

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 16.

A POEM, IN ANSWER TO ONE BY EDGAR A. POE.

The following poem, Mr. Editor, was written more than two years ago, in answer to one purporting to come from Edgar A. Poe, through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Doten. It has never been published, but, through the advice of a friend, I now send it to you, that it may appear in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Waukegan, Ill., 1863. LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Though on earth we had no meeting—
I have heard your words of greeting,
Words that come like rippling music, from that far-off
seraph shore,
Telling of the waves of gladness,
Sweeping o'er the lines of sadness.

Traced upon this earthly being, till it bled at every pore—

Words that wake anew the yearning,
That within my heart is burning,
For the blending of my being with some soul I can adore.

'T is an ever-restless yearning,
Outward going, ne'er returning,
As from out the ark the raven, wand'ring went in days of yore.

Long I've watched for some sweet token,
For some branch from olive broken,
Prose that the breath of heaven woke the earth to life once more;

But the dove, forlorn and weary,
Comes from o'er the waters dreary,
Telling that the rolling billows rise above the highest shore.

Draughting here the cup of sadness,
Till thy soul was stung to madness,
As life's bitter, burning billows sweep thy burdened being o'er;

From the bondage that enslaved thee,
Thou hast found the love that saved thee,
While I wander searching for it, searching, wand'ring evermore.

Once methought that I had found it—
Then I seized and quickly found it
To my heart more closely, fondly, than I e'er had sought before;

But the viper turned upon me—
Like a poisonous adder strong me—
Till the depth of love and trusting changed into a canker sore.

Now I feel with life maimed,
Often feel scorched and fated,
As the fumes of desolation flood my being o'er and o'er.

And I pray that life's poor token,
Canker-eaten, may be broken,
Setting free the chafing spirit beating 'gainst its prison door.

Oh! my earth-born spirit brother!
Well I know there is another—
One to meet my spirit's yearning, one to love and to adore;

Tell me, is my bright ideal
In the land where all is real?
Have you seen him? Is he waiting, waiting on the other shore?

Have you ne'er at morn or even
Seen him from the gates of heaven,
With a lover's eager footsteps, turning toward this mortal shore?

Does he know my spirit's anguish,
As in bondage here I languish—
Strive the balm of consolation in my wounded heart to pour?

Ah, he does! for heavy laden,
Sighing for that distant Eden
For which weary ones are sighing, seeking, sighing evermore.

Often times the light supernal,
Beaming in that home eternal,
Flashes on my inner being, thrilling it at every pore.

Then the anguish, all unspoken,
Of the spirit bruised and broken,
Feeding on the soul and substance, till it writhes in anguish sore.

Is forgotten, till the raven
Memory plays the traitor craven,
And the seven-hued bow of promise I for tears can see no more.

But though clouds and storms surround me,
Though in darkness they have bound me,
Yet I know love's sun is shining high above the tempest's roar.

And I'll seek until I find it—
Give of love, till I can bind it,
Like an amulet of safety, to my heart forevermore.

Comfort of Children.

Call not that man wretched, says the immortal Coleridge, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he dotes! Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee from his pillow; but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.

Spirit and Form.

Spirit is the essence or being, in contradiction to the form, or appearance. Thus man's spirit is used as something different and distinct from his body or form. So the spirit of a law is distinct from its letter or form—the spirit, or meaning, or idea of a book from its language—the spirit of a mind, or liquor from its body, or liquidity, the Eternal Spirit of Nature, from Nature itself, the flowing, plastic, created form of the Spirit.

NARRATIVE OF GEORGE MONTIETH, Giving Some of His Experiences in the Spheres.

By HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
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CHAPTER I. EARTH-LIFE.

[NOTE.—This was given mostly through SAMUEL H. PAIST, the blind medium. It may be well to remark, that several spirits have recently given their narratives to the writer and Mr. Paist, when we were together, and that although these spirits appear to each of us, they were unable to communicate except when we were with each other. We were reading together, and this spirit came to us, and spoke as follows:]

Good morning, sir. Allow me to introduce myself just as I am, though it is but recently that I would have dared to intrude upon you in this way, and now, I scarcely know why, I am impelled thus to come and give my story to you.

I have been in spirit-life some sixty years, and on my retirement from the stage of action I was probably one of the most immoral men that ever lived. I was a gambler and a drunkard, though I never stained my hands with human blood, and through all the bitter experiences which I have passed, this has been a consolation to me.

I was educated and graduated at Oxford University, and a short time before the Revolutionary War I came to this country. Having been fostered in wealth and luxury, I gratified every desire that I could, and thus caused much trouble to my parents, especially my mother, who was an excellent woman. I began to feel, in my wayward course, that the restraints of my home-life were irksome, and I determined to leave home and seek my fortune in the New World. My father was indignant because I chose this course, and refused to give me any aid, or allow me any remittances. He says now that he regrets his course, for though I was wrong, "two wrongs never made a right." I came to the Colonies; but never having been accustomed to labor, I was at once forced to seek some means for obtaining the necessary funds to supply my unnecessary expenses. Literary attainments were but little needed or appreciated by the early pioneers of this land, and though I endeavored for a long time to obtain a position wherein I could exercise my faculties, either in the capacity of a teacher or editor, I failed, and after months of inward conflict, I took the first step which led me on to the ruin of all my earthly prospects of happiness.

Shortly after I left home my mother died, partly, I think, from the grief that she felt on account of my absence. I shall never forget the feelings which actuated me, when, for the first time, I shuffled and dealt the cards. It seemed to me that my mother stood beside me, and gave me a look of sadness and solicitude even more penetrating and impressive than the last look which she gave me when we parted on earth. She seemed to look down upon me and beseech me in the most earnest manner to forbear. I have since discovered that that which I deemed a mere illusion was a reality, and that momentarily my vision was opened, and I might have learned much for the habits which had already fastened their chains about me. To dispel this condition I resorted to the use of stimulants. This, and the natural excitement attendant on a gambler's life, drove from me the remembrance of the one who might have been a guardian-angel to me, and who, by her impressions, would have taught me how to make my life both good and useful.

After having been engaged in this business for some time, it happened, on a certain evening, that I was particularly unfortunate, and having lost all my money, I was in a condition of perfect frenzy, and resolved to supply myself by some means or other. The idea of stealing presented itself to me; but debauched and degraded as I was, still there was a severe conflict with myself. Now the intoxicating draught had its effect; I knocked down a merchant whom I knew, and robbed his pockets of all he had with him.

You will perceive that there were three causes which led me into vice and crime. The prime cause was a false education, the result of which led me from my home and early surroundings. The second cause was the refusal of aid from those to whom I had been taught to look for it; and the third was the effort to obtain subsistence by means which I knew at the time were unrighteous. Thus step by step I moved along, and I cannot trace each of these and see that at the time I had a very dim and undefined idea of what I was doing, or where the course I was pursuing would land me. Few, if any, plunge into the vortex of crime at once, but by slow steps they tread the devious path which leads, little by little, into the horrible pit from which all would shrink back. But one false step leading to another, we go on.

I have given these details of my earthly experiences, that you may have an idea of my condition when I entered the world of spirits. This event occurred in the year 1803. My constitution broken down, my self-respect lost, I closed my eyes, as I fondly hoped, for an eternal sleep which would know no waking, for in my last years I had endeavored to strengthen this belief within myself. Yet, despite of all my efforts, the vision of that weeping mother, as I saw her in the gambling-house, would rise up before me and rack my soul with agony. Alas! I was doomed to disappointment. I closed my eyes to waken to the realities of another life, perhaps immortal.

CHAPTER II. EXPERIENCE IN THE SPHERES.

I am now to give you my spirit experiences; and while I endeavor to be as concise as possible, I shall shrink from no responsibilities, but give you a plain and truthful account of what I had to undergo. Allow me to say here, that though I have been in the very depths of hell, there is not one experience, or the consequences of one act, that I would escape from now, were it possible. True reformation is, and can only be founded upon the experiences which we undergo, and, for some, experiences of a severe character may be necessary; whereas, others who are born under more favorable circumstances may not require them. I do not mean to defend my own conduct in this, but simply

ply to show the excuse which may be brought for an individual when the world shouts out its condemnation, not only on earth, for there are spheres and conditions in spirit life in which the disposition exists to condemn the unfortunate. It must not be supposed that because a person has entered the world of causes they are at once familiar with all these; but here, like a child who mounts, step by step, on the ladder of knowledge, so we move on, and are led to look upon suffering humanity as it is, and sympathize with its faults; and I am under the impression that more is learned by our mistakes than by anything else.

The child in undertaking to walk, learns from the falls and blunders which he makes, and it is so in every department of life; and I think you will agree with me, that mistakes, instead of being curses to humanity, are really among its greatest blessings—not that I mean to advise any one intentionally to make them, for although when made, the suffering may be the best thing for the offender, still as the little child learns caution from its falls, so should we, and be satisfied to learn all we can from the sufferings which we bring upon ourselves in this way.

I have a very indistinct recollection of the manner in which my spirit became separated from its mortal tenement, and I will not attempt to give you the particulars of that change. I might relate to you what has been told me of that change, but I prefer to speak of my own experience. Some hours must have elapsed before I was restored to consciousness, during which time my body had been arranged for interment. My first impulse after perceiving this, was to make an effort to re-unite myself with it. I had a singular impression that I was in a fit of nightmare, or the victim of a very unpleasant dream. Finding, after repeated trials, that my effort was futile, I began slowly to awaken to a consciousness that perhaps I had passed through the change called death, and yet I thought it could not be so, for I possessed every attribute which had belonged to me while living. The various members of my body were each performing their peculiar offices, and thought seemed as free and active as it ever had been at any period of my life. Nor was I fully assured of my true position, until I saw my body deposited in its last resting-place. While I could hover near this, I felt as if I were comparatively safe and not alone; but when I found an earthly barrier placed between it and what I still now call myself, a feeling of the most indescribable loneliness came over me, and with it a sense of fear and dread, accompanied by the most terrible forebodings in reference to the future, and a hopelessness which no language can describe.

Thus day after day and week after week, I lingered around my tomb, and during all this time I think I did not move six feet from the spot which I occupied near the grave. And it appeared to me as if the pencil of an artist had been employed in drawing, in unmistakable characters, a complete map of my life on earth, upon which was plainly delineated all the prominent events of it. It was ever before me, though I could turn away from it at times. This afforded me an opportunity of taking a retrospective view of the past. In thus doing, though there was much that was painful to contemplate, I frequently found myself recurring to that which was indeed a green spot in the picture—my early childhood. This, and this alone, gave me hope, and cheered me in these dark hours; for I felt that these were not only pleasant to contemplate, but that they were in reality a prophecy of a better time that was to come to me in the future. In no respect is it so true as in the good and the beautiful that "coming events cast their shadows before them." Ye who are walking in the paths of virtue, living lives of purity and truthfulness, know this: that you are not only adding to your present happiness, but that you are doing that which shall cast a bright and shining light down your pathway throughout all the coming future.

At times I would indulge in queries about the future, and with this single exception, from the inmost depths of my soul, like the melancholy humors of the deep, surging sea, there rose but one sentiment, No hope! no hope! no hope!

Thus week after week passed slowly, for let it be remembered that though a crowd of events may make time seem to pass rapidly away, the character of those events has much to do with this, and these painful emotions made the time seem to me like an age, though I knew it was but a brief period.

During this time I was surrounded by a dense mist, which enveloped me like dark clouds upon the watery waste of ocean, and about out from my view all the rest of creation, even depriving me of what I might have gained from the elements of the landscape around me. My condition was distressing in the extreme. At length so intense had my feelings become, that I ceased to note the passage of time, and was lost in a mazy, semi-conscious condition. How long this lasted I am not able to say, but I judge nearly a year.

It was in the month of November when my spirit entered its present abiding-place, and the Christmas Holidays were approaching when I was restored to a consciousness of the events passing around me. This return occurred in a manner which may seem rather strange to some, but you will recognize it as being entirely natural.

One of my boon companions came suddenly up to me and said, "George, how are you?" for he it known my name is George Montieth. "What in the devil are you doing here, standing and watching your old body?" At the best of times you were not so good looking that you need desire to possess that old body. That is no food for worms. Why don't you come out and enjoy yourself?"

And for the first time since my entrance here, my voice obeyed me. I replied, "Because I cannot."

"What!" said he, "you are not drunk, old fellow, are you?"

"No," said I; "worse than that." And I was startled at the sound of my own voice, and a strange thrill, like an electric shock, went through my whole being.

My experience is different from that of any one with whom I have conversed. Just as soon as consciousness and the power of articulation returned, my power of volition was also restored. I had possessed a strong and positive will whilst on earth, which, if it had been directed in the right channel, would have made an entirely different man of me. This strong will power returned to me again in its full power almost instantaneously, as I said to my companion, "I will go with you." The mists which had so long shrouded me now slowly disappeared, as the clouds after a rain, and my eyes were opened to see Nature around me, not bedecked with flowers and carpeted with verdure, but in her bleak and wintry nakedness. My first impression on beholding this condition was to compare it to my own spiritual state. No green thing met my gaze, and the ice-bound streams seemed typical of my own cold and desolate condition.

I have often thought, when I have been mingling in the society of such spirits as were then around me, that had my surroundings been different, these lessons which I was frequently drawing from objects around me in spite of myself, would have been sufficiently potent to have induced a reformation in me; but scarcely had I commenced indulging in reflections like these, which tended to awaken in my spirit a sense of its true condition, when my companion would rally me on my melancholy, as he termed it, and would make some such remark as this: "Why, George, you look as if you were just going to preach a funeral sermon. Come, as the old song says, 'cast that shadow from thy brow,' for here we are, ready for some fun."

Soon after leaving the spot to which I had been chained so long, my companion and I, with some others whom we met, entered a house which I immediately recognized as one which we had been accustomed to frequent, in earth-life. Here we found all the usual arrangements of a gambling-house, and the sparkling wine, as it flowed freely, sent forth a grateful odor, awakening again that appetite which, like all the rest, had lain dormant for a long time, and I longed to join again with the throng who were present in the various games which occupied their attention. My friend observing this desire, directed my attention to a vapor or peculiar light which surrounded each one still in the body, forming a kind of atmosphere around them, and told me to place myself in such a position as to be enclosed by this vapor, and with a little assistance from him I was enabled to do this; and at once began to feel every sensation which was manifested by the individual into whose presence I was thus introduced. Under his instructions, I soon acquired the ability to return the impressions, and even to make stronger ones than I received. I found, to my astonishment and gratification—for power is always gratifying—that I could make certain persons play their hands just as I wished; and I could not refrain from smiling when I saw that these persons fancied they were becoming adepts in playing, little knowing that it was my skill and experience that enabled them to win the games, and not their own ability. Finding myself thus able to control some person still in the form, I experienced all the excitement of my former days, and soon lost all active remembrance of my past experiences, and regarded myself as among the happiest of men. When I desired stimuli, I could act upon these persons so as to reflect my desire in them, and in many instances lead them to partake of just what my inclination called for.

I am glad to say to you that although in this new experience there was much to gratify me, yet there was always an unsatisfied feeling. I continued in this state, with my companions, until after the Christmas Holidays, and I may say that I found all the various forms of celebrations there which I had known on earth. Soon after these had passed, I found myself deserted by all these associates, and I then perceived that they had discovered a secret desire in me to escape from such conditions, though I was scarcely conscious of it myself.

Now came one of those terrible seasons of loneliness and remorse that no language can ever describe. In my frenzy I sought the old spot where my body had been deposited; but I had broken the chain which bound me there, and dispelled the gloomy prison-walls of mist that had been reared around that spot, and here my agonized soul begged, with all the earnestness of its nature, that oblivion would again enshroud it; but as well might I have asked the ocean to cease its rolling and the waves to be still, for like a frail bark that is tossed upon its tempestuous waves, my soul was thrown in wild confusion, and neither peace nor hope found resting-place within my bosom. I crossed the ocean, and sought the spot wherein the mortal remains of my mother had been deposited, and then I made numerous vows of reformation, which I hoped and believed I would be able to keep. But alas for poor human nature! they were like too many promises written only on the sand, that the first wind or wave of excitement will efface.

With all these good intentions and resolves, I returned again to America, to be dragged down into the vortex, which, for a time, I seemed to have escaped from. I would say, however, that this time I was brought into this condition by the derisive laugh and jeering of those companions to whom I have alluded, as I had not sufficient moral courage to endure their raillery. It would be useless to follow out minutely the various changes and experiences which I realized. I was reduced so low that many of the acts in which I was engaged began to be loathsome to me, and I was often disgusted with the influence which I was exercising over other spirits and mortals.

I now experienced a deeper sense of remorse than at any other time, and under its goadings I was led to say, from the deepest depths of my soul, I will change my course of life; but how shall I do it? At this time a strange feeling came over me, and for a moment all seemed as dark as midnight; gradually, like the approach of day, light dawned upon my soul, and I saw at a distance from me that mother who had so frequently haunted me while I was yet an inhabitant of your sphere. The same sad countenance and the appealing look which had been with me through all my life-experiences was still there, and seemed intensified; but there was no anger expressed; only the evidences of the deepest maternal love and solicitude were to be traced on every lineament of the face. While gazing upon this, an old gentleman came to my side, and addressing me kindly, said:

"What seest thou?"

I turned around, somewhat startled at the voice, but replied as calmly as I could:

"I see my mother."

"Dost thou recognize her?" said he.

"Yes," I said.

"Dost thou perceive the sad expression of her countenance?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What wouldst thou do to have that expression removed, and a smile of joy placed there in its stead?"

"Anything that I can."

"Wouldst thou have the burthen removed from thy spirit, come with me."

I did so, and together we traveled over the earth, and everywhere he gave me salutary advice and counsel. He showed me how all vice sprang from ignorance and false education, and how from improper conditions, man was deprived of the enjoyment of many of the privileges which were designed for him. I saw now, in looking over my past career, how I had been led along, and that that which was dark and mysterious at the time, was all in wisdom planned, and though the journey from my present condition to a higher and better one was beset with many temptations, still there was a power that would enable me to rise above them all.

"See," said he to me, on one occasion, "the earth possesses everything that man requires. All that is requisite, is for him properly to desire anything, and to direct his course aright, and he may obtain all that he has a capacity to enjoy, wherever he may be, or whatever may be his condition. Thus, for instance, if the soul thirsts to enjoy musical sounds, the elements are in the earth to gratify that desire; and if he would feast his soul in the fields of literature and science, he can find ample means to do this. Remember this, as thou art working out thy mission: that for every evil which earth presents, there is also to be found a corresponding good to remedy it; and however sick thy soul may be, within itself are ample laboratories to supply it with such elements as are requisite for its full and perfect restoration. Then seek no one to progress for thee, but endeavor to learn thy own capacities, and the labor which is necessary for their expansion, and the knowledge will be given thee."

I remained in company with this friend, and found in him both an instructor and protector; and, as days and years rolled on, I learned the truthfulness of his instruction in every instance, and I am compelled to say that man cannot possess anything unless he desires it—not even the boon of immortality. There may be desires that are not expressed distinctly, but this does not alter the case. Here, as everywhere else, the law of demand and supply exists.

When I had given satisfactory evidence of my power to subdue all such associations as I had formerly mingled with, I was allowed to be reunited to my relatives. After this I was enabled to advance rapidly, and my soul, which ever had, even in its darkest hours, thirsted after scientific attainments, had ample opportunity to unfold and develop its capacities.

Thus have I continued since that period, each day adding to my stock of knowledge, and divesting me more and more of that dark materiality which had surrounded me so long. I am now able to come to you and give my experience, trusting that it may fall into the hands of some who have been misdirected, as I was, and who are wandering from the path of peace and rectitude, and be the means of creating a desire in them to change their course at once, now while on earth, so that they may escape a thirty years' pilgrimage of suffering in the spheres, such as was my experience.

I have given a very brief story, but I hope there may be those who will learn from it this one lesson, at least: that heaven is not, and cannot be gained, without having properly labored for it. Yes, you must both labor for it and merit it, and then it is just as sure to come to you as that the sun will rise, or the stars shine. No matter what sphere or condition you may occupy, if heaven is not implanted within your own breast, it will be impossible for you to attain it, by any onward condition.

In conclusion, allow me to say to all, Weigh well every desire which you may have, and see whether it is one which is ultimately calculated to elevate, or to debase you; and by cultivating and encouraging the one, and shunning the other, you may escape many things which have been to me causes of pain and suffering, though, as I said before, I can see that all is wisely ordered.

To those who desire the reformation of humanity individually, I would say, Take example from the manner in which I was treated by that good old man whose shining countenance ever lights my pathway, and when temptation comes, I stand even now under the protectingegis of his love, though I am sent abroad without him that I may grow stronger.

If you wish to produce a thorough reformation, do not rely upon the good advice you may give the victims of habits which are strong, and resolutions which are correspondingly weak, but seek to be with them, and throw over them the protection of your presence, and by kindness and love you may draw them up out of the prison-house of darkness and error into which they have fallen. Had I only received from my friend the beautiful sentiments and kind words that ever flowed from him, and then been left in my surroundings, I should have been to-day reveling in the banquets of infamy, instead of endeavoring to elevate the human race.

Never was there a time when true reform was more needed than at present. The progress of humanity has brought many minds to a condition in which they can appreciate proper labor for their benefit. It is time for man to be made to understand that he is individually responsible for every act of his life, and that it matters not how much that act may be concealed from others, it is written in invisible characters upon himself, is a part of him that he can no more escape from than from his own existence.

Having this truth firmly impressed upon the mind, there will be a desire to avoid all that would mar the beauty of the soul. Then, if the lesson which I have endeavored to teach in this narrative, that sympathy and love, kindness and a protecting influence over each other, is practiced, humanity will lift up its head in hope, and realize that there is a good time coming, when, physically,

"The lame shall leap with gladness,
The blind rejoice to see;
The slave shall know no master,
And the prisoner shall be free."

And spiritually the soul shall know
"All discords ending
In harmony sublime;
And know that sin and error
Are dimly understood,
And that which man calls evil
Is undeveloped good."

Original Essays.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM--NO. 15.

BY C. B. F.

In his "Chestnut Spirit," Gen. E. A. Hitchcock points to ancient philosophical Freemasonry, superinduced upon the operative Order, as the origin of the Law, the Prophets, and of Christianity. Dr. Oliver, in "Landmarks of Freemasonry," and Dr. Mackey, in "Lexicon of Freemasonry," had already opened this route to the Jordan, and had sopped the churches along the way by giving to Biblical Freemasonry the more exclusive Word, making the Gentile Word, though of the same lineage, heretical, or "spurious," while the "open sesame" in Jewry is the only "original Jacob" to the "things hidden from the foundation of the world." While granting the truths in Hebrew and Gentile symbolism, as discovered along the track of anatomy, physiology, geometry and astronomy, and concealed in riddles, dark sayings and parables, which were interchangeable through physical, moral and spiritual aspects, we shall show a more impartial survey than the mere confining of the "gentilism" Word to the Hebrew branch of the ancient tree of life, equally manifest in all the esoteric religions.

Much of modern Freemasonry is exclusive and superficial in its symbolism; but the philosophers of the Order, who have studied it in all its parts, seldom fail to discover that it embraces the more scientific, if not the higher aspects of all the ancient religions, or mysteries, or "secret things which belong to God," or to the Hierophant or high priest, who spoke in the name of God. But the imponderable and symbolic world may belong to us as well, if we seek for it. Ultimates of chemistry, electricity and magnetism do interlace and bridge the Jordan, and open upon other realms of being in consecutive relations. Occult phenomena reach through the domain of physical, moral and spiritual life, and cannot be confined within the horizon of the more material vision. We need have only the gearing right to revolve wheel within wheel through every mode of being, and mutually assistive of each other, without compressing the spiritual and physical domain to the measure of foregone conclusions or formulas.

Of course it is to be expected that an ignorant and superstitious people, with all science in the hands of a priesthood, combined with Statecraft for the submergence of general knowledge, would receive those things as miracles from heaven which had the most earthly of beginnings.

This Salvator informs us of one of the ancients who "recommends his son never to disclose to the barbarians the secret of the composition of the Greek fire; but to say to them that it was brought from heaven by an angel, and that it would be sacrilegious to reveal it to them." Callitinos and the initiated must have borrowed their unextinguishable fire from some Asiatic initiation. The Persians possessed the secret, but they reserved the use of it for combats. They composed an oil with which they rubbed their darts, which, when thrown with a moderate force, carried with them devouring flames, increased and strengthened by water, and only extinguishable by sand.

What was the extent of range of these flying arrows? Were they mistaken by the children of Israel for "fiery flying serpents," as recorded in the Word? Or, were the constellated Seraphim the genuine serpentaria? And who shall decide whether the Lord or the Devil was the chief engineer or prince of the power of the air over the flying arrows, or flying serpents? Or, whether either "hoisted by his own petard?" There appears to have been strange fire from the Lord in "a composition which a sorcerer or sorceress shot forth from inflamed jets, mentioned" in the Hindoo Word. "Soaliger, a man more erudite than able, and more presumptuous than erudite, boldly ridiculed those who professed that they could produce physical compositions which, exposed to the rays of the sun, or sprinkled with water, would ignite. A student of chemistry would ridicule Soaliger for such an opinion, and work before his eyes two miracles which he had declared to be impossible."

Alas! this fire from the Lord makes sad work with the miracles of Elijah, when he brought fire from heaven which "licked up the water." Alas! what shall we do to be saved, when the pasteboard barriers of the Bible afford no more protection against the many inventions man has sought out, than the wooden walls against the iron monitors? Unless "God's Word" of old time shall be iron-clad with the thumb-screws, bolts, and other fixings of the Church, what shall save its miracles from common sources of causation? Could the modern Hierophants enforce the authority of a "Thus saith the Lord"? Might they not issue commandments somewhat on this wise:

"Thou shalt not uncover the miracles of the children of Israel, lest the Lord break forth upon you, nor of those children under the Christian name, who

"Would have miracles—ay, sound ones, too—seen, heard, attested, everything but true."

Thou shalt not look through Messier, nor in symbol

Water transformed to wine in Cana of Galilee."

Thou shalt not flow the milk out of the old Jewry coconuts, which is retained for babes. It is hallowed milk, and is not lawful for any to drink of it except the priests. Nor shalt thou make any chemical analysis of the same to see wherein it differs from the milk of the Gentile coconuts. The Lord, even he shall feed you with milk.

Thou shalt not drink of the abominable cup of heretics; nor, with Father Gavazzi, laugh at the milk preserved from the Virgin Mary; but thou shalt cast out utterly all who are wise above what was written by them of old time—written with the finger of God.

Thou shalt have no other Gods before me—such a "Natural Selection," with Darwin as his prophet—nor have Agassiz maintaining a squatter sovereignty on the back of a turtle, and from the mount of vision in "Types of Mankind," discovering eight creations which I wot not of, but only that in the garden of Eden, consisting of Adam, Eve, Snake & Co. The Gods newly up be no Gods, and thou shalt break down their altars and destroy their prophecies; neither shall there be found among you the "Testimony of the Rocks," "Essays and Reviews," nor Dunlap's "Soda Mysteries."

Thou shalt not suffer Bishop Colenso to dwell within any of thy coasts, not even the coast of "Good Hope," where the petulant Heathen converted the good Bishop from the error of his ways, and saved a soul from death—the death in a fossil theology, which is as precious in mine eyes as the death of the saints bequeathing piles of Mammon to shine in the glory of the Lord; but thou shalt lay the sins of the people upon the new lighted Bishop's head, and send him off to the solstitial wilderness of Capricornus, the sacred scapegoat of Israel; for though he speaks out of an honest and good heart, yet is he awfully wanting in that reverence of piety which make the worse appear the better reason.

Thou shalt be rather shy of Mahan, who sought to circumscribe the bottomless pit of Biblical theology, but was himself swept down in its sewerage, by granting to the open vision of the Bishop, that God so spoke to the "child soul" of Israel on the plane of Mother Goose, that the figures were not historical, but only in accordance with the divine arithmetic of the Egyptians, thus placing the seventh day in the category of the Word, as set forth by the venerable Mother in

Israel, on the road to Mt. Ives, when she met seven cats, snakes, and wives, besides the seven kittens of Israel, with their eyes not yet open—the same seven against which poor Hugh Miller broke his head—It being harder to unriddle than the strata of all his rock, though in the Egyptian and Pythagorean Freemasonry made quite plain, as may be seen in Dr. Oliver's "Landmarks," and Dr. Mackey's "Lexicon."

Thou shalt not read Ernest Renan's Jesuitical Life—a work fraught with the spirit that walked in darkness and wasteth at noonday, and more pestilential than the Colenso slobber. If the English Bull refused to be muzzled while treading out the corn, the French Gallic appears to be no less potent in treading; for he comes down as heavy as the Lord's hand on them of Ashdod, when he sees Lazarus, in the drama of the resurrection, playing possum—a meat too strong for even the "Christian Examiner's" stomach, not wont to be troubled with weak digestion—on the contrary, "pretty considerably" so, in the vigorous mastication of strong meat for men.

Thou shalt not quench the fires of the conflagrationists, Miller and Cummings, for they keep the simple ones, who are killed by the letter, on the *qui vive*, looking for the rolling together of the heavens as a scroll, with the sun darkened and the moon smoked into blood, with sea and waves roaring, and stars playing puss, puss in the corner within the veil of the "clouded canopy," and perfectly familiar to the initiates in the dramatic scenes of the ancient mysteries, or symbolical Freemasonry in the higher degrees. Besides, it has been discovered in the "sign" of the heaver, by the mode in which he has used his tail as a measuring reed to cast the horoscope of the Canada heavens, that old Boreas, the Lord of the North, is coming down, as the prince of the power of the air, to walk in the cool of the day, and bringing a cold winter in his train. Now, with the present high price of coal, many might prefer to warm themselves with the "strange fire from the Lord," rather than to be left with New England out in the cold, with only the Rhode Island coal-mine as a refuge, which is supposed will pass as safely through the fire as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

Thou shalt in anywise utterly destroy the Spirit-calls from out the land, for when Saul had done so to the witches and wizards, and thus slain "the Lord's priests," he could only manifest by the witch of Endor; therefore thou shalt not suffer a witch to live. True, on a former occasion he had spoken the Word by Balaam and his ass. But let that slide. The word in hand is with these Spiritualists, who, like the sons of Zemlah, be too hard for me. They have come into my holy of holies, and laid hold of secrets hidden from the foundation of the world, and are more difficult to drive out than the Jebusites from Jerusalem, whom the Lord could not drive out because they had chariots of iron, so that the land could not be fully possessed which I swore unto your fathers, and the infidels said *Aha!* at my breach of promise. These Spiritualists make no bones of ventilating, by a fan that thoroughly purges the floor, the Biblical dry bones, though whited and garnished, making them shake in newness of life as in the four winds, when "bone to his bone" stood up to the astonished vision of Ezekiel.

This episode in parable may remind us that much of the nineteenth century, by a priestly mode of procurate education is yet in abeyance and superstitious bondage to the sacred fossilism of old time, as if God was less outspoken now than when he conbafed with the Jews.

Of the fire from the Lord, "Michaela explains in the same manner, by the inflammation of subterranean gas, the miracle which interrupted the works ordered by the Emperor Julian for the restoration of the Temple of Jerusalem, and at which the Christians rejoiced so exceedingly that they were suspected to be the authors of it." We may observe that neither the Jews of Jerusalem, the Emperor Julian, nor Ammianus Marcellinus, who has transmitted the account of it to us, were converted to Christianity by this miracle. If we consult the annals of Greece, we shall find that the priests of Apollo at Delphi, after having announced, by the voice of the oracle, that their God knew well how to save his temple, did, in fact, preserve it from the invasion of the Persians, and then from the Gauls, by the explosion in the rocks that surrounded it. The assailants were crushed by the fall of innumerable blocks of stone, which, in the midst of devouring flames, were rained upon them by an invisible hand.

Thus we see miracles quite as great in Heathen land as in the holy land of the Hebrews, where the "Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon the Amorites, and the Lord slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon, and smote them to Azekah, and unto Makkedah." The sun and moon stood still at the command of the Lord. "And Joshua did unto them as the Lord bade him: he hamstringed their horses and burnt their chariots with fire." We know of nothing more infernal than orally to animals.

That the Lord should engineer the hamstringing of horses, besides stopping the sun and moon for the further hewing to pieces of men, women and children, would seem to indicate that the Lord was one of those evil spirits that we hear so much of. David, too, "a man after God's own heart," besides baking his prisoners in brick-kilns, tearing them to pieces "under harrows of iron and axes of iron," also hamstringed seven hundred horses as an acceptable sacrifice to the Lord. "And the Lord preserved David whithersoever he went."

Astronomical emblems have been converted into positive subjects of history, with remarkable variations of the legends, interblended with myths or other facts. In the romantic heaven of the old Chaldeans, where each bright particular star was a damsel of such beauty that even Job himself could hardly forbear to kiss his hand in worship of the heaven, who could withstand the sweet influence of the Pleiades, and the many other charming eyes of the heavenly host. To be worthy such a kingdom of heaven, Orion vanquishes a Serpent, and Perseus frees Andromeda from the Dragon who fought against Michael in the Revelations of St. John.

The legend of a heavenly being overcoming a serpent, the principle of evil, was conformable to the language, the spirit, and the origin of Christianity. It was received, therefore, and reproduced in the religious paintings and ceremonies of the early Christians. St. Michael, the first of the archangels, was presented to the eyes of the faithful, piercing the infernal dragon, the enemy of the human race.

Thus do we find the trail of the serpent over all the religions. Even now it dominates Protestant Orthodoxy in the name of the devil, who, as a constellation fell from heaven, and took a third part of the stars or angels in the swoop of his tail. He is sometimes transformed into an angel of light, for we are not ignorant of his devices—and then he becomes Lucifer, "the bright and morning star," who sent the angel to speak through the medium John at Patmos. He then becomes the keeper of one of the twelve gates which open into the New Jerusalem or zodiac in the sign of Scorpio, thus choosing to be a gate-keeper in the house of the Son, or Lord, rather than to dwell in the tents of the winter solstice. But if by the procession of the equinoxes he gets cast out of Eden, he may appear as the *Draco*, or great red dragon, righting a woman, in pain to be delivered, to the wilderness, and then clipping the heavens, as a *Hydra* threatening to drink up the Jordan.

Thus coming down from the old Chaldean heavens, and becoming domiciliated in our churches, Chris-

tianity has been presented to us very largely in the aspect of the Uplite-God. "Every parish had its Dragon; and still, in all the parishes of Spain, the image of the Serpent is carried in procession on Corpus Christi-day." The history of the monster varies still more than its forms, as imagination and credulity attributed to it supernatural deeds. From dread they passed to respect. The Dragon of Politica was piously named the good St. Vermine—they prayed to it, and they were eager to obtain chaplets touched by it. Several churches in France did not abandon the use of it until the 18th century; in 1771, Grosley found it kept up in full force in all the Catholic Churches of the Low Countries. The clergy willingly gave credit to these kinds of tales. They augmented their power by obtaining for the heads of their Order the right of pardoning. We might instance several other data that time has also disarranged and modernized. It is, nevertheless, for a different cause that the death of the heroes of Tarascon and the soldier Niori deserve to be remembered. In those myths which describe the struggle of the principle of light over darkness, the former frequently paid for its victory with its life. It is thus related of Osiris, of Bacchus, of Atys, and of Adonis. In the Scandinavian mythology, likewise, at that terrible day, when the world is to be destroyed, and renewed, the God Thor, after having exterminated the great serpent, engendered by the principle of evil, is to perish himself, stifled by the venomous breath emitted by the monster. We are not astonished at finding another vestige of the Solar legend, or in seeing several vanquishers of enormous serpents falling in the midst of their triumphs, or unable to survive them.

It is not related in Revelations what became of Michael and his angels after they had fought with the Dragon and his angels. It would appear, however, that the Dragon got the worst of it, and had to depart for a season.

"A direct interest is not always requisite for changing an astronomical myth into local history." The Dragon which "stood before the woman ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born," was the same old Serpent which reached the cradle of Hercules, eight months after he was born, with the intent of strangling the man-child as soon as possible after "it was born." But a growth of eight months in the heavens had made the "man-child" as strong as Samson with his hair on, and Hercules proved as potent as Michael against the snakes; hence Hercules is among the constellations, besides being a symbol of the Sun, and riding on the circuit of the heavens from Alpha to Omega. He has the entire or open sesame of the twelve Jerusalem gates in the course of his "twelve labors" of the Zodiac, and as they grate upon their hinges at the procession of the equinoxes, like Samson, a Sun name in Jewry, he pulls up the posts and lets the gates swing from their moorings.

Besides the Serpent in Eden, and the brazen Uplite-God whom Moses set up as a healing medium, so also did he figure on one of the twelve standards of Israel in correspondence with the Hebrew Zodiac, whose twelve signs were in Patriarchal names. "Dan shall be a serpent by the way." So, too, "the Dragon figured among the military ensigns of the Assyrians; and Cyrus, the conqueror of the Assyrians, caused it to be adopted by the Persians and by the Medes. Under the Roman Emperors, and under the Emperors of Byzantium, every cohort or centurion, bore a dragon as its ensign." The Cross or Passover symbol of the equinoctial crossings, which Constantine found among the stars as a sign for his standard, was also flanked by the serpent as represented on his flag.

"We must admit, also, that similar signs have more than once recalled the remembrance of astronomic myths; and when it is known that in religious ceremonies the image of the Dragon was carried by the side of that of St. George, before the Emperor of Constantinople, we are tempted to believe that St. George owes to this custom the legend that places him in the same rank as St. Michael."

"After, the first King of England, saw in the skies a star which had the form of a fiery Dragon, and which foretold his elevation to the throne. The astronomical origin of the primitive legends had not been forgotten."

One after another we may find the signs and wonders stowed away along the ancient sky. "The Celestial Virgin, who was invoked by the Syrians and Phoenicians as Astarte or Artergatis, may be found on the Egyptian panisphere, where it represents the sign of the fishes united to that of the Virgin. It is perpetuated in the religions of Japan and Hindostan, and preserved in the ancient mythology of the island of Java." Everywhere is presented the same outline of the ancient religions, with varying phases, and thus we find many of the signs from heaven taking their rise from an astronomical origin, sometimes in conjunction with spiritual mediumship, sometimes in opposition, as may be seen in the Word of old Jewry. "Almost all the Tartar princes trace their genealogy to a Celestial Virgin, impregnated by a Sunbeam, or some equally marvellous means."

In other language, the mythology which serves as a starting point of their annals, belongs to the age in which the sign of the Virgin was used for denoting the Summer Solstice." In this we find the equivalent of the Christian Virgin's being overshadowed of the Holy Ghost, equivalent to the Sunbeam, when "the glory of the Lord shone around," for with the ancients the radiating beams of the Sun were the glories of the Lord. John, of Patmos, saw a Virgin clothed with the Sun. There is an aptness in bonding these bright particular stars with spirits in the glory of the Lord; for so are the correspondences as angels, or our bright spirit-friends, radiate in their light as the Sun; hence the starry hosts and spirits are embraced through interchangeable relations. "The Druids honored a Virgin who was to bring forth children—the Celestial Virgin, who every year shining in the highest heavens, should at midnight restore to the earth the Child-God, the Sun, born of the Winter Solstice," while the Solstitial Dragon of Winter "stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered for to devour her child as soon as it was born," but her child was caught up to God and his throne—the Sun-birth from the immaculate conception of the Virgin year.

THE USE OF DISEASE.

While Nature is ever busy in perfecting the forms to which she has imparted life, she is also ever busy in obliterating her imperfections; this latter work being subservient to the former. With regard to man, Nature has made singular provisions, which, though apparent only in a slight degree in other forms of life, stand conspicuously before the philosopher who, only, divines their import.

The provisions which Nature has made for obliterating her imperfect works, are some of them seen in the many diseases that are incident to early life; and those which seem to have been purposely set at the gate of life to examine the systems of all who pass (some late, some early), are characterized by a general similarity of symptoms, and they each usually manifest themselves but once during the life of an individual. This class of diseases embraces all those which are characterized by fever in the earlier stages, followed by a cutaneous eruption at a later period, and are known to medical men as exanthematous or measles diseases. The ingenuity of man has disarmed the most malignant of these (the small pox), by substituting another disease derived from the cow in its place; though it may be a question whether in defeating such a scheme of Nature as is involved in means used for silencing the weak from the strong, (thereby securing a more

perfect race of beings,) man really performs a work of mercy. The real work of mercy, it may be, is in perfecting those conditions of the human family which render all these diseases harmless; and this work is no other than educating man in the knowledge of the laws of Nature, and particularly those which relate to the continuance and progression of his race.

The view here suggested respecting the true office and use of the diseases incident to early life, is one that has forced itself upon the conviction of the writer. It is not proposed to offer any reasons for accepting these views. It is enough to make the suggestion. If there be any other purpose or use for these diseases in the economy of Nature than to sift out the weak from the strong, perhaps some person of deeper intuitions will find it.

It may be true, and it undoubtedly is true, that sometimes the weak are left and the strong are taken; so also sometimes a few sound grains are blown away with the chaff, and a few shriveled grains remain with the winnowed wheat, but these are exceptional cases.

ENOS N.

IDEALITY AND REALITY; OR, RIGHT VS. WRONG.

BY GEORGE F. KITTREDGE.

The Ideality of mankind, in every age, has always transcended the so-called Reality which passed before him. The Ideality of mankind is, in our estimation, but the shadows of coming events, or, in other words, the Reality of the future. But Nature works steady and sure, and even slow, when compared with the swiftness of time. The artist has in his mind an idea of what constitutes real intrinsic beauty; he transcribes those ideas on canvas, and the result is, an image surpassing in delicacy, form and beauty everything of the kind that is called real.

Mankind has an idea of what constitutes true virtue, true benevolence, true morality, true justice, true mercy, &c. But take mankind collectively, and there exists no such things as true virtue, true benevolence, true morality, true justice, or true anything. There is no nation, no race, no man or woman but is susceptible of improvement, or being improved upon. Our forefathers had an idea what true liberty was. They fought for it. But when they had gained their independence, they knew not how to appreciate that liberty; for if they had, they would never have promulgated to the world that this land should forever be a hospital for the oppressed of all nations, where all could enjoy the blessings of true liberty, and then, right in the face and eyes of this declaration, went to work as they did, and made provisions for holding in abject slavery and ignorance another race, who, if they were somewhat inferior, were nevertheless human.

Jesus Christ had an idea what constituted true love when he uttered the so-called "Golden Rule," and warned humanity not to call each other fools; but he did not exercise that true love when he reproved the Scribes and Pharisees, and called them fools, blind men and hypocrites. Now why is this? We answer that there is a governing principle innate in the organism of mankind, and that this principle is the comparative predominance of the animal over the intellectual propensities, or, in vulgar parlance, hog over the human. But the inquiry suggests itself, How came this predominance, and how is it to ultimately terminate? If the sciences of Geology, Zoology, Embryology, Botany, and their various branches, teach us anything, they teach us that there is an immutable law of progressive development, and that man himself was developed from the animal kingdom, and consequently inherited a superabundance of animal propensities and characteristics; and by this law these propensities have been growing less influential, less potent, less arbitrary, as, in a corresponding degree, mankind has from one generation to another inculcated more wisdom, and assumed, little by little, new ideas of excellence and nobility.

And still this law works on. Mankind is looking upward and ahead, his Ideality is ever busy speculating upon what ought to be, what can be, and what inevitably *must* be. And, too, this law always works for good. Yes, there is an "irrepressible conflict," as Seward has said, between slavery and freedom, in which freedom will ultimately triumph—for this law is there at work. There is an "irrepressible conflict" existing between every bad and good thing in Nature, whereby the good will live and the bad be exterminated, or changed. But it will take time to bring about the result, since this law works by slow degrees; yet the time will come when all things will be as beautiful as ever an artist imagined or a poet ever dreamed; when everything will be perfect and everything excellent; when peace and prosperity shall smile at the banishment of plagues and pestilences; when virtue will annul the death-sentence of vice; when truth shall dance, and sing a requiem over the grave of error;

"When slavery shall pass away,
And liberty shall reign,
And this fair earth no longer groan
With sorrow, toll and pain."
Saginaw City, Mich., 1863.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GOOD WILL.

TO A SISTER, ON PRESENTING HER A WHITE LACE COLLAR OF TRANSFERRED WORK, AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Dear sister, this fairy-like tissue of lace,
Adornment and symbol of beauty and grace,
With a transfer of work from the old is wrought,
As the past is enwoven with the tissue of thought.

This life is a mirage of good and of ill,
With the cloud and the rainbow our heaven they fill,
And sometimes the dress they compel us to wear,
Like the foliage of autumn, is sombre and rare.

And sometimes the cold, chilling frosts of despair
Creep through life's bare branches and stiffen them there.

And sometimes the winter of hate and of scorn
Leaves its trees and its branches all shattered and torn.

Death (change) is the name of the spirit of time,
And he moves through the earth with a triumph sublime;

But whatever the triumphs each year doth enroll,
There's a treasure which never yet darkened his scroll:

"Tis a lacework enwoven of pure spirit light,
The robe of the righteous, the medium of sight;
And through it the thought-soul of God doth distill,
For the eyelets are formed by the light of good-will.

Mind to this hath an heirship, and though all else fall,
Though the flowers it hath cherished be strewn on the gale.

From paradise bowers the good seed may distill,
And the amaranth bloom in the light of good will.

Good will! 'T was the anthem from heaven outpouring,
When the bright star of Hope in the firmament hung.
Good will! 'T was the spirit breathed forth on the air,
When that star paled away in the night of despair.

Good will! 'T is the herald of each Christmas morn,
'T is the life of each spirit anew in Christ born,
'T is the hope of the world, 'T is the light of the eyes,
'T is the ladder enfolding the earth with the skies.

A lady with an immense crinoline knocked over an unfortunate gentleman in London by a single sweep of her skirts. His head struck the curb-stone, and the shock was so severe that he died in a short time.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD--NO. 2.

BY CORA WILBURN.

To the consciousness of your humble writer comes the reiterated assurance that in the great chain of immortal life there is no break; that not alone the full grown or spiritually matured souls live eternally, but that the unborn infant, endowed with the divine immortal principle, lives forever; growing in soul-stature and in physical correspondence in the gracious summer-land.

When on the earth the lust of murder shall no more exist in human hearts, then will "the lion and the lamb lie down together in peace;" when the venom of envy, malignity, asperion and calumny no more shall dwell in the soul of man, there will be no envenomed thing, but earth shall teem with harmless, beauteous forms, developed up to the human standard of a divine harmony. No pestilences shall infest the lands of peace, where reigns the law of purity and order; no tempests cloud the atmospheres that need no purification by the fires of force. Self-control, supreme and perfect, shall lead you to control the world of matter, ever obedient to the gentle, blessed mandates of the sovereign spirit. Amid the morning stars of heaven, regenerated earth shall sing her triumph-song of harmony attained!

Much of that purporting to originate with minds in the immortal realms has its source only in the self-psychologized minds of certain peculiarly organized individuals, dwellers of the turbulent ether world; seekers for fame, notoriety; anxious to be leaders in new theories, startling, revolting to the common sense and the holiest intuitions of humanity. Whatever the natural reason and the yearning affections feel repelled from, is not from the teaching words of life eternal. Whatever is pure and holy, elevating and beneficial, even in the minutest details conducive to happiness, expansive and heavenward growth, is from beyond, above, around—from everywhere whence the summoning call of the disfranchised spirit can be heard or felt.

Every deed of love performed, every kind word spoken, every pure thought unexpressed that thrill our being, not only brings its indwelling compensation in the return of blissful feeling, serene and joyous, but in the spirit-land its corresponding outward beauty is made manifest. By deeds of love and forgiveness, encouragement, charity and self-denial, we adorn our future home with visible and imperishable gems and flowers of poetry and art. Sweetest musical instruments are placed within the spirit's reach by the sole effort of humanitarian longings; by the ennobling pursuits of benevolence, the search for a truer freedom, a greater harmony. A revered sister, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, has given to the world this beautiful reality of spirit recompense, in a vision related by her. The same beautiful impressions have soothed and cheered your writer for some years, though in her the gift of vision is not bestowed.

The precious gems that sparkle in exclusive lustre in the monarch's crown, may, for spirit-possession, be attained to by the humblest in this life. The rarest artist-inspirations of the glorious inner and upper world may adorn the walls of the spirit-habitations. The hardy, towering forest trees of the North may blend with the Southern palm and the Egyptian date to beautify the acres we shall own by rightful inheritance, and wherein no autumn-bligh shall fall.

The aspiring soul that loves the revelations of Nature's sublimity will choose its home-rest by the musically sounding seas of summer-land; on the bold, verdant mountain's slope, amid the floral loveliness of the Italy of souls, there to learn of teaching Nature all her secrets of ineffable value. Great intellect will there pursue pædagogic courses, dedicated unto universal hospitality and the instructions of wisdom. Contented Love will build sweet, nestling home-shrines of the heart; and Prayer will adorn with votive offerings of good deeds, symbolized in fruit and flower, the crystal-pure fanes of worship.

There will be changes in that bright land; but not of tempest passing, or of overtaking sorrow. The change will be from joy to a more perfected repose of gladness; from ascending steps of knowledge, to broad fair platforms of revealed truths; from unfoldment to fruition; from hope to realization; from distant worship and long-seeking, to the nearness of deific revelation; to close communion and approximation in every soul-department to the Divine Source.

By self-denial, overcoming of the purely animal propensities, by rigid adherence to truth, by a righteous love of liberty, by charity and full forgiveness of injuries, we may reach the pearly gate that leads into the summer-lands of peace, even while the striving spirit is yet encased in its mortal tenement. We can become the disciples of Wisdom, the pupils of the angels, even here.

THE SEDUCER.

What more perverted character is there than the seducer?—one who deliberately sets himself to accomplish the ruin of some lovely being, by first securing her love and confidence—it may be by months or years of unremitting application of his wily arts to the innocent and unsuspecting victim of his unholy lust, causing the tendril of her heart to entwine about him, till he thinks he has her completely within his grasp; and too often he succeeds in accomplishing her ruin and utter desolation of heart—innocence and purity gone, a midnight darkness settles around her being. To be sure, she may, as her only resource, take up a life of infamy, and may appear among men with a smiling face; but behold her in her hours of solitude, and see the fearful anguish of her mind, the worse than midnight darkness that settles like a pall about her, as she looks back on her days of innocence and joyousness, when the future looked bright and smiling to her, as she anticipated the life of usefulness in prospect before her!

And what exoner has he who has wrought all this misery and desolation? It may be he calls woman the weaker vessel; but is she? Is not he lamentably weak in moral qualities of being—far weaker, in this respect, than his victim? But because he has a stronger physical constitution, and more magnetic influence than she has, he calls her weak, when he is greatly weaker in lovely and moral traits of character than is woman. And what is to be his fate? Think you he will pass through life with an unclouded brow? Or, if he does, will not the time surely come when the arrows of Remorse will pierce his brain.

"And it will come—a fearful thing,
To fire the maddening brain—
Blight beauty by its visitant,
And rack the heart with pain."

Yes, as surely as night follows day, will he experience the tortures of a guilty conscience. Before he can become a bright and lovely being of a higher life, he will have to be purified by unutterable anguish of mind.

RUSSELL AVERILL.

Two Good Boys.—Amos and Andrew were little boys, and Fanny sent two presents to them; one was a little soldier's cap, and the other a book; but she did not tell which was to have the cap or which the book. Their father showed the presents to Andrew and Amos. Both looked at the cap as if both wanted it.

"Choose," said the father, holding them up.
"I choose the book," said Amos; "Andrew may have the cap."
"I choose the book," said Andrew; "Amos may have the cap."

"Do you both choose the book?" asked the father.
"No, sir; we both choose the soldier's cap," said the little boys; "but we both rather give up the other."

Was not that a lovely spirit? What a happy home must be where two such little boys live!

For the Banner of Light.

TO REMEMBER, IN HEAVEN.

Not here, my brother!
Not here, but in a realm of boundless love,
Where dwells the anthem to Jehovah's praise,
Where dwell the "pure in heart," and angels move
Around the throne of "Him of endless days—
Yes, there, my brother.

In the spirit-land!
Beyond the confines of far-reaching thought,
More beautiful than earthly eye hath seen,
Where live the sons of light—the Heaven-taught!
There art thou, where no mortal e'er hath been,
In the spirit-land!

Yet still we see thee!
Thy clear, light-hearted voice greets us once more,
Thy pleasant smile is still in Memory's cell.
Thy well-known footfall sounds across the floor;
And thus we dream; but as we break the spell,
Ah, then we miss thee!

How we have loved thee
A father's anguish bath revealed full well,
A mother's gentler sorrow long will show,
And tears that in thy sister's eyes yet swell,
And brother's sighs, and friends that mourn thee now,
Speak how we loved thee.

But we murmur not.
Oh no, we would not call thy form from earth—
"T were cruel, were the will at our command;
Oh no, till now we never knew thy worth,
Nor how thy soul was trained for the Bright Land!
No, we murmur not!

Our spirit-brother!
Oh, mayst thou be his minstrel's angel too,
To warn us through a world of constant strife,
To check the evil, bring the good to view,
From out the tangled web of human life,
Loved spirit-brother!

So we may join thee,
When Death's dark shadow sits across the brow,
And the strong pulse forevermore shall cease—
Then, as the end draws nigh, oh may we know
In humble trust, thy watchword—Love and Peace,
And we shall join thee.

Philadelphia, 1863.

ALPHA.

Correspondence.

Jettings from Rev. Moses Hull.

Having, Mr. Editor, a kind of a *coarctation* *seri-*
bendi, I will jot down a few thoughts for your valu-
able paper. I say valuable, because it is so—not be-
cause it publishes all truth and no error, but because
it gives truth and error the field, and fearlessly advo-
cates what it conceives to be the truth, regardless of
the frowns of old Fogysm.

Well, for the last eighteen months a revolution has
been gradually going on in my "faith," until I plead
guilty of having but little left. The fact is, the more
a man knows the less faith he has; for as faith is
based upon what a man does not know, an increase
of knowledge must result in a decrease of faith.

My sectarianism is also dying. Strange as it may
sound, I verily believe that a person may be honest
and differ in opinion with me. Had you heard me
preach five years ago, you would not have thought
that I ever could have come to this. But so it is, after
damning others for renouncing the Advent doctrine,
and thinking that others who had doubts upon certain
points "were sinners above" (nearly) all others, "here
I am in "Doubting Castle," and have been here "Lo,
these many days." I have at times cherished hopes
that I should be "recovered" from this "snare of the
Devil," but all hope is now gone.

I shall never be able again to fully believe the Ad-
vent doctrine. I love the Advent people. Why should
I not? They have always been good, kind and benev-
olent toward me; and when they saw me doubting the
infallibility of their religious system, they took hold
with commendable zeal to help me. They tried to
trig the wheels and keep me from advancing, but alas,
they universally put the "chock" in on the wrong
side, and thus hastened me out, as the angels did Lot
and his family from the "wicked city."

I trust that I am henceforth a free man—free to
search for truth wherever it is to be found. I know
that the more which I now make will make me hun-
dreds of enemies, and bring me to want pecuniarily;
but what of that. I had much rather support my fam-
ily by manual labor at fifty cents per day, than to
preach what I cannot believe for "filthy lucre."

I am now engaged in manufacturing trunks, valises,
&c. How long I shall follow it, or what I shall do in
the future, I do not know. The coming draft may
elect me to go and help "Uncle Sam" put down the
greatest rebellion that has existed since "Lucifer,
the son of the Morning," rebelled.

If "Father Abraham" calls for me, I am at his ser-
vice. I have no sickly father or mother to support,
nor have I motherless children, and the commutation
I cannot pay. So there is no chance for me, if I elect-
ed, but to go. Could I have continued to believe
that there was nothing of man but flesh, blood and
breath, my brethren, like men, would have cheerfully
walked up and paid the \$300; but now it cannot be
expected.

Although I respect my Advent brethren as men, and
respect their opinions as I do those of all others, I will
be regarded by them as a public enemy. "Away with
him; it is not fit that he should live."

Some of my brethren regard this move as being an
evidence of insanity. Perhaps it is. Upon that point
I make no plea.

My reasons for renouncing the Advent doctrine can-
not be given in this short article. If desired, I may
possibly give them in the future.

Steam will undoubtedly be brought to bear against
my character. The report that Elder Hull has em-
braced Spiritualism, or Infidelity, or both, will per-
haps be circulated in its worst form, wherever I have
any influence. But it is not correct.

I do believe that Spiritualism is an *infallible* evi-
dence of a super-mundane existence. Yes, it does to
my mind demonstrate an existence without a physical
organization. If that is Spiritualism, then verily am
I a Spiritualist. I have written a work of 182 pages,
on the "Origin of the Bible," the most of which I en-
dorse to-day. I believe that the Bible is an inspired
book; but I do not believe that it is *infallibly* inspired.
There is no such thing as infallible inspiration.

All inspiration partakes of the nature of the me-
dium, through which it passes, as everything else
does. Let light pass through a colored glass and it
will partake of the color of the glass. Put water into a
new wooden pail, and it will either taste of the paint or
of the peculiar kind of wood of which the pail is made.
So it is with inspiration. Who cannot trace Moses'
peculiarities in all of his writings? A person only
needs to read the Canticles, to know that if their au-
thor did not have "three hundred wives and seven hun-
dred concubines," it was because he could not get
them.

Christ's Sermon on the Mount exhibits the Spirit of
the humble Nazarene. And who cannot trace the pecu-
liarities of Paul in all his writings?

Again, if the Bible is all alike *infallibly* inspired,
one part is just as good, essential, and necessary, as
another. Who believes it? Who thinks the Songs of
Solomon as important as the Lord's Sermon on the
Mount? No one.

Then there are degrees of inspiration. Some are

better mediums than others. Hence some parts of the
Bible are more perfect than others.

But I must close these scattering cogitations.

If my labors in the great field of Reform are worth
anything, I am at the service of those who can delay
my traveling expenses, and give me a small remunera-
tion for my time.

Yours for the triumph of truth.

Moses Hull.

P. S.—My address is Battle Creek, Mich.

Things in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Spiritualism in this "White City of the Lake" is
at a low ebb at present. In fact, there seems to be no
spiritual life among the followers of the New Dispen-
sation in general, owing partly to the fact that the
wealthier portion are evidently too sparing of the
"needful," thereby barring the door to the much
needed influx of traveling speakers and mediums.
This should not be. Milwaukee is a large and rapidly
growing city, and boasts of a population of about
sixty-five thousand; but of the number of Spiritualists
here we have no accurate knowledge. But we do know
there are enough—if they were a liberal kind—to sup-
port at least one hall and speaker. True, the tide of
opposition is strong here as elsewhere, but that should
not discourage us in laboring with heart and "means"
for the final triumph of the Right. We are now upon
the troubled waters of contention and sectarian op-
position, but our compass is Progression and Truth, and
always points to the Right. We like Noah of old,
will ere long find dry land where our ship shall rest
firm and unshaken midst the "wreck of matter and
the crush of worlds."

There are many small towns in Wisconsin that show
more energy for the cause of Spiritualism than their
chief city. I am not speaking in a personal, but in a
general sense. I honor those few who have nobly
exerted themselves to establish regular meetings in
Bowman's Hall. But the few cannot be expected to
support such an enterprise. There must be a unity of
action. Each should give their mite and presence.
A few months ago a Conference was held in Bowman's
Hall every Sunday, which did much good, and lectures
from popular speakers were more frequent. But for
the last three months we have had no lectures, and for
want of means to pay expenses, the Conference has
been suspended.

Mrs. C. L. V. Hatch lectured here about one year
ago, and was greeted with a very full house, as she de-
serves to be, many of our leading men being present.
Dr. L. K. Coonley gave several excellent lectures here
some months ago, as also did Mrs. S. A. Warner and
Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. The latter made some very
forceful remarks concerning the aristocratic life of city
bellees, showing how many poor families were suffering
for the necessities of life, while they were dragging
their silks and satins along the highways of this transi-
tory world, little recking of the great future, where
they will meet face to face with those they were wont
to look upon with disdain. The last lecture given
here was by the pioneer lecturer and well-known
writer, Warren Chase. He was well received, not-
withstanding the prejudices against him on account of
his publications on Marriage, &c. He made some
very sound and pointed remarks about the present sys-
tem of college education. It is certainly wrong to
confine our children in sectarian colleges to be sub-
jected to the narrow-minded, one-sided teachings of
college professors. A reform is needed in this direc-
tion, and who will be the first to bring it about prac-
tically? Echo answers, Who?

Several private circles are held in this city, at which
many wonderful manifestations have occurred. We
have some good and honest mediums here, who are
convincing many skeptics. The sapient editor of a
largely circulated weekly paper in this city undertook
sometime ago, to educate his readers into the belief
that Spiritualism was a great humbug, and all me-
diums designing tricksters. He, like many other en-
thusiastic journalists, was badly "sold" by helping to
circulate that false report about Mrs. Hatch, saying
she had, while in a trance, in Chicago, prophesied
wrongly concerning our fleet off Charleston. Such
editors are very quick to catch up anything against
Spiritualism, but much slower to notice strong proof
in its favor.

This editor says, "Our position in regard to Spiritu-
alism may be summed up in a few words. While we
do not question the phenomena of rappings, table-tip-
plings, trance utterances, &c., we deny that they have
their origin in the agency of disembodied spirits—
spirits once inhabiting mortal bodies on the earth."
Now why do n't he and thousands of others tell us by
what power such wonderful things are done? The
truth is, they are too bigoted, and all the angels in
heaven could not make them turn from the narrow-
beaten path of old fogysm. Had I space I would
quote several interesting sentences from his article.
He had the liberality to invite me to reply to his first
article, which I did; but he refused to publish a reply
to his second article, which satisfied me that his up-
per story had become exhausted for want of proper food.

We have a celebrated individual here by the name of
Byron O'Donohoe, alias "Dr. Adonis." He passed
as a believer in Spiritualism for several years, and
made several very good speeches in the Conferences at
Bowman's Hall. But, alas! like too many others,
he has given up the cause and prostituted his talents
in the ranks of the Copperheads. He was undoubtedly
an impostor, as he has confessed that he made
money out of Spiritualism—or rather out of the Spiritu-
alists of this city, and when he found he could do
better by working for the Copperheads, he at once re-
signed. Such false prophets deserve a good showing
up in the spiritual vineyard, that they may never
again be able to impose upon the pockets of the too
confiding.

And now I will close by saying, may the BANNER
ever wave o'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave.

Yours for Truth,

G. G. MEAD.

Letter from Mrs. Townsend.

Please allow me again to speak to my many kind
friends through your columns, who, in my *deep, deep*
sorrow, have so kindly sent to me their loving ex-
pressions of true sympathy, which come like angel visits
to my grief-laden heart. Gladly would I answer every
letter individually, out of my grateful spirit; but can-
not, and must therefore say to all who have so kindly
remembered me, and all who may feel disposed to do
so at any time, God bless you for the true friends you
prove yourselves when the adverse winds cast my frail
hark among the breakers of anguish and mental gloom.
Were mine but the sorrow that comes when the mortal
garments are only dissolving, and the spirit quietly
and lovingly making its passage to the better home, I
could bear it with the light of our beautiful Philosophy
gliding the upward flight of my dear one, and reflect-
ing its radiance back to me; but when disease, with
strange power, seems to change love to hatred, and
drives "the nearest one and dearest one" away, my
soul grows dark in the gloom, and my strong, loving
nature almost rebels against that which seems so mys-
terious.

My dear husband still hangs upon a frail thread of
mortal life, but cannot bear my presence, and I am con-
sequently obliged to remain away from him, with all my
anxious yearnings, to minister to him who has ever
been to me a minister of goodness, both in sickness and
in health. I believe there is a wisdom in this strange
dispensation; but since I cannot see it, I cannot, in my
own rather debilitated condition, rise above the dark-
ness which seems to envelop me like a heavy shroud.

Dear friends, who have known us and deem us

worthy, pray for us, that out of our darkness we may
sooner rise to light and peace. I make this public
statement of the case because so many have written
inquiring, and I cannot answer all separately.

Ever yours for the eternal cause of Right and Jus-
tice to humanity,
M. S. TOWNSEND,
Bridgewater, Vt., Dec. 20, 1863.

My Short Experience in Spiritualism.

I desire to state, Mr. Editor, through your blessed
journal, a few incidents of spirit-manifestations. And
I hope your readers have had like experiences. I
hope they will inform me through the BANNER OF
LIGHT.

In order to be the better understood, I am obliged to
speak of self, and say that the spirits are develop-
ing me as a healing medium. From three to five
friends have, for many weeks, had private sittings
for development. Some five or six weeks since one
of our number, a little girl twelve years of age, was
controlled by her own sister, who passed away some
two or three years since, of bilious fever, or disease of
the liver. It was said that her liver dissolved and
passed off through the bowels. As soon as she ob-
tained control of the medium, she complained of pain
and distress, and ordered me to make some passes over
her with my hands, which removed all pain, and then
she appeared bright and cheerful.

Another spirit then controlled the medium, giving
her name as Woodworth, who committed suicide while
in an insane state of mind, in the city of Maryville,
Cal., by cutting her throat, and her arms were also
out in a shocking manner. She, too, seemed to
be in dreadful distress. She said that "Lizzie," (re-
ferring to the other spirit who had just left the me-
dium,) had told other spirits that she had found great
relief through my mediumistic powers, and they were
flocking in thousands around me for like favors. I
made many passes from her throat, which relieved her,
and she left to give place to others.

Then came a spirit, who said his name was Raleigh,
and that he was killed by the kick of a horse, in the
town of Rumford, Maine, ten or twelve years since.
He said he was driving a horse in a small wagon, when
some of the harness getting out of order, he got out to
fix it, and while getting into the wagon again, the
horse kicked him on the leg and broke it just below
the knee, and then started off with the wagon, which
passed over his body and injured him internally. He
said the doctors prepared to amputate his leg, but he
died before they were ready. If this be a fact, some
Spiritualist in that town will please report the same
to the BANNER OF LIGHT, or deny it, if not true.

A spirit then controlled the medium, and said his
name was Jones, formerly of New Hampshire. That
he was crushed to death in the mines on Humboldt
river. I made many passes with my hands over his
body—the same as in Raleigh's case, which I forgot to
state—which relieved his distress, and he then left.

Another spirit taking control, said his name was
George, from South Carolina. He, too, was crushed
in the mines in that State many years since. His
head was badly smashed to pieces. I commenced mak-
ing passes from and over his head, and in a few min-
utes he said he was "all right," and thanked me.

At another sitting a spirit controlled this child, and
said his name was Thomas Tomkins, of South Carolina.
He was burned to death. As he took control, the me-
dium seemed in great anguish, and the spirit kept say-
ing, "I am burning—I am burning," &c. &c. To re-
lieve him I made many passes over him, and in a few
moments he was all right. He said he was burned to
death in his own store in South Carolina, but did not
give the name of any town. He said a customer owed
him \$5,000, and that he threatened to sue the man,
who retorted, by saying, "If you do I will burn your
store." "I then," said he, "I lodged in the store to
keep watch, but the first I knew, I was enveloped in
flames." He said his family were in a small house not
far from the store, which was not burned. His age
was forty-nine years. That of his wife, Fanny, was
forty. His son George was ten, and his daughter Ellen,
three years and five months at the time of his death.
He was not allowed to give the incendiary's name. I
think he said this took place fourteen years ago. His
family are all with him now.

Almost all of these spirits seem to retain some of
the relics of the disease of which they died. In fact,
they tell me they carry these feelings with them into
the spirit-world. Now what I desire to know is,
whether this is a new manifestation, and if healing
mediums in the form, can or are to become aids to
spirits, who retain the feelings—the aches and pains—in
the spirit-world, which they carried with them on
leaving the earth-form?

Should some good spiritual medium lecturer come
into this village—among these gold hills—and put the
price of tickets for lectures at twenty-five cents, they
could and would make money as fast as they ought to.
But all the lecturers who come here put the price of
tickets at \$1.00; the consequence is, that but few
people attend.

I am doing all that I can, and intend to follow up
my efforts in this great work. There are many mil-
lions of poor souls yet to be made acquainted with the
"Pearl of great price."

There are many here, who are anxious to take the
BANNER OF LIGHT, and will do so as soon as they can
spare the money. When I get the names and money
I will forward the same.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

AARON DOW.

Grass Valley, Cal.

Caño, Ill.

It is difficult to decide whether this is a city or a
camp; but one fact is potent—it is a place of business,
the post office alone sometimes employing forty clerks.
There is no estimating the population, as it is floating,
and rises and falls with the fivers and regiments; but
it is the most stirring place of its size I have visited
since the war.

Many of the sidewalks are posts varying from two
to ten feet above the ground, thus raising them to high
water mark; but when the fivers are up, most of the
old buildings stand knee-deep in water. All of this
and much of the sickness is, however, soon to be re-
medied, as they have already one "steam paddy" out-
side of the levee loading on faster than one hundred
long-eared horses can draw them into the streets on
iron rails, and dump them. Soon, as the engine takes
the work off the animals, the streets and lots will be
quickly raised above high water, and Caño, like Chi-
cago, which was down deep in the mud when I first
visited it in 1858, will rise to respectable footing.

Caño is evidently to be regenerated in politics, re-
ligion and business, and when filled up may be a tol-
erably healthy location, even for Yankees. Its geo-
graphical situation is such that it must be a place of
much business after the war, and a place of permanent
trade for both river and the rail.

My lectures here on the war have been crowded with
earnest and interested listeners, and many came that
could not get into the court house. I have the satis-
faction of introducing one new feature for this place.
I brought out the ladies in respectable numbers, even
to my first lecture, but such in occurrence was never
before known at a political meeting in Caño, so the
ladies inform me.

The country about Caño on all sides of the river, is
rather low and level, mostly covered with large and
small timber. The soil (if it be soil) has no bottom in
reach of the spades, at any digging I have seen. I
should think it might bring great crops of corn, cot-
ton or sweet potatoes, if properly cultivated, but I
would not advise a friend to come here for a farm,
while there are lands to be had fifty or one hundred
miles further north or east or west.

Politically, Caño and other towns along the rail-
road are fast changing from treasonable copperhead-
ism to loyal, radical Unionism; and as I may some
day be a citizen of Egypt, I am happy to have a chance
to put in a few speeches to press the good work for-
ward.

I met a cordial and hearty welcome here from pub-
lic officers and some old friends. The long trains of
cars almost constantly coming and going, loaded with
men in all degrees of health and all varieties of dress,
or with freight for or from the boats, show plainly
that this is one of the main arteries of army and navy,
and that the Illinois Central Road must be a paying
institution.

A few days here, and I must drift slowly back
through Egypt, as I cannot afford the time or expense
to visit my son in the army at Fort Hudson. "Light,
more light," is the cry from Egypt, and when it comes,
and the eastern people find this rich section of coun-
try, with its hills and timber and deep soil, they will
wonder they had not found it sooner and enjoyed its
mild climate through the long winters they have spent
in the snows of a higher latitude.

Caño, Ill., Dec. 5, 1863.

WARREN CHASE.

From a Progressive Mind.

"He came to scoff, but went away praying."

About fourteen years ago, Mr. Editor, the Logos of
modern Spiritualism first took bodily form and made
itself manifest in our midst. I was then found with
the giddy, thoughtless and bigoted multitude of scoff-
ers, and treated it with contempt.

It was at that time—I think in the spring of 1849—
at my instigation and through my instrumentality,
that the first attempt was made in this city to reduce
the doctrines predicated on the earlier Rochester man-
ifestations to the form of public lecture, the motive
being—I confess it with shame and humiliation—to
perpetrate a practical joke on a noted Buffalo celeb-
rity, who in thus early taking the field, unaided and
alone, to establish this contemptible species of mysti-
cism, proved himself, in my weak judgment, a proper
object of merriment.

Doubtless the crude effort of our western pioneer
availed but little in calling into life that indescribable
power that has since swept over this continent, with
revolutionary and irresistible force, annihilating all
the old theologies and philosophies. I mention it
rather as a historical fact or reminiscence, and at the
same time to exhibit myself as no longer a scoffer, but
a humble and earnest inquirer.

Within the past two years, and through the interpo-
sition of a kind friend, my mind was led to a cap-
sized investigation of this most interesting and momentous
subject.

I have continued to labor patiently, though at times
almost entirely discouraged—so slow the progress from
darkness to light—probably a compensation for my
former self-neglect. I have been very greatly edified
by the wonderful ministrations of some of your
gifted speakers. And here I would remark that to the
attentive and appreciative mind, the strongest evi-
dence of the truth of the system may be found: for
sure never from mortal lips have come such start-
lingly beautiful truths as it has been my good fortune
to hear from some of the lady preachers who have
visited our city. During the past month I have been
listening to one of the most charming speakers—Mrs.
Anna M. Middlebrook, of Connecticut. To say that
she has thoroughly aroused me, is faint praise. I have
heard the preached word from most of our notable
Christian divines, and I have made myself acquaint-
ed with most of the Pagan masters; but for searching
analysis and the most lucid logic, for poetry of thought
and melody of diction, I have never heard anything to
approximate her discourse delivered last Sunday eve-
ning—an argument in favor of man's immortality and
continuous individuality. Were there no more tangi-
ble evidence, it does seem as if something more than
mortal was present on that occasion.

In vain may we dig up the buried past to solve the
ever-recurring question, What is man? And if we
ask our modern Christian divine for bread, does he not
turn us away with a stone? A poet has truly sung:
"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn."
But he has not told us the whole truth. Whence
this inhumanity? Does not a false theology underlie
and permeate all our philosophies, ethics, politics,
criminal jurisprudence, colleges, and, in fact, all our
educational channels? What kind of civilization but
the poet's inhumanity could come from an Athanasian
creed, a Calvinistic hell, or a Christian God?

Awakened at last to the possibility of the truth of
Spiritualism; that knowledge as to man's nature and
destiny is henceforth to take the place of faith and
vain speculation; that there is positive proof of man's
dual nature; that a soul or spirit independent of the
body—wondrous truth, if it be a truth—is susceptible
of demonstration; that our present individuality does
not at death lapse into Dust, as Spinoza taught, but
shall continue to exist of itself and progress forever;
that the absent dear ones are no longer lost, but possi-
bly very near us now, not in memory only, but in sen-
sible form and essence—most glorious consummation
—I will continue to appropriate, as fast as my per-
verse and obdurate mind will permit me, the pabulum
afforded by the Progressive Philosophy, as far as the
same may be adapted to the development of a poor,
starved skeleton spirit; and to that end I have to ask
you to forward me your BANNER, and inform me if I
may be permitted, in the absence of any present supe-
rior intelligence like the gifted one I have named, and
who leaves us so soon, to draw upon you for more
light, as the exigency may demand?

With sentiments of respect, I am yours sincerely,
J. FORSYTH.

P. O. Box 734, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1863.

A Call from Colorado.

I wish to say to the old pioneers, Mr. Editor, who
have known me through the Telegraph, and other pa-
pers, that I am still in the external, and could give
reasons satisfactory to myself why I have not shared
their labors in the cause of humanity; but my life-ex-
perience for the last ten years would scarcely interest
the public. Suffice it to say that the ordeal has been
fery enough, and required no ordinary amount of hero-
ism to suffer silently—uttering no word of complaint,
making no appeal for sympathy, living in a world of
my own, surrounded by multitudes with whom I had
no idea or sympathy in common.

Through all I have swerved not, nor yet hesitated at
any time to give a reason of my hope, waiting patient-
ly for the time to come when I can put my shoulder to
the wheel, and set it to crushing the old edifices of
superstition and ignorance, which in other years I
helped to rear. Here is a vast field unutilized.
Never a lecture, nor a circle, nor a healing medium in
all this Territory. Chaos has reigned in the religious
world; the transition from the stereotyped mode of
life to the speculative sphere of gold-hunting unsettled
thousands—it is unfavorable to a steady "growth in
grace." Great indifference to all religious forms and
ceremonies has been the characteristic of our people;
while the habiliments of piety set lightly on many
who are formally allied to the Church. It is mostly a
hollow pretence—a form without substance. An in-
creasing sense of emptiness, of want, is compelling a
longing for something higher and better. But they
know not how or whether to turn. The hierarchies of
the Church are making tremendous efforts to recover
and occupy the field. Preachers in abundance, and
churches with towering spires are rising like magic.
Could we not have some good missionary, a good heal-
ing medium, a good faith speaker? The Davenport's

would find it pleasant and profitable to spend a few
months here.

We have theatres and churches—an occasional lec-
ture—balls and parties. And this is all. People here
don't think so much of money as they do in the
States. They will go and pay—without a thought of
the future—for what they see and hear. I have fre-
quent applications to lecture and meet private parties;
but as yet I make no response. But you must not in-
fer that I do not do some tall talking. They call me
crazy, and yet are astounded at the coherence and
logic of the insane believer in Spiritualism. They de-
clare the impossibility of convincing them, and before
I leave them, in nine cases out of ten, they beg to see
for themselves.

We want demonstrations. These I could have; but
I have no disposition and no time to travel the old
road over in developing circles; besides, I am not
properly surrounded. There is a great gulf between
me and what I would be and do, and I must abide my
time. I am no medium. If I have inspiration, I am
not conscious of it.

I do n't fear any antagonist on the platform. But
of what use is philosophy without proof? Why demol-
ish without the means of rebuilding on an improved
plane? I am forced to tell them they are not ready—
better stay where you are than to cut loose from your
moorings and drift whither you know not. We could
support permanently one good speaker and one good
medium, who combines tests and healing. I will, in
case of any failure to realize funds from the public, give
one hundred dollars per annum myself.

JOHN B. WOLFE.

N. B. I get the BANNER regularly, and its readers
here will constantly increase. It was some time be-
fore I could get the dealers to order it, and now they
are compelled to increase their orders. B. W.
Denver City, Col. Ter., Dec. 1, 1863.

[Many thanks for your efforts in our behalf, and in
behalf of the cause.]—EDITOR OF BANNER.

Miss Belle Scougall at Beardstown.

Miss Belle Scougall has just visited Beardstown and
delivered three lectures in the interest of Spiritualism.
Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather and the
times, her lectures were well attended, and
gave entire satisfaction to all who attended. In fact,
the lectures were of such a character as to commend
themselves to the reasonable mind, though the doc-
trine be ever so new.

As a speaker, Miss Scougall will compare favorably
with the best in the field. She is earnest, eloquent
and devoted, and will ever command the highest re-
spect of the true Spiritualist for her righteous vindica-
tion of our "beautiful philosophy."

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.

"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 speak to

"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
But 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 un-
broken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows
of the Atlantic westward to the calm 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.

Flings at Spiritualism.

We have watched with much interest the effort upon different members of the editorial fraternity of the introduction of Spiritualism by Mr. Epes Sargent into his new and successful novel of "Peculiar." The undeniably swift sale of the book has roused the protest of more than one of the active opponents of the spiritual faith. We have already quoted what the Boston Recorder and the Boston Advertiser have said on the subject of the author's testimony to spiritual facts. It may arouse our readers to see what other journalists have to say on the subject.

The New York Express, well known as one of the most prominent anti-war papers of the country, admits that "Peculiar," viewed in the light of a novel, deserves praise for conception and construction of plot, selection and treatment of incidents, and striking ability in the portrayal and discrimination of character." Pretty high praise this, one would say. But, Mr. Sargent has greatly marred at once the interest and authenticity of his book by making so prominent in it his faith in the absurd humbug of Spiritualism and its pretended manifestations.

The New York Evening Post, an able anti-slavery journal, but quite bitter in its opposition to Spiritualism, (witness its notice of Home's biography), remarks of "Peculiar," "We become terribly interested in the anti-slavery narrative, and are suddenly plunged, without a word of warning, into the midst of spiritualistic speculations. Thus we go through the volume, at times very much inclined to throw it up, and yet quite carried away with excitement and interest. With all its defects, this novel has remarkable power—the power of truth spoken with the voice of a man who is in earnest." This foe of Spiritualism is compelled to read the book in spite of his opposition, and then, in the very breath in which he utters his complaint, bears testimony to the power of truth!

The religious journalists are of course somewhat disturbed. The Philadelphia Presbyterian remarks, "Its scenes are drawn with graphic skill, but, the author obscures his faith in Spiritualism and clairvoyance with no advantage to the book." Yes, Presbyterian brother, with great advantage; for his object was not merely to write an engaging novel but to make it the vehicle of great, though not yet popular, truths. If he has succeeded in this—if he has made the story buoyant enough to bear its load of ideas—and you all have to admit that he has done this, then has he succeeded in what he attempted, and may fairly take for his motto, "Strike, but bear!"

The Buffalo Express says of the book, "There probably was never a novel written in which fact has lent its force to so many thrillingly sensational incidents. Its terrible romance of the crimes and devilish tragedies of slavery is fictitious only so far as the interweaving of events and the personation of actors is concerned. In substance it is mere history. But, the greatest of all the faults of which Mr. Sargent has been guilty is his introduction of Spiritualism into the novel—not incidentally alone, but polemically—persistently discussing its doctrines and asserting its phenomena through whole chapters of the work, and in multitudinous foot-notes, giving the subject such a prominence that the tale is almost subordinate to it. This we consider a crime against the art of novel writing next to unpardonable."

And yet, in spite of the Spiritualism the poor may have to read the book, and to bear testimony to what he styles it "thrilling interest and powerful effect!" He seems to be in the predicament of Balaram, who wanted to curse and could not. We have had the curiosity to count the "multitudinous foot-notes" referring to Spiritualism of which this critic speaks, and find they do not exceed seven, occupying in all less than a page of the book! The truth is, the story is never subordinated to the Spiritualism. In the very breath in which the critic utters the charge he contradicts it by his irrepressible testimony to the power which holds every intelligent reader to the very finish of the five hundredth page.

The Portland Transcript says, "The style is flowing and animated, the plot sufficiently exciting, and the characters skillfully individualized;" and then comes a but, and here it is: "The author, not content with pulling down slavery, labors to build up Spiritualism; and"—(listen to the rest of the objection!)—"condenses into one book that which might have served for three or four." This is the first instance we remember in which the absence of prolixity in a book has been seriously charged against it as a fault!

Some journals, notorious for their opposition to Spiritualism, assail the new novel without allowing it to appear that the offensive subject is alone alluded to in its pages. They would discreetly conceal the anti-slavery prompting their attacks. But in general we have been surprised at the warm, enthusiastic praises bestowed by the Press upon "Peculiar" in spite of its Spiritualism, and indeed often without any allusion to the existence of such an element in its pages.

One reason of this, it has been suggested, lies in the fact that the journal that now assails Spiritualism runs the risk of disavowing a good many of its own subscribers. This may be true; but we think that a selfish motive has influenced many of our editorial brethren in their commendations of the book, and their failure to find fault with its Spiritualism. The truth is that a great many of the more advanced intellects of the day are beginning to believe—even in the absence of any experience of their own confirming the reality of the phenomena—that so much testimony from honest, intelligent men of all past ages as well as of our own, could not have accumulated in confirmation of certain facts, unless there was a solid substratum of truth underlying them.

There has long been a vague sort of superstition in many superficial minds that the great discoveries of modern science have so far enlightened men intellectually that they are better qualified to form opinions in regard to certain occult phenomena than were the great intellects of antiquity or of a few centuries ago. People quietly accept it as a foregone conclusion, that such men as Plutarch, Cicero, Tacitus, Apollonius,

Luther, Baxter, Blackstone, Mather, were mere children and fools, compared with the editors and professors of our own times in their ability to judge of the possibility of certain asserted facts. Because science has invented a few chemical and other tricks, shallow reasoners take it for granted that the ancients could be more easily imposed upon by jugglery than we. There is no evidence whatever that such was the fact.

The phenomena on which the ancients based their belief in gods (spirits), and the Blackstones and Mather's belief in witchcraft, &c., were, with here and there an unimportant exception, founded upon occurrences precisely analogous to those that thousands of persons are now every day bearing testimony to. Science has not made us one jot wiser or more sagacious, as to our power to dispute the reality of these phenomena, than were the men of former ages. On the contrary, it has rather stultified us by its arrogance and by its pretensions to pass judgment on matters that have not and perhaps cannot come within the sweep of its telescopic or microscopic vision. But the movement of the last twelve years is rapidly reversing this state of things. The leaders of public opinion are beginning to find out that it will not serve much longer to cry out "humbug" and "jugglery" against facts which more than five millions of persons in this country, not waiting in brains, now know to be real. The respect and approbation with which "Peculiar" is being received by the Press is an evidence to our mind that modern Spiritualism is quietly but rapidly working an intellectual revolution of which we cannot begin to measure the power and extent.

Since quoting the comments of other journals in regard to "Peculiar," we have fallen in with the New York Tribune of December 19th, which gives three columns, with extracts, to the new novel. The literary editor of the Tribune is Mr. George Ripley, one of the editors of Appleton's new American Encyclopedia, and unsurpassed in the country as a critic. He winds up his long and highly laudatory notice of the new book with this allusion to its Spiritualism: "Rather loosely blended with the general current of the story, Mr. Sargent opens an occasional vein derived from the alleged facts of modern Spiritualism, which does credit to his own sincerity of conviction and boldness of expression, without essentially impairing the artistic unity of the plot." The experiment, it must be confessed, was somewhat audacious, and in hands less skillful and experienced would most likely have proved a signal failure.

Personal Inspiration.

In one of Dr. Bushnell's "Sermons for the New Life," we find the following extracts, which we give as evidence of the fact that the subject which we have again and again presented is working its way everywhere, and that its operation cannot be stayed. "It is a great misfortune," says Dr. Bushnell, "as I view it, that we have brought down the word inspiration to a use so narrow and technical; asserting it only of prophecy and other scriptural writings, and carefully excluding from it all participation by ourselves. In whatever sense it might be taken. We cut ourselves off, in this manner, from any common terms with the ancients and men of scripture and the scripture times. They belong to another tier of existence, with which we cannot dare to claim affinity; and so we become a class unprivileged, shut down to a kind of second-hand life, feeding on their words. The result is, that we are occupied almost wholly with second-hand relations to God."

And again says the same writer—"There is yet to be a revision of this whole subject. Not that we are to assert or claim the same inspiration with the writers of scripture. God has a particular kind of inspiration for every man, just according to what he is and the uses he will make of him; for the tradesman Bezaleel as truly as for Moses. He will dignify every right calling by being joined to us in it; for there is nothing given us to do, which he will not help us to do rightly and wisely, fitting us with a lofty and fortified consciousness of his presence with us in it."

These citations are better than what we could pen ourselves, and we are therefore glad to give them place. They testify to the significant fact that advanced minds are perceiving the laws of spirit, and grasping and comprehending them, as never in the progress of human history before. So plain and easily comprehended a principle as this can hardly fail of a prompt acceptance at the hands of every open and receptive nature. If we are not filled from the divine mind, through those subtle but powerful agencies which work after divine laws alone, then how are we to progress and develop and find happiness? The difference, too, between one person and another is just that difference which exists between the one who is "inspired" and the one who is not.

This statement forms the basis of all that is real, and great, and good, in human character. We can none of us afford to put away this abiding faith in inspiration. We are each of us inspired according to our capacity and desire. And when we think this inspiration is nothing to us, and that we can as well do without it as with it, we are unconsciously trifling with the most priceless treasure which it is ever given a human being to enjoy. No, we cannot afford to do without this spirit of God. It should be one with us, should clothe us, inform us, inspire us, fill us up, and make us more than we were before; and when this is so, our powers being subjected to the great central principle of our lives, and harmonized obediently to the law which now runs without obstruction through our conduct, we find that we are far other than we ever were before; that we are purer, loftier, more expanded, and in every sense more.

Who would propose to do wholly without the influence of this spirit? Who would consent to live away from the presence of this inspiration? It may be bad, too, without cost or price, the only condition being obedience. In this matter, he who becomes the most like a little child at heart receives the larger share of the gift. That is the sole condition. It does not cost toll, or money, or study, or talent: it comes with putting off, rather than putting on. It is the sign and token of an inward subordination of the whole man to the divine law, and that law as simple as possible.

In art, in authorship, in all creations of heart and brain, we see that inspiration is the master as well as the servant. The novelist who is most truly and profoundly inspired, produces the most successful, certainly the most powerful, novel. So with the poet, the sculptor, the painter: it is the inspired person who manifests power, because inspiration implies that the law of divinity runs without obstruction through him. He works grandly, because God works through him. He achieves, because his thoughts are not lost on what he hopes to achieve. He simply obeys the law, and works; and out of it comes a success oftentimes beyond the bounds of anything he might have dared expect as the mere product of his faculties alone. All comes from inspiration; and inspiration comes only from above.

Original Stories.

"THE PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT"—a new story by Grace Leland—will be commenced in our next issue. It will occupy the "Literary Department" of our paper three or four weeks. After its completion, we shall publish an interesting domestic romance, from the pen of Miss Sarah A. Southworth, entitled "HESTER GRAHAM'S HEART." As this young lady's talents as a writer of light literature are well known to our readers, it would be superfluous in us to place our meed of praise on record. Read both these stories carefully, and you will be just as good, if not better, afterward, than you were before, dear reader, as all we have to say.

How to Grow Old.

A year or more ago, we published an article in these columns, containing some thoughts on the art of "growing old gracefully." We had enjoyed, before that time, the privilege of looking on many individuals, of both sexes, who happily illustrated the theory we then advocated. But a short time ago, too, our attention was called to a brief record in the "Herald of Progress," written by his own hand, of the peaceful and thoroughly happy old age of our friend, and the public's friend, Seth Hinshaw, Senior, of Greensboro', Indiana. The account he gives of himself is as graceful as his age is itself. He says his youth was pleasant, and full of the buds and flowers of happiness; and his life has been placid and free, flowing along through his strengthening manhood with the breadth and depth of the river. He has ever been benevolent and charitable, harboring no enmities, but continually making friends. And now that he has reached old age, he reviews his life with an unqualified feeling of satisfaction and gratitude, and is daily conscious of "being developed into higher and higher spheres and conditions of love to the God of infinite goodness—and to all mankind, everywhere, of all classes and conditions—and to all the spirits, of all grades and conditions, throughout the spirit world."

We have been favored by this cheerful and happy old man with a photograph likeness of his venerable countenance, and with another of his good wife. He has reached seventy-seven years, and she seventy-two. They look as if they had gone through life in perfect accord, contented with what the Good Lord bestowed upon them, yet active in those blessed works which make life desirable and all around them grateful for their influence. Old age cannot but be graceful with such persons; they make it as beautiful as childhood looks in the dimming memory of those who have not known true innocence since. It is a sight always worth the seeing, this which our venerable friends present to-day. We have but to add that Mr. Hinshaw is, and long has been, a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, and that his works are the natural fruitage of his faith. He has done a great deal for the cause of Spiritualism, working steadfastly when the hearts of younger men would fall them for fear. Our Message Department has often been the recipient of his generous support, while our books attest his perseverance as a canvasser for a journal like the BANNER. We send the happy old couple a New Year's greeting, and hope they will live many years on earth to make others happy, and expand and enrich their own natures.

Another New Book—Spiritual Sunday School Manual.

The wide and earnest demand for some book on forming and conducting Spiritual Sunday Schools, and the home culture of the young, has at last been met by the fertile author of the "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," and the BANNER publishers have in press the "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," a compact little volume of one hundred and forty pages, crowded full of matter. The style of the work is entirely original, and will startle the old as well as the young with interests which no sectarian Sunday School books can excel. The author's experiences in the ministry of a liberal sect, his labor in the Sunday School, his practice in writing for the young, his extensive travels and observations among Spiritualists, his intense sympathy for the young, and his gifts as a ready, inspirational writer, enable him to present a volume, if we may judge from the proof sheets before us, which cannot fail to become generally appreciated, approved, and adopted as the exact book needed for the home and the Sunday School, and likewise suitable for circles, conferences, classes of adults; and even for public meetings.

Last some of our readers may take unnecessary alarm, we can assure them that this "Manual" does not propose anything like sectarian Sunday Schools. It does not contain a single sentence of the dogmatic, the authoritative, the sectarian, and yet, in a masterly manner, it suggests almost everything relating to the social, moral, spiritual and religious growth of the young. The plan is so exceedingly simple, anybody can start a school anywhere, and even children may become interested without any teachers. Adults themselves will find this book highly interesting and suggestive.

Reserving a full notice of this "Manual" for some future time, we can now give our readers no better idea of the book than to refer to the Table of Contents, which consist of an Introduction, How to Use this Manual, Readings, Recitations and Responses, from Seneca, David, Pope, Paul, Tupper, Jesus, Harris, etc.; Invocations, original and selected; seven chapters of Questions, and Lessons, embracing all of the most practical themes. Some of the questions being answered, some indifferently answered, and many not answered at all, but left for the children themselves to solve, the questions in all cases being found on pages separated from the lessons or answers; one chapter of Gems of Wisdom, from ancient and modern authors, with Questions following; one chapter of Little Spiritual Stories; one chapter of Infant Questions and Lessons; and the book concludes with a fine, large collection of Songs and Hymns, with familiar popular tunes, appropriate for opening and closing.

We are greatly mistaken if this "Spiritual Sunday School Manual" does not prove the rarest and most serviceable gem in our spiritual literature, and as soon as the work is known, no Spiritualist family in the land will be without it, and hundreds of schools will spring up all over the country.

Orders are solicited at the earliest date, though on account of the immense amount of business, in the printing and binding houses of Boston, the book will not be ready for delivery till January 20th. Liberal discount made to libraries and the trade. Single copies, including postage, 30 cents.

Rev. Moses Hull.

Our readers will bear in mind the account we gave some time since of a discussion between Rev. Mr. Hull (Second Adventist) and Mr. W. F. Jameson (Spiritualist), at the Court House in Paw Paw, Mich., which commenced Oct. 28th, 1863, and continued five and a half days, wherein Mr. Hull admitted more in favor of Spiritualism than the brethren of his faith were willing to allow, and subsequently endeavored to compel him to recant.

But he had become imbued with the truths of Spiritualism, and was unable to shake them off for any length of time. So he has been "investigating," and has at length come to the conclusion "that Spiritualism is an infallible evidence of a super-mundane existence," and that it demonstrates to his mind "an existence without a physical organization." And adds: "If that is Spiritualism, then verily I am a Spiritualist."

He expects that he will be "haunted over the coals" by his Advent brethren but he says he has no fears of the result.

We publish elsewhere a characteristic letter from the Elder, wherein he sets forth his present views in a brief but unmistakable manner.

He desires all those who may need his labors in the great field of Reform, to address him at Battle Creek, Michigan.

The Truth.

In every age bad men have risen up against it. They have employed all kinds of weapons, and exhausted all the resources of genius, and eloquence, and science. They have enlisted on their side the pride, the passion, and the prejudices of the human heart, and yet have signally failed.—Christian Intelligencer.

And this is the reason theologians so signally fail to retard the rapid spread of Spiritualism.

The Rising Tide published Weekly.

We learn from the last number of this heretofore monthly sheet, that the proprietor, (Mrs. M. M. Daniel,) has received such encouragement from the friends of spiritual progress in the West, as to induce her to try the experiment of issuing her paper weekly, on and after the first of January. The form of the paper will be changed to "an eight-page, three column quarto form, at \$1.50 per year." Mrs. Daniel says she is encouraged to take this step by the solicitations of unseen agents, who have guided her through past years of labor, and the demand which the rapid increase of Spiritualism in the West makes for a local weekly paper. In her appeal she says:

"Now, friends and readers, shall we be well supported in this our undertaking? Shall our labor for the glorious cause, to which we are all wedded, go unrewarded? For this reason shall the voice of the Rising Tide be no more heard, because a mere trifle from each Reformer is needed for its support? We think the answering impulse responds: 'No! we will stand by you and aid, with heart and hand, in this noble work; we will labor together for the good of humanity—for the abolition of slavery, both chattel and mental—for the development of perfect harmony throughout the world.'"

And we hope a sufficiently remunerative response will flow into the treasury of the Rising Tide, so that it may ever continue to rise and improve, for it is engaged in the mighty work of reforming and aiding humanity. Many able writers will contribute to its columns, among whom we notice the names of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown and Cora Wilburn. The latter, in a note to us, speaking of the Tide, says: "As the face of our messenger of glad tidings, the truth-dispensing Banner, is hailed as that of a familiar friend each week, let us who can, also, hail with encouragement and fraternal aid the Rising Tide."

Friends, send in your orders for the "Rising Tide, Independence, Iowa."

A Strange Coincidence.

Dickens's All the Year Round contains the following: Dr. John Donne, dean of Saint Paul's, whose rough but satirical rhymes even Pope condescended to retouch, accompanied Sir Robert Drury, the brother of his wife, to Paris, leaving that lady in London. Having dined together, Donne remained alone in the room. In about an hour afterwards Sir Robert entered and found his friend so altered in his countenance as to excite amazement. To the anxious question what had befallen him in the interval, the divine replied, "I have seen a dreadful vision; I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms." "This," said the baronet, "was merely a dream; forget it, for you are now awake. Donne answered, 'I cannot be more sure that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped, looked me in the face, and vanished.' The poet's biographer, old Isaac Walton, informs us 'that a messenger was at once dispatched to Drury House, from which Drury Lane derived his name, who brought information that Mrs. Donne was very sad and sick in bed, after having given birth to a dead child on the same day and at the same hour that the spectral impression occurred."

Another Important Book.

We mentioned a short time since that a new work by an eminent English Professor was soon to be published in London, entitled "From Matter to Spirit." The book is out, and already announced for republication in this country. The New York Times, in speaking of it, says: "Spiritualism has made a recent conquest in the person of Prof. De Morgan, of the University of London. A new book, just published by Messrs. Longman, entitled, 'Matter to Spirit, the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations, by C. D.' is known to be written by the wife of the Professor, who himself contributes a long preface. Prof. De Morgan is perhaps the most universally learned mathematical scholar alive, and is well known as the author of standard works on Formal Logic, the Theory of Probabilities, the Differential Calculus, &c. His conversion is the more remarkable, as he has always been severe in his denunciation of scientific pretensions, and has exercised in the London journals a sort of police against all squarers of the circle, finders of the longitude, &c. Yet he now declares himself perfectly convinced that he has both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake."

The Consigned Lands.

It is complained that the lands which are offered for sale in certain of the Cotton States are not sold in a bona fide way, but that some kind of an "arrangement" is effected, by which the cotton-lord system is simply going to be shifted from one set of shoulders to another. It would be a pity if so it should turn out, and no sort of improvement on what we have had heretofore. If circumstances render necessary a speedy sale of these lands, then we insist that the sales should be conducted in such a manner as to give the soldiers themselves a chance to buy. They have shed their blood and risked their lives for the salvation of the country from the hands of those who once farmed these lands with "harrowing labor; and if any men are fairly entitled to a first chance in the case, it must be they. The social problem in the rebellious portion of the country will hereafter be, to raise up a class of middle men on the land, who shall constitute the bone and sinew, the stock and stability of the country. Can the Government do better by others than it can by the soldiers? We candidly think not.

A Peculiar Institution in Iowa.

Among the curious phases of Iowa society, is the "Amanna Society," located in Iowa Co., twenty miles west of Iowa City. The Muescatine Journal says it numbers eight hundred members, and is divided into seven villages. It is governed by Trustees elected by all the Society. The Society owns twenty thousand acres of land in one belt. They have a large stock of horses, sheep and cattle; seven hundred head of cattle, twelve thousand head of sheep, and a large number of horses; also two thousand two hundred acres of land under cultivation. They are engaged to some extent in manufacturing, and have a good flouring and saw mill, and a large woolen factory in successful operation. They card, spin, weave, and full all kinds of woolen goods, running twelve looms, nine narrow, and three for weaving broadcloth. Their machinery is of the most perfect kind. They will work up this season from five thousand to six thousand bales of wool. The members of the Society are all of a religious order. Everything moves on in perfect harmony. When necessary, the women aid in outdoor work. We saw twenty in one car-patch, all at work. In the same field, eight teams were plowing. The Society is destined to become wealthy.

A New Spiritual Circulating Library.

Our friends in Philadelphia will be pleased to learn that Mrs. C. W. Hale, and Mr. Samuel H. Palist (the blind medium), have, at the earnest solicitation of many friends, opened a Circulating Library of Spiritual and Miscellaneous Books, at 931 Race street, where all the various spiritual works can be obtained, the BANNER OF LIGHT included. This will be a very great accommodation to the many progressive minds in the Quaker City, and we trust they will see to it that these deserving people are well patronized and sustained in their new enterprise.

New Publications.

FORMS FROM THE INFERNA LITER. By Lizzie Doten. Boston: Wm White & Co., 158 Washington street. The publication of these Poems will at least raise a question on the subject of Inspiration, if they work no other result; and into such a discussion men of literary taste as well as scientific men, will be forced to go, if they touch this matter at all. We quote, in our leader of this week, from a discourse of Dr. Horace Bushnell, on this very point—who are inspired? and the quotation will read very well as an illustration, or key rather, of the character and origin of these poems of Miss Doten. Her own entertaining Preface, however, best sets forth the nature and extent of the inspiration by which these poems have been produced; as a personal experience, it is of the first interest in the better understanding of the whole subject of impressions and spirit operations. It should be read with all the care and thoughtfulness of the Poems themselves.

There are two parts to this volume; the first contains those Poems which were produced rather under the rule of her own faculties, though, of course, always subject to such influences as come down from above; and the second containing such as she is more ready to acknowledge as the production of spirits in possession of her intellectual organism. The first part goes to show the usefulness of the training she gave herself for performing the work she has since done in the second part; and no higher authority, or evidence either, can be asked, than the Poems of part second themselves supply, that they are indeed the production of spirits disembodied, and so far as we may judge, of the identical spirits named. The Poems purporting to be inspired by Shakespeare and Burns, are certainly very Shakespearean and Burnsian. Whether given directly from the spirits of those departed ones or not, it cannot be denied that they are furnished by some intelligence outside of that of the lady giving them. To assume that she is the intelligent author of these Poems, coining the thoughts and shaping the expressions which raise such lofty sentiments in the breasts of those who use them, is to ignore the presence and influence of spirit-power at all times and in every form, and to shut out from the soul of man the entire world of spiritual aids, comforts, and resources.

What will particularly attract the reader's attention in this volume, is the number and quality of those poems which proceed from Edgar A. Poe. They are indeed wonderful productions—altogether too wonderful to be allowed as mere imitations of his style. The "Resurrexit" is as beautiful, and as finished, as anything Poe ever wrote with his own hand; and though it may not betray that exquisite literary finish which he bestowed upon the "Raven," of whose rhythm and metre it reminds one, it nevertheless gives forth a much loftier spiritual strain, in which respect we consider it unmatched by any of the remaining verses of that erratic poet. Miss Doten seems to be more under Poe's influence than under any other's: he has probably found hers to be the first organism, both spiritual and intellectual, through which he could pour forth the ecstatic thoughts and tumultuous harmonies which now possess his severely chastened spirit. The leading journals of the country have united in the opinion that no other than Poe's peculiar mind—poetic, fiery, sweeping comet-like from one end of his thought to the other—could have produced such verse as is to be found in the "Resurrexit." His "Farwell to Earth," too, is truly wonderful: if we were to try to consider it as the individual production of Miss Doten, we should at once say it was beyond her normal powers. The face of it shows that it is Poe, and in no sense Doten.

But aside from this speculation on the real authorship of these striking poems, they are of themselves of too profound interest to be refused a very thoughtful reading by the entire community of readers. We do not take up poems, ordinarily, not professedly of a "religious" sort, which are so unqualifiedly spiritual. In this regard, they will not merely attract wonder and admiration—they will move the spiritual nature also. The world needs this sort of poetry, along with the materiality with which it has been fed so long. The spirits who revel in song well knew how admirably fitted Lizzie Doten was for transmitting their numbers to the hearts of earth's people, or they never would have elected her to become the medium of transmission; and they also know that, whether the poems falling from her lips were accounted to be theirs or her own, they would not fail of a welcome reception everywhere, nor come short of doing great good.

We will not enter upon a critical examination of them here. Had they been published without any confession of their real origin, they could not but have engaged public attention instantly. And they will do so now, only receiving a different sort of scrutiny from what would have befallen them in the other case. They are, beyond question, wonderful productions—sufficiently so to be ascribed to those invisible authors in whose name the greater part of them are given. In mere beauty alone, some of them are above criticism. As we before remarked, they will be admired for this, and other literary characteristics; but they will be accepted by many and many a hungering heart; for the rich spiritual sustenance which they so generously offer. Let every reader and friend of their gifted author purchase and read a copy of these "Poems from the Inner Life"; let every reader and friend of the BANNER make haste to do the same; and every man and woman, whose soul yearns in secret for the mysterious but strong supports of a living faith, ought to drink in the comfort which is to be found on these fair pages of Lizzie Doten.

The book is presented in a beautiful dress, and makes a proper New Year's Gift from one friend to another—peculiarly so when considered in reference to its character and influence. It may be ordered of the "Banner of Light office," where orders are already pouring in as fast as they can well be supplied. The true friends of the Spiritual Philosophy will remember that they could in no way so directly benefit the lady medium in whose name they are published, and through whose organism they were originally given. None of the devoted and self-denying workers in this cause should be forgotten now.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. By Alexander Smith. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

This book of Essays by the poet Smith, (that epithet will surely serve to distinguish him from the other Smiths) has been talked about for some time past, which has naturally whetted the public appetite for its reception. These Essays are dramatic, pleasant, poetic, and thoughtful; indicating a broader and deeper culture than was apparent in his first volume of fugitive verses, and a larger capacity of the writer for employing the powers given him. They are, however, rather the productions of the literary man than the man of the world, or the man of close observation and wide sympathy. The life the author is leading in the alcoves of a library will have, naturally, a tendency to shut out more or less of the sunlight of the world from his heart, and make him bookish rather than humane. We regard these Essays as more interesting, so far as they are the record of his own growth, than as they are calculated to impress the popular heart. As such they are especially entertaining and readable.

MARMADUKE MERRY, THE MIDSHIPMAN: OR, MY EARLY DAYS AT SEA. By Wm. H. G. Kingston. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This handsome volume of 400 fair pages, reminds one of Richard H. Dana, Jr.'s "Two Years before the Mast." It is as entertaining as a novel, and much more full of adventure and excitement. The sea is an armory of witchery for writers for the young; no story out of its depths can very well be without absorbing

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of
 Mrs. J. M. Cushman,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—or more.

THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to aid it from time to time by donations—no matter how small the amount—to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungry multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received will be promptly acknowledged.

The Seances are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 133 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Nov. 30.—Invocation: "The manner of spirit progression in the spirit-sphere." Questions and Answers: Lieut. Col. Ezekiel Mason, to his father, in or near Charleston, S. C.; Carl Zimmerman, to Edward Casey, in New York City; Emily Austin Williams, to her brother, Judson Will.

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—Invocation: "The unconsciousness of Spirits." Questions and Answers: Philip Richmond, to his friends, in Salem, Mass.; Lord Lyndhurst, of England; Adeline Edwards, to her mother, in Utica, N. Y.

Thursday, Dec. 3.—Invocation: "Questions and Answers about the Spirits who control at these circles." Margaret Waterhouse, of Liverpool, Eng. to her sons; Patrick Quinn, to his wife, in Boston, Mass.; Lucy Lee, to her father, General Robert Lee; Timothy S. Vandye, of Montgomery, Ala. to friends in New York State.

Monday, Dec. 7.—Invocation: "God a progressive being, and his relation to unprogressed things." Questions and Answers: Ben. Frizer, to his father, Ben. Frizer, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Alexander Hume, of Scotland, who died in Hampton, Eng., to his two sons; Theo. Collins, to his brother, William in the army; Amelia Truman Davis, of St. Louis, Mo.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.—Invocation: "Are not our eyes at all times and all evidence of conclusion?" Questions and Answers: John Grant, to his friends, in Terre Haute, Ind.; Ann Louisa Virgin, of South Berwick, Maine, to the step-mother of her child; Calvin Gibson, of Richmond, Va. to his wife and to Richard Orsue.

Thursday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "Questions and Answers." Agnes Brown, to her mother and sister, of this city; Charles H. Hill, to friends in Hartford, Ct.; Lieut. John Kellowood to his family, at Charleston, S. C.; Enoch Burnett, (colored), to his mother, in New York City.

Monday, Dec. 14.—Invocation: "Spiritual advancement in the Arts and Sciences." Questions and Answers: Andrew J. Gavett, to his friend, Mr. Andrews, of Salem, Mass.; Dennis Do-1e, to his wife and children, in Troy, N. Y.; Horace Jennings, to his parents, Lucy Green, to her father, John Green, at present at New Orleans, La.

Tuesday, Dec. 15.—Invocation: "The Vision in Judge Edmonds's Book." Questions and Answers: Archibald Lang, to his oldest son, Archibald; Wm. Smyth, to his father and mother, in St. Paul, Minn.; Lucy E. Rayner, to her father, in Concord, N. H.; Bill Kelley, to his mother, in Boston, Mass.

Thursday, Dec. 17.—Invocation: "Questions and Answers." Sam Houston, of Texas, to his friends; William Allen Orsue, to Thomas Pettigrew, in New York State.

INVOCATION.

"And God said, Let there be light," and who shall countermand the order of the Infinite? Who shall stay the progress of light? Who roll back the mighty curtain that hath been unrolled? Oh Spirit of the Present Hour, we thank thee for light, that food for the soul that comes to us day by day. We thank thee for wisdom, which in itself is spiritual life; though it comes to us oftentimes through the shadow of evening, yet we thank thee all the same. And now that evening is with us, with the sons and daughters of this American nation, who seem to be shrouded in mourning. But the darkness of the past is about to be swept away through the mediumship of morning light. Oh Spirit of the Age, we feel thy presence, and acknowledge thy power at all times. Oh Holy Spirit of the Hour, we know that though war is with us, and desolation meets us on every hand, that the Infinite Spirit of Reform is with us, and light, glorious light, will soon dawn upon us, and we shall feel that we are doubly paid for the sorrow we have passed through. Oh, our Father and Mother, may it be our blessed privilege to give light to the sorrowing sons and daughters of this present age. Oh, may we show them not only the light of our kingdom, but that light which, through modern Spiritualism, is illumining the darkness of God's earthly kingdom. May we be able to show them the sunlight of our truth. May we be able to spread a table of mental food for all thy mortal children such as each soul demands; such as the ages are crying out for; such as humanity have long thirsted and hungered for. Oh our Father and Mother, may thy children be enabled to recognize thee in all thy works, both great and small. May they acknowledge thy presence even in hell. Oh, then shall light, such as the world hath never before known, in all its refugeance, beam upon them. Then shall they know the true import of light; then shall they feel thy presence; then shall thy children rest secure in thy love.

Nov. 23.

The Taking on of the Spirit-Body.

SPIRIT.—We are now ready to answer any questions the friends may be pleased to offer.

SUNSHINE.—When a spirit leaves its natural body, how does it take on the spirit-body—from whence is it derived?

The spiritual body is already taken on. It is derived from all elements material, and all elements spiritual. It is in itself a compound of all earthly things and all spiritual things. You have it to-day, as you will have it throughout all eternity.

Are there other questions pertaining to the same subject, or any other subject?

Ques.—Is God a God of evil as well as of good? What is evil? We should like to have explained that which we call evil?

Ans.—The God of Christendom has ever been an Infinite Intelligence; a being possessed of all power, occupying all space. Now if the representation has been just, it follows that this God is the God of evil as well as of good; for if he is not, then his power is limited; then he is not Infinite. We contend that all things, whether in the external or internal, are created by this same Infinite Intelligence. Every thought, every material atom floating in the sunbeam was created by the same Omnipotent Father and Mother. We believe, in short, that God is the God of evil as well as of good.

Q.—How, then, shall we account for the evils of this world, such as diseases of all sorts of character? Or, in other words, how can we harmonize that which appears so great a contradiction?

A.—All diseases, whether mental or physical, are but the result of ignorance. All ignorance is but the result of transitory conditions. When once you understand evil in all its fullness—when once the full power of spiritual light is thrown upon it, then you will perceive that evil is not antagonistic to good; but, on the contrary, that it is one of the stepping stones to perfect good. You call disease, such as the physical body is often afflicted with, an evil, a misfortune. It is not so. It is one of the greatest blessings Nature could confer upon you. It is one of the mighty mental messengers that speak to you at certain times, informing you that you are wrong somewhere; that there is inharmoniousness between spirit and body; that you have not arrived unto that perfect condition where higher harmony is obtained.

Q.—If this necessity exists for a portion of God's children, then why not to the whole?

A.—Certainly it does; for all evil, or the dark shades

of earthly life, are as much a blessing as a joy to all not alone to the few, but to the entire human family.

Q.—Is it a matter of experience or opinion in the spirit-world, that Deity is a personality?

A.—It is a matter of knowledge certainly, that he is not a personality. All knowledge comes from experience; and our experience has taught us that Deity could not be a personality, for that would rob him of his Infinity.

Q.—Do developed spirits all differ in their ideas with regard to Deity?

A.—They differ according to their spiritual standard, certainly. There are no two thoughts exactly alike; no two individuals exactly alike. There is an infinite variety through all Nature, either mental or material.

Q.—Is not all evil the result of violations of the laws of God's moral universe?

A.—Mortally considered, it is; Spiritually considered it is not. When we consider law from a high spiritual standpoint, we see that no one can infringe upon the laws of God; but they must all obey the laws the Infinite hath made for his children. Therefore, as we said, we answer you from a high spiritual standpoint altogether. Should we answer you from a material standpoint, we should say you were right. It is contended by many that "whatever is, is right." So it is when spiritually considered. When, however, we attempt to reduce this theory to human practice, then it is apparently quite another thing.

Q.—Are there not a great many things the world calls evil that is goodness in disguise?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Is not individual human nature the only source of evil?

A.—No, we think not; for we find this same phase existing in forms of life lower than human nature. The tree or plant of to-day may be called evil, when compared with the tree or plant of a thousand years hence; for that, we believe, will be far more beautiful, far more perfect than the tree or plant of to-day. But shall the tree of future years declare to the tree of to-day, "You are evil, because not so perfect as I am?"

Nov. 23.

William Riggs.

I am hardly able to do what I wish to, but I shall make the effort, at any rate. I died at Annapolis on Sunday morning—yesterday. I was exceedingly weak, and I feel it badly here to-day. [Do you mean Annapolis, Indiana?] Yes, sir. I belonged in Elkhart, Indiana. I was twenty-three years of age, and I died of starvation there, I suppose. I was a Spiritualist, and a medium. These things aint new to me, and I made up my mind as soon as I got free to come here. [Were you one of the returned prisoners from Richmond?] I was, sir; I was. The poor boys are bad off, bad off, I can tell you, sir; and I thank God I'm free. I have a mother who has tried to believe this Spiritual Philosophy, but she's always said she never could see that it was right, and she never had a positive test. I am here making a great effort to give her that test now.

I was William Riggs here. My father, Jeremiah Riggs was his name. My mother's name, Mary. I have two brothers and a sister I should be very—you're mixing liquors, I should think. What's the matter? [Some person opened the door.] I can't say any more to-day, doctor; I had a good deal more to—

Nov. 23.

Ben. Ames.

How do you do? How d' you do? How d' do, captain? [How do you do?] Pretty well, I take it. Confound that fellow's weakness. That aint my strength, is it? [We guess not.]

Well, they say you telegraph home for us, how is it? [We publish what you say here, in a paper, and send that for you.] Well, I have n't been exactly sleeping a whole year; been pretty tight, though. The truth is, it's only a short time since that I became aware I was alive, that I was myself. Now, captain, that I just find myself roused up enough to come back here, I want to tell my folks that I aint dead; that I was n't killed at Antietam. Not that, captain, but I do want them to know that I'm not dead, when you come to the rights of it. The amount of it, captain, I find myself here alive, though I did lose my body on the battlefield.

I was a private in the 85th Mass.—see? [Yes.] I lived here on this pretty good looking farm of ours some little time after I was wounded, though in a kind of a decaying state that I don't like to think of now. I lived on earth twenty-one years; pretty short life here, you know, and I can't be expected to stay much here to-day, for I did n't have the advantages some folks have. Suppose I made the best use of those I did have, though they want many.

I'm from Northfield, Vermont; was born there, you see. I lived in Massachusetts, New York State, and went out West some time ago. For the last three years I'd been roving round considerable, though I came here and enlisted.

Now I want my folks here to know that I'm by no means dead, as they think; that I found it pretty hard work to see the door open to come back through; and I hope they won't shut it. You know if you'd got a good deal to say to your folks on the earth, and the door should be shut in your face, it would arouse your mad, a little, Capt'n. [That's natural.]

Well, since I've been learning, or have come to the full knowledge that I was n't either dead or dreaming, since I lost my body, I see this poor fellow and that poor fellow trying to go home and talk, and the door being slammed in their faces, and I've got mad a good many times, Capt'n, when I've stood by and seen it. And I don't know but that the Angel Gabriel would have done the same. I don't know the Angel Gabriel—have n't been introduced to him. When I have been, I may think he would n't get mad so easy as I do, but I do n't know it now. I've got a pretty good opinion of myself, you see.

Did you ever hear of Ben Ames? [Not that we know of.] Then you never heard of me, so you and I are strangers, aint we? [Yes.] Well, I suppose we are. Now that being the case, you can't tell my story, can you? [We should n't attempt it.]

I believe you are all strangers to me here, so you can't tell my story; and of course the natural inference is, I'm here myself, else I could n't tell my story.

These folks you call mediums are all round, aint they? [They are in several sections of the country.] I should like to have my folks pick up one somewhere, I do n't care where, for they do n't know anything about my coming back; don't know how I went out. But if they'll give me a chance to talk to them face to face, I'll tell them, and a good deal more too. What aint worth trying for, aint worth having. They'll be sorry if they do n't let me talk to them, when they come to the spirit-world. They'll feel hard about themselves.

What's to pay? [We do n't ask anything. It is free.] That's what they say about the American Nation, you know, but it is n't exactly so. What is the charge? [Nothing; you have n't anything to pay with.] But I'll shove up some of these trinkets. [Those belong to the medium.] She must redeem them, then. She's nothing to me after I have left. [But you'd feel the consequence of it.] You call it stealing, then, do you? I see. I do n't see as you could take me up very easily. [You can pay for coming here by good influences.] Yes, but

that aint the way folks do on your earth. [You do n't live on the earth.] Yes, but I'm here now. [Well, you can pay us when you go back to the spirit-world.] Yes, but you know I'm dealing with mortality, and it's quite another thing to deal with mortals from what 't is on our side. I can hardly call it our way, for I aint been there long enough to get the hang of it.

[How do you pay one another in the spirit-world for kindly deeds?] Well, I do n't know; have n't paid my debts yet. I suppose I'll be called upon to pay sometime. When I am, I'll tell you what currency I paid them in.

Well, I'm obliged to you, Capt'n. That will do, wont it? [Oh yes, that's satisfactory to us.] I shan't leave in just the condition that other poor fellows did.

Colonel Andrew F. Powers.

I should be very glad to open communication with some of my friends here at the North. Do you think there is any prospect of my being able to do so. [We think so.]

I was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and died soon afterwards. I lived between three and four days, I think. I shall be known by the name of Col. Andrew F. Powers. I have a brother-in-law in New York City. I have a sister in Massachusetts—in Boston, I think.

I have very little to say here to-day, concerning my condition as a spirit, or my condition prior to my leaving the body. I merely come here to let my friends know that I'm alive, and can speak through a foreign organism, and to ask an audience with them.

I know I am under many obligations to you, sir, for the privilege of speaking here, for I stood in the light of an enemy to you when here. But they say that death wipes out all debts. [It does with us.] I am to suppose that you will deal kindly with me, for I feel kindly toward you. [You may expect it.] Farewell.

Nov. 23.

Leoni—a Slave.

I was the daughter of Major Thomas Garney, of New Orleans. My mother was a slave. They called me Leoni. I lived seventeen years on the earth. I have been dead two years.

My father says this is folly worse than folly. Tell him I have returned. Tell him to speak with me alone. I shall show him it is no folly. My mother—she knows I can return. She knows I can speak. Farewell.

Nov. 23.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, we would kneel upon the threshold of Eternity, and there receive baptism of the Holy Spirit. We would there renew the fires of inspiration, that we may dispense spiritual bread and water to the hungry and thirsty multitude of thy children dwelling in earth life. Oh God, thou Jehovah of all Time, we have drank of the waters of eternal life, yet we are thirsty. We have eaten of the bread of life, yet we hunger. We have stretched out our hands and received innumerable blessings, yet we ask for more. We have traveled through Time, and wandered on Eternity's shore, and yet there is no death. Though our mortal forms long years since crumbled into dust, yet that did but teach us there was no death; that did but point us significantly unto life, new halls of life in the spirit-spheres. Our Father, thou who hast led us through the various scenes of mortal life, thou hast given us sufficient knowledge of ourselves and conditions concerning us, to measure the necessities of thy earthly children, and minister to those necessities. Oh we pray, because thou hast taught us to pray. We ask thee to bless them, because there is something within our being that prompts us to ask a blessing for these thy children. They say we do not know thee, Oh Jehovah, and we feel conscious of our ignorance. The world ever and anon asks where it shall go to find God. We have not seen thee; we have only recognized thy being as manifested in our own being, and all other forms of life. Yet, Oh Father, we feel that we know thee. Oh Mother, we feel that we are thy children, and as such, must be conscious of our immortality, our infinitude, our close relationship unto thee. Therefore we are satisfied; therefore we are content with the heaven of the moment, and yet we are anticipating another heaven, a newer joy, a diviner aspiration. Oh Spirit of the Hour, we beseech of thee to baptize these thy children with the Holy Ghost; the living fire that makes the human soul conscious of its own power at all times. Thanks, eternal thanks, our Father, for the past and the present.

Nov. 24.

The Cause of the Spirit's Unconsciousness.

SPIRIT.—What subject shall we dwell upon for a few moments this afternoon?

SUNSHINE.—Where people remain unconscious for a thousand years, are the causes constitutional, or acquired, or both?

Sometimes the causes are inherent in the physical constitution. Sometimes they are acquired by outside conditions that have been forced upon the spirit, and which for the time being it had no control over. Do you understand us?

Ques.—Yes.

Nov. 24.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—What is the relation of a mother and her infant child in the spirit-world. Is she still delegated as guardian?

Ans.—Yes, certainly. The child is not only physically her child, but spiritually; therefore attraction remains the same after death as before. The mother is not only the natural guardian, but the spiritual guardian of the child.

Q.—What constitutes spiritual sight? Do spirits see as we see, or by attraction?

A.—By spirit perception; but that spirit perception is dependent upon use of the spirit organs. The organ of sight is quite as necessary in the spirit-spheres as your organ of sight is necessary to you in the earth-sphere. Now you should understand that your light is only darkness to the disembodied spirit; while on the contrary, your darkness is light. And this fact should account for the necessity of spirits producing that class of manifestations called physical manifestations in the dark. Give us your light, and you destroy at once our power of vision, so far as your mundane objects are concerned.

Q.—Electricity, then, has a greater affinity for darkness than for light, has it not?

A.—Its operation is entirely different in darkness than in light; or, we should say, its manifestation. While you are in the physical world, you must be governed to a certain extent by the measurement of your physical senses. After you cast off your physical bodies, you begin to lose your physical senses, and the spirit-senses become predominant, and you must use those senses, those organs that are adapted to the seeing of spiritual objects.

Now if the organ of sight in the spirit-world is totally unlike that of your world, surely you would be very unwise to ask us to give you certain kinds of manifestations in that is light to your eyes, seeing that our senses differ spiritually from yours. It has been a matter of serious discussion from time to time, as to the necessity of producing physical manifestations in the dark. Why do not spirits give us these manifestations in broad daylight?—and we can but answer, because our Infinite Father hath so organized our organ of vision as to enable us to see more perfectly in darkness than in light; and in passing a

table over your heads in daylight, we might endanger your physical lives. Though we might be able to vibrate the table by virtue of our spiritual senses, yet we are not able to see your physical forms perfectly, and might mistake you for spirits disembodied; and in that case you might be seriously injured by products of your material world.

Q.—Is the animal creation immortal?

A.—No, certainly not.

Q.—How is it that the spirit manifests grief in the spirit-world?

A.—What is it that manifests the sensation of grief in the body? Is it the body? If the spirit is capable of taking on grief while dwelling in your mundane world, then all the sensations that belong to man as a spirit in earth-life, must also be his in the transmundane world. Do we have grief here, we have it you-der; do we have joy here, we have it also in the spirit-world. It is not the physical that is capable of receiving the impress of either grief or joy, but the spirit or the internal of man.

Q.—Does that grief arise from anything pertaining to the spirit-world, or does it arise from anything that is seen here below?

A.—Sometimes it arises from conditions seen in the spirit-world; sometimes from conditions seen in your earth-life.

Q.—Some spirits say they experience a sensation of coldness when witnessing the sorrow of their earth-friends. How is that to be accounted for?

A.—That depends very much upon the spiritual constitution of the individual. It might produce coldness with one individual, and warmth to another. Conditions vary in the spirit-world, precisely as conditions vary here with you. We believe, however, as a general thing, the disembodied spirit does not feel well pleased to see their friends grieving for them. Knowing as they do that their condition of life is totally different from what they supposed it to be, they feel grieved that their earth-friends are in so much mental darkness concerning them.

Ma. BANCROFT.—Why did my daughter weep when she came here?

A.—Why do persons often weep when overjoyed at meeting earthly friends?

Ma. B.—Was it because she was happy?

A.—We presume it was. Certainly it could not have been because the little one sorrowed at meeting you. Thed it must have been the opposite.

Ma. B.—If present here, could she see my spirit and recognize me as her father?

A.—Yes, your spirit, not your body. That can only be seen by taking on the vestments of mortality; and with that taking on a mortal body, comes all the sympathies and remembrances of mortal life.

Nov. 24.

George B. Little.

I am very glad to be able to say a few words here. [You are welcome to say whatever you can.] On the 23rd day of October, I was here myself, in full possession of my own mortal body. On the 25th, I became partially conscious of my existence in the spirit-world.

For over five years I have been investigating the spiritual phenomena; so that in my own mind I was well satisfied of the existence of the spirit after death, and of its power to return and make communication under certain conditions.

I was once told by my father, through the lady whose organism I now control, that death would never find us ready to leave earth; that we should always be unprepared to meet him. So it did n't matter much what time he came. I could hardly understand that then, but I can now very well; for with all my light upon this Spiritual Philosophy I was ill prepared to meet death, and felt quite as much astonished, doubtless, on waking up in the spirit-world, as any one could who had never known anything at all of Spiritualism.

My friends may be pleased or anxious to know what my sensations were at death. I will describe them as nearly as I am able to. I went into the building where my body was found for the purpose of attending to some business I had there, and became suddenly seized with faintness. But I had had many such ill turns, so I had no thought of dying. I took a remedy I had at hand, supposing it would soon make me feel better; but I grew fainter and fainter, until at last I was unable to stand. I sat down, thinking I would soon feel better. But I lost last consciousness here. Then I seemed to be in a dreamy state, and then I saw my father. He says, "George, do you know where you are?" I said, "I am faint." He said, "You are better now." I then tried to ask if I was dreaming, but I believe I did not. At any rate, my father seemed to know what I would ask, for he said, "No, George, you're not dreaming." You are with me, a spirit."

I then became intensely agitated, so much so that I lost my consciousness, and felt very much like a person who was tumbling down an embankment, and was certain that death awaited him when he should reach the bottom of the embankment. At length when consciousness was again restored, I found myself in the presence of a number of persons whom I at once recognized as old friends. Some of them seemed inclined to make sport of me and ridicule me in various ways. One of this class was the former proprietor of your BANNER OF LIGHT, and I very soon defined a language passing from him to me, which seemed to say, "George, you need n't be afraid of your friends, when you have n't got any."

I recognized the manner and the spirit fully, and then began to perceive that I was in the company of friends—soon began to perceive that I was in the spirit-world, and began to talk about myself, for the purpose, as I thought, to regain my earthly condition, for I felt that I had been suddenly deprived of the use of my body, and that there was something for me to do with regard to my mortal body.

As soon as the desire was born to look after my physical body, I found myself in the presence of that body, and I was able to perceive that I was not entirely separated from it, but was connected by a fine spiritual cord or electrical chain, that seemed to tremble and give out continually sparks of fire. I soon learned that I was only able to see that body through the influence of that electrical cord. But while I gazed at it, the cord was severed that held spirit and body together, and I seemed to come into a more perfect and harmonious atmosphere than that of earth, and was soon in a condition to rapidly gain spiritual strength.

I can only add my testimony to the thousands who have visited this place, with regard to the immortality of the soul. I know that I am George B. Little, as when here. But it is impossible for me to convey the conviction to you while you are here. I would to God I could; but it's impossible. Then bide your time. Do all you can to enlighten yourself concerning those conditions of spirit-life which you all sooner or later must enter, for the more wisdom you gain, the happier you will be as you enter this new life.

Nov. 24.

John Gallagher.

Faith, I forgot who I was myself. I was trying to make out myself as I was, and myself as I am, and I find it something like this: I'm John Gallagher, of the 28th Pennsylvania, and with a strange sort of a machine, I do n't know much about on the outside, but the inside I know something about. That is, the propelling part seems to be myself.

Now, Major-General, I want to know what I may expect to gain from this place? [To be recognized by your friends.] Faith, I do; that is what I come for. [Then you must state certain facts relative to your past life, by which your friends will know you.]

What I understand by that is, I am to make myself known as I was.

How I come to my death—is that it? [Yes.] Well, I suppose it is by what I think; I was struck by a piece of a shell, but what kind of a shell I'm not able to tell. I know I was struck, as high as I can tell, on the right side of the face; but what happened after that I do n't know. That was at Gettysburg.

I am from Frederickton, Ireland. That is not my native place, for I was born in Belfast, Ireland. But I called Frederickton my home, and I have a wife there and one child. And my name was John Gallagher; and maybe I'm wrong, but as high as I can make out, I was thirty-one years old when I was killed.

Now I suppose I'll do what I can by scratching up events of my life. [Give your wife's name.] Catharine; my child, John. What else? Faith, I want a little help just along the way, Major-General. [Give any incident of your past life.] Well, I will give the name of the ship I came over in. How'll that do? [It will be a good thing.] I believe it was owned in New York; don't know. It was called the John Ayling; not Allen, but Ayling. How many brothers and sisters I had? [Yes.] Eight in all. Some of them came to the spirit-world before they got up to mature age. There's two in the spirit-world, and myself makes three, but there's eight in all. My father's name? [Yes.] John.

Is it always here we come? [You can give your wife an invitation to meet you at some other medium's.] That is, somewhere else near her home. [It would be a long distance for your wife to come here.] Yes, and it takes money, too, and that's what she's not got much of. Well, suppose I ask you to send word for her to find out some one of them. I was told before I came here that I should do so. Now I like, if anybody can tell my wife about these things, to do it. Faith, I was tied hand and foot in the Catholic Church when I was on the earth. [The Church may stand between you and your wife now.] Ah, I suppose so. Well, never mind that. Egad, if I stay away until the Church is dead, I may stay away forever.

Well, sir, I suppose there are a great many who read your paper and know about these things. Some of them, very likely, will know me, and maybe they'd be willing to help me in reaching my wife. And you say my letter—I understand you to say it—will be printed in your paper? [Yes.] It may come to the notice of some of my friends. Now if they see my letter and know me, I'd like to have them take my letter to my wife, and help her to get somebody for me to talk through. I'll ask that much of them, anyway.

Well, sir, it's one thing to be in your own body, and another to be in somebody else's. It may do very well for a little time, but by-and-by the fire burns out, the candle's all gone, and you've got to go; and that's the way with me.

Nov. 24.

Henry Vancour.

I used to live in Frankfort, Kentucky. My father's name was Edward Vancour; mine was Henry. I was nine years old. I have been here a little more than thirteen months.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address 146 West 21st street, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LUTHER HUNT.)

THOUGHTS FOR NEW YEAR.

Have you felt the cold, dear children,
These biting, wintry days,
And murmured, as you warmed you,
Between your merry plays;

While you had your fine wool mittens,
And excellent thick shoes,
And hoods and caps and mufflers,
As warm as you could choose;

And furs to bind your mittens,
And caps all lined with down,
And lamb's wool for your wrapper,
And flannel for your gowns;

And had you warm coal furnace,
To seek between your play,
That makes your room like summer,
Or the breath of genial May?

Then listen to this story,
This story often told,
And lived in many a city,
In every Winter's cold.

One day—it was the coldest,
The dreariest Winter's day—
I passed far down the city,
Beyond the shops so gay.

To where in dwellings crowded,
The city's poor must live,
And I was busy thinking,
What Christmas gifts I'd give;

When little children running,
In bright and merry play,
Quite filled the narrow sidewalk,
And barred the passer's way.

And one had reins, like horses,
Tied fast about his waist;
The others served as drivers,
And whipping, urged to haste.

These little merry children
Had on no shoe or boot;
No cap or cloak, or muffler,
But trod the walk barefoot.

One little girl, the smallest,
Was clothed with tender care;
She had a better garment,
And a tattered shawl to wear;

It seemed they gave to bless her
The very warmest fold;
The older wend half naked,
To keep her from the cold.

Now think, ye generous-hearted,
When at your merry plays,
Of such poor, half-clothed children,
These dreary Winter days!

And have you not some mittens,
Some stockings from your store,
Some hood, or cap, or muffler,
That you will wear no more?

And can you not spare pennies,
You'd spend for foolish toy,
To buy some useful garment,
For such little girl or boy?

Oh what a merry New Year
You'll bring to many a home,
By some such act of kindness,
Some loving deed thus done!

Just think! in such a Winter,
Such cold and cheerless days,
These little, half-clothed children,
Can join in merry plays.

While those that have snug dwellings,
And clothing, warm and nice,
Perhaps are oft complaining,
At sight of frost and ice.

Oh let us, while we're thankful,
Remember, that to warm
Our inmost heart's affections,
We must shelter such from harm.

We must share with them our comforts,
We must give them help and love,
For thus we'll find our Summer,
And learn of Heaven above.

ELSIE:

OR,

THE BENEFIT OF TRIALS.

CHAPTER IV.

As Elsie and Mrs. Moody followed down the green lane to the woods, the sun shone brightly, and everything seemed radiant with beauty. The way-side flowers nodded to them, the fresh green branches bowed, and the short, springing grass looked up lovingly to them. Mrs. Moody held on tightly to Elsie's hand, and often looked down at her with a tender smile.

"This seems like being young again," she said. "I am very glad I came; and you are quite sure you love me, and you do not think me very selfish."

"No, indeed," said Elsie; "and I was just thinking how very happy we were, and wondering if it was because Spring had come."

"Yes," said Mrs. Moody; "it is because Spring has come, but it is the Spring in our hearts. When we are not loving and are selfish, then it is chill Winter all the time; but if the sunshine of Love is within us, then it is the beautiful season of Love, and of May. I understand this better than ever before, and I shall never forget it again; for, Elsie, I had grown to be a very selfish being before you came to my house. I feel now as if it was always chill Winter then, and as if I had not known of this more beautiful Spring-time that could come for me. I was always thinking that I could find Sam and Gladness when I left this world and entered another life; but I did not dream that I could find such gladness here?"

"Oh here we are at the woods," said Elsie. "Oh, how beautiful everything is!"

They heard the merry voices of children shouting, and followed up the moss-covered path, till they came where the sound led them. When the children saw Mrs. Moody with Elsie, they all became very silent; no one dared to speak, for they thought she had come to take them all home.

"Come, come," said she, I have brought Elsie down to play with you, and you must not mind me."

"Hurrah for Mrs. Moody!" said Alonzo.

And the children all clapped their hands, and the woods echoed with, "Hurrah for Mrs. Moody." What a merry time they had! Mrs. Moody taught them how to make beautiful wreaths of the low hemlock, though

she said she had made none before since she was a little girl. They hung long festoons from the trees, and arranged them like a temple. Then they declared Mrs. Moody should be their queen. So they built her a bower of green boughs, and they covered her cap with violets, and her dress with the lily of the woods. The tears sparkled in her eyes as they danced around her, and she seemed to be in another land far away, and thought she was a girl again. At last she stopped their frolic, and said:

"Children, I have a word to say to you. You all remember when no one loved me, and I was 'cross Mrs. Moody.' I dare say you have all called me so."

Here half the children hung their heads; for they had spent half of the time on their way from her house, saying, "Cross Mrs. Moody."

"I do not blame you,"

At this they all looked up again.

"I was cross, I felt as if no one loved me. Do you wish to know what has changed me, and made me forget that I am fifty years old? It is the gentle goodness of this child," and she pointed to Elsie; "she has brought sunshine to my heart and gladness to my home; she has taught me what I had almost forgotten—that the heart can make everything lovely. Now crown Elsie queen; I will never forget this day."

How radiant her face was as she spoke these words! She indeed looked young again. Elsie ran up to her, and threw her arms around her neck and kissed her, and then all these merry children put their fresh lips up to her face, and each one kissed away a tear.

She bade the children stop at her house as they went home, and she left them to have the rest of the day to themselves. As she went back through the green lane, she fancied that troops of children danced before her, and sweet voices repeated, "Dear Mrs. Moody." Perhaps it was all fancy; but she smiled and lifted her eyes to heaven, and in the radiant beauty of the spring-time there descended upon her a holy joy and a benediction of peace.

When the children went back, they led Elsie, crowned with flowers, up the long walk and into the house. There stood Mrs. Moody before a great table loaded with bread, pies and cakes, and they were all invited to partake of them. Their happy spirits seemed to bring to the quiet rooms the joy of heaven.

This day was the beginning of a brighter time than ever to Elsie. Her aunt sought more and more to make her feel that she really loved her; and Elsie, putting away what was wrong in herself, made a home for her aunt full of gladness and beauty. The children were no longer afraid of "cross Mrs. Moody," but used to run to meet "dear Aunt Moody."

As the years went by, they were not without their trials, but each one brought the reward of patient effort to do right. Mrs. Moody could not always remember that others need pleasures, and she was sometimes selfish. It was at these times that Elsie had to put on her mantle of charity and love, and strive to bring back happiness and joy to her aunt. Sometimes Elsie tried other ways than of kindness, and then she always failed. One of these years had brought the glad Christmas-time near. Elsie was older and wiser, and she thought herself quite cured of selfishness and ill will. She had made up her mind to let her aunt to let her have a Christmas tree, and to invite the children to bring their presents and put on it. Aunt Mary had taught her to make moss baskets, and wreaths of autumn leaves, and she had spent all her leisure time in preparing beautiful gifts for her friends.

She had made for her aunt a hanging basket of wire, and filled it with moss from the woods, and had planted some ferns and creeping plants in it. She thought this would be a pleasant surprise, and she had enjoyed much in thinking how the gifts should be placed on the tree. Alonzo had selected a tree from the woods, and had agreed to help trim it; and Aunt Mary had provided some candles to illuminate it.

But Mrs. Moody had not gotten entirely over her fears for her carpets, and the confusion that so much company would cause seemed terrible to her. She told Elsie that there was no use of any such parade.

"In my day," she said, "we used to hang up our stockings; and it was just as well, and saved a great deal of trouble. You can distribute all your gifts, and those who receive them will enjoy them better at home."

Elsie reasoned the matter with her aunt, and told her how delightful it would be to see the gladness of others, and pictured the beauty of the tree, with its gleaming lights and hanging offerings.

Her aunt was not convinced, and Elsie grew vexed. She put on her shawl and bonnet, and went over to see Aunt Mary. She was not in, but there she saw all the offerings she had prepared for her friends, and she felt as if her labor was all lost.

"Well," she said to herself, "Aunt is selfish and unreasonable, and I must act accordingly. I say I will not bear it. I will have a tree; and I will have it somewhere else."

She called in Alonzo, and, as usually happens, her ill feeling extended itself to others, and Alonzo agreed with her in all she said. They decided that Mrs. Moody should be left out of the question.

"It will serve her just right," said Alonzo; "and you can give the basket that you designated for her to some one else."

"So I will," said Elsie; "for if she cannot be a little obliging, I do not know as I care to please her."

So they decided to leave Mrs. Moody out of the plan. They concluded to have the tree in the school-house, and they went all about the village to tell the children who expected to take part in the Christmas games, of their changed plan. They did not spare Mrs. Moody, but represented her as cross and disobedient and selfish. They all were of the same mind—so easy is it for one person to poison the ears of many.

When Elsie went home that night, her step was not as light as usual, and she did not linger long with her aunt, but hurried to her sleeping-room. The gentle voices that so often seemed speaking to her there, were silent now. She did not seek her mother's benediction of love, but tried to quiet herself to sleep by thinking that she was right, and her aunt altogether in the wrong.

When morning came, her aunt greeted her with an unusually bright smile. At the breakfast table she said to her:

"Elsie, I have been thinking of what you said about Christmas, and I believe I did not see the thing just right. I am old, and old ways are not like young ways. As I lay thinking of your goodness last night, and how glad you had made my heart, I concluded I did wrong to think that I knew better than you what is right and best. You shall have your Christmas tree in the long kitchen, and I will engage you to be for you, and you can dance, and have a real festival of joy."

When Elsie remembered her unkind thoughts of her aunt, and how she had spent her own feelings over the whole neighborhood, she felt as one always does who has done a mean thing. She knew she had been impatient and angry, and had hastily condemned her aunt and unkindly influenced others. She thought with shame, too, of what her companions would say of her, as she told them of her aunt's generous offer. She had, however, to bear this trial, and it had its influence on her. As she went out that morning to make known her aunt's kindness, she resolved never to be so hasty again in her judgment of others.

Christmas came, that festival of joy. The Christmas-tree was gay with its lights and glittering ornaments. Paper flowers adorned it, and festoons of popcorn strung on thread made it look like a flowering spray. There was every variety of gift, and the joy of those who received them was great. Elsie felt proud of the success, but she had one sorrow: she

could not forget her anger and impatience of her aunt. I need not tell about the glad, happy dance, and how near heaven they seemed to come by mirth and song.

Many years after, if you had looked into Mrs. Moody's home, you would have seen a change there. Elsie was no longer "Little Elsie," but a woman, who claimed the name of Mrs. Alonzo Thompson; and Mrs. Moody, feeble and old, sat in her arm-chair, singing to herself soft, sweet airs, on looking with joy and thankfulness on those who filled her place. You must remember that it was the power of love that had wrought all the happy changes in this home, so you can know what power you have in yourselves.

Trials almost always increase our power of goodness, and enable us to become what we ought to be. If we were all as good as we are capable of being, we should have few trials, for our hearts would be so full of the sunshine of love that we should find joy everywhere and at all times.

Letters Acknowledged.

Kitty C. Colwater, Mich.—Your words were as pleasant to the heart as the sunshine this winter's day is pleasant to the eye. We, too, have been thinking of Christmas days gone by, and longing for a sight of happy faces and beaming eyes that greeted us then. Do not forget those days, or the love of your friend, L. M. W.

Answer to the Enigma in our Last.

The Golden Rule.

Mrs. A. M. Spence, in Charlestown. Mrs. Spence's engagement for a course of eight lectures on four successive Sundays, begun at Charlestown, City Hall, on the 20th of December. She draws large houses and excites intense commotion in the thoughts of every one who hears her. No one can deny that she presents magnificent, awful truths, reft of all tinsel and useless ornaments, truths that cannot be gainsayed or controverted. She stands upon the lecturer's rostrum, fearless, profound, powerful—expressing the real nature of human life, the uses of evil, acknowledging the wisdom that rules man's destiny, and has created for a purpose all things that have being. There may be lecturers in the ranks of Spiritualism more gifted in rhetorical elegance; in the guarded utterances that suggest awe and disguise the real impulses of life, to please our superficial natures, but there is no one who excels her in the startling facts that she lays at the door of every human heart, yet unrecognized. We make a few quotations from the afternoon lecture, given Dec. 27, 1863.

Life has two conditions, the active and the passive. Nature demands that the active state be carried to a certain height, when the passive must follow. Every one's nature demands for the active state some kind of stimulus. Various kinds are resorted to for this end and by the different desires of different persons. Among the stimulants are the different kinds of amusements, the pursuits for fame and glory, novel reading, churchoing, narcotics, rum, tea, coffee, tobacco, opium, all these means used for excitement in the active state of human life, are legitimate to the end for which Wisdom designs them, viz., to produce the passive state in which man becomes receptive to the unseen but real elements of his being, viz., ideas, and by which he rises to a higher state of life.

Reformers are thought to be the Christ of the age. They pass rapidly to intense excitement, and fall as rapidly to passiveness and depression. They receive largely and give rapidly and freely. They are only warriors; their business is to destroy what has served its use and has stood long enough.

Hurried and deep excitement is rapidly followed by profound passivity or sleep. Man only receives when passive, and the deeper his inactivity, the profounder his reception.

The anti-capital-punishment man will shoot a man because he hangs another. Men are carried through various and unexpected ways into severe experiences. Every experience is useful. The anti-victorian reform societies would burn all the churches, and the churches would burn the anti-victorian reformers. But each fills a legitimate place in Nature, and add useful experiences to life by their antagonisms.

The world is moved by sympathy that often leads to impulse, and impulse to jargon and war. Men filled with sympathy, cry, Give, give, and the gifts often defeat the object they were intended for. There is a purpose in the movements of the world beyond what men may call defeat.

All the churches and all the institutions that impulsive reformers would tear down, have a legitimate use, and are founded in Wisdom, and the impulsive reformer's work in tearing them down, is no less in the ruling of Wisdom.

The great reason for all Church organization, or of any organization, is fear. There are church organizations, state organizations, and social organizations; all are formed in fear, and all for use.

The more ignorant a people is, the more rigid is its organization.

Ignorance is the mother of fear, and organization the fruit of fear.

The Catholic Church is of all churches the most ignorant, and is also the most rigid in its organization. How faithful to its tenets is poor Bridget. She works all the week hard, and would go without food till death redeemed her, before she would break her religious faith. Her ignorance makes her rigid devotion.

The Catholic Church is true to the place where Nature has assigned her. She fills her legitimate mission in Wisdom's rulings. So do all the churches that have succeeded from her and have advanced from her rigid to more liberal organization.

Come along to the organization of the Unitarian Church, and it is largely weakened, and so it is of the Universalist Church. Come to Spiritualism, and organization is entirely lost. Many have looked for it, but have not found it.

Political organizations and institutions are all founded in fear.

Government is only a system of bondage. All the institutions that dwell under Government are held in fear and bondage.

The natural excited impulses of men make old institutions fall and new ones come up. Slavery is now being crowded out by the impulses of men, to give place to another institution. All institutions that rest on fear and consequently are only negative, must fall by the stimulus of Reform. All the present institutions of the earth will pass away in their time, and new ones come up in their places.

The Catholic Church, and all churches, have their uses, and are lawful in their places. All the churches begot for themselves what they need, and all come in their appointed places. But when their children get large enough, and can do without nursing, they have no use for Church organizations. Love hath cast out fear. Whoever has come out from the infancy of the Church to childhood, and from that to the manhood of Liberalism, will not complain that the Church is wrong, injurious, or useless. He who denounces the Church, is hardly yet out of it, or perhaps has ventured too soon to leave it.

Life is a mixture in its spiritual, the same as in its physical, of infancy, childhood, manhood. The Church is for its spiritual infancy and manhood for broad Liberalism.

I have not denounced and cursed Nature for enforcing the use of stimulating and narcotic substances, and for not doing so I have called forth the disgust of totalitarians. All stimulants that are used help on the work of Nature. And all the uses of stimulants, whether moderate or immoderate, are under the guidance of Nature's hand.

The effect of stimulants is to carry activity to its

height, and to hasten the passive state, the state of reception, for the influx of truth. When active, men eat and drink for the corporeal body; when passive, they eat and drink for the spiritual body. Life does not depend at all upon the corporeal food the body eats and drinks for its own existence, but upon what is received in a passive state of the body. Life only depends upon corporeal matter for its sensuous manifestations.

Imagination is exhibited in the active state of life, and appears to be unreal—in the passive state imagination is born to real truth. The finest ideas are born under the influence of some stimulus, like rum, opium, tobacco, etc., which like "ergot," makes the labor pains that give them birth.

Inebriates give the clue to greatest discoveries in the arts, to the deepest religious thought, and the finest ideas in poetry. The reason of this is, excessive stimulus commands profound passivity. A drunken man forgets all consequences in the physical world to which the sweep of the soul's intuitions is ever heedless and passive.

All ideas of importance are born to the world in a condition of careless, reckless passiveness; are born in a state negative to all earthly love. The water-lily, out of the dissolving filth and fetor of the earth, sends forth the richest flower of fragrance and beauty, in passiveness and silence. So it is in the career of human life; the richest and most glorious truths are born of the filth and mire of sensuous immorality—truths that send forth fragrance and loveliness to benefit and bless human life.

Whoever heard an original thought, a great and useful idea emanating from clean cut respectability—from pretense, show, and outside devotion? The great undercurrent of ideas that lie hidden to sensuous sight, are first born to the perception of the reckless suffering prodigals of earth.

We rise up in thought, when we are cast down in repute. Laudations accepted, kill intuitions. A feeling of self-excellence bars the doors of originality. Self-righteousness shuts out the whispers from the angel-world.

The persecution of mediums is their saviour. It is better for a thinker's thoughts to be condemned, than applauded.

So there is a great mental and spiritual use in what the world calls cursed; for by persecutions, which by surface seers are pronounced curses, the world of thought and truth shines brighter.

The doctrine that the world calls dangerous and damnable, in Wisdom's ordering is brightened and developed thereby.

All the varieties of life are needed, and are useful. All the religions, and all their oppositions, all the various deeds and practices of men—all have legitimate uses, and are for a purpose, and all are beautiful under the ruling hand of Wisdom. A. B. C.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYON HALL, THE NORTH ST., (opposite head of School street).—Meetings are held every Sunday, at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Admission free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Jan. 10; Miss Lizzie Dutton, Jan. 17, 24 and 31; and Feb. 7; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

CONFERENCES HALL, NO. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Thursday evening, at 7 P. M. Free. Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Jan. 10; Emma Houston, Jan. 24 and 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Feb. 7 and 14; Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Feb. 21 and 28; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

CHURCHES, MASS.—Muscle Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during January; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during February.

FOX HOLE.—Meetings held in the Town Hall, Speakers engaged:—H. B. Storor, Jan. 10; Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 14.

MILFORD.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, second Sunday of every month; Rev. Adin Hallow, third Sunday.

FOSTER RD., MA.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Cass streets. Sunday school and free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Jan. 10, 17, 24 and 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Feb. 7 and 14; Nellie J. Temple during February; S. J. Finney during March; Lizzie Dutton, April 8 and 10.

BALCONA, MA.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening, at 7 P. M. Free. A house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Houston from February to last of July.

NEW YORK.—Dodworth's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. o'clock. The meetings are free.

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