

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For the Banner of Light.

EXPERIENCES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD OF HENRY WHITTEMORE.

Written by himself, through the Mediumship of his Sister.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

October 6th, 1860.—It is a long time since I have written or particularly manifested myself to you, my dear sister, and I am desirous of coming again and adding yet further some of my rich experiences for the benefit of others; for what a world of resources have opened upon us from our entrance to that higher and better life, the birth of the spirit-man. I now come to you, after the lapse of two years, (the time of residence here,) hoping to unfold some new reminiscences brought from actual experience. Hitherto we have come more for the purpose of awakening within you a realizing sense that spirits do come back and impart faithful messages of love and affection to dearly loved ones in the flesh; but now we come not only to keep alive within you a remembrance of these facts, but to more explicitly reveal those hidden and inborn emotions of soul which constitute that higher and brighter life. We come to-day not so much to impart as to wake up anew your dormant powers, that we can come again and speak more forcibly to your understanding. I wish to establish upon an easy footing a sort of correspondential interviews with you, so that when I come you may know it to be me, and by frequent interviews become more receptive.

The spiritual senses become inactive by disuse, and impressions flow not freely, so that when I came before, it became highly necessary that you gave many sittings, to facilitate the power of induction or reciprocity of thought. The advantage gained heretofore will make our task a comparatively easy one.

Our entrance here has been doubly blessed, coming, as we did, after mature thought, earnest deliberation, faithful, persevering effort at a knowledge of spirit intercourse; and coming to me, as it did, suddenly, it was a grand, a solemn thing. I feel it more and more each succeeding day; and as time rolls on, there comes a fuller, more complete realization of happiness yet in store for me.

I visit you now, my sister, with devout thanks giving that I, too, have been permitted to come and add my mite to the general good, through the writing of that first message. I have followed its course through many channels, and invariably find it doing good; and it has strengthened within me a determination to come again. A full resolve has brought me here to-day, and you have listened, and I am happy. I return again, my sister, hoping, trusting, praying that the good seed which I have planted in many hearts is beginning already to spring up. I see it in the desire to know more, the awakening of some to that careful investigation so necessary to that solid understanding of the whole thing, in others a ceasing altogether of upbraidings and the continual cry of humbug.

Incredulous minds are more easily convinced that there is something in it, and are willing to hear more; and all classes of minds who come within the pale of friends, and others also, are doubtful about your being the sole agent in that message of mine, because a resemblance is seen, to accord with the peculiarities of that odd genius, Henry Whittemore. But of this you are aware, by repeated avowals from many of our friends. Would that this resemblance might be carried further, so as to become the fixed, living faith of all. Perhaps we are too anxious; but I do believe all would be happier could they but know this to be a truthful certainty. Could they be made to feel that we can visit the home circle as was our wont to come, gather about the little table and converse with you in mutual feeling, etc.; that we could come now as before, and be understood and welcomed, would it not be a pleasure, think you? And it could be done, but only under certain conditions. The gathering together of a few choice spirits is highly conducive to that spiritual harmony which enables us to come to you; but perturbation of mind, proceeding from whatever source it may, always repels the spirit from acting its part. The effort may be made, but without accomplishment, because all of the vital forces of mind should be called into action for the performance of its duties. This is what we term passivity—a calm, unruffled, peaceful mind; not one full of intruding thoughts, but quiet, clear, like the moment when sinking to rest; then the spirit voice can be more distinctly heard, because more passive.

There is a wellspring of joy coming bubbling up whenever I see you desirous of spirit-communication—a holy, inward, heavenly joy; because, the more you realize our presence; the more you commune with heaven-born intelligences, the more sure are we of gaining an access to your hearts, and thereby enabling us to produce deeper, more lasting impressions. And you, my own dear sister, are the special object of my hopes, because through you we must breathe all our hopes, aspirations, desires, to friends dwelling still in the flesh. We come to you, and would find your mind peaceful, joyous and happy, not only for our sakes, but most essentially for your own.

Ask not, then, for spiritual guidance, for spiritual communion, unless you can calm all ruffled thoughts, and concentrate your mind to that needed harmony always so necessary to the impressionable state. There is a desire on the part of many here—friends to us both—to come as frequently as possible the coming winter, and through you give expression to their thoughts, and have obtained my permission, with your consent. There is a strong desire to effect a more perfect communion between us and you, but many lack the will-power. In some small degree I believe I possess it, but not to such an extent as to enable me to exercise it, only under the most favorable circumstances, and very many times when I come, I may not be able to accomplish anything. But persevere, my dear sister; we will both be patient, and overcome most of the difficulties in our way.

It makes me laugh when I think of my former obstinacy to a full belief in spirit-communication, (the writing of letters sent to you desiring tests, which must

be given, or it could not be spirits, etc.) but the pertinacity under which I labored was resolved into a more thorough investigation ere I left the body, and it was (the belief, I mean) a real comfort to me.

It now becomes to us to gratify all such curiosity as mine; but as you once told me, it can only be done through peculiarly developed mediums. We work under certain laws—mental, physical, spiritual laws—the subversion of which frustrates the whole thing, and renders us inactive, as well as you. Clairvoyance only now and then finds a fit subject for her work—a perfect one never. All are subject to the same laws, and unless all work in unison, the subject sees not clearly, etc. It is with an impressionable, clairvoyant sense that the medium understands our proximity, and by none other sense whatever. We do not usurp the tenement brain, and drive from it the original possessor and implant our thoughts there, but draw, as it were, all the attractive elements of mind into our own, and give tone to the presiding genius enabling them to give utterance to that which is within them. They do the writing, speaking, personating, etc., but under our direction, as when the clairvoyant utters thoughts not their own, you would say, because unknown to them before. They do see what they describe, because presented to their enlarged vision; you do know of what you write, speak, etc., because we have informed you.

There is such a thing as a clairvoyant perception of a thing without full clairvoyant power, and every medium possesses this power, in a greater or less degree; therefore some are fitted for one thing, some for another, because one set of faculties become illuminated in one individual, others in another, and the more complete the transparency, the more perfect the clairvoyant power, of course. Therefore, when we come, we seek first to quiet all wandering thoughts and draw the mind within itself; concentrate, as it were, the thoughts, that we may communicate with you; and in order successfully to do this, you must feel that the thoughts given are yours before impartation, else you have but in part received them; as the student, when a lesson solved becomes their own, so these thoughts are yours because you have interiorly adopted them.

This is what we call intuition. An intuitive faculty is one perceived, engrafted, comprehended from the mind of another—a bud of lovely growth, one easily wrought into the fabric mind, improved by cultivation, and one possessed by all, but not perceived by all. You are all intuitive beings, governed by impressions, yet you call it all folly, and believe it not. Stop a moment. That man is about to attend to his daily duties. He stops and considers, had he better do this and so, reflects a moment, and then follows the decision made. What has he been consulting? His intuitive perceptions. He perceives his duty from his inward consultation, and no longer hesitates. Man is governed and governed by his reasoning faculties, the great master-agent in all that he does. And this it is which ennobles him above the brute.

The brain is a masterpiece of mechanism, more beautiful, as we now behold it, than anything you ever conceived possible, capable of the utmost expansion, or possible of dwindling away into the smallest compass by constant disuse or diseased malformation, (the intellectual department of brain we are speaking of,) capable of the most brilliant illumination, or of issuing the feeblest sparks of flame; ever radiating beautiful scintillations of genius, or debasing itself by low, sensual fires of self. Oh, that you could see yourself as you are—bright, beautiful, beaming over with happiness one moment, and the next showering forth furious sparks of ill will, malice, and all imaginary wrongs to yourself and others. We are in a deep study sometimes to know why we could not perceive the effect every evil passion had upon our mood once, as we now see it—why we could not then have known it. But here it is that the spiritual life in advance of the natural, or earth-born. We now see and profit by it.

Man is a deep study, and we are continually gleaning lessons of wisdom from the study. We do profit by past experience, and would not come back to earth, even to lead purer lives there, for in past ignorance we could do no better; but now desire to press onward, and throw all the light we can for you to follow.

The world might, must be better from the reflection of that light, and could you live in daily communion with us, and learn by intuition what little we could impart, you would be wiser, perhaps, by the relation of our experience, even though faintly given. There is a desire in every heart for communion, although many are loth to believe it; but so long as love exists, this must be so. The relations of life call for such demonstration of affection, and could the stricken heart, bereft of friends, see their multiplied attempts to retain a hold still upon these very affections, you would be charmed with even these faulty attempts. Could you see the loved friends, deceased to you, behind the scene adopting various means to become visible to your convictions, you would eagerly lend them every assistance in proving their identity, instead of repelling them by your indifference or callous unbelief. Many spirits are chilled in their first attempt to manifest themselves by the determined resistance of their very best friends, and although not easily repelled—so strong has the desire become on their part to prove their own happy state—still they are often deterred from coming, believing it impossible to convince skeptics, especially when remembering, perhaps, their own determined opposition.

Thus it is with us here as with you. The more liberal-minded usually are the most persevering; those who took the deepest interest on earth in ascertaining the possibility of spirit-communication, are the most persevering here in bringing about intercommunication. Thus the bitterly opposed of earth, full of bigotry when there, cry out against the uselessness of the thing here, although they, too, would be as glad to manifest themselves as any, but believe the thing impracticable.

Wednesday, 17th.—We would come to you this morning, wishing to show forth some of the reasons why the light, as revealed by spirit-minds, will do the world good. This is a theme much written upon, perhaps; but still, one upon which all have their own individual notions; and an expression of mine may, in some respects, differ from those entertained by another. We all have experiences of our own, and for the bene-

fit of family and friends, our experiences are best. You first interested me deeply in the subject, and fearing you might be injured by the investigation of that which I then had no faith in, I, too, took hold of it, determined to know how far there was truth in it, and to what it tended. The result was, I became a Spiritualist. The natural result you would say. Yes, natural, because the truth was brought out, and all man wants to know, wherever he may be, is the truth. This has been the experience of thousands, prompted to look at the subject from curiosity, perhaps; then wonderment, amazement, conviction as, naturally follow, and the result proves that there is something calling for investigation.

The argument is no longer heard, to the extent it once was, that all is the work of miserable humbugs; but minds of the deepest research, greatest scientific acquirements, purest and loftiest intellects have given their attention and decided approval; and the time has come when such opinions as these will be respected, and shallowness no longer ascribed to them; although, for a time, they, too, were a poor deluded set, over-credulous victims of the devil, etc.

The cry of humbug, temerology, are fast passing away, and the honest mind may investigate without these bugbears of opinion to take away caste and make men afraid to openly avow opinion. Circles once held in private, may now circulate thoughts freely, and lose not caste by doing so.

The investigation of a truth is always beneficial. And can there be any among you who do not care to know the truth as regards this very thing?—the actual coming back to your homes and hearts, of myself? One thing is certain, you believe me no longer of earth, because I always inform you of my whereabouts; and why should I not endeavor still to do the same, unless my whole nature be changed, and I no longer love my relatives? It would be the most natural desire of the heart for one, especially leaving as I did, suddenly, away from all family ties, and fresh in my mind the interesting inquiry, Can and do spirits come back to earth? I come, and some of you fully believe it to be me; others want to have faith, but find it hard to acknowledge, even to themselves; while others are scarce conscious of the existence of any faith in the matter at all. But there is a lurking approval of the thing in you all, and I have faith that my coming here in the very manner I do, has, in a measure, strengthened faith with you all. You were interested, and that is the first step toward belief, the most necessary step of all.

Uncle Henry has a work to do in many families, and he comes to you more frequently than ever before, and he never visits you without the satisfaction of knowing that he has dropped some thought, produced some impression upon your minds.

This is exceedingly gratifying to me, and each coming, I hope, may be more convincing to you. It rests wholly with yourselves whether this be so or not. Should my presence be desired among you, then I am there; if at all unsatisfactory from fear, prejudice, or other motive, then I absent myself altogether.

There are reasons why I cannot manifest with clearness to you all, as I would desire. Some of you know not the simplest rules of spirit-intercourse, and, do what I might, I should not be understood; but, nevertheless, I can come and speak to your imaginations without producing any visible manifestation.

The light which has entered the world—the coming back of friends—has its advantages over all other re-embodiments ever made to man. It has opened a new channel whereby thought may enter in and enlarge understanding.

True, spirits have always come back, and occasionally manifested themselves, but not with the facility of present intercourse; because the world has never before been prepared to receive them. Mind has undergone a change—a remarkable change—and is more ready to make innovation on religious creeds and private opinions now than in times past.

It is an age of toleration, and inducements are held out by this change in man, never before seen. A freedom of expression, of action, is everywhere visible; and this will do more toward encouraging our coming than any other thing—the chief resistance having always been on the part of humanity.

There is a struggle going on in our hearts—an unconscious one almost—for that intellectual freedom of thought and action befitting the true child of reason; an arbitrary standard of prejudice slowly giving way to more simple rules of nature and of right. The standard by which you work is education; and as you have been reared, or interiorly educated yourselves, so are you the standard of your reason attained by yourselves. We do form our own characters by surrounding circumstances fully, but according to the bent of our own minds. For instance, we, in a measure, control these circumstances; for one among us, according to our own desires, settles down quietly in the home, always at home attending to home duties, and receives the bent of his mind from his occupation, place of residence, etc., because he chooses such manner of life. Another, partly from necessity, perhaps, but more from natural inclination, becomes an exile from the land of his birth, and claims no home, but all places are home to him, and his natural disposition becomes estranged from that it once loved, and he forms anew, as it were, his character; yet he was developed by surrounding circumstances. This is what is termed his surroundings, and an argument brought up by many that man cannot control circumstances.

In the end we cannot—that is, we cannot prevent the natural course of things; but I do believe that I might have led a very different life, have sought other occupation, given an entirely different impetus to life, thus molding my character into quite a different man. I am no advocate for the doctrine that what is must be, because I do not see the soundness of such doctrine; but I do believe a mother's love will do more for the child than any established faith whatever. There is a confidence in man, in himself, and this very confidence should be strengthened, and it will assist in establishing his moral character. He is a creature of habit, and draws upon all these surrounding circumstances for nutriment to build up and sustain a character. Thus it is with us as well as you. We draw our vitality from elements about us, convert and reconstruct our moral and intellectual natures by association.

Thus, when we find a man morally degraded, those

taking an interest in him here, strengthen within him all pure purposes, and by kindness and leniency, thaw out the frigid exterior and internally promote within him a lasting desire for real virtue. Now the good seed is at work, and he is a better man. This is the true secret of all virtues, not the cold conventionalities of custom, time, long-established usages, but an in-born desire to do right.

We have studied man as he now is, and what he is to be. This is a branch of study more interesting, perhaps, than all others, and as I am now writing for the benefit of those who would take no pains to read words from another, I feel like enlarging upon these topics and give you the benefit of my thoughts.

There is a halo of light encircling each soul among you, and according to the brightness of that light do we come to you. That light is the sensitiveness of nervous fluid encircling brain, and in some individuals extends much further than with others. This is very delicate and susceptible of impression; and according to its susceptibility, do we come and communicate. And in whatever portion of the brain this nervous fluid is capable of the greatest tension, do we collect our magnetic forces.

Thus, one sees, because cast-lead impressed into that condition, from nerves of vision being so delicately attuned, others write the intellectual; being capable of receiving in greater quantities the inspirational element, or speech, much the same thing, slightly different, one step in advance, and so on. It is capable of attainment also, for the more intellectual man becomes, the finer the elements of brain; and as gradual change is constantly going on in all parts of the body, the most obtuse intellect may cultivate itself into the requisite condition, so that the impressionable state is not denied any.

The greatest intellects of the world were once altogether unlettered; so the finest organization may become more exalted in its impressions through contact with the spiritual world.

The nerve vital fluid pervades every portion of brain—exists to a greater extent with some individuals than with others, and in an exact ratio with that element do we control the will or mind of another. This is what constitutes impression.

A residence of but two years in my new home has unfolded more themes of interest than a whole lifetime in the body. And were it not so hard to impress you, I would call to your attention many interesting subjects. Most content myself with a simple outline, knowing full well that further attempt would be quite useless. Perhaps it is as well. More Philosophy sways many minds now, and subjects, abstract in themselves, cannot do the world that good that matter-of-fact certainties, which all may comprehend, will.

The fundamental doctrine of the Spiritualist will bless the world, but vain speculations thro' and thro' little light upon the true destiny of man. Embrace only that which appears reasonable, founded upon common sense whether it come from mind in the body or out of it. There is much idle speculation in the world, profitless, perhaps, except to the individual concerned, and a necessary element of character with them, because captivated to their natural inclination or bent of mind. The individual requires suitable nutriment to the formation of mind, and all cannot digest the same articles of food, either bodily or mentally.

We come and impress; you almost feel convinced there is something in it; and then, when we are called away to attend to other duties, skepticism again creeps in.

This is the experience of the multitude, and I do not expect it to be otherwise with you. Yet I would have you convinced, as it would be a double gratification to me in coming, to have my friends receive me as I am. There is no difference in the manner of my coming as regards my own feelings now, than when I wrote to you respectively from my home in Bermuda, save the different means employed to produce the writing. True, I cannot always give the same expression of ideas in writing through another, as though no other agency was at work than my own self; but enough can be given, and already has, to produce conviction in some minds, and I feel that I have done my mite in the spiritual welfare of many. I have shared with you many doubts and fruitless endeavors for a time, to understand why and how these things were done, and had my skepticism only removed by coming in contact with certain minds in whom I had confidence, and saw no design on their part to humbug or play the part of impostor, and I became convinced; and I believe all may do the same, provided they enter the field with candid inquiry.

Friends, brothers, sisters, there is a motive in coming to you at this time I never felt before. The earth life has produced no such incentive. The writing of letters was always pleasant work for me; but now, notwithstanding all difficulties, all imperfections, it has a sacredness in my eyes which will not permit of foolishness. I feel as though I wanted to talk of serious things—matters which will help enlighten your minds, give place to earnest thoughts, and an interior desire to understand truths.

I came to my new life without pain of body, but not without anxious, solicitous thoughts, as to whether I should be safely carried through the vale of death and awaken again into being. The suddenness of the prospect of death staring me in the face with an almost absolute certainty, gave me but little time for reflection, yet it came with redoubled dread upon me; and had it not been for previous faith in spirit-communication, it seems as though my distress of mind would have been greater than I could have borne; that the mind must have yielded to despair, for it was a fearful night. But thanks to God, I felt an inward trust which silenced doubts and misgivings, and encouraged hope, and enabled blessed spirit influences to come creeping through my soul, and I was sustained through the mortal agony—fear.

I leaned upon the arm of spiritual faith and was saved, and this may be the consoling support of all. My love of life was strong, and fear of death naturally stronger, than with many individuals, but my confidence in the world of spirits also stronger, when once a convert; and I would see each one of you seeking to place your faith upon the same foundation, that when we gather about you, to receive your new-born spirit, we can encircle you with the arms of love, sustain your drooping head upon our bosom, and sweetly close your eyes upon earthly friends, to open them upon fresher scenes in Paradise.

We want to come home to the individual heart and breathe out our happiness there, and mentally fit you, one and all, for our reception. But we find thick clouds enveloping many minds, some of denser material than others. One is blinded by superstition, and dreads our approach, lest we frighten them by too close a resemblance to our former self; while others close us with the morbid, visionary speculations of childhood's ghostly tales, and cannot recall as actually returning in other garbs than those. Some among you do not want us to come, because they do not want to disturb us. This is the most laughable of all—the idea of our being in that perfect state of rest that the love of kindred should disturb our peaceful reflections! Oh! the vagaries of the human mind that should forever wish to shut us out from all recollection of scenes which once animated us to action, that all former motive, desire, love, should be hushed within us, and we no longer be permitted to come and acquaint you with our present home and present means of enjoyment! It is a ridiculous farce, not worthy a moment's credence.

Another class do not believe we are alive at all; that is, we are in a sort of torpid, unconscious state, from which we cannot be roused until the judgment day. This would be the most sensible belief, to consign us to that perfectly oblivious state of popular orthodoxy, if not allowed the pleasure of mingling among loved scenes and former affections until all were to become residents of the new resurrection body. To all such the only argument we can bring is, to consult your reasoning powers; seek to know what foundation Spiritualists have for their difference of opinion.

I would like to inform you more perfectly what the spirit-man is, and why we use the term "spirit" when speaking of ourselves. We are the embryo of our former self, the interior self emerged into being. Thought, mind, soul, or whatever you may choose to call it, withdrawn from one habitation-body to be folded within a more delicate, finer and far more beautiful organization, one already forming within the natural body, and which is there called the spiritual nature. This nature or body—for it is a body—has been constantly forming from our earliest infancy, and is strengthened by every motive, thought, desire, within us, even as the exterior is supported and nourished by every element surrounding us.

It is as necessary that the one receive support as the other, for the expansion of the one depends much upon the other. An undue growth of the one withdraws from the other; and, in order that both proceed upon the journey of life together, an equilibrium must be preserved between the two, else there will be constant conflicts, one gaining the mastery one moment; the other the next. This causes all contrariety of disposition. The individual becomes fitful, capricious, irritable sometimes to the last degree, and, should the union remain unbroken, the patient lives a miserable life. Harmony between the two produces the opposite result, etc.

Health of mind affects health of body, you readily see; and the truly healthy state produces happiness. The spirit-man becomes slowly unfolded, and in due time wears out the exterior and becomes slowly emerged from its earthly dwelling-place in natural leave-taking, and produces not a struggle when it departs on its new mission—life in another sphere, among new surroundings, etc. The spirit-man, when thus unfolded, is a beautiful sight to behold; the halo encircling every part of his new body in its perfected condition being dazzlingly bright.

The spirit-man now starts upon its new life, and finds itself the same individual precisely that it was before, only in its adaptedness for a finer element, more susceptible to all sensation, all of its capacities for enjoyment greatly heightened, an increased perception given entitling him to a better insight into all hidden mystery, which now become matter-of-fact certainties, natural laws, etc., and a facility of thought and expression, as well as of locomotion, not before his. We receive, as it were, a more healthy mind and body, one which comprehends more—all of the obstacles to its free expansion removed. We do not realize all of this at first, but gradually. Great changes seldom move rapidly, but slowly, steadily, and we do not behold all of our advantages, but each day yields us some new enjoyment.

We speak of the new birth as the birth of spirit; and so it is, for in its formation-body it is not an individualized essence, but, performing all its duties dependent upon body, cannot act irrespective of that; the chief agent in its minority, early education, etc. But when the engagement has terminated, dissolution taken place, the same laws are no longer binding; the conditions have changed. The spirit-man becomes the sole proprietor, and disclaims all assistance from his former master, which withers and dies, being no longer supported. Thus you see it is the spirit within which gives vitality, not the body that supports the spirit. The tenant then becomes lord and master, disposes of its worn out clay, and manufactures for itself a better and more abiding home of and within itself. This is most beautifully typified in the illustration so often commented upon—the caterpillar and butterfly. It needs not repetition here, but you can recall it to memory and see the resemblance. Nothing better illustrates it, because all that is now butterfly was once caterpillar; and all that is now spirit was once man. The analogy is perfect; but all that was man is not now spirit, because the grosser particles lie buried out of sight, as the old carcase caterpillar was laid aside when the beautiful insect soared away to its native element.

The word spirit is suggestive, with some minds, with numberless horrors, ghostly countenances, &c., and leaves a very unpleasant memory with most people; consequently the thought of seeing a spirit is enough to scare one out of their senses almost. This is all wrong, pitilessly wrong. It has deterred spirits from returning, in all generations, and will doubtless deter many now, so strong a hold has imagination upon you. In fact, it obstructs our coming, for it is really almost impossible for one to behold us as we are, while in the terrified state; hence the sudden disappearance, so often told about, when one has chanced to see a spirit. It is only in the most perfect state of passivity that we can come and picture ourselves to the imagination; then not to all individuals. We would leave out the word spirit altogether in our writings, conveying, as it does, such imaginary terrors, were there any other word which would convey the same meaning; but association with the dreaded foe in time will, we trust

convey a different meaning. Spirit seems to be the only embodied word now extant which, to the public, seems to be so readily understood, so we speak of ourselves as your spirit-brother, being no longer of the body.

How common the expression, He is a spirit now. Truthful in itself, yet it does not always convey the right meaning to your comprehension. True, we are spirits now, but so are you; you will possess the same spirit now that you will hereafter, but not in so glorified a manner. Thought is spirit; you think now, but not with that perfect understanding that will be yours. You see now with the same spirit, but not with that clearness of perception you may; hear, but not with our ears; feel, but not with unclouded senses such as ours. Here is the difference. You have all the attributes of spirit, but not fully unfolded to that perfect fruition of the spirit-man. Spirit, thought, sensation, life, man, are all one and the same thing. We are spirit—you are spirit. Why then shrink from us more than you would from one another?

We trust the time will come when the atmosphere of educational prejudice will die away, and the world no longer shrink from an occasional intercourse with friends who have vacated the earthly tenement, that when the opportunity offers we may present ourselves just as we are, and be gladly received by the returning smile. It is hardly possible for me to believe that we can ever come only under the most favorable circumstances and make ourselves distinctly visible to any, and only now and then. To most persons we certainly could not, because all most be somewhat clairvoyant with enlargement of spiritual vision. We act upon interior spirit vision when we are seen, not upon the natural eye, and so of all the senses. The perceptive faculties are slightly entranced in order that impressions may flow, and this it is which prevents a flow of ideas when you cannot write; we cannot clear away all obstructions and illuminate sufficiently. At such times there is apt to be a mixture of your activity of mind mingled with our own, and not perfect impression. This is too often the case. Healthful activity of mind we can more easily displace than a morbid desire lingering about, constantly intruding itself.

You understand how this is, my sister; and when we speak of difficulties to be overcome, this is one of the most important. It is only now and then that we find you in that perfect state which enables us to come with power of expression. Deep thought can only be clearly given when the mind plays freely, the brain unclogged, working with energy, ready to digest thought even as the stomach is ever more ready for active service after a meal has been well digested. Mind becomes more and more expansive by active use, and can do a greater amount of work when in daily performance of duty. This is a natural law; and as we are all governed by law in every department of life, we come to you at stated intervals, and succeed better in writing when doing so. Thus it is. An occasional thought of spirit-land and its inhabitants fits not the mind for an habitual intercourse with them, but the renewed desire of the heart for spiritual things prepares the soul for the investigation of those things.

I would like to give you a clearer insight into my daily life if I could. But how could I begin? I must first entrance and take my sister with me to my new home, and that I cannot do; and were I to take her there I could not explain to her what she saw. I can only give faint outlines, as I am able now to impress them. There are limits to one's capacity, beyond which they can go no further. It would not be well if I could; it would serve greatly to draw the spirit unto us, and thus add to our happiness, but withhold that support from the earthly frame so necessary to its well being, and ultimately deprive you of her society.

Dolly Ann, your little one is here with me now, and asks Uncle Henry to describe her to her mother. She favors you more than the father, yet is like you both. She stands by your side now, and watches with eagerness to see the impression of these lines given. Says, "Tell her how I look, Uncle Henry." She is fragile, but perfectly healthy looking; not tall, but slender and delicate; mild blue eyes, light curly hair, very pretty, with happiness depicted in every feature, at this moment especially, while listening to Uncle Henry's description. Has a warm, affectionate disposition, and loves father and mother, as an only child should.

She has been reared by the hand of love, and taught to know and love you both as her parents, although truly a child of heaven.

And perhaps it would be well here to state that the little children born thus unto the spiritual kingdom, are eagerly sought after by the parental heart, and no solicitation is necessary here, for many there are who earnestly desire the care of all such, and deem it one of their greatest pleasures; and to such they are given.

The mother of your little one you have never known during her earth life, but to you she will be known as a very dear friend when you meet her here.

She loves you as the parent of her child, and the little, golden-haired one loves you both. She clings to you both now, one hand in yours, the other in that of her spirit-mother.

The beautiful babe, when she first received it, so she tells me, was her all. She too had a little one, but it still lingered on earth, while she departed that life, and the constant longing for that child was soothed by the care of your little one, and she was strengthened and sustained, by doing for yours what she desired to do for her own.

Nettie tells me the name given by you has been retained by her mother here, as the one you would love to know her by, though I am privileged to call her by the one her mother ought to have given her, her own.

"Uncle Henry is willful," she says, "and likes to have his own way, but she don't care, so long as it pleases him."

She is a merry, happy, laughing creature, and is one of my pets. Will this description do? She says, "Tell her one thing more; that I do come to see her very often, and nothing makes me so happy as to know that she understands it and loves to have me come, for so many little children are never thought of by their parents as growing up and becoming men and women in the spirit-world, because they die so young."

And now, hand in hand, they go away, mother and child. Dolly Ann, she is a precious child, and you may cling to the thought that she is yours, for it is a precious, beautiful thought, and would make the world better to know that their loved ones could come to them and kiss the tears of sorrow away, cheer up the drooping heart, and make the loved one look up with the welcome smile of recognition. Your little one, now almost grown to woman's estate, is still the bright personification of childhood, and by her winning ways would weave a chord of love about your souls which would ultimately lead you on to joy and peace. Speak of her then, as your child; it will do you good to think of her thus; and she does and will come to you oftener now than ever before, for she begins to think you are better acquainted with each other, and you not only add to your happiness, but here also. She has gained an impress to your heart, and can impress you very readily now.

Uncle Joseph is here, and says, "You are really talking to Dolly Ann; and can you make her understand anything? It seemed like all idle talk to me once, but it is a glorious thing, if you can only make people believe it." The incredulous will be incredulous still.

Persons coming here with a belief that there should be no converse between the natural and spiritual worlds, are not so easily convinced of the practicability

of the thing, even when they behold it with their own eyes, as almost any other class of people, so long does it take to clear away all prejudices—are not willing to take the necessary steps to produce like impressions have no faith in their own powers. Thus with Uncle Joseph; he could scarce be made to believe that he could produce the same impression upon the mind of one of his family, that he has seen me produce upon your mind. Perhaps he could not until after repeated failures, and these very failures would weaken his perseverance. Therefore all spirit-born do not come and make the attempt of themselves.

Uncle Joseph might be tempted to try his power of will with you, by my assistance, but not as readily with one of his own family.

A mild and gentle influence comes hovering around you just now, all is so peaceful and harmonizing. I will help you give expression to it. It is the gentle presence of our dear mother. She has come, and says: "Henry, let me suggest a few thoughts this morning. I would say to my dear daughter that the world is full of happiness to those who know how to appreciate and understand it. It rests with the individual, whether or not we call the beauties as they pass, or only wound our fingers with the thorns encircling them. Life is made up of flowers, beautiful, never-dying flowers, but bear upon the same shrub among thorns, which may wound, without a knowledge of the way in which we gather and make them ours.

There are bright and blissful moments in the life of every one; also deep and trying sorrows; but of both life consists, and we must prepare ourselves for both. The trials of life not only purify but strengthen, and are a necessary attendant; none can forego them. I have come this morning to say but a few words, and these few are applicable to all my dear children. Forget not your mother who has never forgotten you. And here comes Ann, my grand-daughter, who has a word to utter in her own name, and I will leave."

"Strangely beautiful seems to me this manner of conversing with our dear friends, and I never yet have come without wondering why you do not all treasure it as the highest boon yet given to man."

"Oh! that you could all believe! How beautiful would life seem to you, and how satisfied with the decrees of our Heavenly Father you would all be." Pa. George, Charles, have faith, implicit faith in the coming back of us your children and our darling ma to your hearts, for we do come, and have never ceased to come, and never will.

"The holy communing of our hearts with yours is the work of Infinite Love, and only needs your hearty welcome to draw us often there, and, pa, we rejoice to know that we can rouse up within you the tenderest emotions, whenever we come and encircle our arms of love about you, as no one else among you has ever received us. Caroline responds to what I say, and ma, our beloved ma, says, 'Love one another, as we love you all.'"

Father is here and says, "Shall I say a word, Henry? Children, wife, I too am here, and desire with the rest, to add something to the general interest of the communication, gotten up by Henry, who works indefatigably in the good cause. Were I of earth, I would say to you all, believe nothing without evidence. Credit not all you hear because you have people's hearsay for it. It makes man no better to believe a thing, unless his reason pronounces it to be the truth; and until you be convinced that we do come and individually preach these things to your understanding, believe not a word of it. This is my advice, follow it."

"CLARE WHITTEMORE. And now my dear friends, we have written a very lengthy communication, and it is not probable that we shall write again for a long time. Try to have faith, because it will purify every emotion of your souls if you can but become earnest, heart-felt, truthful believers. And now that I must cease writing, I would say that you may expect me in each one of your home circles; and permit me to retain a warm hold upon your memory.

Love to all and kind wishes. Your affectionate brother. H. WHITTEMORE.

Written for the Banner of Light. LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

BY CORA WILBUR.

For me no mother smiles; no father's hand caresses the oft weary, throbbing brow. They are bright dwellers of the spirit-land. I, 'mid a world of anarchy and woe, A restless pilgrim wander; mine the gloom, The toll-worn watcher's solitary doom!

Mine are no gifts of fortune or of fame; No dear home-shelter by the hymning sea; No loved, familiar voices breathe my name, No kinder spirit longings and waits for me, Over my lonely path, dark phantoms glide, With me the haunting forms of Care abide.

Such were my pliant life, did not my soul Strong in its fervent faith and deathless love, Know that beneath His wisdom's safe control All sorrow is commissioned from above; That Discipline, strange, wayward guest that seems, Brings the fulfillment of life's choicest dreams.

For me there beams Friendship's divinest smiles; Fraternal hand clasps greet me by the way; Rare, transient glimpses of the Upper Isles; And shrines refulgent of immortal day Enwrap my soul, expectant of release, With the bright promise of Eternal Peace.

Along my path the summer roses blow, The music-winds bear messages divine; Angelic visitants go to and fro, In the fair Soul-land that is wholly mine. There, home and love and plenty are mine own, I wield a sceptre, and I share a throne!

My mother smiles, and holds me to her breast, As in the long past happy days of yore; I find my solitary, life-long quest, A staid upon Resurrection's shore. My father, old in Wisdom's kindly guise, Instructs me to be pure, and strong, and wise. And Earth has daily lessons: duties sweet As Spring-time blossoms to the loving heart; Work for the willing hands and eager feet, That seek amid the thronging worldly mart To do the Will of the Great Soul above. The Father-Care and Mother-Heart of Love I

There is no time for weak, repining tears Of selfish sorrow, while the millions cry Aroun in depths of agonizing fears Unto the dread and unknown God on high! While woman, fallen from her high estate, Wanders unheeded past the saving gate.

While little children, urged by pain and cold, By potent hunger, gnawing pang within, Learn of the magic, heartless way of gold, And tread the altaring paths of beckoning sin— There is no time for thought of self, or care, While human brothers grovel in despair.

Grand are thy compensations, life and toll! Mighty the watchword of the brave and free! For 'Time shall bear aloft no record spoil, Naught save the gains of Immortality. The treasure-stores of heart and mind shall prove Worthy the crowning of Eternal Love.

And every burden that the soul must bear, Is lightened by submission's pure intent; Ever our trial pangs the signet wear Of calm acceptance to the glory sent; Enshrouded to our mortal sight awhile, Yet radiant with our Father's holy smile!

Thus from my soul's depths I rejoice and sing; Secure of full fruition when the veil Of earthly imperfection I shall fling, Alike forever; when the morning wall Shall change to triumph songs for all the world, The starry Flag of Peace be o'er the earth unfurled.

The art of preparing liqours is the greatest curse ever inflicted on humanity.—Dr. Paris.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS. ADDRESS 140 WEST 21st STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air." [LIONEL HURST.]

WILLIE'S TEMPTATION.

Willie Eames had often repeated after his mother's gentle voice the words, "Lead us not into temptation," but he did not fully understand what it meant to be tempted or delivered from evil, for he had been gently and tenderly cared for by a loving mother all his days, and now that he had become a lad, he felt quite secure in his power of doing right at all times. He had listened to the counsels of his mother, and at school he had a teacher that he loved and respected very much, and who ever sought to make him desire to act nobly and honorably at all times.

One morning, as Willie was on his way to school, whistling merrily the tune Dixie, he saw just before him on the sidewalk a gold pencil case. He picked it up and looked around to see if there was an owner near. There was no one to be seen for some distance behind him, or before going the way he was, and of course it did not belong to those he was to meet. A gold pencil-case was just the thing he wanted more than anything else; his silver one had become worn, and had a broken rivet; his gutta-percha one had lost its fresh look, and he had for some weeks been thinking how very pleasant it would be to have a fine gold one, as so many of his companions had.

He had thought that perhaps at Christmas, or New Year, he should receive one as a gift, but as he was not sure, the finding of this one seemed a great blessing. As he had started early for school, he had time to run back and announce his great, good luck to his mother.

"See here, mother, see what I gained by starting early for school, this beautiful pencil case; it is of the finest gold, and see how smoothly it works; you know that I wanted one more than all else, and does it not seem as if a good angel had supplied me? You see, if you had bought one perhaps you'd have had to sacrifice something you really needed, or else have worked all the harder on the machine, but now I have it without labor or cost."

"It is really a beautiful case, Willie; but did you think that perhaps the one that misses it feels quite as sad about it as you do merry?"

"Oh, most likely it belongs to some rich man up town, who will go directly and buy another; and then you know if it must be lost, it was best for one to find it who really needed it."

"But, Willie, suppose it was the gift to the owner of some dear friend, who may be far away, or perhaps dead, and nothing of its kind could be so precious. You of course will advertise it?"

"Why, yes," said Willie, slowly, "I suppose I shall; but I haven't time to write a notice now."

"Where did you find it?"

"Oh, just on the corner of the Avenue and Tenth street."

"Well, Willie, write a plain notice, and put it up on the corner as you come home from school."

This conversation made Willie a little late at school, but he took his place quietly and began his lessons; but he found he could not study well; there began in his mind a great struggle between the fear lest some one should claim his treasure, and the desire to have it restored to its owner. He knew that he ought to take every means in his power to find the one who lost the case, and yet he kept indulging in the thought that perhaps he should not be able to ascertain correctly to whom it belonged, and possibly there might be some mistake made about it, some one claiming it to whom it did not belong.

He got on very poorly with his lessons, and missed some very simple questions in his recitations, so that his teacher looked at him with surprise and trouble; but in the course of the morning he found opportunity to write his notice. On his way home he avoided the other boys, and he had left the school-room without the cheerful word of his teacher.

When he came to the corner where he was to place his notice, he hesitated what to do; he knew well enough if he placed it on the Avenue it would be seen by many more than on Tenth street, and he had good reason to believe that the owner was passing on the Avenue, but he tried to make himself believe that he was doing right by placing it round the corner.

"It is just as likely," said he to himself, "that the one who lost it was passing this way."

Now he very well knew that it was not, but a great temptation was springing up in his mind. He was tempted to conceal the finding of the pencil lest the owner should claim it.

When he reached home his mother's first question was about his notice.

"And are you sure, Willie, that you wrote it in large, plain letters?" she said, "for you know that it is just the same as stealing to keep what is not your own, if you can find the owner."

"Of course, mother, I shall do all I can to find to whom the pencil belongs."

But Willie did not say this pleasantly, but half-patently, so soon does a wrong thought poison the whole mind.

Several days passed and no one called for the pencil-case who could identify it, and Willie began to be quite sure it was his; but as yet he had not shown it to any of his school-mates. Perhaps he thought that they would be likely to find an owner, or that they would not think quite as well of him for using one that had belonged to another, as if it had been given him; so he resolved to keep it concealed until after Christmas, and then, though he would not tell a lie about it, every one would think that it was a Christmas gift.

But this concealment took away all his happiness. He felt that there was something wrong in his feeling, and the moment he touched it in his pocket his heart became sad. He gave up all the plays with the boys; he hurried away from his teacher, and even his mother's voice seemed harsh to him. If he went down town, he noticed every slip of paper on door and window, thinking of the notice he had put up; if he saw a gentleman with an earnest face, he imagined he suspected him of having the pencil; in fact, everything reminded him of the wrong he was trying to do.

Finally a week had past, a week of real unhappiness, for he had lost his high standing at school, because his mind was on the pencil more than on his books; he had lost many a fine play with the boys, and many a social chat with his teacher, and he had failed to be the joy of his mother's heart.

He entered school this day very different from the gay boy of a week before. He sat at his desk moody and indifferent; his books lay before him but he did not care to open them. It was dark and dismal day, and Willie sat looking at the clouds as they trooped past the window.

"Why am I so unhappy?" said he to himself. "Have I done wrong? Have I injured any one? No; and yet have I done right? Am I not acting a lie? and am I not really a thief? Oh, if some dear friend would tell me how to do right! I don't care for the pencil, but now I am ashamed to let any one know I have it. I have kept it so long. I wish I had never found it. I hate to know that I have it. Oh, if I did know what to do I would do it."

It is true that a good desire is a prayer, and such prayers are almost always answered. Willie felt happier the moment he wished to do right, and it seemed to him as if something spoke to his heart saying, "We will deliver thee from evil."

Just then a gleam of sunshine lighted up the room. It seemed to him an omen of good. "I am resolved not to keep the pencil, he thought; who ever it be longs to it is not mine, and I will not have it."

When school was closed, Mr. Blake, the teacher, asked the boys to remain a few moments. He said it was the last day of school before the holiday vacation, and that he had been greatly gratified at finding on the desk that morning a beautiful gift from the members of his school. It was a handsome gold pencil-case, that was to take the place of the one he lost a week ago, and that had not been found. He added, "the names of most of the scholars are on this list of contributors, and I know very well that those who did not contribute had some good reason for it, therefore I take it as a unanimous expression of the love of my beloved scholars."

Oh, how the blood mantled into Willie's cheek! Could it be Mr. Blake's pencil that he had found? And had he avoided the boys so that they thought him too mean to give something toward a Christmas gift to the teacher? And what could he do? If he arose and spoke now, telling what he had done, all the boys would know of his shame. He had reason to believe that Mr. Blake had mentioned his loss that very morning that he found the pencil, and as he was late he had not heard him. If he had told the boys at the time all would have been right; but could he publish his shame now? They would all think him a coward and a thief. There was no time to be lost, Mr. Blake was about dismissing the school. "I will do right let what will come!" said Willie.

He rose in his seat, and the school was so quiet that a pin's fall could have been heard.

"My name is not on that list," said Willie.

"I missed it," said Mr. Blake; "but I felt so sure of your love that I framed some good reason for missing it."

"Another boy arose.

"Willie would give us no chance to ask him," said he.

"But Willie had a good reason for not signing his name, I am sure," said Mr. Blake, "and since it has been spoken of perhaps he will feel better to mention it."

"I have a reason," said Willie, "but I did not know of the paper or the gift; but I found, a week ago, a pencil, perhaps it is yours; it was just such a one as I wanted and could not have. I put up a notice of it, but put it where the owner would not be likely to see it, I am afraid, and I did not tell the boys of it because I wished it to appear to be a Christmas present; but I am ashamed of what I have done, and I say so before you all, and if you believe I am an honest boy now, I want you never to mention the finding of that pencil to me."

There was silence for a moment, and then the boys raised a cheer for Willie. "He's done right; hurrah for Willie! Let him be called Honest Willie! Hurrah for pluck! hurrah for the boy that was not afraid to tell! hurrah for gold pencils! hurrah for Willie Eames!"

At a motion from the teacher all were silent.

"This is a lesson for us all. He who overcomes a temptation is better than the conqueror of a kingdom. We must all be tempted at times to do wrong, but, if we overcome, the reward comes into our own spirits, and we are heroes forever after. School is dismissed."

Willie went up to Mr. Blake, and bravely took out the pencil; it proved to be the one he had lost.

"I am glad, sir, it is yours, and when you see it, I hope you'll think I mean to be an honest boy."

Oh, what a load was off Willie's heart! He was like another boy. His schoolmates flocked around him to tell him of their plans for the holidays, and he was admitted into all the arrangements most readily. "We are to go to the Park one day," said one. "And we want you over on the Jersey side one day," said another. "And I am to have a party," said another. It was as if he had returned from a journey.

When he reached home and told his mother of all that had passed, her heart was proud and thankful. She was proud that her boy was strong enough to do right, and thankful that he had at last triumphed over temptation.

The evening before Christmas had come. Willie was preparing him-self for a sleigh-ride that Mr. Blake had arranged for his scholars, when his mother called him to announce that a package had been left for him. He opened it and found a beautiful gold pencil case and the following note:

"Will Willie Eames take this pencil, that was purchased for Mr. Blake, as a testimony from him and all his scholars that they honor his courage in speaking the truth and his strength in overcoming temptation?"

On one side was engraven "Honesty;" on the other, "Deliver us from evil."

It is not necessary to add that the lesson was one for life, and that Willie Eames, the honest boy, became Mr. Eames, the honest merchant.

"I WILL NOT FEAR."

MABEL'S GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

I will not fear; for round my life The life of heaven doth flow; I will not fear; some gentle care Protects, wherever I go.

When night's dark shades are over me I will not shrink or cry, For well I know that in the dark Bright angels watch on high.

I will not fear when I am ill, For if I do I know That to a blessed home above My spirit glad will go.

I will not fear that I shall want For home, or clothes, or bread, For there's a care that watches me, And knows the way I tread.

I will not fear for cold or heat, For storm, or cloud, or sun, For God keeps all things in their place, And nothing wrong is done.

I will not fear, for if I trust That tender care above, It will bless all things, good and ill— That tender heavenly love.

Thus little Mabel softly sang, Wrapt in her snowy gown, As, waiting for the good-night kiss, To sleep she laid her down.

And tender angel care did keep The trusting, loving child, At noon and night, at sunset's hour, And when the morning smiled.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST—"Try, try again."

When an un instructed multitude attempts to see with its eyes, it is exceedingly apt to be deceived. When, however, it forms its judgment, as it usually does, on the institutions of its great and warm heart, the conclusions thus attained are often so profound and so unerring as to possess the character of truths supernaturally revealed.

For the Banner of Light. TO MY BELOVED MOTHER.

[The following poem was written by the hand of a non-franchise medium, a short time since, for Mrs. Daniel Farrar, of this city, from "her long unseen but not absent son, George," who passed to the spirit-world several years ago.]

In other worlds afar Shines many a brilliant star Unseen by mortal eye; And in that world supreme 'T were a golden dream Around thy destiny.

Mother, thy darling boy, Who gave thee grief and joy, Now lives above, Where from the world's unrest, He was a welcome guest, In courts of love.

Let thy blest faith impart A gladness to thy heart, And mourn no more; For thou shalt see me stand Amid a glorious band, On the immortal shore.

And thou shalt see my home, Where angels often come, A palace fair, A tower of sweet repose— And when thine eyelids close I'll lead thee there.

And then thy head shall rest Upon my faithful breast, My mother dear, And little ones shall come— Thou'lt know them in thy home— Thy children fair.

Then down the golden street Of Paradise thou'lt meet Many a long lost friend, And to thy mansion bright They'll lead thee with delight That knows no end;

Welcomed with songs of love, That thou art placed above All earthly things, Above all doubts and fears, Above all griefs and tears, Above despair.

The brave, the true, the free, Thy spirit shall see In garden fair, And see, without disguise, Thy guardian in the skies, His power and care.

His power and truth and love Have raised thy soul above All earthly dreams; And by thy side he waits, To open the golden gates Of joys supreme.

Mother, in heavenly home, Beneath God's mighty dome, I bend my knee, Bow down my spirit's head, Ask Christ for heavenly bread, To bring to thee.

Fear not—'t is always given, Sent down from highest heaven To those who pray To God's most holy Son, The true and faithful One, Who guides our way.

Farewell! let praise be given To him who rules the heaven With perfect love; Farewell! but not forever— Beyond the silent river We'll meet above.

From the London Spiritual Magazine for February.

Persecution and Expulsion from his Patrimonial House of M. Joller, late Member of the Swiss National Council, by Disorderly Spirits.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In the Third Volume of this Magazine, p. 499, the reader will find an article headed "Manifestations at Lucerne." This article consists of extracts from different Swiss newspapers, especially from those of Lucerne, giving an account of the extraordinary appearances, noises, and other annoyances going on, from the autumn of 1860 to the autumn of 1862, in the house of M. Joller, at Stans, a village on the borders of the Lake of Lucerne. Some of these newspapers, in the usual style of such journals, were inclined to be witty, if not wise, over these occurrences; but a correspondent well known to us, and one of our most valued contributors, signing himself B., whose letter will be found in the same heading, and taken the trouble to go himself to Stans, and ascertain what were the facts on the spot. He tells us that he found M. Joller, a lawyer, a man of middle age, having several children, his eldest son being about twenty. That he bore an excellent character, and was well known throughout the country. He found Stans a village about an hour's sail by steambath from Lucerne, standing in a charming valley one or two miles from the shore, fruitful, well peopled, but means sombre or solitary, and surrounded by magnificent mountains. M. Joller confirmed the supernatural facts which have proved so startling to the public and so grievous to him. The letter of our correspondent B. is dated the 4th of October 1862. On the 22d of the same month, or only eighteen days later, M. Joller was compelled by these evil spirits to abandon his hereditary home, with all his family.

M. Joller has now published the story of his unmerited sufferings and banishment from his natal hearth by these troublesome intruders, in a small, well printed brochure of ninety-one pages. This little book now lies before us, and certainly no more extraordinary case of supernatural persecution has yet been put on record. The case of Mr. Kompasson, haunted by the drummer of Teufelsdruff; that of the curé at the Farnose, of Glisville, as related by the Marquis de Mirville, an eye-witness; that of Councillor Hahn, at the Castle of Slawenski; that of Mr. Proctor, at Willington; of Mr. Chapman, at Chesnut, and many others, were bad enough; but none of them were so aggravated as this of M. Joller. Some of the gentlemen affected by the other cases named, were misrepresented by their neighbors, abused by the press, subjected to many annoyances by the inquisitive police, and some of them were glad enough to get away from the houses infested by the wretched invisibles; but the case of M. Joller exceeds any one of these in the severity and the accumulation of the inflictions, and he could not abandon the home of so many hallowed family associations, but with a sorrow which is most touchingly expressed in his concluding remarks:

"The feelings with which I quitted the house in which I entered on life in the first minute of the New Year, 1818, when I dreamed away the then happy years of an innocent boyhood, under the affectionate care of my never-to-be-forgotten parents, and where I have since enjoyed twenty years of a blissful family existence—the feelings with which I closed, one after another, my ill-lately, pleasantly familiar rooms, probably never to inhabit them again, have struck as deep into the tenderest regions of my inner being that they have rendered me dead to all ridicule. Arrived at the boundary of my beloved estate, I felt the truth of the words of the poet in its fullest sense, 'That on such a home-life the half of man's happiness depends.' A sharp pencil has dashed out of the day-book of my life, at one stroke, the most beautiful portion, to say nothing of the incalculable damage which it has brought upon me otherwise. But all this I lay down as my pledge of the perfect truth of that which for some time has been forced on my clearest conviction, and which I record in this little volume with the consciousness due to science and to its eternal research."

"Every one familiar with the Lake of Lucerne, must have a pretty good idea of the situation of Stans, when it is said that from M. Joller's house Mount Pilatus on the one hand, and the Rigi, on the other, are in full view. This house and property, M. Joller informs me, had been in the possession of his family for about a hundred years. The old house had been burnt down by the French during their invasion of Switzerland in 1798, his grandmother, Veronice, or, as she was familiarly called in the dialect of the country, "Bronnegg," having incurred the Gallic resentment by her patriotic incitement of her countrymen against French principles and aggressions. Bronnegg Joller was one of those strong-hearted and able women, the Mothers in Israel, who rule by their Deborah qualities wherever their lot is cast. She built up the present house from

is such, but she was not destined to live in peace in it. In truth, her story is a most remarkable and most sorrowful one. Before the house was completely finished, only three years and a dark night, there was a knocking on the wall of the house and an unknown voice exclaimed:—"The ruck again in the country! see with your children as fast as you can!" "Whence," says M. Joller, "this wicked lie came could never be discovered. She hastily snatched up what she could, and fled through the darkness with her terrified family towards Eggenberg. My father, then a boy fifteen, turned, with a wailing cry, and he procured a side to Dallenweg, but my grandmother, unwilling to make any halt, continued her flight over the Wolfenschenkel, where they sought to pass over a narrow foot-bridge, across the impetuous Aa, to the house of a political friend. She went first, followed by her four daughters. The bridge swayed beneath her, and as she leaned to the further bank, she fell into the stream, drowning the four unfortunate girls, loudly crying, but in vain for help. The eldest of them being nineteen years old."

"Bronnegg" was crushed and stammered for a time by the terrible blow—she had already lost her eldest son in battle against the French—but she rose again with renewed energy against the oppressors of her country; she exerted herself to furnish arms to her compatriots, and lent money to the council of war for the same purpose. She induced the neighboring cantons, through an influential member of the council, to enter into a closer bond of co-operation, and had the satisfaction to pass her later days in her again enfranchised country, and to see her son occupying the house she had built. In this house M. Joller, in his boyhood, heard the deeds of his grandmother recounted by the winter fire-side, and the songs of Emmeter Dorle, the martial poetess and friend of Emmeter, which had spirited the neighboring Swiss to the expulsion of the French, as frequently sung. Of ghost stories, and such legends as might engender superstition, little or nothing was heard there.

It was in this house that M. Joller, an active and popular lawyer, and member of the national council, lived from the death of his father, in 1845, to the summer of 1863. In peace and unhappily, then, suddenly, in the autumn of 1860, unknown causes, and lights began to show themselves to the astonishment of all, and for some time to the persevering disbelief of M. Joller. "In my house," he says, "bloomed seven healthy children, four boys and three girls. That I lived by preference in my family circle, I may remark as a testimony of my domestic happiness. In our abode superstition was, as it ever had been, a rejected thing and I never knew any family had been brought up with so little fear of ghosts as mine. I must, therefore call it the irony of Fate, that such unaccountable appearances should present themselves where they were sure to encounter the most positive incredulity."

The troublesome visitations made their debut by first rapping on the bedstead of the servant-maid, raps which she had not outwardly heeded, one night in the autumn of 1860. She immediately expressed her belief that this was the token of an approaching death in the family. The maid slept in a room on the third story, so that it could not well be any mischievous person playing a trick; but M. Joller strictly commanded her to keep her superstitious notions to herself, and ascribed the raps to the girl's own imagination. The rapping repeated for some days, and M. Joller, before that interval M. Joller came home from a temporary absence and found his family in great alarm. His wife and second daughter, sleeping in his own room, had been awakened by loud rattlings on a table in the room. On demanding if it were any living agent, that it should rap again, it did so promptly. They also now entertained the notion that it was the messenger of death, and a letter informing them, a few days of the decease of a friend, confirmed that idea. They were soon, however, to be convinced that it was nothing temporary. In June, 1861, one of the boys, nine years of age, being in a wood-chamber on the third story, was found in a swoon. As he was a stout and fearless lad, great was the wonder, and on coming to himself, he said as he was in the chamber he heard raps on the ceiling, which he could not see, but immediately afterwards his lightning-flash opened the door and entered, when he lost consciousness. This M. Joller endeavored to account for by the erudite solvent of all difficulties, imagination; according to M. Joller's imagination, some person having really entered. But M. Joller was not to be let off so easily. The other boys in their bed-room heard noises in the night in the room above, and again in the room below them, and called out to know who was making the noise. M. Joller endeavored to persuade them and himself, by a second recourse in such cases, Mr. Dickens's resource, that they were cats or rats, or a bird in the attic, that made the noises; that the raps on the table were only a natural cracking of the wood, or the giving way of a joint, and yet he now recollected to have heard similar unaccountable sounds on his own writing table, and that frequently, two or three years ago.

In the autumn of 1861, the maid renewed her complaints. She said she was afraid to remain alone in the kitchen. As she cleaned the shelves in an evening on the steps near the kitchen door, grey shapes appeared from the cellar below. They came up stairs into her chamber, and she heard them sobbing in the salon which was on the floor above, or in the fourth story including the lowest, which was half cellar, half lumber room. Her father, who was in the house, called her, and then the same things appeared to the children, and the youngest daughter, about eleven years old, at her studies in her chamber. In the day, saw a child enter, walk up to her and vanish. The maid servant was dismissed in October of 1861, and a girl of only thirteen taken in her place to do the more common work of the house, the mother and daughters, in Swiss and German fashion, were preparing the next. From that time the summer of 1862 at the quiet, the medium came, and has gone in the maid's bed, but not the case, for two of the boys, who slept in a chamber leading by a terrace into the garden, declared that they still heard at night knockings on the walls; others said that they heard in the rooms above a going to and fro as of a heavy door, and knockings on the walls and the floors. Still M. Joller endeavored to persuade his family that these noises proceeded from merely natural causes.

On the 15th of August, M. Joller had occasion to visit Lucerne, with his wife and eldest son, and on his return the rest of the children had relations of fresh apparitions to make. This time he threatened them sternly with the rod if he heard any more such nonsense; and the child complained sorrowfully that "their father would believe nothing." But the very next morning the children were fettered out of the house by knockings, and as they sat down on the door steps leading to the garden, a pebble the size of a man's fist was thrown from somewhere above or from the house and fell between two of them. Returning to the house they found all the doors of the rooms, and drawers and cupboards, standing open. These they closed and locked, only to see them fly open again, when they looked through the chamber door, and the sitting room door, both in the night, but, notwithstanding both, it was thrown open, and all the windows and doors standing open were suddenly closed. Hearing also a heavy step on the stairs, though nobody was visible, they flew again into the garden. Returning at noon to dinner, they saw a strange spectre on the stair-case, and hurried once more into the garden with the dinner apparatus, and took refuge under a very large walnut tree. As the girl carried the plates on from the kitchen, she saw doors still opening and shutting, and the children from the garden saw all the windows open.

The disturbances now came thicker and faster. The humming of spinning-wheels was heard in the house; occasionally a strange music; furniture began to move itself about; then the music was accompanied by the audible singing. In a neighboring town of Camille's prayer in Zampa. "Gleiches Los" and a voice said in the Nidwalden patois. "Hau an der unsterblichen Seele!" "If I should never come again!" Still more extraordinary, not only they, but the woman of the adjoining house, saw on the house door, drawn with a decaying of an engraving, a snow-white figure with a countenance that faded quite out. The same evening, a fire being kindled in the ground story, called the but, a conical figure, surrounded by flames, came down the chimney and, dissolving into water, drowned the fire out, and raised a wild cry from the maid and children, which brought down the mother, who found the group sitting in the abutting house of the tenant weeping in terror.

M. Joller now received information of like things going on in other places, from persons of education and intelligence, but he still persisted in ascribing these things to natural causes. But the time was now come for him to meet the enemy face to face. On the 19th of August, as he arrived home in the evening, his wife called him into the house to pass to hear the knocking going on. Then he saw his simple children, and of having the same kind of knocking and children had foundation enough. The knocking went on briskly on the wall before him; then in the wallery. He followed, putting his ear close to the place, and pretending that it must be a rat, struck some heavy blows on the wall to frighten the rat away. To his astonishment, the blows were returned with equal vigor and in equal number. He then called for a candle and examined the passage and scullery closely. In vain:

so he summoned his family to the sitting-room, declared he would find it out. The next morning, and bringing Zschokke, a book of the family name, began to read aloud his 28th chapter, namely, "On the Power of Superstition."

The spirit, however, cared neither for M. Joller nor Zschokke, but began pounding on the room doors so vigorously that his reading was soon brought to an end, and the children asked triumphantly, "Is this a rat then?"

Increased at this, and strongly persuaded that some one was playing the fool with him, he seized a candle, armed himself with a stiletto, and called forth to hunt out the villain. The outer doors and windows being fast, he felt sure that he must soon detect him. He descended to the cellar, made a vigorous search amongst the barrels and behind the door; nothing there! but, above his head, the knocking was now going on blithely. He ascended, followed the sounds from place to place, sometimes with his candle, sometimes without it, stealing along in the dark to pounce on the rogue. Taking nothing by his motion, however, he ordered all to bed. The noises, nevertheless, became such that the whole family had flown together into one room, and there the knocking came. The bedstead was seized and banged against the wall till the whole bed shook. M. Joller examined under the bed and into every corner of the room, but in vain, though he found the doors and windows all fast. As he was thus employed, he heard raps on the chairs, and felt a soft striking on the forehead of his left hand.

From this time till that when the family was driven from the house, the haunting was almost incessant; and the knockings, the throwing about of furniture, the visible presence of spirits was such that has rarely equalled in the history of such phenomena. There might have been room to suppose that the maids and children had given way to imaginary fears, but from this time forward the disorders became the subject of incessant public observation. The news flew about, spite of all M. Joller's endeavors to keep it at home; and hundreds and thousands of people flocked from all the country round to witness the proceedings as they did witness them in crowds. It is necessary, however, for us to select only a few prominent features of this most amazing case of ghostly persecution. From this time forward M. Joller kept a diary of all that took place; but we cannot condense a volume into an article.

The next morning he kept his word, and made a thorough examination of the house; and the spirits gave him the amplest opportunity to try his skill. They stood with a paralyzed look, and suddenly pulling it open as the first knock fell on it, saw a dark figure outside; but before he could spring forward, his wife, and a daughter, who were in the room, simultaneously cried out that they saw a brown, bony arm at the moment withdrawn from the door. They did this so completely together that he was convinced that each saw the same thing; and his familiar quotation from the Bible—"Seeing is believing"—was never so fully verified a shock. He called up his eldest daughter from below to inquire if she had ever seen the like, and she replied never so outrageously. The servant also flew up-stairs to say that she had heard something come down the stairs, and three times successively, gratingly exclaimed, "Take pity on me!" She added that she looked eagerly, but could see nothing; yet, soon after, she saw, at a table, a grey rat, which she vibrating motion to the chamber door, when it had knocked loudly.

Driven to a late conviction of what he had to deal with, M. Joller now hastened out to beg the Commissary Niederberger to come and see these things, but he being absent, Father Guardian came, and watched the phenomena with deep interest, and without being able to suggest any explanation, he called on an investigation by men of authority should take place; but M. Joller, dreading the consequences of publicity, for the present hesitated. The Father bestowed the usual blessing on the house and withdrew. The bewildered M. Joller then drew out his dust-covered college notes on experimental physics, made at Munich, while attending the class of Professor Sieber, but they afforded him no relief.

Neither the words of the Reverend Father, nor the philosophical inquiry suspended the disturbances for an instant. The next day, as the Court of Justice was sitting at Lucerne, he was obliged to attend on business, but he was sent for before the court rose, the house at home being in the most frightful uproar. Arriving, he found all his family in the open air, not daring to stay under the roof. Numbers of people were collected on the high road looking at the house in great excitement. Having no fear, he entered the house, and found the doors manfully flying open and then banging to with a violence that threatened to demolish them. In the kitchen he found the glasses, bottles and earthenware standing on the table ringing as if struck with a metallic instrument. The knockings were in so many parts of the house at once, that had it been men who did it, it would have seemed a formal army, yet not a man in the house except himself. 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Jottings by Moses Hull.—No. 3.

Bro. Estlin.—When I closed my "Jottings" before, I supposed that would be the last you would hear from me, for some time, at least. But I have a few more words that may interest some.

Oh, the longing I had for an indescribable something! Sometimes I thought it was wings, to fly and publish the truths which had made my heart so glad.

My sleep departed from me. I must go and publish the truth. I commenced at home, in the city of Battle Creek.

From Battle Creek I went to Charlotte. There the Advent people were not so much under their leaders; hence the result among them was salutary.

"SPIRITUALISM.—Rev. Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, last week gave three discourses in this place on modern Spiritualism. Mr. Hull is now more earnest in his advocacy of Spiritualism than he formerly was in its denunciation.

Yes, many are becoming convinced that indeed "the new belief is the correct one." I also, under very unfavorable circumstances, gave a few discourses in the village of Burlington, Mich., to good effect.

February 6th, in consequence of calls from numerous friends, I started for Boston. I wanted to see how the spiritual card was worked in this "Hub of the Universe."

The Doctor commenced his labors of love July 17, 1862, and up to February 9, 1864, he had operated upon more than twelve thousand persons, giving almost universal satisfaction.

"Little Eddie Yates, of East Avenue, Rochester, N. Y. came with his mother for consultation in November last. I told them I could cure him, and that I would do it in welcome; but the mother thought they had better defer it till some other day.

The above is only one of a thousand. I myself conversed with a lady who, upon the first operation, left the crutches with the Doctor which she had used eight years. But enough of this.

I arrived in Boston on the 10th inst. Have found many warm-hearted friends, who are imparting to me the things of this world. In exchange for the little "spiritual food" that I am trying to impart.

Matters at Washington.—Since last writing you, our meetings have constantly been increasing, until we now find that our hall is too small to accommodate the audiences, as many every evening are unable to obtain admission.

Dr. L. K. Cooney is now supplying our desk. He lectured last Sunday evening for the first time, and gave one of his best efforts. The hall was full, and many were obliged to stand the whole evening, yet they seemed to feel amply repaid.

Next month, as I have before stated, we are to have Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire. She will be heartily received, and we hope all will be materially benefited.

The announcement in the BANNER, a few weeks since, that the world-renowned medium, Charles H. Foster, was to visit Washington, has been realized.

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Moreover, he gives the fullest and most convincing tests to all. I have been enabled to witness many of Mr. Foster's manifestations since his arrival, and find him to be all, and more, than I had expected.

Not the least among the philanthropic movements here is that of educating the contrabands, and other colored people. Evening schools have been established, and are doing a great work.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

out have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific;

Theodore Parker.—The recently published life of this individual American product, is having the effect to awaken discussion on points which had for a time been crowded out of mind by the more stirring and important events of the war.

The great points on which Mr. Parker's fame will probably hang, are his learning, his tenacity of will, his thorough and entire obedience to conscience, and his undying moral energy. It seemed as if nothing could tire him out. He courted labor, and loved it better than most men do idleness and ease and luxury.

Mr. Epes Sargent's novel of "Peculiar," which has already reached its eleventh edition in this country, is announced for re-publication in London by Hurst & Blackett.

A Lieutenant-General.—It is no doubt, very necessary that the country should have a Lieutenant-General, or a somebody who, first, knows something; and, secondly, can go ahead and do it.

The head rebel has issued another proclamation to his troops, in which he uses up the beauties of the English tongue and the unrelenting confidence of his readers at a rate really awful.

At last accounts, Denmark was conscientiously exerting herself to get out of the dilemma in which she finds herself placed by the very hasty action of Austria and Prussia.

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After all, much as he was opposed to them all. It was another signal proof that the old limitations of human nature and the human character could not be transcended to any good purpose.

His tenets were a long step in advance of Protestantism; he protested against Protestantism to the last day of his life. And we want no more nor better evidence that modern Protestantism is untrue to the great idea on which it is established, than to know that it persecuted, denounced and openly damned Theodore Parker, with an intolerance truly malignant and devilish.

After all is over, it cannot be denied that Theodore Parker was but a human being. He loved knowledge more than wisdom, or he would not have destroyed himself in the very prime of his manhood in seeking to accumulate more stores of learning.

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Persecution at Rome and Elsewhere.

In last week's BANNER we instanced several cases of cowardly persecution in this country, of persons who are engaged in lecturing on Spiritualism and who have no doubt that all our readers felt the glow of an honest indignation along with us, at thus realizing the fact that even in this land of boasted freedom, we are still anything but free.

The case of Mr. Home is striking enough to demand considerable public attention. He was first ordered out of the Pope's dominions, in a most peremptory manner, because he was reputed to practice "the black art," and not because of any misconduct whatever. Then he was allowed to stay on condition of not holding any conversation with spirits at all, and finally, to turn the coat back to its first side again, he was ordered to depart with his wife, and went accordingly.

How thoroughly inconsistent, too, is persecution for such reasons, from the Head of the Romish Church; when that Church claims to be established upon the almost continual working of miracles, and parades all sorts of wonders before the eyes and minds of the common people, everywhere, in order to secure their subscription to its iron dogmas!

Rome is only the same Rome she has always been, in this affair, and so long as we consent to practice on similar principles, and in a like spirit, here in America, we demonstrate to the world that we have made no advance on her inquisitorial spirit; Luther's sturdy protest goes for nothing, if, after three hundred years, it comes round again to the tyrannical practices of the Pontiff.

A correspondent of the London Times speaks of the treatment of Mr. Home, as an outrage on any individual, yet offers no indignant comments on the outrageousness of such conduct; in the latter half of this country. In this respect, we can see how easily the leading press of the day accommodates its conscience—

This open confession that the presence of one quiet and unoffending individual in the Holy City threatens to overturn the whole system of the Roman Church, is an important one to make at this time. We are glad it has been extorted from the Pope at last. It shows us, that this great rock—St. Peter—on which the Roman Church is professedly established, is so delicately poised, that it can be toppled and rolled by the hand of a child.

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Moses Hull's Lectures.

On Sunday, February 14th, this gentleman occupied the desk in Lyceum Hall, and gave two lectures before the Society of Spiritualists in this city. Mr. Hull, as our readers are well aware, is a recent convert from the doctrine of the Adventists, which doctrine he has preached ever since he was seventeen years of age, till within about two months past. He was welcomed by two good audiences, who appeared to be very much pleased with his discourses.

Mr. Hull is about thirty years of age, medium height, with a large, intellectual head, large, expressive eyes, a mild and genial countenance. His voice is strong and full, but pleasant, and his style of delivery very agreeable. When he gets well under way with his subject, his words pour forth with great rapidity and fluency. It is not surprising that he was put forward so prominently by the Adventists, for he is capable and convincing in argument.

On the above occasion he gave his reasons for renouncing the doctrine of eternal death, as taught by the Adventists, and accepting that of eternal life and endless progression. His reasons were cogent, and his argument conclusive. He knocked the props from under Adventism as fast as he came across them, leaving the fabric in a tottering condition. We hope to print his first lecture in full.

Polygamy.

Among the Mormons, after years' practice of "polygamy," a physiological inferiority among the people will strike the most casual observer. The commonest form of this, and perhaps the first that develops itself, is a certain feebleness and emaciation of the person, while the countenances of almost all are stamped with a mingled air of imbecility and brutal ferocity.—Investigator.

We have no doubt of the truthfulness of the above statement. We have been informed by a physician who has made it a speciality to watch for a long time the effects of polygamy on the progeny of the Mormons, the result of which is precisely as above described. Children born under such circumstances will not only be tainted with imbecility more or less in the earth-life, but when they leave their mortal forms and enter spirit life, we are informed by our spirit-friends, they will remain in that sad condition for myriads of years, thus showing that the laws of Nature cannot be tampered with with impunity, either here or hereafter.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Seances.

To be a guest at one of Mrs. Chamberlain's seances for musical manifestations by spirits, is a privilege which all cannot enjoy, on account of the limited number admitted to each circle. Therefore we wish to inform those who may desire to attend one of these truly wonderful exhibitions of spirit power, that Mrs. Chamberlain will continue her seances every evening during the present week, at the house of Mr. T. D. Lane, in South Malden; after which time she has engagements to fill elsewhere. Parties from Boston can take the horse cars at Scollay's Building, at half-past six or seven o'clock, and be landed at Mr. Lane's house, by notifying the conductor, in time to join the circle, which commences at half-past seven o'clock; and can also return by the same conveyance after the circle is over. Tickets, admitting a lady and gentleman, \$1.00 each. A limited number can be obtained at this office.

The Boston Spiritualist Convention.

The Spiritualist Convention called to meet in Mercantile Hall, this city, at 10 1/2 A. M., Wednesday, the 24th, promises to be one of the largest and most important gatherings of the day. The friends in this city and vicinity, and throughout New England, as far as we are able to learn, are wide awake with interest and expectation. The hall, No. 10 Summer street, is only about two blocks from the BANNER office, a few doors out of Washington street, east.

The first day's proceedings of the Convention will be reported in our next issue, and the remainder of the report follow in the two subsequent numbers of the BANNER.

President Making.

There is too much of it altogether, and this year it comes too soon. This is the moment when our public men should second, to the full extent of their energy, the efforts making by the brave army of the Union against the chaos of secession and the disintegration of the Republic. If Mr. Lincoln is popular, let him remain so; if somebody else wants his place, let him wait. Nothing could come more awkwardly or dangerously for us than the Presidential election of this year. One thing at a time is enough. We want no mixed arrangements. Wire-pulling and war do not go together. Politicians ought to keep entirely out of public sight now, unless they mean to vie with one another in the work of bringing this war to as speedy an end as possible.

A Jesting Prophecy.

A prophecy is at present going the rounds of the papers, which was published in an English Magazine in the year 1821, and which is looked upon as a positively wonderful thing, considering how near it is to-day approaching to fulfillment. It was entitled, when it first appeared, "Specimen of a Prospective Newspaper, A. D. 4790"; and among its contents has been picked out the following:

"The army of the Northern States (of America) will take the field against that of the Southern Provinces early next Spring. The principal Northern force will consist of 450,000 picked troops. General Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1120 balls, each weighing five hundred weight. The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in the space of twenty feet square." A subsequent article in this specimen says that "by means of a new invention, Dr. Clark crossed the Atlantic in seven days."

Our Free Circles.

These circles for spiritual manifestations, free to the public, are held at 158 Washington street, (Room No. 3), on the AFTERNOONS of MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY of each week. No public circles are held at this office at any other time. We make this statement for the information of those who reside in the country, as many have visited us for the express purpose of attending our circles, but, coming on the intermediate days, meet with disappointment.

The circle room is open to visitors, on the days above named, at two o'clock; services commence at three o'clock precisely.

Will appear in the next Banner!

The second lecture by Hon. J. B. Hall of Maine, delivered in this city, last October, on "The Intimate relations existing between the material and spiritual worlds; and the necessity of further revelations from the eternal world." Able and good as his first lecture was considered by those who heard it, or have read it, this one is still better. Also, number 10 of the able papers on "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism."

Dr. James Cooper going to Kansas.

It will be seen by a notice in the lecturers' column, that our friend and collaborer, Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, is intending to start on a lecturing tour to Kansas next month. The Doctor is an earnest and able advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy; and his visit to that section of country will do much toward opening the way for the spread of its light and truth.

The Truth as It Is.

We cannot well avoid making the following extract from a well-known and practiced writer, who sends his lucubrations to the New York Times, and signs himself "Veteran Observer." He has touched upon the Currency recently, and now he is on the subject of the marvelous and thorough change of opinion which is working with such rapidity through the length and breadth of the land.

The Old Style.

On reading over the numerous pleasing incidents in the recently published Life of Dr. Lyman Beecher—of which we have not received a copy as yet—we were all the time impressed with the thought that the men of past generations have accomplished more with their slender means than the men of this day have, or ever will, with all that can be accumulated around them.

Petroleum.

It is an anomaly in the history of trade, that a new discovery, like this of rock oil, should so rapidly have made its way to one of the important staples of commerce. No other country ever furnished these new staples with the readiness and generosity which have marked the history of our own.

Spiritual Literature.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Hale's experiment of opening a literary depot in the "City of Brotherly Love," has succeeded so well thus far, that it may now be considered a success.

Escape of Federal Prisoners.

One hundred and ninety-nine Federal officers recently made their escape from Libby Prison, at Richmond, and twenty-seven of them have reached Washington. About twenty had been recaptured at latest accounts, but the rest had not been heard from.

Confignation at Gloucester.

About three o'clock on Thursday morning, Feb. 18th—one of the coldest nights this season—a fire broke out in Sawyer's Block, on Front street, in Gloucester, Mass., which destroyed fifty stores and fifteen dwelling houses, rendering homeless about forty families, and destroying near half a million of property.

The Army Movements.

The army which left Vicksburg under command of Gen. Sherman, has advanced on Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, and taken possession of that and several other places, and is moving onward in conjunction with other portions of Gen. Grant's command.

Psychometry.

Those who desire a knowledge of this science, should purchase "The Soul or Things," by William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. See advertisement.

Announcements.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture in East Boston the two last Sundays of Feb.; in Boston the first two Sundays in March; in Charlestown, Mass., the five Sundays of May; in Chiopee, the four Sundays of June.

Fraternity Lectures.

George Thompson, Esq., of England, late member of the British House of Commons from the Tower Hamlets, delivered the third lecture of the Fraternity Supplementary Course, at the Music Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 10th, before a full audience.

In the outset he expressed his thanks to heaven for having been, for the third time, permitted to land on Pilgrim soil, and to witness the fruits of the work of the Fraternity on soil planted to him by his many friends, and beneath the star spangled banner.

He held in honor the people who, passing party hacks by, at a time like this, placed at the head of the nation one who was the representative of high principle, and bore the title of "Honest Abraham Lincoln."

Months before secession was a fact, the country was filled with rebel emissaries, poisoning the minds of editors, of rulers, and magistrates, telling the North would be divided, and Lincoln powerless, and speaking of what they called British interests in the matter.

The friends in England had wished for a proclamation of freedom to all the slaves, but they hoped it would come soon. They had been laboring heartily, self-sacrificingly for the cause of America, for non-intervention, for justice; they had been carrying on a constant battle there with the foes of the slave, and the advocates of Slavery.

The London Inquirer of Jan. 24, in a notice of Mr. Weiss's book, after speaking of the old Union as "this holy system of aims and compromises," adds: "Theodore Parker is more than ever missed in the great crisis of the nation's history."

If Theodore Parker were living now, he would, undoubtedly, be found in company with Mr. Garrison, Phillips, Rev. W. H. Channing, and other veteran abolitionists, in laboring for the reconstruction of a Union based on the idea of universal liberty.

IMPORTANT FROM JAPAN AND CHINA.—An arrival at San Francisco from Kanagawa, Japan, bringing dates to Jan. 7th, informs us that the Tycoon's Palace at Yeddo was burned on Christmas.

Yeddo was again ravaged by fire on New Year's day. Eleven large streets in a wealthy business quarter, besides numerous adjoining back streets and alleys, were destroyed.

The Sunday school children of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, made a gift on Sunday, Feb. 14th, of \$10 for the Sanitary Fair of that city, to be held on Washington's Birthday—a great many pennies for little fingers to pick up, and a good example to other folks, big and little.

We children of men are on earth already members of Two Worlds, the outer or material, and the inner or spiritual.—Zschokke.

Bishop Colenso has been "suspended" for heresy. An old woman was "suspended" on Boston Common many years ago for being a Quaker; but not exactly in the same way the Bishop has been, for she was suspended by the neck until death ensued; but the Bishop can't preach any more to "the elect." The world progresses, but the wheel revolves slowly.

"Mamma," said a child, on hearing his mother say she formed an opinion at first sight. "Well, my dear, what do you want?" "I want to know what you thought when you first saw me?"

WARRON CHASE. In alluding to the public labors of this gentleman at the West, a correspondent of the Herald of Progress remarks: "As a speaker of clearness and power, Brother Chase has few, if any, equals, and certainly no superiors in all the speakers of the Spiritual army."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The Experiences of Henry Whittemore in Spirit Life, which we have continued in this, from the previous issue of the BANNER, should be read by everybody. We have printed large editions, in order to supply the extra demand we anticipate for this interesting document.

By his card in another column, it will be seen that Dr. P. B. Randolph has opened an office at No. 11 West 41st street, and will practice as a Medical Clairvoyant. He was very successful, as a clairvoyant, while in this city several years ago, in locating disease and prescribing the proper treatment.

We shall publish a message from "Stonewall" Jackson in our next.

See advertisement elsewhere of "A Remarkable Book."

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Dr. B. H. Crandon in another column. His success in the treatment of various diseases is said to be very successful.

Peace brings plenty, plenty pride; pride quarrel, quarrel war; war spoli, spoli poverty; poverty patience, patience peace. So peace brings war and war peace.

The U. S. Senate special committee on slavery have decided to report a bill legalizing the President's Emancipation Proclamation.

The General Government has more gold on hand than it has use for, and intends to sell \$12,000,000 worth of the precious metal. This don't look much like bankruptcy.

The new enrolment act, which has just passed the House, is very stringent. Aliens who have voted or held office, will be liable to draft.

A young lady in Paris, rich, handsome, and inclined to matrimony, has had twelve suitors; but by some singular fatality, each lover has died within a few weeks of the time appointed for the nuptial ceremony.

The fashions tell us that bonnets just now are in the hands of stylish milliners transformed into very pretty things. The floral decorations in the face are reduced to moderate size, and the sugar scoop is so evident.

The use of spirituous liquors, even in the greatest moderation, tends to shorten life.—Prof. Hitchcock.

In Nicaragua they produce a variety of cotton of a buff color—darker than the yellow cotton of Nanking; the fibre is coarse but strong, and the color remains unchanged in manufacturing.

A correspondent, writing from York, Pennsylvania, thinks we were mistaken in supposing Bro. Cooley not as eloquent as other speakers in the field. We are sorry that our good brother misapprehended our meaning. We only meant to say that the lecturer in question was not perhaps considered quite as "flowery" as others, and hence not so popular. But true merit will always be appreciated, although the process is slow, sometimes. We agree with our friend, that Bro. Cooley is eloquent. The promulgation of the great fact of direct spirit-communication will make any man eloquent!

The soul being in connection with two worlds, the one the seat of its elevated head hidden from our sight, but to which by its real nature it belongs; the other foreign to its proper nature, but in which it is now embodied, and according to the laws of which it effects its development, and attains the consciousness of itself; it is therefore natural that it should receive the influences of both worlds.—Newman.

CREAM TOAST.—Toast the bread, and turn over it boiling sweet cream diluted with milk.

The Congressional Committee on Elections, in the case of Sleeper vs. Rice, reported in favor of the latter, taking ground not only that the recount by the Ward officers of Ward 12 was legal, but that Mr. Rice actually had the majority of the votes.—Boston Traveller.

In the U. S. Senate, Mr. Arnold, of Illinois, Feb. 15th, offered a resolution declaring that the Constitution shall be so amended as to abolish and prohibit Slavery wherever it exists. It was adopted—yeas 78, nays 62.

The weight of the great gun—the largest in the world—recently cast at Pittsburg, Pa., is 112,000 lbs.; total length, 20 ft. 3 in.; length of bore, 17 ft. 6 in.; maximum diameter, 5 feet 3 inches; minimum diameter, 2 feet 10 inches. This gun, it is estimated, will use a spherical shot of half a ton weight, and a shell of seven hundred and fifty pounds. The amount of powder to be used in charging the piece is estimated at from eighty to one hundred pounds.

"Attend your church," the parson ories: To church each fair one goes; The old go there to close their eyes, The young to eye their clothes.

The call for a mass meeting of the citizens of West Tennessee, to be held in Memphis, on the 22d of Feb., for the purpose of taking steps to secure the reconstruction of the State, has received the signatures of a number of the largest slave-owners in that portion of the State. They accept the "present condition of the institution of Slavery as the legitimate results of the wicked war it has caused," and conclude that it must be removed.

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LIBERTY IS HEALTH.—Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tested by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I deprecate much the mischievous opinion—A wife should stand free of her lord's just dominion; My husband may scold till he is as sore as sorrel, Provided I have the last word in the quarrel.—Carrie.

ANOTHER WORLD.—Muggins recently reproached a friend for reading that secession sheet, the N. Y. World. "It flows a religious frame of mind," was the reply. "How?" "Why, it makes me long for another and better World."

Both Houses of the Iowa Legislature have passed the bill repealing the law of 1861, depriving colored persons of the right to live in that State.

IN FREEDOM AND OUT.—The poor women and children in suffering Southern Missouri chop wood at sixty cents per cord, while common house servants get \$30 to \$40 a month in San Francisco, and the stable-boys have just struck for \$75 per month, payable in gold.

Col. Andrew J. Butler, only brother of Maj. Gen. Butler, died in New York, lately, of consumption, aged about 49 years.

Sanford Howard, Esq., of the Boston Cultivator, has been invited to become Secretary of the Michigan State Agricultural College.

On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly, Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die.

Donations to our Public Free Circles.

R. M. Buntin, Washington, D. C., \$50; Wm. S. York, Beloit, Wis., \$50; M. F. P. Kingsbury, Clinton, O., \$25; Ira Gill, Walpole, Mass., \$100; Milo Calkin, San Francisco, Cal., \$100; a friend, Boston, Mass., \$100; R. L. H. Newburyport, Mass., \$50; "Truth," Charlestown, Mass., \$50; Elias Eveleigh, Marietta, Ohio, \$50; Heman Winchell, Pavilion, Ill., \$50; Joseph Walton, Portsmouth, N. H., \$50; Joshua F. White, Lynn, Mo., \$100; O. N. Bancroft, Addison Point, N. E. of Boston, Providence, R. I., \$50; A. E. Noble, M. D., Port Huron, Mich., \$2.34; O. B. Payne, St. Francisville, Mo., \$5.00; J. P. Snow, New York City, \$50.

Three Days' Spiritualist Convention in Boston.

A Three Days' Spiritualist Convention will be held in Mercantile Hall, (Mercantile Library Association Building), No. 10 Summer street, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 24th, 25th and 26th, 1864. The object of the Convention will be to afford opportunity for the free interchange of sentiments, experiences and standpoints; the expression of freshest inspirations from the celestial world; and an every-possible advance thought; to consider the demands of the present crisis as regards the civil, religious, moral, social, and every other department of life, and the claims and aims of Spiritualism as the harmonic gospel of the age.

Among the speakers positively engaged to attend and participate are J. S. Loveland, Mrs. A. M. Spence, Rev. Moses Hull, Miss Lizzie Doten, H. Clark, Charles A. Hayden, Elizabeth G. Clark, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, H. B. Storer, Hon. F. Robinson, Dr. A. B. Child, Dr. H. F. Gardner, J. Edson, John Wetherbee, Jr., Dr. D. H. Hamilton, H. C. Wright, and others. All public speakers, whether constant or occasional ones, who can meet on the broad, harmonious platform of Spiritualism, are invited.

The meeting will open at 10 1/2 A. M., on Wednesday the 24th, when it is desirable that all who are interested in the order of the Convention should be present, and decide as to each day—1 1/2 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M.

JACOB ENSON, Boston, S. P. BOND, Charlestown, A. B. CHILD, M. D., J. B. DIMOND, Roxbury, DR. W. L. JOHNSON, C. C. COOLIDGE, Medford, DR. H. F. GARDNER, M. D., J. S. DODGE, Chelsea, BELLA MARSH, L. S. RICHARDS, Quincy.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, opposite head of South street, every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission ten cents. Lecturers engaged: Fanny Davis Smith, Feb. 28; Mrs. A. M. Spence, March 6 and 13; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, March 20 and 27.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, during the season. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 28; Moses Hull, March 6 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, April 3 and 10; Mrs. A. Hayden, April 17 and 24; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence during May; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 5, 12 and 19.

CHelsea.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Fremont Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Feb. 28; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 6 and 13; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 20; Dr. A. P. Pierce, March 27; Mrs. A. Brown, April 3 and 10; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, April 17 and 24; Charles A. Hayden, May 1 and 8; Mrs. R. A. Bliss, May 15.

Quincy.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall, Services in the afternoon at 2 1/2 and in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. M. B. Townsend, March 6 and 13.

Lowell.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, "The Children's Progressive Lyceum," meets at 10 1/2 A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening:—Mrs. O. F. Works, Feb. 28; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during March; Charles A. Hayden during April; Mrs. Martha L. Beckwith during June, October, November and December.

Worcester.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Feb. 28; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

TAVENOR, MASS.—Free public lectures are held in the Town Hall, every Sunday, at 2 and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Feb. 28; Miss Martha L. Beckwith during March.

Foxboro.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—H. B. Storer, March 6 and 20 and April 3; Lizzie Doten, April 17 and 24.

MILFORD.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, second Sunday of every month; Rev. Adin Ballou, third Sunday; Charles A. Hayden, March 27.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday school and free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Nellie J. Tenille during February; Miss Susie M. Johnson, March 6 and 13; Lizzie Doten, April 3 and 10; Mrs. S. A. Horton, April 17 and 24; Wendell Phillips, May 15; Theodore D. Weld, May 22; Frederick Douglass, May 29.

Boston.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Houston from February 1st of July.

New York.—Dorchester's Hall Meetings every Sunday morning and evening at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The meetings are free. Mrs. A. Currier lectures during February.

Washington, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, at 131 9th street. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson during March.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The Spiritualists have secured the Church, (formerly Swedenborgian) on Longworth street, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday, and also on Wednesday evenings, Dr. J. B. Campbell, I. Atkins and J. Burge, are the Trustees.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

"Show's Pens."—All persons who want the best pens in market, can get a package containing 144 good pens, with pen, medium, or round points for rapid writing, for ONE DOLLAR! Sent by mail. J. P. SNOW, 180 Grand street, New York, Feb. 27. 5m

MR. MARSH is prostrating the volunteers by hundreds; the hospitals are crowded with them. Soldiers, be quick in time. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are positively infallible in all cases. It is a medicinal dose of the medicine will preserve the health even under the most exposed exposures. Price, 30 cents, 70 cents, and \$1.10 per box or pot. Feb. 27

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A BUREAU CURE For these distressing complaints is now made known in a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE HERBAL PREPARATIONS," published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescriptions, furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl, while in a state of trance, have cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia; and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Sent free on all receipts of one stamp to pre-pay postage. This little work also treats on CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GENERAL DEBILITY, and gives the best known Herbal Remedies for their curative and permanent cure. Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 10 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. Feb. 27.

A REMARKABLE BOOK, ENTITLED, "SCENES BEYOND THE GRAVE," giving a graphic description of the departed from this life, as depicted by Marcella Davis, after coming out of a trance in which she laid many days. She says that each person, as he emerges from the physical form, is attracted to and mingled with kindred spirits, kindred associates, beings to whose character they assimilate. She then describes them, from the unblest and wretched, to the bright and sanctified angels. It occurred at a protracted meeting, in the town of Berlin, New York, N. Y. Just the book for the age. It contains 100 pages, and is only eight pages well bound. Published by STEPHEN DAVIS, Dayton, Ohio. Retail price \$1, sent free on postage. A liberal discount made to the Trade. 5c Feb. 27.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE! ELIZA WOODSON; OR THE EARLY DAYS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS. THIS is a volume of four hundred and twenty-four pages, no trying all interesting and singular life history, with a fullness and skill betokening more of truth than fiction in the narration—and which cannot but be heartily welcomed by the public. Price \$1.25, postage free. For sale at this office. Feb. 27

"MUSIC" "LENA DE L'ORME" with Piano Accompaniment, Words and Music, composed by A. B. Whiting, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 30 cents. A liberal discount to the Trade. All orders should be addressed to A. B. WHITING, Feb. 27. ALBANY, MICH.

DR. BENJ. H. CRANDON, ELECTRIC AND MESSMERIC PHYSICIAN. RESIDENCE, 12 MAVERICK STREET, CHELSEA. OFFICE IN BOSTON. ROOM NO. 4, TREMONT TEMPLE. Feb. 27

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, No. 11 West 41st street, near 8th Avenue, New York. Consultation Circulars, or agreements to attend cases, sent free of cost. Patients desiring Letters to insure attention and reply must contain four red stamps. 5m Feb. 27.

MRS. A. G. POLE, TRANCE MEDIUM. No. 8 CHARDON QUART. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. 4m Feb. 27.

PANTOLOGIC MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE, No. 331 Canal Street—Two Blocks West of Broadway. ENTRANCE NO. 2 GREEN STREET. NEW YORK. CONDUCTED BY M. H. ANDREWS, M. D.

Formerly Professor of Mental Philosophy, Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, Public Hygiene, etc., in Penn Medical University, Philadelphia, and a Professor of Electro-Psychology and an Electro-Therapeutic, General Medicine and Surgery, in the Hygienic and Healing Institute, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Founder of the Pantologic System of Medicine; Author of "The Curability of Consumption," "Pantology of the Elements of All Things," "Kalxytonia, or the Laws of Female Health and Beauty," etc.

Dr. Andrews having spent more than a quarter of a century in the investigation of the Laws of Organic and Inorganic Things, in connection with Mind and Matter, with a view to prevent and cure disease, has succeeded to a degree unparalleled in the history of the Healing Art, and in this regard now prepared to guarantee cures in all cases, however violent or long standing, where the patient has sufficient vitality for recuperation or renewal of strength.

All diseases detected without asking any questions, and treated on Astral-Phreno-Psicho-Physico Principles, or according to Natural Law, where the patient has sufficient vitality for recuperation or renewal of strength.

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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. H. Cozzani,

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly 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—no 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 us from time to time by donations—no matter how small the amount—to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungering multitude, will please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass. Funds so received will be promptly acknowledged.

Special Notice.

The Circles at which the following Messages are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room is open to visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Jan. 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; "Glossary" Jackson to his friends; Clara & Sarah, of Warren, New Hampshire, to her parents; John Dale, to his wife, Ellen; Edward Middleton, to his mother and sisters, in Alabama.

Thursday, Jan. 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Gen. Michael Corcoran, to his friends, in New York; Theodore Rogers, to Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, of Raleigh, N. C.; Miss Cooper, to her mother, in Jersey City, N. J.; George, (a slave), to his master, Mr. Sheldon.

Invocation.

Oh God, we need not invoke thy presence, for thou art everywhere. Wheree'er the soul may find itself, there is thine all-potent presence. Thou art in the darkness of despair, thou art there to minister to it. Thou art there upon the fleshly tabernacle human, thou art there. There can be no place that is not gladdened by thy presence. There can be no time when thou art not ministering to the wants of the human soul. So we crave no blessing, for I thou art blessing us continually. Oh God, we thank thee for as much of thy life as is made known to us. We thank thee for the perpetual outpouring of thy Divine Spirit upon us, for it draws us nearer and still nearer unto thee. Though we may falter and fall by the wayside, and weakness, like a mantle, settle upon our shoulders, yet thy loving arm sustains us, thy presence is able to uplift us again. So we praise thee, not only for this, the present hour, but we will praise thee forever. And when our nature shall become unclouded, when thy life shall be more apparent to us, we shall feel that we are indeed the objects of thy love; and we will tune the harp of our being in harmony with angels, and rejoice in thine infinite love. Jan. 14.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—In accordance with your opinion, we wait for the audience to propound whatever questions they may see fit to.

Q.—What is the meaning of the passage in Revelations which speaks of the seven spirits of God?

A.—There are as many ways of defining this subject as there are different minds to receive light from any subject. We believe that these seven spirits refer to seven periods of time, each period possessing its own peculiar spirit, its own peculiar atmosphere. We can define it in no other way.

Q.—What did Christ mean when he said he came forth from the Father? Did he mean that he lived as an individual spirit before he came to dwell on earth?

A.—We believe that the human spirit, as an individuality, never was created. Therefore it must have always been in existence, and we believe must continue on throughout the eternity of the future, as it has through the eternity of the past.

B.—We hope the friends will not be slow to ask us any questions they may desire to. We shall be very glad to answer, in our way at least, all that are propounded.

Q.—Did spirit always have a conscious existence in the past?

A.—So far as humanity is concerned, we do not believe it had a conscious existence. But so far as spiritually is concerned, we do believe it had a conscious existence.

Q.—Can you demonstrate it?

A.—No; that would be impossible. All demonstrations must be made by and through an appeal to your human senses. We cannot demonstrate to you the existence of the spirit prior to its entering the human form, because there is nothing by which we should appeal to your human senses. You live in the present upon the sensuous plane. You measure all by that plane, and take all within those human senses and weigh it carefully by them. Therefore it would be impossible for us to give you anything like a fair demonstration of spirit-life and spirit-consciousness prior to its entering a human organism.

Q.—Has it any perception of an existence in the past, without those senses that connect spirit with the external world?

A.—There is a difference between physical and spiritual senses. When you shall have done with your physical body, you will recognize and be recognized by your spiritual senses. While in the physical body, you will recognize and be recognized only by your physical senses. The spirit, or soul, dimly perceives that it has ever existed. Sometimes, even through the clouds of mortality, it is able to penetrate into the past, and gather to itself reflections of its light. And again, the spirit, even through this same tomb of the flesh, is able to penetrate into the future, and receive bright gleams of the future. The soul could not have been created, for if it could have been, it could not be immortal; for that which has had no beginning can have no end.

Q.—Do you, as a spirit aside from the medium, have any perception of atmospheric changes in our atmosphere?

A.—No; we perceive the condition of your atmosphere only through the physical machine which we control for the time being. Were we entirely disembodied from that machine we now control, we could not be affected by your atmosphere. Were we not in perfect rapport with that form, we could not take cognizance of that atmosphere. That belongs to you, you human spirits, to your physical organisms, not to the disembodied intelligence. Jan. 14.

Alexander Finney.

I am not at all acquainted with your manner of doing business here, but I suppose, if I have been rightly informed, you will permit us to make the best of our way to our friends from this place. I have a brother here at the North, and a half-sister—a brother in particular that I should like to communicate with. I have but just lost my own body, and I don't know much about controlling one that is so totally different from my own. I was engaged against you at Charlestonville, and lost my life—I do not know as I ought to say life, for I find myself alive now, but I got separated from my body, and was obliged to borrow one of those kindly placed at our use.

I wish to send some sort of a message to my brother, if I can, whose name is Theodore Finney. My own name was Alexander Finney. He is here at the North, and no doubt a Union man. At any rate, I am anxious to speak with him, for he has no knowledge of my death.

I have left a family at the South, who, like many other families at the South, are in a state of abject want, although five years ago I had more than I know what to do with. Before entering the Southern service, I lived four miles from Galena, Georgia. I have there an invalid wife and three children. I've no hope of sending any word to them. I do not expect it, but I do hope to reach my brother at the North.

I am not here to tell you that I feel any regret for my past course, for I say now, as I said before death, let those who think so much of the Federal Government go and live in its heart for six months, and they will see that it's rotten all through.

I've no objection to being united to anything that's good. I do not pretend to say that the Confederate Government is any better than the Federal Government; but I do say it's a time this old Government was split up, and the chips used to set fire to those black-hearted traitors that all along have infested it. You've had them all through. You can't name a time when Government has been without them, and yet you cry out with wonder and surprise because of their existence at the present time. And you've got just as many traitors now as you ever had; and Mr. Lincoln has as many in his cabinet who proclaim to the world that they are honest, Union-loving citizens, as has Mr. Davis in his cabinet. There's no use in denying it, for I tell you there are as many traitors here at the North as ever there was, and you keep sifting them out, sifting them out, and what do you do when you let the old ones out? Why, take new ones in. I only hope that the war will end, so you'll both be reconciled to each other; that's the best wish I have for both North and South.

Well, that is not sending my message to my brother, is it? I do not know what his sentiments are with regard to me now, for the last letter I had from him expressed his firm support of the Federal Government, and in it he said he hoped I would show myself true to the old flag. Well, I did what I call true. I thought that there were a good many stripes that needed to be taken out of the old flag, and that I might as well be the one to do it as anybody else.

I have no regrets, not one. I have lost my body, and my family are reduced to abject poverty; but that's no matter. I hope my brother will receive my communication. I want him to know that I am dead, and he can take whatever course he chooses to as regards my family.

He must remember that eleven years ago I did much for him and his family. At that time I asked no recompense, I expected none, I gave freely. Now all I ask is, that he'll do as much for my family. I have no power to aid them. They are in distress, and he may possibly be able to relieve them. That's all I have to say. Good-day, Mr. Chairman. Jan. 14.

Michael Murray.

Faith, I don't know about this all standing on one platform and speaking through one trumpet. Faith, this 'ere life business is a queer kind of a thing, anyhow. One minute she tells us to shoulder a musket and shoot a rebel, and the next minute we find ourselves standing side by side on the same platform, and trying to send our letters through the telegraphic office the same sort of a way. There's no use in complaining, for I suppose it's all right.

Well, Boss, what are you going to do for me? [Whatever we can.] I hear much about your helping all who come here to send word home, and I like to get, I suppose, as much as any one else in that line. I lost my body fighting for the Union cause, and that rebel chap that just left, lost his in fighting again. That's the difference, you see. You treat us all alike, hey? [Yes, I do.] I suppose you don't give a Catholic one a cent, do you? [We'll let you confess publicly.] That's allowing me too much liberty.

Well, I got somebody who wants something done for them, too. I got somebody that's had off because I lost my body. That rebel chap said he had a wife and three children down South, who were bad off. I have one here and five children, that's two more, you know; and Uncle Sam, I suppose, is bound to look somehow after them, and will do it in time. Well, now, here I am; I got a body what I can tell me name, age, and all that sort of thing through. But that ain't coming back with the old one, and being yourself intirely, you know. Me name was Michael Murray, not Murphy, but Murray. I was thirty-two years of age, little better than five feet, perhaps but an inch or so, pretty thick set. Well, I think when I was in good condition I could whip two men about as well as one. That's thinking a good deal of one's self as a fighting character, hey? [Yes.] Well, sir, I have a wife and five children living in Conway court, New York; hard up they are too. [What street does Conway court lead off to?] Walker street. Now here I am without even a small chance of providing for me family. Well, now, just look here, I was induced to enlist by my old employer, and he says, "Mike, if you'll give your powers to Father Abraham, I'll see that your family don't want." I suppose he meant while I was gone to war. I'll take care he means all the way through. You see I'd like to have him look after me family until the little ones get a little up, so they can take care of themselves. [Hold him to his promise.] Any way, I'll take it that he means all the way through. I'm lost now. I've not been home at all since I enlisted, and I can't do anything for them meself. Now if Mr. Tom T. Brewer—that's his name—will go to my family, or will send some one to see that they do not want very much for anything, I won't find fault if they do a little, but I shall if they're allowed to suffer as much as I've seen them sometimes. Now you see he knows I'm dead. He's a liberal sort of a man—not a Catholic or Protestant—I don't know what the devil he is. Well, would you call him? [An Indian, perhaps.] Well, indeed, or whatever it is, but I'll soon show him I'm the same Mike that I always was, if he'll give me the same kind of a chance I have here to talk with him. [Do you remember what his business was?] Do I remember? Why, he's what some would call a drayman. I do not know what you'd call him, truckman or jobman, I suppose, for he keeps trucks. Well, I suppose that's all I can do for me family now. I can't go there and talk, can I, meself? [Not without an invitation.] Well, when I get it I suppose I shall try and go. Now I suppose you know how to put this down for me? [Yes.] Then I won't undertake to dictate about it. Well, sir, good day. [What regiment did you belong to?] Oh, sir, 6th New York Company D. I like to have forgot. Good-bye. Jan. 14.

Alice Genins.

I died of diptheria, the 7th of March, 1863. I was twelve years old. I lived in Utica, New York. My name was Alice Genins. My father's name, William H., my mother's name is Hannah. I have two brothers, William and Alonzo.

My father is now at Port Hudson. He is there because my uncle, his brother, is sick. I want my mother most of all to know I can talk this way; and I want her to let me come home. I know I should die, and told my mother so when I was sick, because I—felt I

should. And my mother said, "If you die, I hope I shall too." That was—that was wrong. I only tell of this so my mother may know it's me.

Tell my mother I have not got that scar I had, now. When I was four years old I was burned badly, by falling on the stove; I had a bad scar on my face. But tell her I have not got it now. It's gone. Folks do not have scars here. I'm going. Jan. 14.

William Sowle.

Be kind enough to say I came here and reported myself dead, and in a condition to come back and speak, if there's anybody wants to hear from me.

I'm from the 5th Massachusetts, sir, colored once, but as white as you are now. My name was Sowle, William Sowle. I done the best I could to fight for liberty and the Union. I lost my life; aint sorry for it, either.

I come from Pittsfield and enlisted. [Pittsfield, Massachusetts?] Yes, sir. I've got a sister there; and I got a brother in Manchester. [Manchester, New Hampshire?] Faith, I do not know, sir, what State it's in. It's where there are mills. [Manchester, New Hampshire, I suppose, although there are mills in Manchester, Massachusetts, I believe.] Yes, sir. I'm not agoing to be sure, sir. Ah, I think it's the place where there are the most of them.

Well, if you'll be kind enough to say that I came back here, and can speak well enough if they'll give me a chance to, I'll be thankful for it. [Do you spell your name S-o-w-l-e?] Yes, sir, there's an e to the end of it. [Can you give your age?] Yes, sir; I was twenty-two. [Your sister's name?] Yes, sir; Celia. They're afraid of spirits, sir. I do not know as I can get near them to talk to them. What do you think; shall I ever? [Oh, yes; we have full faith that you will.]

Oh, sir, I'm kind of sorry I lost my body at the time I did. I'd like to fight a little longer, for I'd just got into the spirit of it. [Can you tell where you were killed?] Yes, sir; at Wagner. [Did you get inside of the fort?] No, sir; no, sir; the colonel got most inside. No, sir; they mowed us down too fast. No, sir; I did not get inside, but I was going up; nothing would stop a good soldier, you know, but a shot that stiffens him out. [Were you killed outright?] Oh, yes, sir; I was killed outright. No, sir; I did not stay to have any of my limbs cut off. That's a good thing, you know. Well, sir, good-day. Jan. 14.

Invocation.

Oh, Life! who art our Father, Mother, our God, our strength, we know that thou art universal, and therefore, there can be no death. We have no fear that thy power is limited, for we know that thou art everywhere; even the Genius of the Tomb. Wheree'er we may turn, still we are greeted with Life—Life Eternal, our Father and Mother—Life, we return thee thanks for the numerous blessings showered upon us. All along the highway of our being thou hast scattered thorns amid the roses; yet the flowers have bloomed, and we have inhaled the fragrance and become strong. Oh, Life! may we succeed in impressing this one truth upon the minds of thine earthly children, that there is no death; for they seek their loved ones among the dead. Yet are they living, animated with the same feelings that were theirs while in the body. Oh, may they feel this truth, each mortal son and daughter of thine; for then we shall be doubly rewarded for taking upon ourselves again matter in the shape of physical forms. Spirit, Father, Mother, there is no need that we thank thee, for thou knowest all things; thou knowest this truth we have endeavored to impress upon the minds of thine earthly children; thou knowest, Father and Mother, as we are thy children, we dedicate our all to thee. Jan. 18.

The Doctrine of a Literal Resurrection.

We have been in the habit of receiving from time to time certain questions, or subjects of a religious and scientific nature, from various members of the Christian Church, particularly from the Clergy.

We have ever made it a point to answer all that may be sent to us, from any source, but the instances have been rare, very rare, where they have been acknowledged.

Now to-day we have received a question from one of the clergymen of your city; and we ask in return for the brief answer we shall give to the question received, that our good friend give not us the credit, but the Infinite Power that lives outside of fleshy temples, whom he worships as God, and whom we worship as our God.

The question he offers for discussion is this, "Did not Jesus and his disciples teach of a literal resurrection?" This question has been answered many times. Much light has been thrown upon it by others at this place, and we do not even hope to add to the light that has already been showered upon it. We only answer it, because we would have our good brother know that there is a truth underlying modern Spiritualism that he has not yet seen, not yet recognized, that he is wholly unacquainted with; and we would beseech him that, while he professes to worship God's works, to make himself acquainted with modern Spiritualism as it is—not as he has been told it is.

We cannot believe that Jesus or his disciples taught, or intended to teach, the doctrine of a Literal Resurrection. We believe that they were possessed of too much common sense, to stand dwelling for a moment; even, in this valley and shadow of Death.

When we look into the darkness that has surrounded the Christian Church, from its entrance into life until the present time, we do not wonder that all her children are still holding on to these dogmas that have had their birth in darkness. But when we look at the grand light illuminating each mortal mind, we can but wonder that there is one son or daughter of our God who can believe in such an absurd doctrine, even for a single moment.

Now, whoever has faith in this doctrine, will find themselves mistaken, terribly mistaken, when they get to the spirit-world; for they will find themselves lamentably ignorant concerning the laws governing mind and matter, and they will feel, with shame, the ignorance of those conditions by which they were surrounded in earth-life.

Come our good brother, when you shall receive our brief, feeble answer, give God the credit for the light; we do not ask it. Jan. 18.

Questions and Answers.

ERRATA.—We are now ready to receive questions from those present, upon any subject.

Ques.—Brother Kent, of East Stockholm, New York, offers the following: "The spirits, in the BANNER of last week, say that disease and physical suffering is not a misfortune. Please ask the spirits for me: 'Is physical health and happiness a misfortune?' If they say, 'No, not to those who are so,' then I ask, 'Which is preferable—to be born in conditions that health and happiness are spiritually natural, and so desirable—or to be born in opposite conditions, and so to disease and pain?' I inherited an uncommon amount of physical suffering—or conditions which produce it. A neighbor of mine has inherited most perfect physical health—so as scarcely to know pain. Which of us, in this sense, physically, were born to the best estate, and why?"

A.—Physical health is to be desired, certainly. It is one of the best gifts of the material world; and you should all strive to transmit health to all that are coming after you. It has been said, and with much truth, nay, with all truth, that disease was a blessing. We believe it to be in this sense: By disease, by suf-

fering, either physical or mental, you know concerning the opposite condition. You cannot have a proper appreciation of health, unless you know something of disease. You cannot enjoy a condition of happiness or Heaven, unless you know something of Hell.

He or she, whose life is spent in the tame realization of peace and quiet, cannot appreciate the grand glory that awaits the soul that has lived in hell. Now inasmuch as disease exists, we are to suppose, at least, that it exists for good. Inasmuch as it has always been, we are to suppose that it has so far always been a necessity. But we believe that the time will come when diseases will not be a necessity. When the races will have so far progressed or outlived the conditions of to-day and the past, they shall no longer live under those old conditions; but newer, higher, and more acceptable ones will be given them.

Our good brother, who makes the inquiry, should look for the blessing to follow the good use the human makes of conditions in which he finds himself living. If he is prone to pine, to dwell continually in the shadow of his own sorrow, then we can hardly hope that such a one will ever have much blessing in this life. But as there is a law compensating every suffering soul, for all the hell it may have experienced, that law will find the human, sooner or later. It may not be in earth-life, it may not be in the spirit-world immediately upon your entering it, but the law will find the human, will compensate him, at some future time, for all the sorrow he has known in the past. He need not fear that that he will be rewarded.

And again, with regard to his neighbor, who has inherited perfect health. The same law of compensation will find him, and if he does not find a hell through physical suffering, he will find it in the mental. So sure as he enjoys happiness on the one hand, he must experience sorrow on the other. Nature ever balances her accounts evenly and well; and she makes no mistakes.

So, sufferer in the physical, be of good cheer, for God, your Father, knows well how to compensate you for all your suffering.

Q.—Are there other questions to offer? If so, we are ready to receive them.

Q.—P. Cole, of West Monroe, New York, sends the following question, by mail: "In the BANNER, dated Nov. 6th, 1861, among the messages, this question is asked, 'Are any of the planets of our solar system inhabited by human beings—and, if so, what is their condition?' Answer.—We know of no planet which is inhabited by humans, save the planet, Earth. That will soon pass out of its present orbit, and the moon will follow it, or take its place in the order of law, or in pursuance of natural causes." What I wish to know, is, if it passes out of its present orbit, where will be its tendency, and what will be the result? Will the spirit plane explain more fully?"

A.—We believe that the earth is destined to fulfill a mission all its own; and, if it is, rest assured it will fulfill it. Now there are as many different opinions concerning your planet, the earth, and its future destiny, as there are different individuals to form opinions.

We cannot believe—or, at least, your speaker cannot—that this small globe that you call your home, is the only one inhabited by intelligent beings. On the contrary, we believe that you cannot number them; that they are infinite. Although their human life may not correspond, in form, to the human life of your earth, yet it is life, intelligence, power, and embraces quite as much of wisdom as the forms peopling your earth embrace.

We believe that it is the destiny of the earth to perfect the human, and to perfect itself; or spiritualize itself, also. When it shall have become so far spiritualized itself, as to admit of its entering a spiritual or, or a spiritual condition, then it will pass out of its present orbit, and be superseded by the moon, it may be.

Are there other questions? We have a few moments longer to listen to them.

Q.—Does a life of physical suffering here below have any influence upon the spirit after it goes to the spirit world?

A.—It changes it according to the influence it may have had upon the spirit while here. With some it might have a tendency to purify and elevate spirit above the things of the material world; or, in other words, it may have a tendency to open the book spiritual, while with others it might have a tendency to close it.

Q.—Is it in that point of view, then, that it becomes a blessing to some?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Does the controlling intelligence merely take possession of the organ of language of our medium, or of her whole body?

A.—Of the body entire.

Q.—How is it that a highly developed spirit is enabled to give forth fine thoughts through a low and undeveloped subject, that it would seem could not originate or comprehend such thoughts?

A.—Precisely by the same law that you can discourse sweet music through an instrument. Without the action of mind or thought upon that instrument, it would give forth no melodious sounds.

Q.—Supposing the instrument was somewhat imperfect, what then?

A.—Then the music would be correspondingly imperfect.

Q.—If, as some one has asserted, the awakening to consciousness sooner or later in the spirit-world depends upon the spiritual unfoldment while here, how is it that spirits return so soon that have not that knowledge?

A.—Doubtless the speaker making such an assertion had reference to the spirits awakening to things in the spirit-world, and not to that consciousness concerning the things of the material world.

Q.—Is a spirit disembodied more receptive of wisdom and knowledge in the spirit spheres than here?

A.—Yes, because it is not confined by the law governing crude physical matter. When it dissolves partnership with the body, it takes on new relations. It becomes forever exempt from the law of matter, so far as physical life is concerned. Therefore it possesses advantages in the spirit-world that it could not have in your world. It has no physical sickness, no physical pain. They have no bodies that need attendance. The mind can unfold itself far more rapidly in the spirit-spheres than here.

Q.—What branches are little children educated in, in the spirit world, that pass away uneducated from here?

A.—In all the branches that pertain to life. Jan. 18.

Gustavus Moody.

I wish you would be kind enough to allow me to send some word to my mother. [Oh yes.] When I last heard from her, she was in the vicinity of Culpepper, attending to the sick. We lived in Montgomery, Alabama. My father, he died the year before the war broke out. He was a Northern man; my mother was a Northern woman, and they removed South when I was about three years old. My father was, by trade, I suppose you would say, a turpentine distiller. He followed that occupation in Albany, but removed from there when I was about three years old. I have two sisters, both younger than myself.

I was twenty-four years old, but I care most to send some word to my mother. My name was Moody—Gustavus Moody. I entered the rebel army because I wanted to then. I lost my arm—right arm, at Chancellorville, and died, I suppose, because I wasn't treated right, but I do not know.

Now I should be glad to send word to my mother that I'm all right, that I'm in a condition to come

back and talk with her any time, that my father can come, and that he's perfectly satisfied with the way she's managed all the affairs on earth.

I do not know, sir, as there is any way that I can send anything to my mother. I should like to. [Some of your friends may see your message, and send it to her. Are you sure she's at Culpepper now?] No, sir; about seven or eight days before my death, I heard from my mother, and she was then near Culpepper. I do not think she's far from there. I don't know whether my message will reach her or not, but I know she'd be very glad to hear from me, if she thought she could. Well, I can not sit at foot, and see what will come of it. [Oh yes. It may reach your mother sooner than you expect.] I hope so. Well, you can say 'tis hoped that Adeline Moody will receive this letter from her son; that was her name—Adeline. [Your father's name?] Richard. [And your sisters' names?] Adeline and Clara. I do not know anything about this, you see. [Can you give your regiment and company?] Oh yes, sir. The 6th Alabama, Company A. I was a private.

Well, Captain, if you can do anything for me, I should be very glad. [We shall print what you say in our paper.] If I understand right, I am on Union soil? [Yes, in Boston.] It makes no difference, does it? [No.] Jan. 18.

Thomas Harris.

Well, sir, what's the—the—what's the—the—what's expected of me? [To identify yourself to your friends. So you must give such facts as will serve to satisfy them. Is it you?] I was eleven years old. [Tell where you resided when on earth?] What do you mean, sir—the last place I lived in, or the place I was born in? [You can give both.] I was born in New-Haven, Connecticut, and died in Newbern. [Did you follow some regiment?] Yes, sir. [Which one?] Tenth Connecticut.

I've got a mother that's feeling pretty bad because I'm dead, and she thinks I've gone to hell. Thought I'd come back and tell her she's mistaken. My name was Harris—Thomas Harris. They called me "Little Tom," the fool of the regiment. [What caused you to go to war?] I wanted to go. I ran away in the first place. Then I said I'd go to sea, if my mother would not give her consent. I'd go away, anyway. Then she said I might go to war. You'll just please to tell her I'm first-rate off in the spirit-world. [What is your mother's name?] Her name is Hannah. [Who was your Colonel?] Do you remember? I got so many things thinking of, I may not get it right. I was thinking of something I wanted to say to my mother, that would be of advantage to her.

My father went to California in 1850. For a good while she did not hear anything from him; then—No, Uncle Jim says I'm wrong. Well, I'll have it right, anyway, I'll have it right. He says, in April, '57—in April, '57—the 11th day of April. [He left home?] Yes, sir; and my mother's heard he was dead, but he isn't, and I guess mother had better butt him up. If she writes to Nevada City, he'll be pretty sure to get it. Maybe he won't answer it, but I guess he will. She'd better write, anyway. [To Nevada City, California?] Yes, sir. [Your message will go there, too.] Will it? I did not think of sending to him. Well, there's any chance of it? [We have subscribers there, who may find your father out.] Well, then, I'll tell him to write home to my mother. If he don't, I'll just be round some night, and he'll think it's the ghost of Hamlet. [Are not you mistaken about your age?] No, sir. Why? did you think I was older? Well, I aint; I never see twelve years, sir, in this kind of life. I'm just the same. I was not one of your quiet kind when here, and I aint any different now. I could beat a drum just as well as ever, and I could play a life now, if I had one. [Did you go out to war as drummer?] I went as servant, sir. [Oh, you did?] Officer's boy. [Can you give the officer's name?] Yes, sir; Mr. Gerrish. Ask him if I was not the best boy he ever had.

[What do you find to do now?] Prospecting. [How do you succeed?—pretty well?] Yes, sir. [Do you realize your present condition here?] Yes, sir; dressed up in woman's clothes. [Are you aware that you've lost your body?] Yes, sir; I'm aware of that. [Were you sick?] Yes, sir. [Long?] No, sir; I had kind of a croup.

Well, you'll send to my mother. Tell her I'm first-rate off in the spirit-world. Tell her I aint got a fluke-et to hall yet; when I do, I'll go and look round and see what it's like. [Do you think your mother will get your letter?] Uncle Jim says she'll get it, sure. He's a lawyer, or used to be. He would not lie, of course! [Your Uncle Jim was a lawyer?] Yes, sir. [Where did you go to school?] Did not go much. [Did you read much when here?] Yes, sir. I picked up my knowledge from observation. Well, Mister what's-your-name, I'll pay you some time, if I do not forget it when I grow up. [You'll remember it.] Good-bye. Jan. 18.

Cordelia Vernon.

I have left two children, and I am anxious for their welfare. They are orphans now, and their father was killed at the battle of Harrison's Landing. It is most eleven months since I died, and I've tried ever since to come back, but never could until to-day. My two children—one four, the other six years—I am anxious about.

I hope I shall be able to open communication with my brother, living in New Bedford. His name, William Kenney—William O. Kenney. My name, Cordelia Vernon. I find it very hard. I do not know why. What I wish to say is this: Will my brother go to New York, and take my children from that temporary home they are placed in? It's asking much, I know. If he does this, he will be glad he did. If he don't, he may be sorry. [Has your brother a family?] He has one daughter. His wife is with me. He has one daughter, a young lady grown, and he is well able to do what I ask him to. [Has he any knowledge of where your children are at present?] Yes, because he has been sent to one, and has partly promised to go and see about them; but you know sometimes people attend to their business before they attend to their friends.

I was sick, in all, near three months, and grew very weak, and I find it very hard to speak here. I've nothing else to come for here, but I'm so strongly attracted to my children, I must look out for them. I feel myself their guardian spirit. Farewell, sir. Jan. 18.

THE WEIGHT OF A TRAIL.

A pair of scales before him, a rich man sat and weighed a piece of gold—a widow's all—and unto her he said, "Your coin is not the proper weight, so take it back again. Or sell it me for half its worth; it looks a single grain." With tearful eyes the widow said, "Oh! weight it, sir, once more: I pray you be not so exact, nor drive me from your door."

Why, see, yourself, it's under weight;

For the Banner of Light.

A NARRATIVE OF SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE OF ARTHUR BUCKMINSTER FULLER, Late Chaplain of the 16th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

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CHAPTER II.

CONSCIOUS INTERCOURSE WITH EARTH-FRIENDS.

I was intensely desirous now to go to a medium; but the answer was, "Be not impatient. We, your guardian spirits, will arrange this in the proper time and manner, so that you will not be disappointed."

My desire for this intercourse grew stronger, and occasionally I saw others thus engaged. I was not idle, but was learning all the time. I had seen you, and felt rather inclined to look toward you, but no word was given. And so I waited. And when I heard you speak the familiar words, "Chaplain Fuller," a voice came from the interior, saying, "Here is a medium through whom you will be able to communicate."

I waited, still earnestly hoping to begin my labors, and I was told that my spirit friends had arranged for the book to be placed in a position that you would see it, and that all things were working well. I felt that I had a work to do, and never did I desire more earnestly to enter upon it. I had spoken a few words on several occasions, but never before had I been so fully recognized. The kind and friendly manner in which you welcomed me for a time overcame me, and when you stood up in that little hall, and the echoes of my voice, blending with yours, reverberated through the air, and fell upon the ears of mortal and immortal listeners, I felt a joyous thrill go through my entire being that gave me compensation for all the long and weary waitings that had seemed so hard to endure.

I had known, in my earthly experiences, times when in the earnestness of my soul I was speaking to the people, a holy fervor was kindled within me, which was fed by the gushing currents of love that flowed from sympathetic natures, as they drank from the fountains of a divine inspiration, even though it was in ignorance that I smote the rock of theological unbelief, and caused the waters to come forth, but now I thanked God that I perceived the streams of living inspiration flowing freely, and as I drank of these, and witnessed how mortals and spirits were everywhere aspiring after these living waters, I could not help exclaiming, "Oh, how blind and dark is that theology which teaches that a living inspiration ceased when the last page of the sacred volume was written. It would be far wiser, and more reasonable, to suppose a physical organism, constructed with all the beauty and harmony and evidences of divine wisdom which now mark that of man on earth, to be capable of continuing its existence and performing its functions without air to breathe or food to eat, than to suppose that that most beautiful and sublime structure, the human soul, could live and become unfolded without inspiration. I perceive that there is an inspiration flowing out of everything, from the cold and lifeless granite rock, throughout all the ascending grades of Nature up to the highest archangel and God himself, an inspiration peculiar to each, and adapted to their conditions and surroundings, and which can only be rightly appreciated by the soul as it becomes freed from the errors and dogmas of false education, among which there is no one more calculated to close up the avenues to this inspiration than the positive denial of its existence."

And now, as I look over the church and contemplate the effect of this teaching, I perceive that souls have been dwarfed, starved and driven away from its enclosure into the world to find the little inspiration which they have received; and through this, perhaps, more than any other cause, has the mission of the Church been a sad and deplorable failure. And could I to-day enter every church in our land, I would seek to roll away the stone which they have laid upon the mouth of the sepulchre in which they have buried a living inspiration; I would break open the seal which they have sought to fasten this stone, so that hungering and thirsting souls could receive that inspiration which they are so earnestly seeking, and which would indeed be in them as a well of living water springing up into everlasting life. They who deny a living inspiration, and attempt to minister the bread of life to human souls, are like those who are casting buckets into empty wells, and seeking to draw water therefrom.

But I am anticipating subjects that will speak of hereafter. This beautiful intercourse once established through aspiration and inspiration, I found a still greater influx of light on all those subjects which I had sought to understand, a clearer and more perfect vision was given to me; and as I looked forth into the boundless fields of immensity, I saw that in the past I had taken an outside and superficial view of everything. Now the interior and divine realities came before me, and as I lingered here, I realized many hidden beauties that had been veiled in the interior of everything around me. Gazing thus into the arcana of Nature, new fields were ever opening before me.

I had now learned the great lesson of spirit communion and intercourse. You recognized my presence, and my thoughts were open to you, and I could come into the inner temple of your soul and realize the same. And now, when this came to me as a living reality, I remembered how many of the great and good men of the past ages had left on record their testimony to this fact.

The bold and fearless avowal of good old Socrates, that he had a familiar demon, was now a reality to me. I had always doubted this, because it had not been my experience, but I had never denied it. The fallacy of negative denials, based on non-experience, is illustrated by the story of the African Prince, who fiercely denied the phenomenon of solid water, because the experiences of his climate had never furnished an instance of it. And the blind man who denies the existence of light, is equally wise with him who denies the existence of spiritual intercourse simply because it has not fallen within the lines of his experience. Solomon hath said, "A fool is wise in his own conceit." But "wisdom is justified of her children."

CHAPTER III.

EXPERIENCE CONTINUED—INSPIRATION.

I have said that when intercourse was freely established between myself and some of the dwellers of earth, an entire new phase appeared around and within my soul. The simplest fact in Nature, and the most familiar events of life, assumed new characters. Thought became so intensified and clear that I was at once filled with a desire to examine and study over again all the past, and in doing this, I found myself aided by and attracted to certain spirits, who were similarly engaged. The rapport which had been established between myself and conscious mediums, furnished me with a key to the means of establishing such connection with those around me in the inner life. And the first lesson which I am impressed to give you is a relation of my study and experiences on the plane of inspiration; and in doing so, I wish it understood that I stand in a sphere of inspiration, and am continually receiving an influx from all things around me, and in the utterances which I may give you, will

be found the feelings that are flowing directly into my being, and many of them are now for the first time expressed by me.

The law of inspiration is based upon the fact that it is not only more blessed to give than to receive, but that it is positively essential to give before you can receive. This condition is universal in its application. Go into the external world, and look at the hard, unyielding granite, the primitive crust of Mother Earth. Age after age rolled away, and it gave neither to the fires beneath nor the rushing tempests above, and during all this time it received nothing. Year after year, for countless centuries, the rains descended, the rays of the sun by day and the dew of heaven by night fell upon and kissed the bleak and changeless rock, and it neither gave of its substance nor received the inspirations of heaven.

At last, in the eyes of the rolling centuries, the rock began to give, and as it slowly crumbled into decay, behold the virgin soil; and this, following the example of its ancient and venerable sire, continued to give and to receive, till, through the inspiration of God, life came upon the earth in the form of simple plants; and these, catching the echo of the Divine command to give, gave themselves up, and in turn the same All Creative Power spoke into being, through inspiration, new forms of vegetable life, higher in the scale, more perfect in structure and form, till the earth was carpeted with verdure and blossomed with every-thing beautiful. And as one by one these forms gave back to our Common Mother that which they had received, higher and still higher came the inspiration. Still no animated being had yet been inspired with life; but all this vast labor, these countless inspirations were for a purpose—a grand and noble design; and though all these seemed lost in the wild waste, yet each had its mission in the Divine Economy.

The law by which the earth is covered with its green carpet and the flowers present their varied tints of beauty, is based upon inspiration and its complementary principle, expiration, or giving out. Thus, the law by which an object receives its color, is that it absorbs all the primary rays except those which mark its shade and character. Light is food for plants; and most plants are inspired and fed by all the rays except the green, and this is given forth as an inspiration to surrounding objects. The flower feeds upon all the rays save those which mark its color, and these are those which it does not need, and with which it is enabled to inspire the beholder and surrounding nature.

Thus, in the rolling cycles of time, inspiration after inspiration came, and one by one the higher forms of plants appeared, responsive to the gifts of the John the Baptists that had gone before them in the wilderness of life; and when, in the course of time, the earth was prepared, by this continued giving and receiving, for the reception of another phase of being, the inspiration of animal life came first in simple forms, and when these had laid their gifts upon the altar of the world, huge monsters came, beneath whose tread the earth shook and trembled; and after these, by renewed inspirations, came more refined specimens of animated nature, until in the rolling ages an aspiration was given forth high enough to receive the inspiration of humanity.

Let us pause a moment and contemplate the beautiful gradations, step by step, that inspiration has traveled in its course from the granite rock up to man; how perfect and uniform has been the law of compensation, or giving and receiving, amid all the vast range of nature, from the rock to the plant, from flower to bird, from the animal to the human, one unchanging plan. Give and thou shalt receive, is everywhere the law divine. Amid all these ante-human conditions, inspiration was acting upon all things. The rock felt its penetrating and dissolving influence; the flower its gentle breath, calling forth its rich perfume; and the animal the warm glow of its influence, waking it into motion and sensation—life.

All these were subjects of inspiration, though they comprehended it not; this was left for man. An ancient writer has declared that "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Here is the grand characteristic feature of man; as he giveth forth his aspirations there cometh unto him living inspirations which give him an understanding; and it is only through inspiration, in answer to aspiration, that man can understand anything. And if there be anything in the universe, from the granite rock up to the archangels, and God himself, that does not inspire man, it cannot and will not be understood by him.

Humanity, imperfect as its early condition was, presented the first practical realization of conscious inspiration. As the ages rolled on, the conditions of inspiration were measured by the race; as humanity ascended slowly in the scale of development, the inspirations mounted higher and higher. In almost every age of the world, certain individuals, by peculiarities of organization and the force of the interior spirit, have risen to the mountain peaks of a lofty and divine inspiration, the vision of which has been more or less clear, according to their purity and development; and these have from time to time, under this influence, uttered truths far beyond their powers of conception or realization.

Man, as a physical being, is inspired by the material world and all its elements, because he is a microcosm, and comprehends within his physical organism all these elements. As a mental being, he is inspired by everything on the intellectual plane that corresponds with his condition and capacity. As a spiritual and immortal being, he is also inspired in exact correspondence with the unfolding and development of that spark of Divinity—his soul—which has found a central point of consciousness in the physical and intellectual organism.

The physical being continues to receive its inspirations by development upon its various planes. The intellectual organism is inspired by its own innate love of freedom, and it soars aloft to the stars, and bounds forth into immensity, and finds no limit to its vast sweep, save its own uncultured powers and the chains which bigotry and error have too often placed around it.

The human soul, an uncreated essence, immortal in its past as well as its future, awakens to consciousness by its association with the physical and mental organisms, and is for a time confined within very narrow limits by this association. The physical body is dual in its nature; the external body in its growth, from a simple cell through all the varied and multiform changes which lead up to the most perfect physical organism, is governed and developed throughout by an internal or spiritual physical body, which, while it thus furnishes a beautiful illustration of the law of progressive unfolding by this outgrowth on the external plane, is, in turn, a recipient of the same unfolding influence, and is prepared by its association with the external physical, for its more perfect mission as a physical body for the spirit in the inner life.

The mental organism is similar, in form, to the two physical bodies of which we have spoken—is still more interior in its nature, and infuses itself throughout the former. Emergent within these lies the central soul of humanity, that which gives to the others an immortality of identity and continued consciousness. The recollections of the physical and mental being are immortal, because they are entangled more or less clearly upon this most interior nature of man. But perhaps I am going too far into metaphysics. I cannot give you my ideas of inspiration as I now perceive them, without saying something in relation to the phenomenon of sleep, which is purely on the physical and intellectual planes, being common to plants, animals and man.

Change of elements, waste and supply, mark the career of every living being. The reception of new elements, and the throwing off of old ones, is the universal law subject to variations which mark the grades of life. The new elements and compounds which enter into any living body, come more or less perfectly under the controlling influence of the vital force, which is the spiritual physical body, which exists in every living thing, though not of itself immortal in any one.

These new elements, under the influence of the vital forces, play their parts, brief though they be, in the drama of life; then ensues a condition in which that control ceases to be sufficient to use them longer, a part of these become effete, or dead matter, to be thrown out of the system. Another part, not so far removed from the control of the vital force, requires a condition of quietude and repose, or sleep, in order that they may come under its influence again.

Thus, in all physical systems, there are three classes of elements or compounds—the newly received, the effete, and a middle class, consisting of those which have been used, but not so far consumed by the vital forces as to be unfit for further use in the system, when restored by sleep; but which, if not thus restored, will produce pain and disease; hence the positive necessity for sleep. This, then, is the law and function of sleep on the more physical plane of plants, and on the feeble intellectual plane which is manifested in the animal kingdom, and I have received this inspiration mainly from you, though it is confirmed to me by the spirits around us.

For humanity, sleep is subservient to higher uses; for while it thus serves its part on the physical plane, it furnishes to the soul a beautiful recess from the dull routine and monotonous study of earth-life, by giving it, temporarily, more or less freedom from the shackles which the physical necessarily impose upon it. Well hath the Psalmist declared, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." It is the senses and perceptions of man which go forth by day, listening to the speeches which visible and tangible things are continually uttering, and gathering up such fragmentary knowledge as these speeches can give, while the soul, in a measure freed from the trammels of the physical form as it lies in the calm repose of peaceful slumber, goes forth into its own native realms, and drinking from fountains of celestial wisdom and purity, is refreshed and invigorated; and if the links which connect it with the outward be such as to enable it to bring out upon the external plane that which it has received during this intermission, it will give forth harmony, beauty, and truth, that shall gladden the whole nature of man.

It is especially in the moment of transition from peaceful, natural sleep to the waking condition, that flashes of light from the inner life often illuminate the external. Thus most of the important discoveries which man has made in the domain of art and science, in the various ages of the world, have come to him at these moments; dawned upon his intellect with the return of consciousness after sleep.

Intuitions, which come to man's interior nature outside and independent of the physical senses, furnish the highest and best illustrations of inspiration; this influx of superior wisdom and knowledge to man, constitutes a royal road to learning, which is open to all who properly cultivate their intuitions.

I hope to be able to give you further accounts of my experience here, and in the next chapter I will relate my impression of the True Church, as at present realized by me.

NOTE.

The subject of sleep is sufficiently important to merit a few remarks in this connection. In the present condition of society, almost all sleep is dull and stupid, filled with vague and unprofitable dreams, often extremely distressing, which, like turbid streams, send forth their influence far into the ocean of day. The habit of eating largely of unwholesome food, especially in the latter part of the day, the pernicious practice of taking what are falsely called refreshments, in the form of sweetmeats, pastry, and stimulants, just before retiring, although it ever receives the earnest protest of the soul, is far too common among intelligent and enlightened people. Habits of indulgence in regard to the appetite, blind the judgment and forestall the reason, more than almost any thing else; but I need not dwell upon these; it is not so much for want of knowledge as for its practical application that mankind are suffering.

A few hints as to the proper plan to be pursued in order to invite healthy, refreshing, and inspirational sleep, will be given. A modern writer on this subject has said that one of the essentials of sleep is a good conscience "at peace with ourselves, mankind and God."

Mental excitement—at, or near the time of retiring, will often interfere with sleep. All physical violations manifest their effects more powerfully, because the voluntary power cannot ward them off. The natural and healthy stimulus of light is essential to the proper performance of the human functions, and the withdrawal of this at night, indicates the time for sleep. Twilight is the appropriate season for meditation. Man would accomplish more useful labor, and realize much greater satisfaction in it, if nearly all the hours of night were devoted to repose; but we are so much the creatures of habit, and civilization has turned so much of night into day, by artificial means, that few realize this fact. A singular error prevails, that the time spent in sleep is almost entirely lost; this is owing to the fact that the sleep is not healthy and natural. Men are too apt to measure the results of their labors by the efforts they require and the effects they produce upon themselves, and thus lose sight of the real effects that mankind derive from them.

Drops form the ocean, atoms the solid crust of the earth, and trifles apparently insignificant, the sum of human life and experience; true dignity consists not in ignoring these, but in so arranging and classifying them, that their value may be appreciated. I shall give here some suggestions in relation to the manner in which sleep may be properly induced. First, then, the apartment should be well ventilated and have a supply of pure, fresh air, not admitted, however, in currents, as the changes which frequently occur during the night season are injurious; the room should be kept moderately warm, and of a uniform temperature of about 60 degrees in winter, as the functions of calorification are not so active when we are in the recumbent position.

The best bed is a metallic spring-mattress, covered with another of vegetable matter—cotton and striped hanks of cotton, or, as Dr. Lewis recommends, clean straw, which may be changed frequently. Animal substances, either hair or feathers, are objectionable, on account of their decomposition.

The bed should be very thin and light—not over two or three inches in thickness. The tick, or covering, should be of different color on the sides, and there should be two loops at each end, so that these may be hung upon hooks in the ceiling of the room, near an open window, where the sun may shine upon them during some part of the day. Take care to place the side which has been uppermost toward the window. At night place the other side upward, and the end which had been at the foot of the bed on the previous night at the head. The pillow should be of the same material, sufficiently large to elevate the head without any sudden bend of the neck, as this interferes with the circulation. Soft pillows are very injurious, as they tend to keep the head hot, and are calculated to produce unpleasant dreams and disease. The bed should be elevated, so as to avoid the currents of air which

move freely about the floor. It should be placed in the centre of the room, with the head turned in a direction nearly north; about 10° east is the best line. The most refreshing and inspirational sleep will be obtained by sensitive persons if they sleep alone.

The position of the body is important. That which is preferable to all others is upon the back, with the limbs nearly straight, and separated from each other and from the body. This permits the currents of exhausted vital force to flow out freely. The habit of sleeping with the arms crossed over the head, is very injurious, as it forms a current around the head and lungs which frequently lays the foundation for disease in these organs. Many persons are obliged to lay upon one side. The same care as to separation of the limbs should be observed here. I have recommended sensitive persons to sleep alone. It is especially important that they avoid sleeping in the same apartment with the old or sick, as disease is much more readily introduced into the system in the negative condition of sleep. In the most perfect sleep the physical system is rested and renovated. The soul goes out and mingles with its kindred—in its own native and beautiful sphere—and the mental organism, which is a connecting link between the soul and the physical is also permitted to roam in freedom, and absorb knowledge from the intellectual spheres. And when the transition moment comes in which they must return to the limited sphere which the physical throws around them, they are often enabled to bring back some of the rich treasures which they have gathered in these fleeting hours of physical repose. H. T. C.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"Blossoms of our Spring."

Life has its summer-time, its winter-time, its fruitful autumn, and its blooming spring. The beautiful home of the spirit, our friend Mr. Davis calls the "Summer Land;" others say of heaven, "There springs shall never cease." Certain it is Spring and Summer represent the happy time. We incline to think that a true life on earth, filled with the beauty and purity of love—a life that centres in a home in which taste and simplicity reign, and whose magnet is the loving hearts within—may be called the spring-time of the spirit, that awaits its summer in the land that gathers within it the purest and holiest objects of love, and draws, by its silver chain of beauty, our hearts ever thither.

From this spring of two loving hearts have come words of life—the flowers that grew on those tender plants of Aspiration—the apple-blossoms from the trees of Content—the scented grape blooms from the vines of Trust—the snowy cherry-buds of Anticipation—the Hawthorne tufts of Retinement—these blossoms, and many more, have been given to the world, twined in with the ivy, the oak, the chestnut leaves, that are the strong endeavor, the willing purpose, the consecrated will.

No words ever miss their purpose more than flower, or tree, or shrub; and these heart-blossoms are to do their work in the great year of the Lord. Perhaps their sweetest and best work was done in the blooming, for thus it almost always is. The Spring, that comes first in the warm air and gentle breath, is Nature's own—the buds and blossoms only tell of it to others. And yet there is perhaps nothing so good for the heart as to give itself out to the world by words that come from the centre of its life. When this is done, then on the thousand-stringed lyre of Sympathy come back the gentle touches of recognition, and one knows where one's place is in the world's orchestral melody.

We hope that the writers of this volume are having that blessed assurance of sympathetic recognition. They are no strangers to the world. When the voices from the land of love began to speak with clearer tone to the listening ear of the world, it was Hudson and Emma who heard with well-attuned ear, and gave the deaf interpretation of their new gospel. The Arcana of Nature, in its first and second volumes, is a work for the future, although it has won the highest praise at home and abroad, the first volume having been translated into the German, and passed through three editions; the second volume having reached its second edition.

Let us, then, step into the inner life of these tried friends, for we are sure that they could write no poems that did not reveal some gleam or shadow of their real life. Opening the volume, we mark as one of these gleams:

SPIRIT-VOICES.

When the Day-god, worn and weary, Slunks behind the shadowy hills, And the cooling of the ring-dove, Like sweet love, my bosom thrills; When the sunset clouds, like vesper, Coast upon the airy sea, Beaming with the forms of angels, Spirit-voices come to me.

When the shadow-wand of Midnight Casts around my couch a spell, And the images of dream-land Stray from out their fairy-dell; And with airy, velvet fingers Fold my eyes, and hush my glee, Like the notes of elfin music, Spirit-voices come to me.

When Night's pet child, Morning Twilight, Trips along with flying feet O'er the pastures strewn with clover, Redolent with fragrance sweet; And with dainty, rose-tipped fingers Folds the shadow shades for me, Fraught with love-words, softly spoken, Spirit-voices come to me.

Yester night I joined the giddy, Through that reveled in the dance, And when gleaming lamps were lighting Floating forms and Beauty's glance, Sweeter than the softest music, Or the silver gush of glee, Straying on the perfumed ether, Spirit-voices came to me.

Ne'er is there a night so starless, Or a day so fraught with bliss, That I hear not spirit-voices, Or return some angel kiss.

When I'm sad the gentle angels Fold the heart-shades all aside, And they smile when golden joy beams O'er me, like May sunshine, glide.

This is followed by a dream, which has a touching beauty in it. The vision of memory is of the childhood of Emma, where fancy made the simple treasures of flower and moss and seed-cup more precious than any of the realities of after-life.

"When my cup of joy seemed fullest, And I saw my mother stand Beokoning from the low-roofed cottage To me, with her pale thin hand, Like white wings, bare feet flew onward, Skimming grass and daisies o'er— One more bound and I should meet her, Waiting for me in the door!

Then the briding at my bosom Nestled, wakening me from sleep, And I passed from Child to Woman, And that hurried, flying leap I woke to feel Life's duties Press upon the dream-child free; Woke to quiet the wee darling Clinging trustingly to me!"

The pleasant thought inspired by "My Home," we will waken by quoting: "Angels shade it with their wings, Shutting out unholly things; Withering music round it floats, Breathing for me like notes; Richest thoughts are treasured there— Fancy-pictures, wild and fair; Beauty's fingers glid each part— O, my Home 's a noble heart. Love's pure sunshine round it gleams, Shedding over me its beams;

All the angels' choicest flowers Bloom within its cherished bowers; Buds of purity are there, Truth is wreathed in garlands rare; Intellect its blossoms pale Opens to the perfumed gale.

Beautiful to me it seems, As a palace-mind in dreams; And I cannot be more blest Than within its peace to rest. Since I'm called its bliss to share, I would rest forever there, 'Till the spirit valves I roam, Happy in an Angel Home."

And now let us, in proper manner, turn to the opening poem. This is a national tribute, and embodies many fine thoughts on America. Its closing stanzas seem now likely to be fulfilled.

"America, thou pet child of the world, Thou brightest of all worlds in the crown The Goddess of the Nations wears, long live Thy Liberty, thy Honor, and thy Peace! Thy humble birds will fleet from earthly scenes, But thou, Eternal Nation, will live on Forevermore. Thy starry flag shall float Above all nations, conquered by the power Of thy intrinsic Truth and Liberty. The Tyrant's throne shall wobble from the earth; No man be master, none a chafed serf, But all shall share the earth in brotherhood, And heaven shall nestle in the earthly sphere. Throw out thy banner, bind it round the world, And, like thy eagle, onward to thy Destiny!"

We turn to "Life's Pastoral Story" with more pleasure than to any other portion of the volume. It seems like a story that has been lived, and not fitted up from portions of many lives. When Spiritualists give expression to such thoughts on Love and Marriage, why are they so grossly misrepresented? Helen and Rudolph are two of the characters: "Helen was beautiful, and young as I, And in her bosom beat as warm a heart, Which Rudolph won, and ever since has kept, Though, if he could, he'd toss it idly by, As lightly as an unprized gift.

They wed; And when slight difference in thought arose, As all may look for, and which is no harm, Instead of trying to assuage, He dashed off comat-like away from her, In the orbit of a false philosophy. Which ever since he's kept, as you well know, Saying they were mismatched, and he clogged, In bondage to a brainless girl, his wife In eyes of law, but not in truth. Could intellect unfold in such an air? Could love-flowers blossom 'neath such chilling snows?"

In this false philosophy Rudolph flounders, but not forever. Helen does not sit idly down to weep and pine, but with true womanly heart determines to win a position that shall show her to be worthy of her husband's reverence. She achieves fame, and with a strong and earnest purpose, makes life a grand success, spite of her heartache and disappointed hopes.

This course finally blinds the strong bonds of love about her husband's heart again, and he returns to her, not as a philosopher, but as a loving husband. We thank our friends for this testimony in favor of the power of true, noble action. This false philosophy taints many hearts, but it is not so strong in its power as a woman's consecrated desires. There are in this poem many fine passages, both descriptive, philosophical and spiritual:

"How grand the Forests are on such a night! The giants of the wood have gone to sleep, Like heroes on the hard-fought battle field; How many storms they've braved, yet unconcerned, In silent dignity of noble rank. They rear aloft their rugged arms to heaven, And bid defiance to the god of winds, And shake their draped limbs at the coming stars. How beautiful they are, bathed in the sea Of light the orbed moon pours around; The rustle of their branches in the wind Seems like the movements of a sleeping man. Trees, do you dream—do you e'er dream of love? Does sturdy oak ne'er love the graceful elm, Or ash? or are you 'bove such mortal whims? Why, laughing brooklet, hurry ye so swift? You've huddled all the waters to sleep, and now, Enamored with the quiet lake, you steal Away into his bosom."

The interview between Lucien and the Spirit reveals our beloved philosophy:

SPIRIT.

"The tomb—the gateway to another sphere! I threw my body off—my dwelling changed— But still remained myself. My spirit-form Unfolded in a flood of light, and wore A garb as glistening as sun-lighted snow; A holy bliss came, with departed friend To welcome to the pleasures of the blessed. I stepped from lower to a higher room— From workshop into parlor—and I found A change as great as Hottentot would find, If he, from native wood and barren plains, Was ushered into the palaces of kings.

LUCIEN.

Then why not leave the dreary scene of Earth, And mount at once into the golden skies?"

SPIRIT.

Because man is of Earth, and should remain, Like fruit upon its parent stem, till ripe. O, would you bear the piercing wail of him Who, with stern hand, has smothered his soul and sent it unrecalled, unwanted, to this sphere, Hoping that Death would bury all his woe! Death cannot still the anguish-throbbing heart; It cannot hush one plaintive note of grief; It cannot dim one haunting memory; Beekon not Death, it will o'ertake you now, Before you are prepared to launch from Earth Live! and leave Earth the better by your stay! Ay, write a name upon its ravaged page, As wide and deep as avalanches write On mountain's sides.

LUCIEN.

With all its mantling gloom Earth has more happiness than pain.

LUCIEN.

Hasn't seen thy Love and angel babes?"

SPIRIT.

Ah, yes; They welcomed home the barrier. I heard The music of their voices 'cross the waves And when I was floating o'er to angel-land; And when I stepped upon the spirit-shore, I met them in the chambers of the sky. I saw thee, with cold fingers, write a tale About the sorrows of a martyred one. Then stood I by thy side, and thought "one heart On Earth thinks of my pilgrimage 'mong men." Those days of anguish and of woe have fled, Never to haunt me more. Here every one seeks out his sphere of friends, And wand'ring, distrust, and poverty remain Unknown. We live the life of joy, And one eternal sunshine lights our home."

Thus we close our extracts, hoping that though our selections may not be the best that could have been made, they will awaken an interest in this volume, and that the love of these blossoms may grow in many hearts, till Hudson and Emma be household words. They tell us in their Proem that they do not claim renown, but we know that they do claim to have their aspirations meet the desires of other hearts, until, arising, they find a common life in the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within three or four weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent any misapprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Conant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.