tried man or woman, stepping out of the beaten track of old theology and conventional morality, must be brave in heart, unflinching in purpose, as were the Spartans of old renown. For against them bigotry and fashionable sin will howl their furious anathemas; their steps will be dogged by suspicion, treachery and worldly hatred of all things pure and new. Their hearts will be transfixed by darts and arrows of slander, misrepresentation, cruelty and vindictive terror. The unmasked vices will accuse them of unheard-of atrocities; the unveiled churchy and social wrongs will attack them with poisoned stings; the hired priests of the world's Mammon-worship will come from the altar and the mart of trade; former friends will pass them with averted eyes, and scorn will point at them the finger, and malign aspersion seek to stain the purity of the white robes the angels gave them. Above the Reformer's head will gather darkness, clouds and storm; thorns shall pierce his feet, and the heart-blood of martyrdom issue from his tortured heart. Poverty shall be his portion, loneliness and desolation the soul-companions of his dreary way.

But no matter for all this ordeal: it is but the transient re-purification of a chosen soul, and out of the long-encumbering darkness comes the glorious dawn of Truth's eternal day. Life is beautified by the approving smiles of the heavenly messengers, and the martyr-crown is transformed to a diadem of celestial glory!

And for all their sacrifices of self unto the common weal, there is a return of goodly gifts. Little children cling instinctively to these loving men and women; the outcast and oppressed behold in them the promised redemption; the sorrow-stricken weep upon their sympathizing breasts, and are comforted forevermore. Sweet, smiling charity attends them in the highways and the byways of the world. Purely and holy love awards to such the appreciation of earth's loftiest minds and most angelic hearts. The true Reformer is beloved by all who aspire to a higher life, a holier insight, a better social state, a more just government, a nobler equality of sex and race, a closer and a wider application of the law of love.

Be up, then, all ye engaged in the glorious work of self and world-reformation! Heed not the idle scoffs and sneers of the worldling and the sensualist. Though hosts oppose you, God and his myriad teaching angels are forever with you. Amid the battle-storm and the desolation, amid public wrongs and private grief, be ye ever calm and trustful, patient and expectant of that better time which shall bring to earth the hallowed and visible companionship of loftier intelligences. Be ye true to the holy inner laws, the standard of righteousness and truth.

Geology.

Prof. Denton closes his course of Lectures at the Melodeon, in this city, on Monday evening, April 6th. His subject on that occasion will be, "The Future of the American Continent," drawn from a scientific analysis of the past, and no doubt it will be an exceedingly interesting lecture. The whole course thus far has given great satisfaction to the audience, from the thoroughly scientific, clear and lucid manner in which the general subject of Geology has been handled. We hope Mr. Denton will take an early opportunity to furnish our citizens with another series of these instructive lectures.

There are a great many people in the world who know comparatively little or nothing of the interesting developments of Geology. They have inherited the erroneous idea that the world was made in six days, and they believe it. Some are astonished, while others are indignant, when they learn that the science of Geology teaches and demonstrates the fact, that the earth commenced its formation upon ages before the Book of Genesis was written, or its compilers saw the light of day; that it grew and improved continually through all the ages, till it became a fit home for man; and in its onward and progressive march may yet become the abode of angels.

Straw Paper.

There is something in it; that is to say, there is real paper to be got out of straw. The experiment has been tried on various principles, in this country, for some years, and found to be anything but a failure, and it has likewise worked well in England. The necessities of the case are likely to beget a larger and more permanent success in the manufacture of paper from straw. The high duty on foreign paper with us, and the unreachably limits of foreign exchange, combined with the conspiracy of the manufacturers, have put the ingenuity of the inventive ones and the experimenters to the test; and we hear now of schemes to furnish us all with printing paper, such as the combination of manufacturers will be surprised at when they once get into operation. One inventor, Mr. L. W. Wright, who has been a resident of England for a number of years, claims to have arrived at a stage in the progress of paper manufacture out of straw, which he far eclipses all that has been done heretofore. If he does half what it is believed by many that he can already perform, we have seen the end of high prices for paper; and, above all, the downfall of a monopoly which would have bound our faculties hand and foot.

From Utah.

We have just received a late number of the Deseret News, published at Great Salt Lake City. It seems that the Mormons are greatly exercised at the arrest of Brigham Young for polygamy. Mass meetings have been held in various parts of the State, speeches made and resolutions passed expressing "disapproval of the course which the Governor and the two Judges had pursued in attempting to deprive the people of Utah of their inherent rights"—that is, having a plurality of wives, which the late act of Congress prohibits. The News concludes an article on the subject as follows: "The resolutions adopted at each of these meetings were to the point, clearly indicating that the presence and services of such men as rulers and judges were undesirable, and the sooner they were superseded by good men, the better it would be for the government and the people."

A Wounded Bird Flutters.

The London Critic, in its comments upon Dr. Child's A B C of Life, appears to have been hard hit on a sensitive point. Dr. Child's picture of the true character of a critic ill-comports with the objects of that journal.

New Publications.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for April, offers some excellent essays on a variety of topics, the war and its associate themes engaging a fair share. But it is something to say for it, that this particular topic is always ably handled, the commentators being men of practical political experience as well as thought. Such public men as Hon. F. P. Stanton and Hon. E. J. Walker could hardly pen uninteresting or unenlightening articles on political matters, let them write even at random. Leland, the literary editor of the Continental, is certainly one of the hardest working men we know in his profession; like Southey, he dignifies the calling of a literateur by the quality of his performances. He has some readable essays, short and long, in the present number. The Continental keeps up its former reputation for ability and freshness, skillfully avoiding the disagreeable imputation of scholastic cant and mole-eyed pedantry. It has got—as Artemus Ward would say—good, solid human nature into it; and that includes all the grades of honest common sense.

THE AGRICULTURE OF MASSACHUSETTS FOR 1862, is the title of Mr. Charles L. Flint's last compendium of the doings of the different Agricultural Societies, as well as of the farmers at large, in their most useful walk; a more interesting volume we rarely sit ourselves down to, though we are no further farmers than to harbor most earnestly Cowley's wish, "to be owner of a small house and a large garden." The present Report contains, in addition to its customary matter, an illustrated story of the insects which are "injurious to vegetation" with us, compiled from the very elegant volume on that subject by the late Dr. Harris, which the Legislature of Massachusetts ordered published under Mr. Flint's tasteful care. This portion of the Report is alone of great value, as well as interest. The volume is stout and handsome, and does credit to the State printers.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE. By W. S. G. Smith, Esq. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichole.

China is a comparatively new topic for the tourist and traveler, Albert M. Hus and one or two others have latterly brought us into more familiar relations with the Flowery Kingdom than we ever were in before. The author of this pleasant little book was Consul to Shanghai under the last administration, and faithfully describes what he saw and himself became acquainted with. His style is graphic and pictorial, settling down the scenes that came under his eyes before the reader just as they appeared to himself. The chapters on the Government, religion, private life, and commerce of the Chinese are especially interesting and suggestive. He sketches their marriage ceremonies, with other matters, and the reader will be attracted to his descriptions of their social habits and practices generally. Mr. Smith dedicates his little book to Hon. Lewis Cass, in a few grateful and graceful words.

WANDERINGS OF A BEAUTY. By Mrs. Edwin James. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichole.

This pretty paper-covered book will attract regard, first, because the authoress is the wife of a celebrated English criminal lawyer, Edwin James; and, secondly, because a suit has been instituted by her in the courts of New York for a divorce from her husband. There are plenty of rich and racy descriptions of persons all along her vivacious pages. The story opens in London and Paris, and the amount of territory gone over by the heroine is satisfactory to the most restless-minded reader. It is a sort of autobiographical record, and comes to its conclusion in America. The "Beauty" is the authoress, of course, and you can see how handsome she is by getting her book and looking at the frontispiece.

MR. HOWE'S BOOK.—"The great Spiritualist book," (as its publisher in this country calls it in his advertisement), "Incidents of My Life," by D. D. Home, the medium, is now in the press of Carleton, New York, and will be printed soon from the author's early sheets, with an introduction by Judge Edmonds. The readers of the BANNER will form a slight idea of its worth on referring to the lengthy quotations from it which they will find upon the eighth page of our last issue. We shall notice it fully when received.

CARLETON, of New York, has a number of very striking new books in press, among which may be mentioned a novel, entitled Frank Warrington, by the popular author of Rattle and The Sutherlands. My Southern Friends, by Edmond Kirke, author of Among the Pines. Marian Gray, a charming novel from the pen that gave us Lena Rivers. Stephen Masetti's rollicking autobiography, Drifting About, profusely illustrated by Muller; and Vincenzo by Raffini, whose Doctor Antonio is the most delightful love-story in the language.

Rev. M. D. Conway at Music Hall.

"We pray for truth and peace." We select a few sentences from Mr. Conway's discourse, delivered March 29, at Music Hall.

No element of power ever leaves or is added to this world. Water held as much latent steam in the year one as it does now. Nature is forever the same.

All that Christ was to Paul he may now be to any one.

All worship of the outward Christ is so much spent force. The Christ that counts for us is only Interior, Christ lived an idea, reckless of outside consequences, whereby he moved the world.

The mandates of reason are superior to physical effects.

He who counts the birthplace of Christ as being more sacred than any other place, receives Christ in weakness.

Every age and place is consecrated with the living voice of Christ.

Christ improves us not by superseding, but by strengthening us with the interior elements of his nature.

Christianity brought no new elements into the world, but it did bring new principles—new rules of action.

The coming of Christ was to the religious world what the discovery of the use of steam is to the nautical world.

Before Christ, laws were written on tablets of stone; with Christ, they are written on the tablets of the heart.

How few have as much faith in the value of justice as in the value of gold.

Belief is not faith. Belief only admires truth, while faith gives all it has to truth, and cleaves unto it.

For an idea Christ gave up all earthly things, and that idea was transformed into a power that made him a God.

In a deep conviction men find a power beyond what was deemed a power.

All the great forces of the world are invisible. When a conviction has conquered your own heart, it is competent for the accomplishment of its purpose. There is no element of failure more common than measuring our purpose with its success.

The man that puts his heart into a deed puts his immortal soul into it.

Nothing in the history of Christ is more remarkable than his seeming departure from all prospects of worldly success.

That man is always weak who depends upon seeing the result of what he does.

Let men do the duty that God has given them to do, and they can do all things.

Our thinkers think too much—the thoughts of this

age are too much simple opinions. Let there be feeling, purpose and action with every thought, then men will come into the Christ-power that can do all things. The greatest and the best sign in our national affairs, is that we have reached a state of chaos. But there shall be a new building, not built on the crumbling ruins of the past, directed by that spirit of wisdom that is brooding over our country.

Our faith shall look up for the Prince of Peace. Oh for the warrior that can fight for duty, not for victory. Let us work, though all seems to fail. Let us wait patiently, through all discouragement. Though the crowning reward shall only shine on our graves, let us toil on.

Correspondence in Brief.

MR. EDITOR—I cannot do without the BANNER, if its price were double what it is now. May it wave until all creeds shall crumble, and all sectarian intolerance cease.

A word about the sealed letter I had answered: The questions were all correctly answered, and it gave me more satisfaction than I can express on paper. I know the letter had never been opened.

The envelope enclosing the letter lacked the gum to enclose it firmly, and I applied a mucilage to supply the lack, merely, as I supposed; but, on trying to open it, I tore both letter and envelope badly.

The medium had opened and read the letter. It could not have been answered by any other than those to whom it was addressed. I never invested a dollar where it paid one hundredth part as well.

Yours for truth, MRS. E. D. SONZLE.

Cerlin, Ohio, March 22, 1863.

THE CROTON FUND.—God bless that dear one—that contribution to the Message Department of the BANNER, last week. Ay, continued blessings upon it for the room it made in my heart for sympathy.

Whose offering was it? was my soul's interrogation as my vision rested upon it. Did it come from the toll-worn sister who is earnestly hopeful of some tidings from the dear departed? or was it from the mother whose heart, like the magnetic needle, is trembling toward its attraction, and who in silence wears the God-made garment over the soul, because for want of means she could not command the external emblems of her grief at the departure of her only child with the "pale boatman?"

Well, from whatever source it came, God bless that dear ten cents to the soul-satisfaction of the giver, is the prayer of your earnest, hopeful

NORTHERN FRIENDS.

P. S.—I, too, dear BANNER, have in my heart a contribution to the Message Department, and as soon as I can possibly sift it through my pocket, it shall be laid upon the altar.

Toronto, Canada West, March 23, 1863.

DEAR BANNER OF LIGHT—I herewith send you five dollars for the support of the Message Department. I love to read the messages given by the uneducated as well as the educated. I think some of the uneducated spirits are as good as some of the educated ones. I think it does such good to permit them to communicate. I hope to be able to communicate through that source for the BANNER at the proper time, simple as I am. Let us not despise the day of small things.

BERT HINSHAW, Senior.

Greenboro', Ind., March 25, 1863.

MR. EDITOR—Enclosed find fifty cents in aid of the Message Department. At all events I desire to aid in sustaining the BANNER and the Spirit Messages, if possible. Please accept my thanks for yourself, and also the medium, for the answer to a sealed letter I sent you last December for spirits to answer. The letter was secured past the power of human art to open without I should have known it. It had not been tampered with. The letter was directed to one person (spirit) on the outside envelope; two persons (spirits) were addressed in the letter. Each person (spirit) was written to and answered definitely each one her and his name, and the answers were satisfactory and comforting to the weary one who has deeply mourned the departure of his beloved. I will here state that I had equally satisfactory answers through Mr. Mansfield, and am fully satisfied that he did not open or tamper with my letters, and that in each and every case above named the answers were from the spirits they purported to be.

Yours sincerely,

LEWIS STRAUB.

Oak Creek, Wis., March 25th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR—I send a small contribution from the Golden State to show you that gold is not the idol of all her inhabitants. God is good, and good to be found here the same as in more favored lands, where the means of gaining knowledge are more abundant. In the mountains of California your BANNER is welcomed, as no other literary production. May the banner of peace soon wave over our distracted land, is the prayer of all good Spiritualists. Until then, it may be a struggle to sustain your journal; but such an institution as ours and must be sustained, and those having large souls and pure purposes cannot extend their influence to better advantage, in my opinion, than to make large donations to the "Message Department," and many a spirit, now in prison, will bless the donors. Long may the BANNER of Love wave, bowed and broken hearts to save. May the HEALING OF PAIN also continue to prosper.

JOHN TAYLOR.

Mount Pleasant, Chinese Camp P. O., }  
Toulonville Co., Cal., Feb. 23, 1863. }

New Music.

We are in receipt of the following named pretty musical compositions, from the publishing house of Horace Waters, New York: "Oh, could I recall the hours!" "Sweet Erelina!" Song of "The Thirty-Fifth" New York Regiment; "The New Sparkling Polka;" "Continental Guard Grand March;" "President Lincoln's Grand March;" by Helmsmoller; "Home is home," being No. 3 of a series of songs and ballads; "There's no such girl as mine," making the thirteenth number of Foster's Melodies. All the above pieces are arranged for the pianoforte, and are for sale by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston.

Message Tested.

The message of Jane Van Buren, given at our circle Dec. 29th, 1862, and published in the BANNER Jan. 17, 1863, was duly copied by the Weekly Star, printed at Hudson, N. Y., with the unaltered endorsement:

"The following communication was received at the Boston Circle, coming from the 'Spirit of Jane Van Buren.' We have made diligent inquiry at Kinderhook, N. Y., her place of residence, and where she died, and find the facts as given below correct in every particular, name, age, time of death, &c."

"The Cause of the Indian." At a recent meeting in Washington, in behalf of the Indians, Father Bowen spoke through an interpreter in the Cherokee chief who was present. One of the chiefs named Jibbah Kuk replied, through the interpreter, that he was pleased with what the white brother said; that his heart and the hearts of his people were true to the whites; that although his own brother and his own son had been killed by white men, he had shaken hands with them, and wished to live in peace; but he could not see how it was that the good words which had so often been spoken to their people, while treaties were made, did not appear to be kept. He said they were true, but that the white men did not keep the large sums of money which the treaties made for them, and he saw no purpose in their making them. They were true, but not kept, and not paid for, by the white people, and he said that he had heard that the Government should 'keep' what they had given to the Indians, and again to leave the graves of their fathers and their children behind them. —Harold's Magazine.



Message Department.

The messages at which the communications under this heading are given are held at the Rooms of Light...

Our Circles.

Western.—As these circles, which are free to the public, subject us to much expense, those of our friends who take an interest in them are solicited to aid us in a pecuniary point of view.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- Tuesday, March 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joshua Tanner, of St. Paul, Minn.; Thomas Appleson, of St. Louis, Mo.; to his parents, Edith Griswold, of St. Louis, Mo., to her parents, at Fort Monroe.

INVOCAION.

Oh Soul of the Beautiful and True, these persons have been attracted hitherto, to-day, because there is a demand in their souls that is unmet.

Gold and Silver and the Human Soul.

We propose to speak, this afternoon, concerning the relations existing between gold and silver, and certain elements or attributes of the human soul.

Charlotte Ann Holyton.

I have sought out this place with the hope of reaching in some way the friends I have at home. I lived at No. 27 Willoughby street, London, England.

Billy Thornton.

Ha! I want you? [What is it?] Hold a bit, I'll fetch it. Say, if you please, Mr. President, that Billy Thornton, of New York, finds plenty of wires, but the operators are infernal scarce; that that's the reason I have kept my word.

placing as high an estimate upon the metals gold and silver. Ordinarily the cause is a love of self, again, a desire to build up self, or again to attract to self the good things of earth or worldly wealth.

And now, instead of suffering the element of justice that exists in the human soul to stand forth among you in the mundane world, you have closed the door upon it, and have been living in luxury and feasting upon the emblem which is gold and silver, or feeding on the material.

So it is of the gathering together of the good things of the earth or worldly wealth. You are attracted to gold and silver by the elements of truth and justice which those metals possess; but if you misuse those attributes, you bring destruction upon yourself.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—There has been the picture of an eagle which appears and disappears twice in twenty-four hours on a window of a certain house in Madison, Ohio.

A.—At present we have not the required information in our possession, but will endeavor to obtain it and report to you.

Q.—Is it possible so to live that transition from earth to heaven can take place without the process of death or a separation here of body and soul? Or, what means the Biblical expression of former translations and the expression of "death shall be swallowed up in victory?"

A.—It is quite possible for the spiritual and physical to be translated to a condition of spiritual or divine things without experiencing the change called death, but not according to the general acceptance of the idea.

Q.—What are we to understand by death?

A.—You are to understand change. You are continually changing. At every respiration you are changing, or according to the literal understanding, you are dying continually.

Q.—I send a paper to any one of your friends?

I was told I should attend to that myself. I have not yet learned how, but presume I shall be instructed.

Q.—I send a paper to any one of your friends?

My father is Colonel William Burke, from Jackson, Kentucky. I want to go and talk with him. My name was Eliza Burke, and I was eleven years old when I died. I've been away most eighteen months.

Q.—I send a paper to any one of your friends?

My father is Colonel Jackson's staff. He's not a Federalist; he's a Confederate. He was away when I left; that's why I want to talk with him now.

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to me in the spirit world is the beautiful folks that come to teach us, but always stand off a respectful distance. They are ready and willing enough to teach you, but they do not care about coming very near you.

Now I'll say to them I want them to leave off smoking, chewing, and drinking rum, if they do not want to go to hell when they come to the spirit world.

Now, look here, I'm no—I think either—I was a soldier, but that's among the things of the past. I was a soldier, not in the Army of the Lord, but Abe Lincoln's. It's about the same thing in the long run, I take it.

What do you want to tell that lie for? [I suppose you must have had a hard time.] That's it, you suppose. Well, as I said before, I promised to return as soon after death as I could.

The first thing I want to ask the boys is this; have you got tired of looking for me? and have you made up your minds that I'm gone, and that you'll never hear from me again? If you have, I've just come to stir up the ashes and kindle the fire.

Now give me a coach in New York, and I'll do it come, it will be because you don't give me a good one; and I object to riding in a bad one.

Henry Elliott.

I was in the engagement of Fredericksburg, and belonged to the 26th Pennsylvania Regiment. I was wounded, taken prisoner, and died on the road.

I have a mother, a sister, a half-brother, and other relatives. I have one brother also in the Army. I believe he is now at Newbern. I would be exceedingly glad to find a way to commune with him, also with my mother and sister.

I was of the Methodist persuasion when here, but I find that our religious platforms are swept away at death, and we stand alone face to face with God and ourselves.

I owned the name of Henry Elliott when here. I was twenty-four years of age, a little more, between twenty-four and twenty-five years.

I would tell my mother that I have met my father in the spirit-world, also some relatives of hers—a brother who went away in youth, and was never again heard from.

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through the valley and the shadow of Death, we need fear no evil, "for thou art everywhere." Therefore, oh Divine Principle of Life, we know thou art here, and that this is thy Temple.

Now I'll say to them I want them to leave off smoking, chewing, and drinking rum, if they do not want to go to hell when they come to the spirit world.

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the Criminal "as he did." To-day shall thou be with me in Paradise. To-day thou shalt pass out of the physical form, and shall have risen triumphant over death.

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Beasts.

And quoted with words...
This on the starved fore-fore of all time
Sparkle forever.

AN INVOCATION TO SPRING.
Come quickly, O thou Spring!

Come from the rosy South.
In chariot of incense and light.

Walk softly o'er the earth.
Thou blessed spirit of the Eden-time!

Thy virgin herald's here—
The snow-drop bears her bosom to the gale.

The lark now soars above.
As if he felt thy freedom on his wings.

The red unheeded wheat
Now timidly puts forth its tender leaf.

Thou sorrows now inter.
To dwellers in dark cities; Spring in sigh:

To God an anthem sing.
When forth ye hurry to the fields of bloom:

All virtue lies in individual action.
In self-determination. The best books have
most beauty.

THESE ARE BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.
There are beautiful dreams of the spirit-life.

There's a beautiful hour like the hour of the sun.
As it dies on its wavelike shore.

There's a beautiful thought as vast as life.
As it sweeps o'er ages to come:

There's a meal, such as heaven alone can know.
Though its key-note is learned on the earth:

There's a love and a power, a grasp of mind.
That spirit alone may know:

Physical labor relieves us from mental pain;
this constitutes the happiness of the poor.

Farewell, my son! O, blessed thought,
He cannot go where God is not—

And where He is there goodness reigns.
And Love fulfills what Love ordains.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its
sun, and the two are near as apart.

Wind the clock—it striketh ten;
Heed the alarm—fools and rages!

Soon the "eleventh hour" will chime.
Billowing all the wheels of men—

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our
passions, not by obeying them.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—NO. 6.

BY O. B. P.

In the beginning of this century there appeared in
England a medium or prophetess known as Joanna
Southcote; but as revelations had been about in with
astrolgical John of Patmos, it was not known how to
receive the advent of Joanna. Was she of the Lord,
or of the Devil, or engineered by a soul out of the
flesh as "they follow servant and of thy brethren the
prophets"? The church, with its Lord and Devil fos-

Law prove too much for them, and the belly swells
and the thigh rots according to the word of the Lord
unto Moses. Also for Hebraic Africa! If it is only
to be cured of the witch-hill propensities in the
light of Biblical civilization, which, as God's Word de-

Joanna Southcote, in a much narrower sphere than
Juan of Arc, is mediomistic, but neither understand-

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Juan of Arc, is mediomistic, but neither understand-

After this dispute, she fasted forty days. She was
then overshadowed by the Spirit, and in this Spirit
she became the woman of St. John's horoscope, and
in this conception though sixty-five years old, "she,

Why is not Joanna as Orthodox as the Christian
fathers who built upon the same foundations? If she
was mediomistic, would she not be liable to the sail-

The Son, planets, and constellated host of heaven,
have a mystery in connection with the giant-begotting
of old time. On each unclouded night these sons of
God may be seen walking to and fro and up and down

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ASTROLOGY AND MEDICINE.
DR. LISTER'S Level is now on hand in
London or by mail, P. O. (Astrological), 50 cents; and
of three questions answered by mail, for 50 cents in U. S.
currency. A written history, three years in course, \$1.
through the mail, 25 cents; and \$5. All our
publications sent by express, freight free.

go ahead, and were verily persuaded that the old order
of things was the suggestion of evil spirits who get
their sacrifices and worship by exacting upon the fol-

Let us judge righteous judgment, and with the same
measure by which we square the Trojan, let us mete
unto Tyrian.

This was bridging the way for the Heathen, who
were told that their word was of "evil spirits by their
instruments, the poets."

Tertullian, about the year 200, defends the Christian
reform as something better than Heathen con-

It is hardly to be supposed of each a people that
they would be grossly immoral, unless they built very
much upon the atoning blood of Jesus. The grossness

True, we do not now immolate victims on Church
altars to propitiate the Lord, except figuratively hav-

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um. 25 cents; cloth, 40 cents.

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