

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

{ \$2.50 PER YEAR
In Advance. }

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

{ SINGLE COPIES,
Five Cents. }

NO. 26.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
ADDRESS 146 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

THE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN.

It was the beautiful spring-time, and everything seemed full of fresh, happy life. The clouds, even, as they floated across the blue sky, seemed to take the forms of living things, and to represent fleecy lambs, and horses, and mist-encompassed forests. The great hills around about Wildbrook seemed also to know that they had life and beauty to express, and began to clothe themselves in fresh green. The forests had covered up their naked branches with a delicate veil of silvery verdure, and every little twig seemed to be saying, "I have something to do this beautiful season; let me hasten to do it."

What a busy time there was, also, among the little plants and shrubs! The wild daisy unfurled its leaves, and prepared a place for its buds to spring up; the violet, more happy than many flowers in her sweet, pure life, had a whole tuff of leaves and some half open buds already peeping out from the withered leaves of the last autumn. The little spring beauty tenderly lifted her frail stem, on which she strung her buds like so many green beads. Oh, glad spring-time, when birds sing, flowers bloom, and soft airs breathe!

It was in such a time, when everything seemed glad and beautiful, that May Thompson came into the world, a wee little darling, just like a little spring blossom. Perhaps this was the reason they called her May, and why her mother's life was so sweet and beautiful. She was her mother's only little blossom, and very tenderly she cared for her, and clothed her in snowy white dresses, and kissed her over and over again, until her face seemed full of love.

As May grew larger and more beautiful, and her mother loved her more and more, and longed to take care of her and keep her from all sorrow and trouble, her mother grew ill; and, when the summer days came, they said she must die. She had no fear of dying, for she knew she should go to a beautiful life when she left this world, but she very much wanted to stay with May; for she thought, "If I leave her now, she will not know that she has ever had a mother, and no one can take such good care of her as I can." But sickness will not stay away because we wish it to. And little May's mother closed her eyes gently, and did not open them again, one bright autumn day, when the darling baby was only six months old.

Little May knew no sorrow then, for she did not know that her mother would speak to her no more, and call her the "May-blossom," the "little birdie," the "pet lamb." She only missed a tender face that she watched for when the door opened, and a gentle voice that sang sweet songs to her.

Other hands now took little May—not gentle, loving ones like her mother's, but those that were cold, and that wearied with the care of her. When May had grown past her babyhood, she began to feel that she had no gentle mother to care for her; and sometimes, when alone, she wept bitterly for something that she had lost. Those that had taken her were poor and unloving, and May had nothing beautiful about her, and not even comfortable clothes to wear. She was in a far-away, lonely place in the country, so that she saw few people, and had little to bless her life, except that which no one could take from her, her own beautiful spirit, and that which she found in Nature, among the flowers and the birds and in the forest and by the stream.

It was now spring again, and May was seven years old. Mrs. Grimes, the woman with whom she lived, had fretted at her, and pushed her here and there, and May had at last gone out of doors, and was sitting on a log in the warm sunshine, looking at some geese that were swimming on the little pool of water by the old willow tree. May was not old enough to know why she was sad, but her face looked as if a great danger were settling down upon it. There was great danger of her growing fretful and ill-natured, like those who she lived with, and of losing her happy, sweet spirit, because almost all children and grown people become like those they live with. A little wish was passing through May's heart, a wish that she could pick up a little stone she saw, and throw at Mrs. Grimes, or mammy, as she called her. It was the first real wish that May had ever had, and perhaps it could hardly be called a wish, for May hardly knew what she wanted, only that she was in some way unhappy.

But as the beautiful sunshine touched her fair hair, and the soft wind breathed upon her fresh cheek, something better crept into her heart: it was the wish to lay her head down and hear a gentle voice sing to her. So she lay down on the brow of the hill, and looked up at the clear blue sky, and fell asleep.

She had what people call a dream, but which was something more than a dream. A gentle hand smoothed her brow, and a sweet voice sang to her, until she saw beside her a lady clothed in a white dress, and with a rosy-tinted scarf about her shoulders, and with roses in her hair.

"May-blossom," she said, "this is your mother, who loves you so dearly, and who cares for you every day, and wants nothing so much as that you should be a good and gentle child. They tell you that your mother has gone away; but she could not leave her darling, and is with her to bless her. See, my pet, what beautiful flowers I bring to you; and I will show you a great many beautiful things, if you will be good and gentle. Now learn this little song:

Gentle angels, keep and bless me,
All the night and all the day;
Make me good, and kind, and loving—
Help me by your love, I pray."

Little May sang it over and over again after the gentle voice of her mother, until she could sing it alone. Then her mother said to her:

"May, the flowers are coming; when you gather them think of me, and I will put a beautiful flower on

your head that shall give its sweetness to you, and help to make you happy and good."

She then kissed her again and again, and May awoke. She looked about her to see the beautiful lady that had called her such sweet names, but she only saw the hills and the trees, and the flock of geese by the stream. But she remembered a part of the song—

"Gentle angels, keep and bless me,
Make me good and kind, I pray."

This she sang over and over again, until she was called in to her supper of bread and milk.

It was a sweet sleep that she had that night, for she felt as if some one rocked her gently, and folded their arms about her. This was the first glimpse that little May had of a life that was nearer and more beautiful than the life that was about her, for it entered into her heart.

When morning came, little May heard again the harsh voices of the family; but there dwelt in her mind the sweet words she had heard, and she looked out on to the fresh fields, and up into the clear sky, and repeated:

"Make me good and kind, I pray."

May had no companions of her own age to play with, but a boy had lately come to work on the farm, by the name of Tim. He had a coarse, rough face, but his eye was kind and thoughtful, and May had noticed that she could tell if one was good and kind by the look of the eye; so she was not afraid to run after him, and follow him into the fields, and ask him questions. As she went down this morning from her little attic chamber, Tim was eating his breakfast, but he turned pleasantly to her and nodded. Mrs. Grimes ordered her out of doors to bring in some wood, and then to pick up a basket of chips, and then bring her a cup, and then a spoon. Sometimes May would have been quite impatient; but this morning something seemed singing in her soul, that made her forget the harshness of others.

After a time she found an opportunity to follow Tim to the barn, for she much wished to talk with him about what she had seen. When she had told him all about her dream, or vision, he said to her:

"May, that was not a dream, but your own darling mother, that lives in heaven; for you see I was reading in the good book the other day, where it said little children had guardian angels. So you have one, May, and no harm will come to you if you are good. Come, let us hunt hens' eggs."

It was this thought of the angels that made little May grow up so good and loving among those that showed her so little gentleness and love, and taught her so little what was right. And now the glad, bright summer had come. Tim was very busy in the fields all day, and May was obliged to do more than her little hands knew well how to do. She got tired, and sometimes forgot that an angel mother cared for her. It was a hot day, and she was sent into the field with a pail of water; the sun poured down its hot heat, and little May felt a great pain shooting through her head; she stumbled and fell, and in the fall the pitcher was broken. Now May knew well enough that she should be punished, and she began to cry. Her friend, Tim, heard her, and ran to see what was the matter.

"Don't cry, May—never mind; come and sit under the apple-tree, and we will think what to do."

"Oh, dear, dear," said May, "I shall be whipped; I don't mind that so much, but I don't want to be shut up in the dark closet."

"Well," said Tim, "if we could only say that I broke it!"

"Yes," said May; "can we?"

"Why, you see," said Tim, "that was the cause of your breaking it, because you were bringing it to me."

"Oh, yes," said May, "so I was, wasn't I. If I had not been bringing it to you, I should not have broken it, of course."

"You sit still under the apple-tree here, while I go and finish turning the hay, and then I'll go and tell Mrs. Grimes that I was the cause of breaking the pitcher. That won't be exactly a lie, and it will save you a punishment; and when I go to town I'll buy one to take the place of this."

May felt too glad to escape a punishment, to think whether this was doing exactly right; and she felt, too, that Tim knew better than she.

The sun poured down its golden light, but May sat under the shade, and listened to the insects' hum, and looked down to the shadows of the leaves as they quivered in the breeze. Soon she began to see something beside the dancing shadows and the sun's gleams. It looked like a beautiful picture to her. The same lovely lady was before her, and she stood beside a fountain; the waters seemed golden, and, as they fell, made music like soft tinkling bells.

"Come," said the angel to May, "look down into the clear waters."

So May looked; and she began to see many wonderful things. There were Tim and Mrs. Grimes, and there was the broken pitcher. Then May saw that the water about herself, and Tim, and the pitcher, did not look clear and beautiful, but dark and troubled. While she was wondering what this meant, her mother spoke to her.

"May, do you see that? and how all that you thought is pictured on the water? Now your little spirit is like that fountain. It is full of beautiful life, but if you do that which is not right, the picture is on your spirit, just as on the fountain. I have also my fountain, which is like this golden one, and the pictures that you make on the golden waters are bright and beautiful, or dark and unlovely, just as they come from good, true acts, or from false or wrong ones. If Tim should say he broke the pitcher when he did not, yet the true picture would be written on his spirit just as you saw it in the fountain. And if you should let him tell that which is not true, it would all be on your spirit and on mine, and the waters of my golden fountain would be troubled. Does May, darling, understand?"

"Yes; I see that I make pictures by what I do; and don't Mrs. Grimes, when she whips me and is cross?"

"Yes, darling; but she cannot disturb your fountain, if you are good and truthful."

May looked again and saw many delightful pictures in the basin of the fountain. She saw how her mother had loved her and brought many beautiful flowers to her, so that they seemed like the wreaths of wild

roses that she had twined, and the fair daisies that she had bound about her hat.

"Now, May," said the angel to her, "do not forget the Golden Fountain, which is the angels' love, or disturb its beautiful waters. Mrs. Grimes has a fountain, too, which you said Tim must make clear and bright by putting beautiful pictures upon it."

When Tim had finished his hay, he came to the shade of the tree, and thought May was asleep she was so still, but she soon turned to him, and told, as well as she could, about the picture she had seen.

"Now," said Tim, "I'll tell you something. There was once a good man who loved nothing so much as to make people better. They called him Jesus; and one day he came to a beautiful spot where there was a well of water, and a woman was there, and he wanted to make her better, so he looked at her and told her all that she had done. Now you see she must have had a fountain where all the pictures were made on the water, or else how could he have known; so it must be true what the angel said to you. But I never thought that I was keeping in myself all that I ever did; I shall never forget about the golden fountain. But why didn't you ask, May, what we should do about the pitcher?"

"I wish I had," said May.

"But didn't the angel say Mrs. Grimes had a fountain that we must put beautiful things about?"

"Yes," said May; "and there's nothing looks so beautiful to her as eggs, and butter, and milk; so let's stop at the barn and hunt for eggs and carry them in, and then tell her about the pitcher."

LETTER NO. 5.

DEAR CHILDREN—How glad we all are that we can say Spring has come, although we do not feel its presence in the air, or see it in the gardens; yet we are sure it will soon show itself all over the beautiful country, and it will not forget to visit the city. It will put beautiful tints of green on the trees, and cover every untrodden spot with tender grass. I feel so sorry for the children of the poor in the city, that they cannot know the delight of hunting flowers in the meadows, and berries on the hillside, and of hearing the forest concerts given by the birds. I often wish I had a great farm, where I could send them all, and let them jump and skip in the fresh air and bright sunshine, instead of playing on the sidewalks, where they cannot see beautiful things, or hear pleasant words, or learn what is good and noble; but as I have not, I must do the best I can for them. Perhaps you would like to have me tell you something of these children that seem to be wandering the street without a home, or friends.

As I was waiting to take the stage at the corner of the street, I noticed three who were playing together. One was quietly at work trying to shovel, with a tiny shovel, some dingy snow from the walk. Another came up and pushed and scolded him, but he did not return any unkind words. The third doubled up his fist and spat upon them. They were all very small boys, and at first I felt like laughing, to see them behaving so much like some older people; but when I thought how little care they had, and what sort of men they were likely to make, I felt more like crying. I watched them a few moments, and saw the one patient and gentle, never returning evil for evil, and the second seeming to think he was master of all the world, and the third impudent and unkind; and then I spoke to them, and said:

"Now, little boys, I have been looking at you to see what sort of boys you are, and I can tell exactly. This little one is good; he does not speak cross."

"No, he doesn't," said one; "he's good."

"And you? Why, you scold all the time; and this other one does naughty things. Now do you want people to think you are bad boys, and are going to make bad men? We all love to see good boys."

They all looked at me with wondering delight, as if I had been telling them some pleasant story. Perhaps no one had ever spoken thus to them. They changed into quite pretty children, and looked as if Spring had come into their hearts. Will you try and think, when you see bad children, that perhaps they have never had any one to teach them kindness; and that in their places perhaps you would have been no better?

Your true friend,
L. M. W.

Letters Received.

H. A. W., JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS.—Thanks for your kind words concerning the Children's Department. Will give a word to you concerning your request when the spirit moves.

Answer to Charade in our last.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Answer to the Word-Puzzle.—BRADSON.

Enigma.

I am composed of 14 letters:
My 3, 1, 13 is used for conveyance.
My 6, 5, 10 is a female name.
My 11, 12, 9, 14 is what gives music its beauty.
My 3, 6, 11 is a domesticated animal.
My 3, 10, 5 is a vessel.
My 11, 4, 2 is a contraband article.
My 13, 10, 11 is a luxury in China.
My 9, 7, 11 is in every tree.
My 8, 12, 13 is a protection for both ladies and animals.

My whole you will find advertised in the columns of the BANNER.

CONTRIBUTED BY A FRIEND.

"You destroy the divine image in your soul by sadness," says the holy Capuchin friar Lombes. "God is joy. All nature rejoices in its Creator, and would you remain in a sad silence? It is joy which makes the heart love God."

St. Gregory reckons sadness—the sadness of the world, worldly sorrow—among the seven capital sins. "Sadness proceedeth from self-love; and joy from the love of God." So we read in the Meditations for the English College, at Lisbon.

What means the Church in bidding the priest to bear to mind the signs of youth? It is that she has deeply observed nature; for in youth, the most joyous season of life, men are sad as night, only from wantonness. As if they who were most capable of enjoying the rich banquet of life found a pleasure all the while in knowing that, even on such an earth as this, they are in a world of woe.—*Age of Faith.*

ON BUNKER HILL.

BY WILFRED WILLEYS.

From Boston streets the busy hum
Comes through the winter day,
And sigh the winds across the wave,
Which ripples o'er the bay;
And I, filled with a strange delight,
From Bunker Hill look down,
And ponder o'er the gallant days,
So full of high renown.

Here is the spot where stood the line,
And there where Warren fell,
And gave his life to aid the cause,
Our fathers loved so well.

And many a patriot on yon mound
His life-blood freely poured,
When hands which late the sickle waved
Were mighty with the sword.

And from the harvest-fields of grain
They joined the dance of death,
And stood for Right, a living wall,
Before the cannon's breath.

And you tall pile points out the spot
Which every heart reveres—
A lasting tribute to the dead,
Through all the rolling years.

The cannon's blast breathes out again;
The flowers of battle bloom;
Upon the might of freemen's arms,
Depends the nation's doom.

And how shall I, who stand to-day
On Bunker's honored height,
Feel aught than thoughts of brightest hope
At prospect of the fight?

For Freedom never faltered then,
But her stout falchion drew,
And, though a thousand toils beset,
Hewed her brave pathway through.

And still the patriot spirit lives,
On true New England's shore,
And sons as brave her banner bear
As were their sires before.

I read of prophecy of hope,
In each historic deed;
As did our fathers, in those days,
So shall we soon succeed.

And to our sons, in coming years,
Hand the same Freedom down,
Cleansed of its foul, degrading stain,
And gilded with renown.

And future men shall rear the pile,
Of gallant deeds to tell,
And hallow, with eternal love,
The spot where freemen fell.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

"There needs but thinking right and meaning well."—Pope. Why is the age of wrong so very long? Why does "the Good Time Coming" come so slow? Why is it not as old as Hope's blithe song? Why have we prayed five thousand years or so, and yet must wait and pray a thousand more, Ere Man can realize his best religious lore—

The Paradise of Innocence,
The Eden-land of Competence,
And Golden Age of Temperance,
Which never were of yore?

So, since writing my thirteenth paper, in which I treated of the time when we are to look for the Sun of Righteousness to rise with healing in its beams, I have often seemed to almost hear some of my readers soliloquizing. Yet the answer is so readily conceivable that I think such querying cannot be long abortive. It is plainly because mankind have never been wise and good enough to do right. Nothing prevents the Age of Virtue from evolving at once, but ignorance and depravity. These are its sole obstructions. To bring to light these lurking impediments to human progress, and to discover the readiest means and method for their removal, is what I propose in this, the last paper of my series. I may not fully succeed; but if what I am about to write shall have only the effect to turn the attention of the world's practical reformers to the same humanitarian object, I shall deem even such a result an appropriate reward for my most earnest endeavor. I begin with pondering the statement that *Man knows less of practical truth than he ignores, together with the larger subject of this*

FIRST SECTION:
THE FAILINGS OF HUMAN IGNORANCE.

It is too obvious for dispute, that there is no such thing as righteousness without intelligence—that character can never transcend the limitations of science. Without this double axiom I could not accept the saying of Jesus, that "none is good but ONE, that is God;" which signifies that the wisest of mankind, and even the oldest of God's children, have not sufficient intelligence for absolute rectitude. So none of the ancient sages claimed to be morally perfect, though some of them were godlike in reputation. Yet, if I knew when every soul would become as wise only as Socrates, I should seem to forecast the epoch of human morality. But mankind are woefully ignorant; and this is the prime cause of human delinquency. This is a truth which all deserve to know.

It is customary to magnify man's intellectual attainments in modern times, especially those of the Anglo-Saxon race, and to speak of the nineteenth century as the enlightened age of the world—as the age even of paramount intelligence; whereas it is so only in comparison with the narrower limits of human conception in past ages. By virtue of the same principle of progress whereby the people of to-day have come to be wiser than their predecessors, the savages and sages of

the most erudite nations, if seen in the transcendent light of future generations, would appear miserably ignorant and boorish. Human knowledge in its present degree is essentially imperfect. Since Truth is one, and all things in nature are inter-related, it is impossible to know anything to perfection without a just conception of all things as constituting a universal whole. This nobody has as yet acquired. What is presumed to be known of Nature is immeasurably less than the utterly unknown. All the sciences are embryonic and fragmentary. The profoundest mathematicians have an inkling of certain theorems yet to be evolved. The wisest astronomers have more to learn of the sidereal heavens than they even imagine. There are questions in geology, in chemistry, in botany, in geography, in physiology and psychology, and in every other branch of natural history, which nobody can at present answer. The name of every science, therefore, comprises something more than its record. Moreover, there are latent sciences without a name, because they are known to us only as volumes of arcanæ. In fact, we know so little of Nature, that all her operations are wrapped up in mystery. We are familiar with appearances, but we comprehend nothing. None is so sensible of this as the constant and most successful investigator. The most famous novelist of his time, whose numerous and varied writings indicate an unusual breadth of intelligence, declared that as an author he often felt an embarrassing want of information. "There is but one thing that I certainly know," said Des Cartes, "and that is, that I know nothing."

But our purported encyclopædia, incomplete and unequal to the Book of Nature as it is, has really no personal embodiment. Its lodgement is in the world's libraries; and no man has ever lived with a knowledge of every conception of truth which has been published. For nothing is properly known but what the mind demonstrates to itself; and no mind is at once sagacious and versatile enough to digest the written predicates of every department of Nature. In fact, nobody reads a tithe of the books which are within the reach of anybody; and, though in civilized communities the young are generally sent to school, hardly one in a thousand is educated to a comprehension of what is supposed to be popular science. Hence the majority of men and women imbibe a taste only for "light reading," and please their idle minds with news and nonsense. What do the masses know of the tithe round of learning which college aspirants spare their wits to acquire? Just nothing. They only marvel at it, because they do not penetrate the technicalities of scientific expression. The supposed diffusion of knowledge is, therefore, something less than moonshine. The common mind is not enlightened; it is furnished only with the commonest notions of common realities, and the most artless fictions of an untutored imagination. Bacon exposed the supposititious substance of what passed for science in his day; and comparatively few of the present generation have outgrown the mental status of their fathers, or learned so to classify their thoughts as to distinguish what they affirm of conviction from what they simply believe.

But I am not aiming to expose the ignorance of the lower classes, so much as to discover the less suspected superficialness of human learning as represented by the best scholars and ablest professors of science. "It is a significant fact that a young man may graduate with honor at any college in Christendom without acquiring a rational conception of the origin and destiny of Man. Shallow, indeed, must be one's insight of the principles of Nature, who believes that the mother of mankind was made from the 'apare rib' of a man that never had a mother. Yet such is the professed belief of all doctors of divinity, and probably of ninety-one hundredths of the teachers in our so-called secular schools and seminaries. In fact, the 'mythology of Genesis,' with all the absurd and savage tales of Jewish conceit and selfishness, is indorsed in all the learners' books, and made preliminary to the rudiments of every science. No wonder that few of those who are said to be liberally educated are really put in possession of their rational faculties. Even so large a mind as Daniel Webster famously possessed, was hardly divorced from the nursery notion of a miracle. 'It is said that once when traveling in a stage-coach he was annoyed by the presence of a fellow passenger who spoke of the theological trinity as an absurd dogma, and, feeling his inability to demonstrate this article of his own creed, that he attempted to rebuke the offensive speaker by addressing him abruptly, and in a tone of contemptuous assumption, thus: 'Young man! do you suppose that you and I can comprehend the arithmetic of Heaven?' Now, arithmetic is the primary part of mathematics, or science of number and magnitude, without the rudiments of which we could not know enough of anything to distinguish one thing from another. If there is any other arithmetic besides that of common sense and vulgar apprehension, it must relate to an unknown world to which Reason has no relation, and of which, therefore, Man can have no intelligence. Could Mr. Webster have made a plainer statement than his grave interrogation equals, that the extra rational Heaven of which he spoke was an unintelligible conceit? Yet by this term he must have meant the human world to come, of which he thus betrayed his almost utter ignorance—an ignorance no less deplorable for being fostered by his religion. Webster was endowed with a powerful intellect, which qualified him for the deepest research, and whatever he studied he was likely to understand; but his creed, because of his social position and life-long success as a statesman, either for want of time, or a disposition for religious inquiry, he never examined. As an orator and politician his character was fully equal to his reputation; as a lawyer, too, he was both sagacious and expert; but as a legislator his intelligence was neither profound nor comprehensive. This was owing to the external bias of his mind, which, through his personal organization and temperament, turned upon matters of fact, from which he always reasoned, with little or no regard to universal principles. Thus in his intellectual researches he was more scientific than wise, and his philosophy, if he had had any, would have been materialistic rather than spiritual. He was, for this reason, a man of special and partial intelligence; and what is thus affirmed of one great man, is a virtually true of all. On this topic, therefore, I proceed to remark in more general terms:

1. *Man ignores his own character and destiny.* He

has not come to a practical and effective knowledge of himself, as a spiritual, immortal, progressive and responsible being. He does not know enough of his Heavenly Father to realize the consequence of his divine relationship. Therefore, with no adequate conception of the human world to come, he grossly misconceives his own wants preparatory to a happy birth therein. He has a nonsensical notion of being born again, though all unconscious of being an angel in embryo; and when he thinks of "death" it is with no inkling of "the Son of Man." He sometimes talks incoherently of being a child of God, but he does not mean what he says—he only repeats the catechism. He does not know—he does not even believe, that God loves him in the same sense that worthy human parents love their children. He has never dreamed of a Divine Love so superhuman as to constitute every living soul a distinctive heir apparent to all the wealth of the universe—a candidate for all the bliss which universal power, wisdom and goodness can afford. On the contrary, Man deems himself a sort of bastard in creation—a probable trespasser on the exclusive domain of an august deity—the Author of the Universe, whose infinite displeasure one is ever in danger of exciting to the end of being pushed off the precipice of annihilation, or hurled wrathfully into the abyss of endless misery. This conceit is distinguishable from human ignorance only as one of its natural products. Its only legitimate effect is to make mankind "all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death"—no, not death, but this terrible conceit of ignorance as to what follows it.

2. *Man ignores the principle of retribution.* The people of Christendom generally believe, what has been dogmatically maintained by the priests and hierophants of all ages, that the moral delinquencies of mankind are punished arbitrarily according to the will and discretion of the popular deity, who may be induced, upon certain mystical terms, to pardon his offenders and deliver them from the one grand penalty of wickedness, which is the only issue of his unappeased wrath; that is, perdition. The conditions of this alleged remission of sins are variously expressed by the rituals of all religions, which demonstrates the almost universal acceptance of its principle, as the readiest subterfuge of guilty ignorance. For it is impossible to conceive a motive for resorting to this false method of salvation with a truthful conception of the character of God and the attributes of Human Nature; since to know our Heavenly Father is to be assured that He rules all His children with a wise reference to their immediate and everlasting happiness; and to know Man as a child of God through Nature, is to be convinced that no soul can possibly evade or avert the natural pains and corrective penalties of human error and wrong.

3. *Man ignores the ways and means of happiness.* He has but an imperfect and unsteady conception even of his temporal and earthly conditions. He seeks, indeed, but only partially finds, *HEALTH, COMFORT, AND SOCIAL HARMONY*; because the means of procuring these constituents of human welfare are to be revealed by Wisdom, for lack of which mankind generally fall of the substance of their natural wants, and are correspondingly wretched. Here the thought of human ignorance troubles again by expansion.

1. *Man knows not how to avoid disease.* He makes a costly effort to this end, but his constant failure proves that his endeavors are not guided by intelligence. The experiment of doctoring has been tried for ages, with no real success as to the radical cure of disease. In spite of the vaunted healing art, maladies of the flesh are constantly multiplying, with new phases of mortal virulence. And, strange to say, this fact only enlarges the business of the medical profession, without seeming to diminish its popularity. The votaries of medication are not more persistently foolish, however, than originally crazed by the presumption that poisonous drugs, such as would certainly morbidize the healthy, are fit to restore the sick. Nothing but gross ignorance of hygienic cause and effect could have commended the conceit when first disclosed, or preserved it so long from contempt. This whimsy of Paracelsus is generally countenanced to-day; and after the brow-beating of experience for several thousand years, mankind are just beginning to consider the careless saying of a respected poet, that "Health consists with Temperance alone;" though nobody as yet can specify all the unwritten laws of appetite which this ideal part of Virtue embraces.

2. *Man knows not how to escape the contingency and dread of poverty.* There has never as yet been a day on Earth when all the human family have had enough to eat. Though the wants of mankind are now more generally supplied than ever before, many are homeless still. Some, albeit, are cloyed with luxury, while others pray in vain for their daily bread. But few are blest with the measured gifts of Nature, because they ask for more. When more is found, still more is craved, and never a pampered soul is satisfied. Besides, there is a world of care in superfluity. Earthly treasures never stay unkept; and there is no security for hoarded wealth in a community where many toll for others' affluence as well as their own support, which is too plainly wrongful for any to do willingly, and which all seek to avoid by every practicable means. In this consists the principal motive to crime, especially to theft, robbery, iniquitous speculation in traffic and cheating in every useful craft, as well as to gambling, juggling and specious fabrications, and even to that "sum of all villainies," slavery. The richness of these various crimes all over the world, makes it hard for anybody to get a living, even when that means less than a competence. But the precariousness of wealth caused by this social predicament, naturally instigates every prudent mind to aim at a surplus, as the likeliest safeguard of sufficiency. This is, perhaps, the only rational excuse for covetousness, which is the soul of monopoly and all its reactionary forms of antagonism. For it is the general scramble for abundance, together with the aristocratic desire and moneyed tact to live without labor, which makes poverty possible; and this will continue so long as money is the conventional medium of wealth. It is so for the present only as a temporary expedient of selfishness, being very uncertain in its application to the ends of self-love. Money, therefore, will be discarded as soon as mankind are wise enough to seek only a competence, which, indeed, is all that any can enjoy, and to seek it for all as the condition of security to each; and the world will be rid of poverty when everybody goes to work, and works in the light of this truth. Does anybody know how to persuade the laots of society to take this poor man's way to wealth?

3. *Man knows not how to avert the wrongs of society, because he ignores the spring of social discord.* The evidence of this is threefold, and may be denominated with reference to its distinctive sources, *political, ecclesiastical and educative.* These are—
1. The dolings of state governments;
2. The dolings of Christian sects; and
3. The schools of juvenile instruction and discipline.

Here are three classes of civil institutions, which, though ostensibly disconnected in aim as well as means, are not only contemporaneous in utility and purpose, but really so many methods of reaching a virtually given end—that of making good citizens. But I proceed to note wherein these approved institutions, adapted as they are to the gradual development of Human Nature, have constantly disappointed their expectant supporters for thousands of years.

1. *The State has failed to govern the world;* that is, to enforce justice by means of arbitrary penalties for wrong-doing. To establish justice has always been the paramount aim of legislators; while the most striking motive of law-abiding citizens may have been personal

security. That neither of these ends has ever been fully reached, does not imply, however, that the machinery of political power is useless. Probably the polity of every nation is the most practical for the time it obtains, being effective of social order in the best sense that a heterogeneous community can realize. But the history of politics demonstrates that good morals are no certain effect of legislation; the history of anarchy in the intervals of government also furnishes convincing evidence that the judicial method of dealing with criminals is the only immediately feasible one; and both these inductions conspire to enforce the conclusion that morals follow motives which legislation does not deeply concern—that the ideal of compulsory justice is illusory; and therefore that we have already seen the best state of society that can consist with a perpetuation of immoral characters. The question, how to avert the wrongs of society, is therefore resolved into the more intricate problem, how to be rid of wrong-doers. But before anybody had reasoned so far as this, another method of treating the unruly was projected, and actually put in practice, concerning which it is no marvel that—

2. *The Church has failed to convert the world;* that is, to scare mankind into an unwilling constraint of lawless appetites and passions, in view of a supernatural judgment to come. The ecclesiastical system of religious suasion is essentially and expressly this; though probably no believer has ever accepted it in these terms. Doubtless the majority of churchmen have cherished an honest faith in the divine agency and ultimate success of their cause; and when they have prayed God that His Kingdom might come and His will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven, it has been with the presumption that this is possible only as the fruit of a mystical change in the hearts of mankind, in consequence of a voluntary acceptance of His "appointed means of grace"—that is, the churchly ordinances. This mysterious method of making good citizens after a rude model, was of course somewhat effective in the old times of ignorance, when credulity and superstition were its popular advocates; but since the dawn of natural science and the comparative enlightenment of the human mind, many are beginning to penetrate the mystery of godliness instead of being overwhelmed by it, old believers are astonished at the rarity of its novel subjects, and the world's miraculous conversion has been indefinitely postponed. But a more rational method of bringing mankind into harmony with each other, has latterly been devised and is now being tested, whereof I remark—

3. *The School has failed to educate mankind;* that is, by means of culture and science, to induce voluntary morality. I hesitate not to pronounce this the only true method of making good citizens. The reason of its failure hitherto is twofold. In the first place, it has not been universally and thoroughly applied to all departments of human nature, in any stage of human development. Educators have employed instruction more than discipline, and more attention has been paid to intellect than to the appetites, passions, and consequent habits of pupils. Physiology, for example, has been taught didactically rather than practically, and moral teachings have not been duly actualized; that is, disciples have not been made to feel what they have learned. In communicating physical science the senses are appealed to by means of models, cabinets and phenomenal experiments; and in imparting a knowledge of mathematics the learner is sent home to his own brain for the solution of problems and the elucidation of abstract propositions. On the contrary, in teaching the laws of health, the sole object of which is to form a healthful character, it has been supposed to be all-sufficient to give the learner a knowledge of the human constitution, by means of text books, a phrenological head, a skeleton, manikin, etc., with perhaps some written examples of good-living, without even inquiring as to what use is made of this meant-to-be-useful intelligence.

In the second place, the principle of culture has not been applied early enough in the life of individuals. It is only after birth that educators have piled their art, whereas, the order of organic development prior thereto is more consequential, and therefore more expressly demands the oversight of wisdom, than any later stage of life. That it is possible so to conduct the parentive agencies, if parents be duly qualified by intelligence and virtue, as to effectuate a normal formation of character, such as will require no subsequent reformation, is a truth which has been generally ignored, and which anthropologists have but recently discovered. The backneyed saying of Pope—

"The education forms the common mind," has been repeated with a slight penetration of its grammatical predicate; and the expressive symbolism which completes his significant couplet—

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," has never seemed to suggest the whole truth as to the scope of the principle which he meant to elucidate; since it does not note the coincident fact that saplings spring from germs. Therefore be it further observed, that

The oak is what an acorn came to be;
Care of the germ is care for twig and tree.

But of this matter I shall write more largely hereafter. To conclude the shorter subject of this section, suffice it to say, that conduct is the expression of character. Good citizens, therefore, are the elements of a good society. Before anybody can escape all liability to disease, the contingency and dread of poverty, and the perils of social discord, everybody must be well-born and well-bred, to the end of self-support and self-government. The sequel will be universal and uninterrupted health, competence and social harmony. Thus it appears that all the fallings of ignorance are fathered by the lurking fact that parents know not how to beget worthy children. When all the sciences pertaining to human development are perfected, and the art of pre-natal culture is popularized, Heaven will be found on Earth.

January 1, 1864.

PSYCHOMETRY.

The writer of this article has for many years made this branch of psychology his special study. He would beg leave to present to the readers of the BANNER some of his thoughts.

The human soul is capable of extraordinary mental developments, the peculiarities of which have not been entirely understood. As yet, psychometry is not admitted among the exact sciences, for the reason it has not been brought properly before the public mind. Too much frivolity, too much indiscretion, and too little love of the utility of the subject, have brought its finer sensibilities into disrepute. But psychometry, properly viewed, is one of the most extraordinary of all sciences. It is the key to many mysteries, as well as the histories of past occurrences which, for want of explanation, have been regarded as the vagaries of deluding men. The discoveries of Reichenbeck demonstrate the existence of a radiating principle from the material and the animal world, a confirmation of Mesmer, before him. On the footsteps of these, Buchanan illustrates more minutely the hidden veins. But as yet we have had no practical exemplification of the absolute and tangible results.

Who has come forth and explained the affair Lyons, by repeating the same extraordinary power in the discovery of crime? Or, who has demonstrated to the civil courts of our land the power of psychometry in ferreting out the guilty consciences of men? The power of the human soul can do this. All it wants is development. In its infantile state, as it now is, it will, with proper cultivation, become more potent in its use than electricity. Psychometry is a developed

condition of the human brain, by which the immortal spirit can rise above other minds, can see and feel and live in other spheres. It is of course regulated in its capacity as other imperponderables, diminished or aggregated; the principles of which will be laid before the readers of the BANNER in due time.

In the city of Cincinnati resides a lady of very extraordinary psychometric development, whose name the writer has not permission to make public; but he will endeavor to illustrate the uses and abuses of this power of the soul, and give some of the results of sittings by her, with the hope of calling attention to the subject, and the desire of especially benefiting humanity.

I. H. II.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 27, 1864.

THE GREAT STORM IN THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY O. H. CONGAR.

Scarcely had my papers entitled "The Mutations of the Seasons," appeared in print, than one of the severest storms that was ever experienced by man, suddenly burst upon and spread its white pall over certain portions of the continent, cutting down man and beast, who, from necessity or intrepidity, were unhappily exposed to its merciless and furious blasts. I desire, therefore, to offer a few remarks in explanation of this seeming anomaly.

In the study of meteorological phenomena, and the application of their laws to limited portions of the globe, it is always advisable to speak of their effects qualitatively, and with especial reference to local causes of disturbance; as mountain-chains, valleys, bodies of water, properties of the soil, timber, and not least, impediments (if any) to a free circulation of the atmosphere. In those papers I did not attempt to localize or explain the effect of forces specially inducing local meteorological disturbances; but spoke of them in more general terms, as in certain alternating, recurring periods, a cosmical phenomenon in temperature would be apparent. Not that certain localities might not be subject to all the vicissitudes natural to it. Hence, that some who chanced to escape the great elliptical storm of the 31st of Dec., may consider those papers as an index of the weather for the present and future, I deem it proper, at this time, to present a few indications of some of the causes that gave rise to it. Let, then, the great storm above spoken of, ever be remembered as eminently that of the Mississippi Valley, for a circumscription confines it to that locality. But simply to say that it was a phenomenon of the great Mississippi Valley, may be too indefinite for the general reader; therefore I will carefully trace out, by latitude and longitude, the lines within which it oscillated and spent its indomitable fury. By careful investigation, its lightning effect has been found to have been most keenly felt within the lines of an ellipse, moving obliquely in an east of south and west of north direction across the longitudes, from about eight to thirty north, and latitudes from about thirty-four to sixty north; its vortex first being defined near the intersection of longitude twenty-five west, and latitude forty-three north. This is determined mainly by the direction of the wind during its inception and prevalence. It was of short duration, however, at that point, for soon its oscillating motion commenced longitudinally, and slowly passed up its then greater axis—the Missouri river, and beyond into the British possessions, to about the fiftieth parallel of north latitude. After reaching this northern point, its retrograde movement was more furious and destructive than its advance, scarcely receiving a check until far into the Gulf States. By saying, in addition to the above, that its circular motion, as usual with such storm clouds, was with the sun, I very briefly indicate its general course, without further repetition.

With but a limited knowledge of meteorological laws,—those governing atmospheric circulation in particular—and scarcely more of chemical forces, the general reader would have little difficulty in fully understanding the causes of certain meteorological phenomena, when treated of in general terms. But, as comparatively little attention has ever been given to meteorological or chemical science, it is expected that misapprehensions and misunderstandings of a new theory, however substantially based upon natural law, will arise. It is with this feeling that I make the attempt to explain and render as clear as time and space will permit in this paper; to the reader, the cause of the ever-to-be-remembered storm of the West. I need not, however, occupy more space here in speaking of the circulation of the atmosphere, for it has already been sufficiently discussed in the two former papers, for my present purpose, and I think, also, for that of the reader. Then, I lay the foundation of the great storm cloud of December 31st, in the tropical and intertropical current of air that was slowly wending its way polewards, at an unusual elevation, fully saturated with moisture sucked up from the intertropical waters.

This great atmospheric current, thus loaded down, meeting no counter condensing current of air until reaching high latitudes, suddenly becomes condensed, and parts with its moisture in the form of rain, hail and snow. This is common to all winter storms in these latitudes. But one peculiar feature of the storm cloud under consideration, is its mammoth size—the immense area that it spread over being scarcely less than two thousand miles in its greatest or longitudinal diameter, and from twelve to fifteen hundred in its lesser or latitudinal diameter. This it is that forms its striking feature. And with this knowledge of its size, location and courses, it becomes less difficult to account for the sudden and great transition of temperature so remarkable during its prevalence. For had not this storm-cloud spread itself over so many consecutive latitudes and longitudes, and a part of which so high, the great change of temperature could not, so suddenly, have obtained. As without such an immense and dense envelope, penetrating too near the Arctic Circle, the conditions would not have been favorable. As the main condition necessary, is the high latitude to which such saturated currents of air can reach before becoming condensed, and, also, the size of the cloud formed. Having this knowledge, it is easily perceived how such a dense mass of vapor would act as a cleaver to the equatorial electro-rotary current. It becomes, as it were, split in two; the inferior portion skimming over the under surface of the cloud-belt, throughout its entire length and breadth, for it is, by it, wedged in between it and the surface of the earth, and finds no outlet but at its edges. Hence the great extent of the extreme cold weather during this particular storm. The upper portion of this divided current of cold air passes over in its natural channel.

Had not this storm-cloud penetrated and divided the polar current of air flowing equatorially, as a surface current, and been of such gigantic proportions, no such remarkable perturbations of temperature would have been observed. In this connection, however, we must not neglect to estimate the proper value of the hygroscopic condition of the atmosphere, in rendering a true account of the peculiar piercing and withering sensation of the cold during this period. For it is a well established fact that a still, dry atmosphere, fifty degrees below zero, is much less hazardous to life or limb than a moist atmosphere of thirty degrees below zero. This, Dr. Kane and Sir John Richardson fully attest.

The average temperature, before and since the first twelve days of January, of the present year, throughout the region above mentioned, was, and is, unusually high for the winter months. Yet there has been more than the usual quota of snow. This I should have anticipated in my former articles, as likely to oc-

cur during the magnetic period. And one reason why this may be expected, I have already mentioned above; and that is, the poleward, saturated currents of air do not meet a condensing medium in the great Mississippi Valley, until within the temperate latitudes, during the magnetic period, or series of mild seasons.

This rule will apply, in a measure, however, to all parts of the globe, but not so forcibly as to this particular region. During the electrical period, no such phenomena may be expected, on account of the cold currents of air becoming so elevated in temperature, by penetrating the temperate latitudes before rising into the superior channels of circulation, that their condensing power is thereby very much lessened; hence less stormy weather in those latitudes during the winter months may be expected; but much clear, cold weather, particularly in the great valleys of the West. The extreme cold days of January, throughout the West, may then justly be attributed to that mammoth storm-cloud which covered that portion of North America denominated the Mississippi Valley, causing a temporary disturbance of the atmospherical circulation of about twelve days, after which a normal condition gradually assumed, and to this date has suffered no change.

To speak of the chemical changes that are rapidly taking place in the elements of the atmosphere, during such disturbances, would require too much space here, and would also be better understood in a separate article. Hence I omit it entirely for the present. Hoping these brief outlines may awaken some little interest in meteorological science, I remain, as ever, a student of the same.

Whitewater, Wis., Feb. 15, 1864.

THE SUBJECT OF MATERNITY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

In answer to friend Barry's letter to me on this momentous subject, I will say, in apology for not replying to it before, that change of place, and many intervening cares have prevented me from so doing. That my humble efforts in this direction are appreciated, brings to my soul the joy of gratitude. I would I had the eloquence of some persuasive angel, that I might induce men and women to turn forever from the grossness that enslaves their souls, and give to the world offspring that are its bane and curse.

Our marriage laws, like many other crude ordinances of the present, are defective; for they do not award to woman the inalienable right of liberty of person. The spirit of tyranny and oppression yet rules in our semi-Republican land; for even Northern hearts are filled with the love of slavery, else would our armies have been victorious before this. Not until a nation is fully possessed with the spirit of righteous liberty, that would bestow equal rights upon all, irrespective of sex or color, is that nation worthy of success—of the admiration and emulation of the world.

But not in the abolition of the form or institution of marriage is the great evil of legalized licentiousness and enforced maternity to be swept away. As men and women are filled with inherited evils, they would rush into still wilder excesses, and add still more to the miserable, sorrowful, animal-in-human-shape population. What this age needs is MORAL RESTRAINT; appeals to the reason, the higher faculties; plain statements of the deplorable results to soul and body of unrestrained passions; a vivid, truthful portrayal of the sufferings, physical and mental distortions, unloving paternity and enforced motherhood brings upon the children. Instruct the people in the love of purity, and tell them of the serene Heaven—of its unending joys. Tell them of the terrible self-evoked hell that is the portion of those who disobey the Divine injunction, given, not alone to Moses on the Mount, but to all human hearts in the sacred relations of life—"Thou shalt not commit adultery!"

Tear off boldly the screening folds of mincing fashionable modesty, and dare to speak in no evasive terms of the glaring, monstrous evil that brings forth war, oppression, slavery, ten thousand dire diseases, and a host of mental disturbances. For children conceived in lust, and freighted with the ante-natal repulsion, grief, and often murderous desires of the mother's heart, come into the world with distorted spirits, filled with tyrannical impulses, with hatred and rapacious yearnings of retaliation. They become our blood-thirsty war-men; our belligerent women; our jail-birds, and candidates for the gallows. The children of pure love, welcomed and designed maternity, would never curse humanity with the commission of crime. Not in the likeness of the loving God, but in the semblance of inferior desires, are many, many children born. Nature, the supreme avenger, enstamps your offspring with your own conditions. A frightful mirror of their own worst selves are, too often, the dreaded children that grow up to torture the ignorant and sinful parents. Therefore let us entreat the fathers and the mothers to listen patiently when this great truth is touched upon. Let no false shame deter all true men and women from investigation and reform; for if we would abolish war and slavery, and all the attendant wrongs of an inharmonious state of society, we must go to the very foundation, and eradicate the one great evil from which all others spring. The unborn babe has a sacred right to demand the pure and holy conditions of angelhood.

We would ever have a sacred marriage bond, that needs no ratification by ordained priest or prelate, but an open avowal to the world; in the presence of a few chosen friends, that two loving hearts are willing to unite their hands in the solemn pledge of an eternal fidelity. And let none make this holy compact, unless fully assured that they are mated for this life and eternity. Let all false marriage bonds be sundered, as in truth they are in the sight of God and angels. May the teachings of this stormy war-period of retribution awaken the people to a knowledge of its secret sins, to a timely expiation, and a better course for the future.

With thanks for your remarks in favor of my imperfectly rendered views of so great a theme, I am, friend Barry, yours for Truth and Purity.

Laurel, Ill.

Soul Growth.

Austin Kent, writing from East Stockholm, N. Y., says:

"I am particularly interested in that part of your paper, Dr. Child's sayings. But I do not fully understand him when he says suffering is an evidence of soul growth. I had supposed that health was the best condition of growth. I would ask Dr. Child, or some spiritual philosopher, why the faces apparently hurry the growth of one soul, and leave another to grow so tardily?"

DR. CHILD'S REPLY.

Earthly shackles must fall off from every soul some time—the network of earthly love that at first covers the soul must be detached when the soul needs this covering no longer, when the soul has gained a spiritual manhood that supercedes the need of this earthly covering. And these earthly affections are torn, cut or slough away from the soul by the soul's spiritual rulings; and this process of tearing, cutting or sloughing of the earthly affection from the soul, is only made apparent to earthly eyes by the phenomena of suffering, pain and agony. Therefore it may be said of those who early suffer most have lost the love of earth the soonest by the storm demands of the development of unseen spiritual love, by the omnipotent demands of wisdom that rule all little as well as great things.

The development of each soul is spontaneous. One blossomed in a new love yesterday, and one blossom-

in a new love to-day, and another to-morrow. Each soul is advancing in its own development in its time and in its place. Earlier and later is only earthly—not spiritual. The bud of immortality that unfolded yesterday is beautiful; so is the one that unfolds to-day, and to-morrow the same. All are beautiful, all are lovely.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SNOW.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

Beautiful snow!—born above,
Sent to earth on a mission of love;
Seeming spirits crowned with light,
Dressed in robes of purest white,
Coming down on the wings of the storm—
Filling the air with their stately forms,
Where'er its winding pathway leads,
Scattering love and gentle deeds—
Beautiful snow, beautiful snow!
Angels dress like the beautiful snow!

Beautiful snow, beautiful snow!
Filling the air and the earth below;
Hiding the path through wood and glen—
Falling down on the heads of men—
Clasping hands with the birch and larch,
Over the road like a coral arch!
Whirling, twirling over the ridge,
Spanning the stream with a fairy bridge;
Piling its treasures under the walls,
Throwing a drapery over the falls,
Kissing the eddies down below—
Oh, I wish I was pure, like the beautiful snow!

Coming to earth—silent as death—
Light and soft as an angel's breath!
Leaving its finger-prints on the latoh,
Covering the roof with a velvet thatoh;
Gently tapping the window panes,
Reeling the fence with its long white skeins;
Curb and woodpile, sled and cart,
Have vanished all by its magic art;
Playing hide in a game below—
Under the hills of the beautiful snow!

Beautiful snow, by God refined—
A great white thought from the fount Divine!
Saying to every child of sin,
Open your hearts and take me in!
Sallying, dallying, floating about,
Through every street in the bow town;
Covering the graves of the loved and lost,
Hanging a wreath on the arms of the cross;
Emblems of purity, guarding below
The sleepers under the beautiful snow!
Once I was pure, like the beautiful snow,
Once the lilies would bud and blow,
Filling my soul with a fragrance sweet,
Bowing my heart at my Saviour's feet;
Trusting I went to my Father in prayer,
Wanting a comforter—finding it there!
Now I am living in sorrow and strife,
Feeding my soul on the follies of life—
Faithless and cheerless, I wander alone,
Trusting to earth for a heavenly home!
Oh, that the lilies would bud and blow,
That I was as pure as the beautiful snow!
Thatchwood Cottage, 1864.

JOSEPH HOAG'S VISION.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

In former articles I have given extracts from Joseph Hoag's journal, and in this, the concluding article, I shall give further extracts, together with his celebrated vision.

At one time he had been to New York to attend a Yearly Meeting. He went to West Chester, and he says, "Having spent all my pocket-money, I concluded I must go home with my prospect unfinished. At evening a Friend came in where I was, who took me by the hand, and left a ten-dollar-bill with me, saying, 'Take it, thou hast need of it,' and went out. I knew I had not told any one my situation, and all excuse being out of the way, I had to give up, and finish my visit." This evidently shows the controlling power of an unseen intelligence, which Joseph would attribute to the direct agency of the Deity. The Spiritualist will more rationally dispose of it.

"When on Long Island, after having several meetings with Friends, I felt forcibly arrested to have several meetings with those not of our society. This prospect was not favored by the Hokes; though they did not forbid it, they held back, so that I could get no company or assistance. I concluded that it was in vain to run against wind and tide, so I turned my attention for home, and rode to Danby, more than two hundred miles, and there was taken very sick, confined, I think, nearly three days, and thought of calling on a doctor; but my Master told me if I would go back through Connecticut, and pay up the arrearage of the other visit there, and go on Long Island, and do His will, He would cure me without a doctor. I thought of it awhile, and promised my Master if he would go with me, and show me plainly what he wanted, I would go, if it was through fire and water. In a few hours I was well, and able to ride."

At another time, and at another place, he found that the people were accusing an innocent woman of seducing and using money that did not belong to her. He told them that she was innocent, which afterwards proved to be the case.

JOSEPH HOAG'S VISION.

"In the year 1803, probably in the eighth or ninth month (August or September), I was one day alone in the fields, and observed that the sun shone clear, but that a mist eclipsed the brightness of its shining."

As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into a silence, the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed, for it seemed as if all my faculties were laid low, and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself, 'What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings.' And I heard a voice from heaven say, 'This that thou seest, which dims the brightness of the sun, is a sign of the present and coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I planted them here among the people of the forest. I sustained them, and while they were humble, I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people; but they have now become proud and lifted up, and have forgotten me, who nourished and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and I have taken quietude from the land, and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes, and behold!'

And I saw them dividing in great heat. This division began in the Church upon points of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian Society, and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close, its effect was nearly the same; those who disented, went off with high heads and taunting language; and those who kept to their organized sentiments, appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when this dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends, it raged in as high a degree as any I had before discovered; and as before, those who separated, went with lofty looks and taunting, censuring language; those who kept to their ancient principles, retired by themselves.

It next appeared in the Lodges of the Free Masons, and it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inas-

much as it set the country in an uproar for a length of time. Then it entered politics throughout the United States, and did not stop until it produced a civil war, and an abundance of human blood was shed in the course of the combat. The Southern States lost their power, and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchial power arose—took the Government of the States—established a national religion, and made all societies tributary, to support its expenses. I saw them take property from the Friends to a large amount. I was amazed at beholding all this, and heard a voice proclaim, "This Power shall not always stand, but with this Power I will chastise my Church, until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Then see what is coming on thy native land for their iniquity and the blood of Africa, the remembrance of which has come up before me. This vision is yet for many days."

I had no idea of writing it down for many years, until it became such a burden, that, for my own relief, I have written it.

I do not suppose that the writer means that when the dividing spirit entered the Church, it went completely through it before it entered other things. Besides what I have transcribed, there are many other things that might interest at least a part of my readers—all which I have given, and many more things will be found recorded in Joseph Hoag's Journal, published by the Society of Friends.

THE RETURNED VETERANS.

We believe all the Massachusetts three years' regiments have been reformed for the war, and so have nearly all the New England regiments, as well as most of those of the Middle and Western States. Already the number of returned veterans amount to over one hundred thousand, making a more effective army in the field than would three times that number of raw recruits. Some of these brave regiments are now home on a furlough, while many others whose time was up, have promptly returned to the army. FANK BENJAMIN pays the following deserved tribute to these noble patriots:

I saw the soldiers come to-day,
From battle field afar;
No conqueror rode before their way,
On his triumphal car;
But captains, like themselves, on foot,
And banners sadly torn,
All grandly eloquent, though mute,
In pride and glory borne.

Those banners, soiled with dirt and smoke,
And rent by shot and shell;
That through the scented phalanx broke—
What terrors they could tell!
What tales of sudden pain and death
In every cannon's boom,
When even the bravest held his breath
And waited for his doom.

By hands of steel those flags were waved
Above the carnage dire,
Almost destroyed, yet always saved,
Mid battle clouds and fire,
Though down at times, still up they rose
And kissed the breeze again,
Dread tokens to the rebel foes
And true and loyal men.

And here the true and loyal still
Those famous banners bear;
The bugles wind, the files blow shrill,
And clash the cymbals, where
With decorated ranks they come,
And through the crowded streets
March to the beating of the drum,
With firm though weary feet.

God bless the soldiers! cry the folk
Whose cheers of welcome swell;
God bless the banners, black with smoke
And torn by shot and shell!
They should be hung on sacred shrines,
Baptized with grateful tears,
And live embalmed in poetry's lines,
Through all succeeding years.

No grander trophies could be brought
From patriot fire to son,
O glorious battles nobly fought,
Brave deeds sublimely done,
To-day, tears chased down with pride
And solemn joy to see
Those remnants from the bloody tide
Of victory!

Correspondence.

"I See."
This little sentence, so expressive, was, on the 5th inst., the last earthly testimony of my departed friend, Mrs. Angeline M. Snyder, of Prescott, Wisconsin.

A few years ago, she was an influential member of the Congregational Church. Like the bird that would break its shell for a new birth—like the river that would melt its wintry fetters, she sought religious freedom. On investigation she discovered that the unnatural dogmas of a personal deity, a literal endless hell, and a vicarious atonement, were dark, heathenish monstrosities. Openly discarding them, and avowing her conversion to a better faith in her usual simplicity of spirit, hoping thereby to lead others into the joy she had found, what was her painful surprise to realize that the Church frowned upon her as infidel to the Truth! They could not impeach her life—that was purely Christian; but she believed in the Father of Love, in universal holiness and happiness, in ever-present inspiration, in the blessed ministry of angels. Was not such fiery enough to merit inquisitorial torture and endless damnation? So they cast her out of the synagogue, and branded her as accursed of God!

She rejoiced in her emancipation, but felt sorrowful that her former friends would not understand her, but would cling to their blindness, as did their ancient brethren: "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life." Was she alone? Humbler, truer friends circled round her; holy angels came and envied her in the glories of heaven. Thus related, she grew in the beautiful graces of Christian spirituality. The Scriptures had for her an inner sense most attractive of all books. Nature had for her a fresh inspirational revelation. In Jesus she saw and felt a demonstration of the power of golly love, which, through severe trial, wrought in her "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." She heard entranced voices, that spoke of immortality and heavenly beatitude. In spiritual communion, oft uttered in prayer, whose every cadence there seemed a word from God, she caught new glimpses of the "Summer Land," and thus, awakened new springs of fortitude to endure with patience great physical suffering and persecution. Under the serene consciousness of angel-guardianship, the testimony of her faith, revealed in her spotless example, vanquished her enemies, till at length "every man went into his own house," as if to say, "We cannot resist a burning light so convicting to our hearts!"

During the close of her rudimental life, she engaged much in prayer. Looking across to the other side, she exclaimed, "How wide is the river?" A long, smothering disease partially darkened her spiritual vision, producing a feeling like that of Jesus on the cross: "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" But all this was only the overshadowing, cloudy transfiguration on the Mount of the spirit's new birth. That cloud broke, and the ineffable light streamed in, and, just as the heart began to pale into gloom, she looked up and said, "I see!" and the angels took home their victorious sister.

The spiritual friends of that noble woman were grieved to hear her fondly cherished views misinterpreted on the funeral occasion. The officiating clergyman, an Orthodox, stated that she had selected him to perform the solemn service. Being also informed of her desires for prayer during her sickness, he put

these two facts together, and so inferred that her only hope, after all, rested in a vicarious atonement! Therefore, he was willing to assure us that her soul might be safe! Oh, cruel Secularism! thy sting is more bitter than death! Beholding her beautiful life and death, though outside of the Church! thou wouldst claim the honor of that shining mark, and wouldst make it appear that she, whom thou didst persecute, regretted in the last hour she had ever entertained opinions adverse from thy enslaving creed!

Let the facts be told before an honest public. Her own minister, who had been instrumental in her freedom from creedal bondage, resided at a distance. In him she had found a trusty friend and spiritual guide. To all her friends she had said repeatedly, that he was her first choice to administer the life-giving consolations of the heavenly gospel. In case of his non-arrival, she was willing the Orthodox clergyman above-mentioned should officiate. Had the relatives heeded her dying request, her first chosen minister, who was present, would have esteemed it a great privilege and duty to give the reason of her hope, and portray the glory and power of her saving faith, so all-sustaining during the calm hour of departure. He could have shown, too, that her demand for prayer was in harmony with her custom when called to trial. Like Jesus in Gethsemane, she asked that the cup might pass; "nevertheless," she said, "thy will, oh God, be done!"

The truth of thy testimony is vindicated; rest thee, then, dear angel friend!—rest thee in the bosom of heaven; where our heart now pulses in divine love. Return when a mission of mercy is ordered by the All-Father, to baptize us in "the pure river of the water of life." Thy happy religious views, so misrepresented by those who would chain thy mind even when it was free from its earthly casement, we will collate in sweet memories, write them indelibly upon our soul, and read thereby how holy and blessed is the life of charity! A FRIEND.

San Clara, Wis., Feb. 8, 1864.

Letter from Mrs. Helen Matthews.

Will you permit me, Mr. Editor, to send a letter upon the folds of your beautiful BANNER, to some of my friends who inquire: "Where are you, dear friend, and what are you doing that we do not hear from you?" In reply I would say: Your humble friend is still moving about in the frail, care-worn tenement, while the spirit is sad and lonely, and tears will flow some times because one upon whose mind we leaned for aid has passed from our earthly sight. If it were not for our bright faith in spirit communion, the world would be dark. I have passed the most of the winter in Vermont. My unseen guides have been trying to diffuse some light through my poor organism by lectures, communications and tests, as required by those who are seeking for spiritual knowledge. By request I attended the Vermont Quarterly Convention held at Bridgewater. Captain O. H. Roundy and his excellent lady very kindly gave us a seat in their "snow canoe," (as my Indian guide says) while their beautiful horse "Black Hawk" paddled us over the hills and through the valleys, landing us safely at Dr. Wiley's, where we found a good home (all free) during the Convention. I shall never forget our pleasant visit with this excellent family and the Doctor's sister from Ludlow, Vt.; also their warm appreciation of the communications given by their friends in spirit land, through your humble friend, and our worthy co-worker, Mrs. Roundy. We had a good meeting, notwithstanding the extreme cold weather; my sad spirit was made glad by the cheering smiles and sympathetic words given by the friends we met there a year ago.

I need not tell you that we missed our dear Woodbury, who was with us then in the feeble form. But the gentle spirit was there, for I heard him whisper, "Be of good cheer, Helen, I am with you still." Kind friends, do you know how glad you made me by the "greenbacks" you put in my hand? and do you know you are all mediums? I should be glad to meet the stranger lady who put two dollars in my hand as she passed me in the crowd. My soul blesses her and so do the angels. On our way home, we visited our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, of Reading. We received a warm welcome, which was very pleasant after a long ride in the cold. While we warmed our benumbed hands by their cheerful fire, they warmed our hearts with their genial influence and substantial fare. I shall never forget their sweet little girl as she looked in my face with those bright, spiritual eyes, and said, "I love you, lady." I took her in my arms and blessed the angel-child for her sweet words, which humanity needs so much, while my thoughts went out to my own dear child, who weeps and says, "My dear papa has gone to live in the spirit land." We also visited Mr. and Mrs. Works; they are earnest workers for our noble cause. We received words of encouragement from them, a ray of cheerfulness from their good mother, and warm kisses from their affectionate daughter.

I would say to our good friends, Mrs. Page and Mary Woods, I am very sorry there was a misunderstanding respecting our visit to your place; I expected to meet you at your brother's home. I trust you will forgive our seeming neglect. I have not forgotten our pleasant visit at your home a year ago, and your kindness to my invalid husband. I hope I may meet you again.

Since the Convention I have given lectures in Barre, Vermont, Langdon and Charlestown, N. H. I passed a week in Charlestown very pleasantly with my very dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who are trying to have the light of spirit-communion shine upon the hills in their vicinity, by having a lecture now and then, and lending the BANNER OF LIGHT to their skeptical neighbors, who would hardly dare look at a medium. Charlestown is a hard place for a medium, for at present there are only a few who will listen to the voice of Spiritualism of this age; but some one must open the way and carry the light to those places. I am now at home again with my kind friend and earnest advocate of Spiritualism, Mrs. D. Clark, and my dear mother, darling Etta, and sister Barbara Allen, who is spending the winter with us. The dear spirit-boy, "Coco," (well known by some of the friends in Boston,) often comes to cheer us.

Since my return the friends have given us a donation, which has made our spirits glad and thankful. I thank you, my dear friends, for your kind, sympathetic letters in this my greatest sorrow. Your kind words and deeds will ever remain bright in my memory; they will strengthen me to stem the tide of opposition, and will strengthen me to stem the tide of opposition. Before this reaches you I shall be in Cohoes, N. Y., no doubt, as I have received a call from there to spend a few weeks. I shall be glad to receive letters from my friends any time. If any one wishes to engage us during March, they may address me, Cohoes, N. Y., in care of Alonzo Melendy, Esq. After that time, direct as usual, East Westmoreland, N. H. Dear friends, I hope to hear from you again. My friendship for you still is bright. Yours fraternally,

SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS.

East Westmoreland, N. H., Feb. 24, 1864.

Letter from W. K. Ripley.

I commenced my labors in this place the first Sabbath in this month, and although there are but few avowed Spiritualists, they have exercised sufficient influence to draw full houses, and Spiritualism in Stockport is coming down from an incomprehensible myth to a rational philosophy, so plain that "the wayfaring man need not err therein."

Theological interpretations of the Bible are, to all reasoning minds, like the confused murmuring of many

rivulets; whilst intuitive explanations are like the still waters of a mighty river, which run deep, in which the evidence of other worlds is mirrored. Intuition teaches—instead of vicarious atonement for sin—that wherever we founder, there memory floats a buoy, which forever utters, "Shun this place." It teaches us that there are troubles that prayers (the sincere desires of the heart expressed) may aid us in overcoming; that there are others that merit will drive away, and others that tears alone will wash clean. It teaches us that there are many joys that come to us and depart again, because we refuse to open our hearts and bid them welcome, just as the hand-organist plays awhile at our doors, and then departs, unless we open our doors and give him an encouraging smile and a compensating dime. It teaches us that as the oak a hundred years old may be converted into a ship to bear us across the ocean, so the human mind, enfeebled by age or disease, may be converted to a guardian spirit, to aid us over the river to the Summer Land. It teaches us that as trees are benefited by having some of the branches removed when transplanted, so are Spiritualists more reasonable by having some of the crudities removed from the phenomena. It teaches us to use *time, credit and politics* as we would use railroads, steamboats and stages—to assist us, so far as they go, in the direction of our interests, remembering that the best institutions are those that send forth students to form higher and better men.

Fraternally, W. K. RIPLEY.

Stockport, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1864.

Spiritualism in Coldwater, Mich.

Thinking minds are all agog for spiritual truths, and the new faith is making slow progress here. Opposition is feeble, and pretty nearly subdued. Even the "Clerical League," formed some two or three years since, for the purpose of more effectually destroying the great heresy, and silencing Spiritualists, by "discontinuing them in all their business and social relations," has subsided, and the clergy have lost their mystic spell upon reasoning minds. They can no longer confine their scope of mental vision to the glimmer of barbarous ages. Old creeds and dogmas are fast fading in the new light—"shining in darkness." Not many intelligent men, among the "faithful," will now admit their faith in eternal punishment, or the resurrection of the material body, and his majesty, the Devil, has lost most of his worshippers. In fact, the whole Orthodox creed appears to be concentrated in the Trinity and Sacrificial atonement, and spiritual truths are fast being engrafted into the old creeds and traditions of the Church; are shadowed forth in sermons, and are taking deep root in the minds of the "faithful," as well as in the minds of out-siders.

These results spring from organized, systematic and persevering effort. About eight years since, a solitary trio, thoroughly imbued with the sublime truths taught by the spirits, "put the ball in motion," and in January, 1856, the first series of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy, was delivered in this place. On the 17th day of July, 1858, we took legal form, and became a body corporate, with no articles of faith, except the following:

"Our Creed is—The Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of Man.

Our Covenant—An earnest effort to live a true, virtuous and religious life.

Our Religion—A perfected and sanctified humanity.

Our Aim—To be Right."

Since that event the society has held regular meetings, on Sundays, nearly the whole time, and has received the ministrations of some of the most talented speakers; among them Bro. Brittan, Tiffany, Willis, Miss Harding, Mrs. Hatch, and last, though not least, Mrs. Willzie, who finished her third course of lectures, to overflowing houses, on the 31st ult., and has gone to Joliet. She will return again the first Sunday of March. Though not superior to the others above-named, she draws much the largest audience, so that our house—the largest in the city—is filled to its utmost capacity, and often cannot contain all who press forward for admission. She speaks entranced, and is a model of eloquence, as well as a logical reasoner. At the close of her evening lectures, she submits to being outbathed, in a Hatch. Her answers are acute, to the point, and give general satisfaction. The clergy have been challenged to meet her in debate, but no one dare accept the challenge. They are sensible enough to know that they would surely be worsted in debate, and therefore wisely give her a wide margin, and content themselves by sending out spies to misrepresent her language and pervert her meaning. Such strategy has lost its force, and people now prefer to hear and judge for themselves.

Hastily yours, E. G. FULLER.

Coldwater, Mich., Feb. 15, 1864.

Spirit Communication.

The following spirit communication was written through my hand, on the 4th of Feb., 1864, immediately after hearing vocal and instrumental music in the air, apparently above the room in which Uncle Seth Hinchaw, his wife, myself, and two others were seated, at Greensboro, Henry Co., Indiana. I knew Thomas T. Hunt while a resident of earth, but had no knowledge of Nathan Mendenhall, who lived and died in North Carolina, a State I was never in. Seth Hinchaw tells me that Thomas T. Hunt and Nathan Mendenhall were neighbors in North Carolina, and that Nathan made for him (Seth Hinchaw) the first one-horse carriage he ever owned.

JAMES COOPER, M. D.

THE COMMUNICATION.

Brother Seth—The medium heard truly. "We are waiting for thee," and in God's good time will receive thee where love-flowers bloom perpetually, and sweet forget-me-nots, violets, and roses of many colors mingle their fragrant odors with orange blossoms; and the bloom of thousands of shrubs and many-lined flowers will beautify the landscape—flowers and blossoms, many of which are unknown to earth, but will be transplanted there as earth and man become more harmonious.

Brother Seth, we are waiting for thee where peary streams, winding their shining way through evergreen meadows and flowery plains, sing sweet songs of rippling praise to the giver of all good; and where crystal boats, on lakes of clearest water, will bear thee onward to thy island home.

Brother, we are waiting for thee where birds in countless numbers, and of the most gaudy plumage, give forth, from their tuneful throats, the sweetest of notes—where groves of sweet-smelling trees are filled with these feathered songsters, which, fearless of thee and us, will alight on our heads and shoulders, and give forth notes which will thrill us to the heart and harmonize our every feeling.

Brother, we are waiting for thee where purple and golden and crystal grapes hang upon vines which are supported upon spire trees and bushes, which invite and woo thee into the cool and pleasant shade. The golden orange, the luscious peach, the green and golden-brown fig, and many other fruits abound.

Brother, we are waiting for thee at the "Golden Portal," where all thy spirit-relatives, and many, many friends, numbers of whom thee has never known on earth, stand ready to welcome thee to thy place of abode, and receiving thee with outstretched arms, say, "Welcome, thrice welcome to home and happiness upon our starry shore—the reward of thy earnest endeavors to do thy duty while a sojourner on earth."

Yes, brother, be patient, we are waiting for thee.

Thy spirit-friends,

NATHAN MENDENHALL,

THOMAS T. HUNT,

AND MANY OTHERS.

Feb. 4th, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WE MISS THEE.

BY SUZIE HIVERS.

We miss thee in our gladdest hours,
When friends are gathered in our bowers—
When every heart seems to rejoice,
In vain we listen for thy voice.

We miss thee when the April sighs,
And gathering tear-drops dim the eyes;
When aught around our grief can calm,
We miss thy voice of healing balm.

We miss thee ever—joy's true love,
Unless, dear friend, thou art happy, too;
And hours of grief more quickly fly,
If thou art near to chase each sigh.

We miss thee ever; yet again
We hope to meet, where tears no more pain,
And partings no more chill the soul,
But floods of bliss forever roll.

Four Days' Meeting in Bangor, Me.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The Spiritualists in the valley of the Penobscot held a "Four Days' Meeting in the Pioneer Chapel, Bangor, Me., commencing on the 18th ult., and continued to the evening of the 21st. It was organized by the choice of Bro. Leonard Stockwell, Chairman, and Henry Gale, Secretary. Committees of Arrangements were then appointed, consisting of Bro. J. C. Young, G. G. Rive, and H. Gale. After the organization was completed, there not being many present (owing to the bad condition of the roads from a driving snow storm the day before), it was thought advisable to hold a Conference meeting the remainder of the day; which was highly enjoyed by all, if countenances are a criterion to judge by.

In the evening there was speaking from the desk by sisters Hollis and Moore, and Bro. Maddox. Sister Moore's subject was "Man made in the image of God in principle, love," &c. She said, "We have lived below the laws of Nature. We do not look at the internal law as we ought, which is the law of God. We are controlled by the external, more than by the internal. Thro' the nutshell of materialism, that the great principles of truth may grow; do not shut them up."

Bro. Maddox said that light had come into the world, and we are to blame if we do not receive it. Our future progress depended on the conditions of mind. The spiritual is blended with the material. We should be careful of our reasoning powers.

Sister Hollis said a little heaven leaveneth the whole lump. So the heaven of Love will leaven the well of Eternal Life in our own souls, and your hearts will work it out. The spirit-world is where God is, and if you can find any place where there are no spirits, you will find no God there. We are glad truth is dawning upon the world. After which our late Bro. L. P. Roundy concluded her. He said he was glad to be with us; his mission was to elevate dark spirits, etc.

Friday Morning.—A Conference was held in the morning, in which many took part, and a very interesting feast was given to the hungry souls.

In the afternoon a discourse was given through the organism of Emma Houston, to the satisfaction of an appreciative audience. It was full of truth, eloquence and common sense.

In the evening, we listened to a discourse through the organism of Bro. I. P. Greenleaf, from these words: "My kingdom is not of this world. Still let thy kingdom come." He drew from the text many beautiful thoughts and practical ideas. He said we had come together to compare notes, and see if we had made any progress since last year's meeting. We professed to have the best philosophy in religion of any sect, but are we practicing what we preach? Do we live up to the truths of our faith which the angel-world are pouring in upon us, as we should? What good will they do us if we do not live up to them?

Saturday Morning.—Conference, in which many participated, and there was singing, talking in unknown tongues, exhortations upon different subjects, communications from spirit-friends to their mundane friends, &c.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening.—Mrs. Clara A. Fields, of Newport, Me., spoke on "Truth." Mrs. Moore, on "Love and Truth." Mrs. Glidden improvised and sang a song, entitled "Truth and Wisdom are Eternal." Mr. Jordan spoke on "The Creative Powers." Many others spoke on different subjects, which our limits will not allow us to record here.

Sunday.—A Conference Meeting was held in the forenoon and afternoon, by the unanimous vote of the large number present. We are unable to give even a synopsis of the proceedings, but suffice it to say we had manifestations, from the raps up to the highest flow of language.

Sunday Evening.—We were richly entertained by discourses through the organism of sisters Hollis and Houston; and none who heard them could but say, "It was good to be there."

After extending thanks to the Chairman for the impartial manner in which he presided over our deliberations, and also to the mediums present, to our angel-friends, and to the choir, for their labor of love, and passing the following Resolution unanimously, the meeting was closed, all seemingly satisfied that a good work had been done.

Resolved, That we tender to the publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, our heartfelt thanks for the noble stand they have taken in their columns in behalf of the angel world, and for the progression of the inhabitants of this mundane sphere; and that we, individually and collectively, will use our influence for a more extensive circulation of the same—advocating, as it does, the sentiments of our beautiful Philosophy.

HENRY GALE, Secretary.

Bangor, Me., Feb. 23, 1864.

Married.

In Weymouth, on Thursday, March 3d, by Daniel Gaddard, Mr. Nathl. Carver of Plymouth, to Miss Mary Johnson, only daughter of Dr. B. W. Cranston of Chelsea.

Deceased.

From Shrewsbury, Mass., by diphtheria, Feb. 10th, 1864, Addie Esaba, 1 year, 3 months and 11 days, youngest child; and on the morning of the 18th, by the same disease, went to join and joy with her, Charlotte Augusta, 8 years, 3 months and 11 days, sister of Addie, and eldest child of Austin and Elizabeth E. Maynard.

Little Addie was a meek and gentle, though a frail flower—too frail for the winds of earth, so the angels took her home. Her sister, Lottie, the eldest, was what might be called a motherly child—always caring for her sisters, striving to make them good and happy—manifesting much more anxiety and love than usual for children of her age. And after the passing away of Addie, she, through all her sickness, seemed to see Sister Addie present, and to talk with her, and after she could not articulate intelligibly, on account of the nature of the disease, her little hands would often be stretched out, and the earnest and loving expression of her countenance indicated to those present the probable presence of Addie, and the yearning and deathless love of Lottie for Addie. These manifestations continued till all the loving faculties were prostrated by disease, and then Lottie joined Addie on the plains of immortal life.

"When the sun was gently sinking
Down beneath the western sky—
Their pure spirits left their casements—
But we knew they could not die.

Angels gently bore them upward,
To those mansions bright and fair,
Where together they will journey
And we all shall meet them there."

WM. H. KNOWLTON.

Shrewsbury, Mass., Feb. 29, 1864.

From Norway, Me., Jan. 23d, the lovely little spirit of Elton Bird, son of Henry A. and Persis R. Bradley, aged 2 years and 10 weeks. Every one that knew him and ever looked into his heavenly blue eyes, and saw the angelic smile that played upon his lips, cannot but think that he is a lovely angel now, for he was little else when here. While we know that every passing day brings nearer the joyous moment when we shall clasp him in our arms again, we can feel that

Our darling Birdie is hovering near,
With the same sweet smile he had while here—
Another angel in that bright band,
Waiting to welcome us in the spirit-land. L. R.

From Wilmington, Mass., March 7th, Willard Festus, son of Amos and Eliza Jane Upton, went up to the school for infant angels, aged 3 years.

From Hanoverton, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1864, Mrs. Rachel H. Dutton, wife of Eliza Dutton, aged 47 years. She was a gentle, affectionate wife, a kind mother, and a true woman. Her husband and daughter sadly

feel her departure; but they have the consolation of knowing she can now watch over and guard them more tenderly than when in the form.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lectures. Lecturers Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Boston March 20 and 27.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCE will speak in Charlestown during May; in Utiquepoos during June.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Chelsea March 20. Address No. 37 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Miss HULL will speak in Providence March 20 and 27; in Boston during April; in Portland, Me., May 1; in Worcester May 8. Address: Banner of Light office till May last; after that time, Battle Creek, Mich.

Miss LIZZIE DOWEN will speak in Portland April 8 and 10; in Foxboro' April 17 and 24; in Quincy May 1 and 8; in Milford May 29; in Philadelphia during October. Address, Fawcett, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. L. K. GOODELL will speak in Charlestown April 17 and 18. Address, Newburyport, Mass., or Banner of Light office.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAFFELL, of New York, speaks in Portland March 20 and 27; in Worcester May 1. Address at the Banner of Light office.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON speaks in Lowell during March; in Plymouth April 8 and 10; in Portland, Me., April 17 and 24. Address Brandon, Vt.

J. M. FERRISS will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

Miss EMMA HOUTSON will lecture in Bangor, Me., till July 31. Address as above, or East Houghton, Mass.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Stamford, Conn., during April. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

Miss MARTHA L. BACKWELL, trance speaker, will lecture in Taunton, Mass., during March; in Chicopee during April; in Springfield May 1, 8 and 16; in Lowell during June. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Reference, H. B. Storor, Boston.

Mrs. H. P. B. BROWN will speak in Philadelphia during March. Those wishing her services as a lecturer may address her till March 1st at Cleveland, O.; after then, care of H. T. Child, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Randolph March 20; in Quincy March 27; in Chelsea April 3 and 10; in Taunton April 17 and 24; in May she returns to her home in Vermont. Persons wishing her services are requested to apply soon. Address St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

April 1, Dr. WINTERMAN will speak in Providence, R. I., during April; in Chicopee, Mass., during May; in Springfield June 5 and 12. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address as above.

Mrs. HEATH, of Lockport, N. Y., will speak in Lowell, Mich., the first Sunday in each month; in Otisco, the second day; in Laphamsville, third day; in Adirondack, fourth day.

Miss SUSAN M. JOHNSON speaks in Old Town, Me., March 20 and 27; and April 3; in Quincy, Mass., April 10 and 17; in Boston May 1 and 8, and desires to make engagements for the spring and summer. Address, Chicopee, Mass.

H. B. BROWN will speak in Foxboro', Mass., April 8.

WARREN CHASE's address will be Chicago, Ill., till further notice. He lectures during the summer months in Illinois. His business engagements in the West will prevent his return to New England till late in the summer or fall. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Correspondence in Brief.

MANIFESTATIONS IN VERMONT.—Mrs. E. M. Wolcott, under date of Feb. 25th, writes as follows:

Permit me a brief space in one corner of your excellent BANNER—not to starve your readers by the relation of what is passing in Vermont, but to add my mite of experience to the ever increasing demand for intelligence in regard to our philosophy.

During a recent tour through a part of the central towns of this, our snow-laden State, and while sojourning in the quiet village of South Hardwick, we met, at the house of a mutual friend, the family of George Faine, whose son, Amos, and niece, India Faine, have been recently developed as mediums for physical manifestations. So frequently do we hear the cry of deception coupled with this phase, that all our faculties were on the alert to detect, if possible, the least imposition. The boy is seventeen, small in stature, with a frank, open countenance, quite pale from a severe attack of diphtheria—saved, the parents asserted, by the power of the same spirit that purports to produce the spirit-hand, etc., of the manifestations. The other medium is a child of twelve summers.

The room occupied—some twenty feet in length—held at one end a table; at the other were seated the friends. On the table were placed a tenor drum, a tin trumpet, a whistle, and two bells—all that could be readily obtained, for this being only the fourth evening of this phase of development, very little was expected. At the end of the table, with hands and feet closely tied to their respective chairs, were the mediums. The lamp was not extinguished—only placed outside the door, so that in an instant the full light could be thrown upon the children. In less than a minute the drumsticks began to roll, and during the next half hour the trumpet was sounded, the whistle blown, tunes rapped in perfect time, apparently with fingers, on the table, bells rung in several parts of the room and thrown to the feet of persons present. The light was introduced, and on examination the ropes were found binding the children tightly.

At this point, my husband—who is a sharp, searching skeptic, and has many times detected imposition—requested to be seated alone at the table. This being granted, and the light withdrawn, hard raps were felt on the knees, and, remarking they were rather severe, the softest touch was felt on the knees and all over the leg to the feet. Drumsticks were handed and returned beneath the table, bells placed on his feet, etc. As a closing test he addressed the motive power thus: "The power that performs these wonders claims to have intelligence; if so, there must be form; if form, there are hands. Will you place them in mine?" Immediately and repeatedly his fingers were grasped and shaken, and a hand was struck lightly within his own. While this was being done he reached his other hand over (for he had taken the precaution to seat himself in such a manner that he could do so) and grasped the hands of the mediums, finding them closely secured as before. By request, they were untied by the spirits, doing in less than one minute, what it had taken two men fifteen to perform. Such, and greater, is the power asserted, upon any subject, over this land to awaken the slumbering mass of mind to activity of thought and life.

EMMA HARDINGE IN CALIFORNIA.—A subscriber writing from Sacramento, Cal., under date of Feb. 9 says:

"I wish to say a few words about Emma Hardinge. She has delivered six lectures here. The first two were on national topics; the next one she announced would be delivered on a subject chosen by the audience and the subject proposed was, 'The Origin of Man, and the design of his Creation.' A more beautiful, instructive and able lecture, upon any subject, I never listened to. If any further evidence were wanting that the lecture was 'inspirational,' it was abundantly given in replies made at the close of the lecture to questions from the audience. It was a complete triumph. The audience unanimously voted to request her to choose her own subjects in the future. She has given lectures on 'The Philosophy of Miracles,' 'Magnetism and Electricity,' and 'Hades,' and the 'Land of the Dead.' Such deep interest, such rapt attention, such heartfelt emotion, I have never seen produced by any lecture, sermon or appeal, however beautifully written or earnestly delivered, in all my experience. Our town is not very well provided with lecture rooms, and she could only procure for the purpose a church lately sold by the Presbyterians to the Jews, and not yet consecrated by them."

Charles Brookway, of Shillburg, Wis., in renewing his subscription to the BANNER, writes:

"We would be glad if some good trance speaker, or test medium, would call on us here. My home shall be their home while here, free of expense."

A note to a letter dated Bainbridge, N. Y., March 2d, says:

"Allow me to congratulate you that you have so well succeeded in steering clear of partisanship and fanaticism in conducting the best paper of the age, at a time when the elements are so unpropitious and uncooperative to such a result. This is, in itself, a noble achievement."

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A correspondent writing from Philadelphia, asks if we "know of any method to aid deficient memory," he not having been able to obtain any relief from advertised methods. We accordingly submitted his case to our invisible friends for answer. The response was as follows:

"In order for the individual, or any one, to repair an injury done to any faculty, he must ascertain what is the producing cause, and apply the remedy thereto. But as we believe it an impossibility for any individual, save by clairvoyance, to give aid, so we think it unwise for any individual to give his money for this purpose."

S. W. G., PITTSBURGH.—We have not the space to spare at present for the discussion you allude to. Our spirit-friends have assured us that the Davenport Boys are mediums for physical manifestations, and that such manifestations are necessary for the development of certain minds that are unable to reach out at present for any higher spiritual food. These mediums err at times, without doubt; but what human being does not?

E. L. F., EAST BOSTON.—We should be pleased to publish a communication from you occasionally, if the MSS. could be revised by the last named gentleman referred to in your note, previous to being sent to us.

A. G. W. C., CINCINNATI, O.—We should be happy to have you do as you suggest. The extract you sent was printed in the BANNER of March 12th—forwarded by a friend some time before your copy arrived.

Received from Aaron Reed, \$2.50.

Announcements.

Mrs. Lizzie Doten speaks in City Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes in Chelsea; N. S. Greenleaf in Quincy; Charles A. Hayden in Foxboro; and Moses Hull in Providence.

Dr. E. V. Wright, for some time past located at Newark, N. J., is about to reënter the lecturing field, giving his attention chiefly to Physiological and Hygienic topics. Dr. Powell's Philosophy of the Temperaments, &c.

Discussion.

We have arranged to hold a discussion at Lyceum Hall, Lynn, Mass., with Eld. Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, Mich., commencing Tuesday evening, March 22d, to continue four evenings.

Question.—"Has man in his nature an immortal principle, which, after the death of the body, is capable of returning and communicating with the inhabitants of earth?"

Ans.—Moses Hull, Neg.—Miles Grant, Eld. Hull has been known for some years as a leading man among the Seventh-day Adventists. Within a few months he has joined the Spiritualists, and is being made quite prominent among them. He has been lecturing on Spiritualism, in Boston, for some weeks. We shall expect an interesting discussion.—*World's Crisis.*

Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from urging a racial, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful not to mistake potatoes for principles.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.

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

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

Old Things and New.

The politicians are fairly waking up to it now, that they cannot have the Old as it used to be, how sorely the reflection grates upon their sensitive feelings. There has been, for some time past, ever so much talk about having back "the Union as it was," and maintaining the "Constitution as it is;" but any one who has paid the slightest attention to the march of events, and has taken previous pains to study the structure of the Constitution and its adaptability to all the purposes of a compact Union, must see very plainly that neither the Constitution nor the Union of the past can ever be restored to existence and authority again. Conditions having been changed of late by the grinding and crushing power of events, nothing remains but to willingly submit ourselves to the change.

A new polity has become necessary to the nation. Certain persons have been successful in setting on foot a wide-spread and most dangerous rebellion, and their bold act has resulted in working an entire revolution in their own social state, and in throwing down, both theoretically and practically, the safeguards which were before erected about their institutions. The work has been of their own doing entirely, and they have none but themselves to thank for it. Were they now to wish ever so much to return to the former condition, they find it an impossibility; work once done is not so easily undone; revolutionary hands cannot expect to find things just as they were before they took hold of them. Even supposing that all sides were willing to accede to the unreasonable demands of these men, it would be an impossibility in Nature for things to be placed again in *status quo*, and equally impossible for them to accept the change back again, even if it could be made. What is now written is written; what has been once torn down, is never built up again as it was.

The men of the South, or at any rate the men of the North who still continue to sympathize with them for their fatal mistake, would not have a Union, that is, a Nation, unless Slavery could be secured with it, and surrounded, too, by all the safeguards which have so long guarded off harm from that "peculiar institution." But that cannot be. The South have chosen to imperil our very existence as a distinct nation by striking at all national authority, professing for the sake of making Slavery more secure and profitable to themselves; they will inevitably lose in the conflict, and will therefore be compelled to give up the stake for which they have risked all. Is it to be supposed that in the very act of giving it up, they will be permitted to reënter the Union on just the same terms relative to Slavery, as before their revolt?—or that the Constitution will contain for the future such securities for its existence as it did in the past? The bare statement of the matter contains all the arguments necessary for the refutation of those who will have no more Union save the Union on the old and now destroyed conditions.

There is something profounder in a nation than its Constitution, dearly as that should be cherished by all of its people. That something is the spirit and life which lies below. The life of every people is the generator of its institutions, and afterwards of its constitution. All unions, alliances, and compacts are framed only in obedience to the laws of that secret and seething life. Nationality is all we have, at best; preserving that, we have all that is worth saving; without that, all the Unions and Constitutions which could be framed would be of no use—they express nothing, mean nothing, and cannot last. As a people we are fully resolved not to sacrifice our national life, let all the rest go or not. That we are determined to preserve. It is a sacred passion with us. Whatever presumes to stand in the way of that will be put out of the way forever. We can afford to spare Constitutions, and everything else, if that be necessary—but our national life we shall struggle for until we are assured that all danger to its existence has been averted.

England and We.

If it should happen—as at any day it may—that England should declare war against Germany for its invasion of Denmark, we see no reason why, by the rule of equality, citizens of Germany, of course including those of Austria and Prussia, may not furnish capital to the shipbuilders of the United States, and build, equip, supply with war-like stores, and man with sailors, any number of vessels of the same character with the piratical Alabama and Florida, and put them to sea to prey at random on British commerce. Nor would England have the slightest reason to complain if just this thing should be done. She has certainly set us the example of building pirate ships in her own ports to prey on the inoffensive and defenceless commerce of a nation with whom she was at peace; and if the cup which she has been pressing to our lips should be commended to her own, we do not understand by what law she ought to expect sympathy from others in the midst of her wry faces.

Not that we should argue that she should have the same as what she has so freely visited upon us, nor that we should counsel such retaliation in this age of justice and charity; but it is no more than right that she should be compelled to expiate at least a portion of her punishment by being shown up before the civilized world in her true character, and by being taught by our magnanimity and forgiveness how meanly she has acted in the day of our troubles and disaster. If there is no mode of punishing her without disgracing ourselves, at least let her be put to open shame by the force of the noble contrast which our conduct will offer to her own. We can just as easily fit out pirates against her commerce, in case she goes to war with Germany, as she has done against us; the difference between her situation and ours being only that she cares nothing for her baseness, and we could not afford to live as a nation and yet practice it. England will have her own trials, and they are about to begin.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Boston.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that this favorite speaker is to occupy the desk in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next.

Compensation.

The divinely beautiful laws of the Creator and Sustainer are ever immutably just—ever richly freighted with compensation. All seeming earthly loss is balanced by interior and everlasting gain; all the stumbling blocks in our way, are but so many incentives that serve to arouse the indomitable will, the invincible courage of the spirit, to overcome all things, and reap exultant victory. Look along the line of years, the sad traces of your wandering footsteps; the palm-marked days and weary nights of suffering; the seasons of despair; the prolonged torture of suspense and utter discouragement. Scan the past closely, and then say, not from the surface glimpse of an external judgment, but from inner depths of gained experience, "What has all this brought to me?" And the reply of your soul will be, "It has brought me knowledge, faith, rest."

The true Spiritualist will accept all trial as the touchstone of a healing power applied to his undeveloped capacities, his loves and aspirations, his needs and life-purposes. For we are all born blinded by the prejudices, and chained by the ignorance of our progenitors. Through bitter floods our vision may be cleared, till we can gaze on celestial glories. Through the probing of hidden moral sores, we may be cleansed and purified, and rendered worthy of angelic visitation and counsel. We are drawn heavenward by the eternal love-links that bind us to the beloved ones gone before. Were it not for the agonizing sorrows of bereavement, human hearts might grope in the dust, nor be aroused to a contemplation and belief in the beautiful hereafter.

No man or woman living is aware of the resources of their natures, until circumstances call them forth. But for the great national crises that call upon the master spirits of the age, the genius of a Napoleon and the patriotism of a Washington might never have been recorded on the pages of history. It is fearful to pass through the ordeal of poverty; but what sublime lessons of self-denial, of sweetest charity, of heroic endurance, may not there be learned! Terrible to the sight and to the feeling heart is the grim aspect of cruel, relentless war; but then, what nobler duties it imposes; what an array of dormant energies it calls into action—not for self, but for the universal good! A common cause it is that makes the hearts of millions throb in accord. What a host of imaginary evils fly from the thresholds of the land when the great looming horrors of Southern despotism threaten! How the dark shadow of slavery has fallen upon the sunniest homesteads! It is by the law of compensation; for we had no right to worship Liberty, and forbid the dusky children of our Father from basking in the sun-rays of her presence. Say not the war is for this, that, or the other reason. It is simply the fulfillment of an inexorable, just, divine law of compensation; and this unchangeable, eternally abiding justice, that now wears so severe a front, is yet the product of the Supreme Heart of Love. For the truly disciplined soul, the philosophic spirit, the devoted philanthropist, beholds in all things visible to the sense, the indwelling principle of all overruling good. All the discords of this nether world, he knows, will ultimately be transformed to harmonies; all bloody wars lead to the World's destined Peace; all agitation, upheaval, turmoil, change, eventuate in better conditions. To those who strive for pure and useful lives, the Millennium is no idle, but a promised reality, whose foregleams illuminate their institutions with gleams of the heavenly existence. For them, the dawn of Universal Freedom breaks; they are believers in the law of compensation.

Death of Starr King.

The intelligence of this noble young preacher's death sends a thrill of regret through every heart that had ever been moved by his words. He was left fatherless at an early age, and at once set to work to do all he could in support of the little family of which he formed now the sole responsible part. He was alternately clerk and school-teacher until he reached twenty years, studying as few young men know how to study, self-taught and self-educated, and resolved to make the most of himself. He was a preacher of the Universalist denomination a little after passing his twenty-first year, and had thus preached for three years when he was called to Hollis Street Church, (Unitarian) of Boston, where he preached to general acceptance for twelve years. At the end of that term, he was invited to California, where he carried the fruits of a truly noble youth and manhood, built up a large and powerful Church, and at last died. Mr. King had recently become a full believer in the Spiritual Philosophy of the present day, having witnessed manifestations through the instrumentality of Mr. J. V. Mansfield of such a satisfactory character he could no longer doubt but that his spirit-friends possessed the power to communicate with him.

Mr. King was a remarkable man. He was not only self-made, as we are in the habit of calling it, but he was largely instrumental in making others nobler than they otherwise would have been. His influence was very powerful in holding California to her loyalty, and afterwards in securing for the blessed service of the Sanitary Commission magnificent contributions. The popular mind of the new State responded to his influence with great readiness. His words worked their way into all hearts, and were powerful in the results they produced. He had secured the erection of a large and beautiful church for himself in San Francisco, in which he steadily refused to preach until the last dollar of its cost was paid up. At one time during his short stay in the State, he was seriously talked of in the Legislature for United States Senator; but it is not probable that his views of usefulness tended in that direction. He was an able, scholarly, progressive, liberal, and truly eloquent man. Few men of his years have performed so much work for their country, and done it so well. He has earned the fame which he briefly lived to enjoy.

Sanitary Fairs.

They are indeed a noble institution. The people have generously come forward and done what the Government would never have done, and done so thoroughly. The late Brooklyn Fair has netted in round numbers, \$400,000. The Albany Fair, about \$75,000. What was previously accomplished for the brave soldiers by the Boston, Chicago, and Cincinnati Fairs. Our readers learned from the papers long since. In view of what Brooklyn has just done, it is claimed for New York, in her great Metropolitan Fair, that she shall raise a good million of dollars. Dr. Bellows has officially reported that, previous to this time, some eight millions of dollars had been realized by these Fairs, the expense of handling which for the soldiers' benefit had not exceeded three per cent. Verily, we ought to succeed in a war which provides so bountifully for its suffering soldiers.

Rev. Fred. L. H. Willis.

No one thing of late has given us greater gratification than a knowledge of the fact that our brother, F. L. H. Willis—through the aid of friends good and true, who fully appreciate his labors in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism—has secured Clinton Hall, in New York City, for the purpose of holding regular Sunday free meetings, morning and evening.

In this connection the Herald of Progress says:—"We have long felt confident that we needed other places of meeting and a variety of minds to meet the wants of this large city. The truths of our divine philosophy cannot be too generally promulgated, and we hail with pleasure every effort to set before the minds of the people the redeeming powers of a spiritual religion."

Heresy made Legitimate.

The Privy Council have had before them the case of the Rev. Dr. Williams and Rev. Mr. Wilson, two clergymen of the English Church, who wrote portions of the famous "Essays and Reviews" which made so much commotion in the Church of England not long ago; and, after reviewing the nature of the charges brought against them, it arrived at a decision, which, put in language such as common readers can understand, means simply that heretics may be members of the Church still, and hold its offices, and that there is nothing in the Church Articles either to prevent it or to subject them to censure. An ecclesiastical court had condemned the essayists, and sentenced them to a year's suspension from the exercise of their functions; but an appeal was taken to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the ecclesiastical judgment was reversed, the offenders sent back to their livings, and the costs of the prosecution thrown back on the bishops who had condemned them.

The charge brought against the writers of the Essays alluded to was, in effect, that they had declared that the Old and New Testaments "were not written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and that they were not necessarily at all, and certainly not in parts, the Word of God." But the court held that the key to the doctrine of the church is to be found in the sixth of the Thirty-Nine Articles, which says that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation," and, further, that "the framers of the articles have not used the word 'inspiration,' as applied to the Holy Scriptures; nor have they laid down anything as to the nature, extent or limits of that operation." The inference is that a belief in inspiration is not required by the church. Mr. Wilson was also accused of expressing a hope that in the end "the perverted may be restored, and all, both small and great, may ultimately find a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent." The court distinguished between the expression of a hope and dogmatic teaching, leaving it doubtful, however, whether even in the latter case it would have sustained the charge. From this it is inferred that a good churchman may be a Universalist. The Manchester Examiner says of the decision:

"All parties, save one—the youngest, the most thriving, the most aggressive—will stand aghast at this huge scandal. Let the principle of the Lord Chancellor's judgment be identical with that which enabled Mr. Gorman to triumph over the Bishop of Exeter. Each of the sects within the church would kick all the others out; but the lawyers, in the name of the Queen, declare that none of them shall turn the state church into a private paddock, and that, if they are not all willing to go together, those who like may leave the enclosure. Of course they will not leave it. The pasture is too good. For a little while we shall see them tossing their horns at each other, and scouring round with prodigious spirit, but none will leap over the fence, and ere long they will be quietly chewing the cud of resignation. The decision of the council on the second charge against Mr. Wilson is in one respect consolatory. The various heresiarchs in the church are relieved from the necessity of believing in each other's future perdition, and even poor Dr. Colenso may claim the benefit of the latitude which permits a clergyman to express a hope of the final pardon of the wicked."

Close of the Volume.

The present number of the BANNER OF LIGHT completes its seventh year and fourteenth volume. At the commencement of the new volume the BANNER will appear in an entire new dress, from the Type Foundry of Messrs. Phelps & Dalton, of this city. This will necessarily require a large outlay, which our friends must aid in meeting, for the BANNER must keep up with the progress of the age. We trust our friends will bear this in mind, as the great advance in the price of all printing material makes the burden doubly heavy for us to bear. We do not ask to be made rich, but simply for sufficient means to enable us to make our paper a worthy and noble exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, and a credit to all concerned. We have thus far given our patrons the benefit of our receipts over and above expenses—though for a good share of the time our expenses were more than our receipts. There are millions of firm believers in the Spiritual Philosophy in this country, and a little united effort on their part would circulate the BANNER all over the land, and thus spread the light and truth of the modern spiritual revelations, thereby benefiting the human family.

Our Séances.

More interest is manifested in spiritual manifestations to-day than ever. At every session of our séances the room is crowded, and many go away unable to gain admittance. Among such we have just ascertained were quite a number of people who had journeyed several hundred miles on purpose to witness the manifestations through Mrs. Conant's agency. They, of course, were much disappointed. To obviate this difficulty in future, we shall reserve a certain number of seats, until within five minutes of three o'clock, for this class of visitors.

Persons coming from a distance should always notify us of their presence the moment they arrive at this office. Then they will be specially attended to.

It is our desire to give all an opportunity to listen to the messages of the invisibles; but we cannot expand in this direction any faster than our limited means will permit. Whenever our patrons warrant, we shall enlarge our Free Circle Room, that the thousands who are now hungering for spiritual food may receive it "without money and without price."

Lieut. General Grant.

We have now an active Lieutenant-General. We never had but one before, and that was General Washington. Gen. Scott is such only by brevet. Lieut. Gen. Grant has gone from his field in the West to Washington, where it is expected he will so arrange military plans that we may be prepared to enter upon the last grand campaign of this wearisome war. Some report that he will take personal charge of the Army of the Potomac; while others believe that he will return to the West again, and direct, in cooperation with the movements of the Eastern armies, those grand plans which are to keep large bodies of armed men on the march from the opening of spring to the close of the fighting season. Grant seems to be the man who has been providentially raised up to take active control of the war at this final stage of its progress, and finish it by the discomfort of armed rebellion. His past experience gives ample pledge of his more signal success in the grander designs to which he is about to put his hand.

Gen. Sherman's Expedition.

A dispatch published in the Gazette, at Columbia, Ohio, on the 9th inst., says Gen. Grant, on his way East, in conversation with a distinguished Ohio officer, expressed himself entirely satisfied with the situation of military affairs. He spoke in the highest terms of Gen. Sherman's expedition, which had given the rebellion the severest blow since the capture of Vicksburg. Gen. Sherman has destroyed provisions and forage enough to sustain the rebel army from five to six months. In one place Gen. Sherman destroyed over \$2,000,000 worth of property. In other places he destroyed immense stores. He brought in large droves of cattle, several thousand head of mules, 8000 negroes, and over 400 prisoners, with but a trifling loss in men and material. Forty-six miles of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad have been destroyed by Gen. Sherman. The Southern Railroad was also destroyed from Meridian to Jackson. In destroying the railroads he has released General McPherson's corps from doing guard duty along the Mississippi and restored them to active service.

A New Paper in South Carolina.

The Palmetto Herald is the title of a new Journal just started at Port Royal, S. C., by B. W. Mason & Co. It is to be issued on Thursday of each week, and will aim to be, in all things proper for publication, a truthful record of what occurs in the Department of the South, and among the fleets of the Fourth Atlantic Blockading Squadron. The price of the Herald is \$3.50 per year; single copy, five cents.

B. W. Mason, its principal editor, is a son of Judge Mason of New Hampshire, and is well and very favorably known in this city, where he has been connected with several of the Boston papers for the last ten years. He is a fluent and versatile writer and a courteous gentleman. At the time of the attack on Charleston by our fleet and army, last summer, he was present, and wrote the series of letters which were published in the Boston Herald, and which created much attention at the time. Such enterprising proprietors as Mason & Co. are sure to make the paper a success. They have our best wishes.

The New Nation.

The above is the title of a new paper of sixteen pages, published weekly in New York, for \$3.50 per year. It claims to be a Political, Military and Literary Journal, but independent of all political parties. The editor says, "We are of those who believe in God and liberty. We believe in the sacred and providential mission of this people whom God has indicated as his adopted people, destined to accomplish the great work of the regeneration of humanity by means of liberty. We proceed from no party, from no past, from no individual root. Truth and liberty constitute our principles and our vital essence." Very good: truth and liberal sentiments are powerful levers in the work of reforming the world. We have read many of the articles in this number, and find them written with great ability and bold frankness. Its large number of contributors are evidently men of character and genius. Such a paper is needed and we hope it will succeed. The paper will make its mark wherever it goes.

The Hull and Curry Discussion.

A discussion commenced on Tuesday evening last, in this city, and continued four evenings, between Moses Hull, Spiritualist, (late an Advent preacher) and Joseph T. Curry, Advent preacher in this city, on the question: "Has man in his nature an immortal principle, which, after the death of the body, is capable of returning and communing with the inhabitants of earth?"

The large audiences which assembled each evening were very much interested in the debate. It was quite evident, however, that the advocate of non-immortality except to the few within the pale of the Church, got the worst of the argument, and lost his quiet temper. On the other hand, Mr. Hull produced his evidence, backed up by sound, logical reasoning, which he applied with avidity and clearness, without even marring the equanimity of his bland and cheerful nature.

We shall publish a full report of the discussion in our next paper.

Queen Victoria.

According to present appearances the dominant party in England, with Lord Palmerston at its head, are becoming tired of the peace policy of Queen Victoria, and are determined on her abdication. The Prince of Wales, too, is anxious to mount the throne; and therefore they have given out that she is insane—because, when asked at a Cabinet Council over Danish affairs if she was willing to take sides openly with Denmark, and thus take the risk of precipitating the nation into war, she replied in the negative, at the same time saying that Prince Albert, were he living, would coincide with her views. This was enough. And now it is said that Lord Palmerston intends to urge her abdication, and place Prince Albert on the throne at as early a day as possible, under the title of Edward VII.—the last Edward being he of Reformation memory, and son of Henry VIII., by Jane Seymour, whose birth cost his royal mother her life two weeks after the event.

The Newspaper Business.

To give our readers a brief idea of what newspaper publishers now have to contend with, peculiarly, we will simply state that the type-founders have issued a circular to all printers that they have raised the price of printing material twenty-five per cent.; paper-makers have raised the price of paper one hundred per cent.; besides the internal revenue tax, State, county and town tax, everything one wears tax; everything one eats tax—and, were it not for "anti-eat-'um coffee" to drink, we should be taxed for all the liquids in existence, excepting water. The reader will thus see that publishers of newspapers are not likely to become millionaires in a hurry under this state of affairs.

Thanks.

We are under obligations to our worthy friend and co-laborer for humanity and spiritual-unfoldment, Henry Gale, of Bangor, Me., for the interest he takes in the success of the BANNER, and for sending us reports of Spiritual Conventions, &c. The aid given us to sustain the BANNER is felt and appreciated by the angel-world, as well as by us. It is pleasant to hear of the harmonious gatherings of our friends in the Pine State, especially those held in Penobscot County. It augurs the "good time coming" when the harmonizing and humanizing effects of the Spiritual Philosophy shall be felt all over the land.

Mrs. Spence's Lectures.

Mrs. A. M. Spence spoke in Lyceum Hall, in this city, March 6th, afternoon and evening. She was greeted with fair audiences considering the very unfavorable state of the weather. All appeared to relish her discourses, which were marked with her usual ability. Her pungent style, interspersed occasionally with sharp home thrusts, had a tendency to keep her audiences in any state than a drowsy one.

To the Philanthropic.

We propose to establish a fund for bread-tickets—i. e., to supply the destitute with tickets to enable them to procure bread at a baker's—and we ask assistance from any one who may be disposed to aid us in that direction. We have already, through the aid of friends, distributed, gratuitously, several hundred loaves to destitute persons in this city. Let the good work go on.

The Spiritual Convention.

In this week's BANNER we print the conclusion of the able report of the proceedings of the late three days' Convention, held in this city. Mr. Wilson, our regular reporter, not being able to attend all the sessions, owing to other duties, Mr. Uriah Clark kindly volunteered to furnish a report. How well he has performed the task our readers must judge for themselves!

Dr. J. R. Newton.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that this renowned "healer" has located in Springfield for the present, where he invites all who are not able to pay, "without money or price" to come and be cured, if curable. We need not remind the public of the many wonderful cures performed under the magnetic and healing influence of the doctor's hands, for all our readers are more or less conversant with them. We advise those who are afflicted to give him a call at the earliest moment.

HEALING THE SICK

WITHOUT GIVING MEDICINE, or CAUSING PAIN.
DR. J. R. NEWTON,
Union Square, New York City.

Union House, - - - Springfield, Mass.
DR. NEWTON invites all who are not well able to pay,
 "without money or price." Diseases that are consid-
 ered incurable, are frequently restored in a few minutes.
 March 10.

MEDIUM WANTED!
WITH CLAIRVOYANT AND TEST POWERS, to travel or locate in a distant city, for six months or more. One with pleasant address, cheerful disposition, good health, and reliable. Address H. O. care of box 8901, Boston Post office, with real name, stating where an interview may be had.

had 1w^o March 10

MRS. J. E. WADSWORTH, Clairvoyant and
Healing Medium, No. 9 BUSSEY PLACE, Boston.
March 10. 4w

The Great Indian Catarrh Remedy

WAS obtained from the celebrated Indian Medicine Man of the SENECA TRIBE, who was renowned for the remarkable cures of Chronic Diseases, and particularly CATARRH.

Thousands are afflicted with this most annoying and disgusting disease, which first comes with a cold in the head, and is taken little or no notice of until it assumes a chronic form, and is very difficult to cure.

The most experienced and progressive physicians have failed so far to discover a permanent cure for the Catarrh, or cold in the head, and this disease which has so long baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, has at last been overcome by a remedy (at once pleasant and agreeable to take, affording instant relief, and if perseveringly used, a permanent cure), discovered by a child of Nature, who is now offering it to the world, and who has been authorized to investigate her. Thousands of those afflicted will find this the medicine for which they have so long sought.

It will relieve every BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, CATARRH, &c., and by its use many will be saved from Consumption.

Many will be cured by the use of one box, while the worst cases have been cured with three, obtaining the afflicted person less than one dollar. Put up in convenient form for carrying in the pocket.

Price—35 cents per Box.

Sent by mail, postage paid, on the receipt of 35 cents.

Orders may be addressed to Dr. A. J. BIGGINS, Box 1908, Chicago, Ill.

2d 9 March 12

ANNE LORD CHAMBERLAIN
HAS decided to hold CIRCLES two weeks more, at T. D. LANE'S, South Malden. Persons desiring seats at these Circles must apply EARLY for tickets at the Banner office. Cars leave Scollay's building on Tremont street at 6 1/2 and 8 3/4 o'clock. March 13.

A REMARKABLE BOOK,
ENTITLED, "SCENES BEYOND THE GRAVE": giving
a graphic description of the departed from this life,
as depicted by Matzotta Davis, after coming out of a
trance in which she laid nine days. She says that each

person, as he emerges from the physical form, is attracted to and mingles with kindred spirits, kindred associates, beings to whose character they assimilate. She then describes them, from the unholy and wretched, to the bright and sanctified angels. It occurred at a protracted meeting in the town of Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. Just the book for the age. It contains two hundred and twenty-eight pages, well bound. Published by RICHARDSON, WELCH & Co., New York.

pages, warranted robustly printed, and bound in
 cloth, sent free of postage. A liberal dis-
 count made to the Trade. 8s 6d 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
 containing an interesting and singular life history, with a
 richfulness and skill befitting more of our than of
 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

REDEEMER AND REDEEMED.
BY REV. CHARLES BEECHER.

THIS highly interesting volume may be had at the **DAMES AND LIGHT OFFICE.** Price, \$1.50; postage, free.
Feb. 18.

"I STILL LIVE"
A POEM FOR THE TIMES, BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.
THIS above is the title of a beautiful POEM, by Miss SPRAGUE, and is the last written by her which has been

The Apocryphal New Testament,

BRING all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now ex-
tantly attributed, in the first four centuries, to Jesus
Christ, his Apostles and their companions, and not included
in the New Testament by its compilers. Sent, by mail, on
receipt of price and postage. Price, 75 cents; postage, 5
cents. Address, *Wanner of Light, Boston, Mass.* Oct. 24.

RENAN'S GREAT BOOK
ANOTHER EDITION NOW READY

OF THIS REMARKABLE WORK.

RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS

Translated from the original French,
BY CHARLES E. WILBOUR.

One elegant 12mo., cloth bound, Price \$1.50.

RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS

[8 beginning to make a stir on this continent such as has rarely been known in the literary world. In Paris, where it has just made its appearance, the excitement is supreme. The French correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "The ordinary day calm in literature is broken on this score by the storm that rages about Renan's *Vie de Jésus*." The book is hardly two months out of the press, and if the booksellers' advertisement is credible,

35,000 COPIES
of it are already sold. It has in its favor, with the general reader, singular charms of style, and a truly poetic though firmly, critically chastened sentiment. It is learned, deeply religious, utterly clear from skeptical sneer and polemic violence.

ITS AUTHOR.
M. Ernest Renan acquired distinction at an early age as one of the first living philologists, and has recently returned from the Holy Land, where he was deputed at the head of an exploratory expedition by the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Anything from his pen is sure to attract notice, and his "Life of Jesus" is already selling by the thousand.

ITS REPUBLICATION.
The New York Daily Times says: "The book has made too much noise to be ignored; and though many pious people regretted its republication here, we think Mr. Carleton has done well to bring out this readable and well executed version of the by no means easy original."

ITS RELIGIOUS VALUE.
The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "There are

passages of "Axtel's beauty and of the tenderest sympathy with all that was divine in the character of the Saviour; and we should not be surprised if the pulpit and the religious essayist borrowed some of its most charming imagery from the exquisite phrasing of M. Renan."

ITS BRILLIANCY.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript says: "It has been extravagantly praised and extravagantly concurred in: But its most severe critics do not deny the wonderful power, brilliancy and ability displayed upon every page of the book."

and though you may care very little for the author's theories, the general views and theories, you can not but admire the rare skill and power of the pen which has written this masterpiece in the history of Christ. He makes it as readable as the most brilliant and entertaining romance."

ITS FASCINATIONS.

The Boston Advertiser says: "Those who have dreaded its fascinations will be surprised to find in it so much reverence, piety, grace, tenderness, and warmth of heart, where they expected only coldness, criticism, perhaps harshness."

The Boston Herald says: "It is at once as noble as the most sublime and as some marble bust; it has been carved with tenderness and love."

ITS UNIVERSAL INTEREST.

The Boston Commonwealth says: "It is a book not to be read only by the few, but by the many."

passed over lightly, nor met with indiscriminate blame or praise, for it is one of the few books of the present day, and a subject of universal interest, which displays at once a deeper erudition, integrity and originality—force of thought and beauty of style, accompanying the most laborious and protracted researches, and arriving at results which cannot fail to arrest the attention, while they provoke the censure of millions."

6

THE BANNER OF LIGHT,

In order to meet the large demand for this remarkable

WORK, has made arrangements to supply it to its adherents, and
readers, and will send it by mail, postage free, on receipt
of price \$1.50. Address, BANNER OF LOST BOSTON, MASS.
Jan. 23.

AT THE OLD STAND.
No. 654 Washington street, can be procured every variety of
of pure and fresh Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Oils, Etc., etc.
tracts, Patent and Popular Medicines, together with all articles
necessary for the use of any Drug Store.
A liberal discount made to the Wholesale Trade, Physicians, Chemists,
Vendors, and those who buy to sell again.

July 4 18 OCTAVIUS KING.
DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,
 Hancock House, Court Square,
 April 1 BOSTON.

W. M. L. JOHNSON, DENTIST, NASSAUBALL
 Washington street, entrance on Common street
 Boston, Mass. May 28

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. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages were not names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth 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—do us the kindness of life thus freely to the hungry multitude. Please address "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston. Mass. Funds 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.

Thursday, March 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Ellen Andrews, to her husband, Joseph Andrews, in California; Joe Brown, to his wife, Adeline, living in Madison, Wis.; Ada Elliot, to her mother, Adeline, in Trenton, N. J., and her father, in Texas. From by Anna Cora Wilson ("Birdie"), to her parents, in this city.

Monday, March 12.—Invocation by a Illinois Spirit; Questions and Answers; Thomas S. Kenney, to his wife, Sarah, in New York City; Theodore Aldrich, to his wife, in Clarksville, Ind.

Tuesday, March 8.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Commodore M. M. Perry, late of United States Navy; John Collins, to his brother, Peter Collins, of Cincinnati, O.; Nathan Willis, of Georgetown, Mass., who died at Southern, last night (March 7th); Eddie Stevens, of Long Island, N. Y., to his mother.

Invocation.

In the presence of the Infinite, Oh, God, our Father and Mother, may we do for thee, thy children, what theology hath failed to do. May we cause them to know that thou art with them; that they are never abandoned by thee; that their life is thy life, that they are one with thee. Oh, Spirit of Divine Love, in the arms of thy love we would bear them higher and still higher, nearer and still nearer to the clear waters of Truth, that, being washed therein, they may become free from all error, all darkness. Oh, our Father, as the mighty flood of Spiritual light is rolling through earth, may these thy children be baptized in it. May they worship thee in Spirit and in Truth; may they feel that thou art with them, continually guiding and directing their every step. Then war will be no more with the nations. Then darkness and mental night will turn to day, and thy presence acknowledged by all. Oh, our Father, in the midst of human evil we are yet able to perceive the powers of good by which we are surrounded. We feel thy presence; we know thy power; we rely upon thee as our Infinite Presence of Good. Oh, may these thy children do only such things as self approval of, for in that lie all that shall give them entrance to heaven or hell. Oh, teach them by thy ministering angels to analyze self—to read and know of their own being, and thus they shall know more of thee. Feb. 25.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—The audience are now at liberty to propound whatever questions they may desire to.

Ques.—What kind of food is best adapted, physically, mentally and spiritually, to the development of mankind?

ANSWER.—The earth furnishes a vast variety by which the human form may be sustained. Now there is as great a diversity among human forms, as there is with the conditions, the powers which constitute food. Each physical body requires a certain amount of Mother Earth's stores to sustain it. It holds within itself the law of attraction and repulsion, and assimilates with certain particles that are received into the stomach for that body's support.

It would be actually impossible for us to designate any particular kind of food that is adapted to the race generally. Some forms will only thrive and develop upon animal food. Some forms thrive better upon vegetable food. Some require very little, others more. Much, nay, all, depends upon your physical and spiritual condition as individuals. You are to determine what is best adapted to an individual's development, by analyzing the spiritual and physical capacities of that individual.

Q.—I don't understand what you mean by analyze. **A.**—Make yourselves acquainted with its requirements. For instance, you wish to analyze some particular form of life—to make yourself acquainted with the laws of that form. That is what we mean by the term analyze.

Q.—In answering the letters, do you see or feel the writing?

A.—Neither; the writing presents certain characters or forms. Now we see the forms or characters—not the writing. Do you understand? You introduce in your writing, your thoughts. Your thoughts have spiritual forms; those forms we see. It is not the letters, the words, or sentences that we perceive, but the form, the character, the idea.

Q.—Or in other words, the thought.

A.—Yes; or in other words, the thought. In answering some letters, the forms stand out so prominent that we are able to give a correct answer at once. In other letters, some of the forms stand out prominent, and others are very indistinct. Therefore, we sometimes make mistakes in answering your letters. You should be careful in sitting down to write your questions that your thoughts are not confused. You should have a clear idea yourself of what you want. If you do that you will, in nine cases out of ten, get correct answers.

Q.—Thought is absorbed similarly to light, is it not?

A.—Most certainly.

Q.—Then thought is material?

A.—Certainly; but of a different kind of matter from what your earth is composed of.

Q.—Does not such a theory prove that like attracts like? that it is with thought, the same as matter? that the law of attraction and repulsion holds good with thought?

A.—Most certainly it does. It would be impossible for you to conceive of thought as detached from matter. You talk of spirit and soul, and suppose it is detached from matter. Now this cannot be so, for if it were you could not hold communion with it. It is only another form of matter; a something more sublimated.

Q.—Are we to suppose that the spirit of man will always retain the human form?

A.—By no means. Although the human form is the highest which your senses are familiar with, yet the independent spirit has it in its power to take on a higher and more perfect form than even the human form.

Q.—Have you ever seen anything higher?

A.—Yes, we have.

Q.—Please describe that form.

A.—And if we should you would not understand it, for there is nothing on earth by which to compare it with, and it is only by comparison that humanity can understand spiritual objects and scenes.

Q.—Was there ever a time, or an eternity, when the human spirit did not follow the same circle round as physical things do? Does the human spirit follow the same law as do things physical?

A.—There are various opinions existing in the spirit-world, as there are here. We can only give that which belongs to ourselves as an individual. Now we believe that the human spirit is continually revolving through life; is passing through condition after condition; taking on form after form; is outliving the old and entering the new. But when you have no longer any attractions earthward, then your spirit will become, to a certain extent, absorbed in Deity. Do you understand?

Q.—I think I understand your idea.

S.—And yet we cannot believe that we shall ever entirely lose our identity, for we have the assurance—positive assurance—that we, as individuals, are immortal.

Q.—I cannot understand how we can become absorbed in Deity and not lose our identity?

A.—The hand is not the head, and yet it is of the body. Do you understand it?

Q.—I do not think I do, clearly.

S.—Well, then, when the human spirit enters the higher spheres, it will understand itself thoroughly. It will then have outlived all ignorance. It will then have become master of all life that pertains to its own unfoldment. They tell us that in the higher degrees of spiritual life there is perfect harmony. They think alike, enjoy alike, and send down their power to those beneath them in the same way. Now it is not so in the spheres contiguous to mortality, where all, as it were, are in immediate contact with the inhabitants of earth. Each one passing on from your sphere takes with him all his earthly proclivities and opinions. Thus one is the Catholic, another an Infidel; one the lover of truth, another ignores it; one sees God in the flowers, another can worship him only in the carved granite. So it is; there is a vast variety of opinions upon all subjects in the lower spheres of spirit life, and you must not expect all who come to you will entertain the same ideas of God and religion. All talk of God, but each one has their own idea of God, and each are true to themselves.

Q.—You speak of the spirit's unfolding. We cannot unfold if we have nothing to unfold with. We believe in the accumulation of wisdom and thought, not in the unfoldment of it.

S.—It is merely a change of condition, this unfoldment we speak of. It is a passing out of the lower degrees of life into higher and more refined ones.

Q.—This unfoldment of spirit is done by accumulation, I presume?

A.—Yes, certainly it is.

Q.—Then it cannot be unfoldment.

S.—Why not? You turn over leaf after leaf in the volume of life, yet you attract to your spirit certain ideas that are necessary to your spiritual unfoldment. **Q.**—But if you had not the volume, there would be nothing to unfold.

S.—Certainly not. If you had not the volume of life, your spirit surely could not unfold itself. Now we contend that the disembodied spirit is constantly throwing off corrutions of light peculiar to itself, and as constantly taking on that which will aid in its unfoldment.

Q.—Yes; but we would call that process accumulation, not unfoldment.

S.—The human soul may be called a sealed volume to mankind, until wisdom furnishes the key by which they can unlock the book. Who can read the soul except one that is acquainted with its peculiar characters or forms? Now the soul unfolds of its powers to others. You unfold to me of your soul life, and I in turn unfold of my soul-life to you. And, again, I attract to my soul-life that earthly wisdom which will tend to unfold my spirit.

Q.—In the higher relations of spirit-life do we not lose all attractions to earth's sphere?

A.—Yes; the spirit certainly does. When the spirit has outlived its human individuality, then it has no longer any use for it in spirit-life.

Q.—This was not so with the Son of God, for he seemed to hold communion and sympathy with his disciples after death.

S.—Are you sure that he was the Son of God any more than you or his followers were?

Q.—No; I think he was not.

Q.—Could an individual so entirely lose its identity as a spirit, as to become the animal?

A.—That condition might be, temporarily—not permanently. The human soul can never lose its identity, never.

Q.—It has done so. It has lost its identity.

A.—But we do not believe that the human soul can retrograde.

Q.—It does while in the form; I am perfectly sure of that.

S.—Do not confound the soul with human life, or the characteristics of animal life. You may debase and injure the physical form, but the human spirit, there is nothing that can contaminate it—nothing that can drag it down. You may show us an individual whose whole being seems steeped in guilt, and we shall, even then, be able to find that that man or woman has a soul pure as a Jesus of Nazareth.

Q.—Where, then, is the beginning of unfoldment in the spirit-world?

A.—The spirit in its outer experience is constantly improving; but in its inner or soul life, it is always pure and good.

Q.—Does it ever lay dormant in the human being through the whole of its earthly life?

A.—Yes; if the machine is not adapted to the development or unfoldment of the human spirit.

Q.—In that case, will the brain have the principal control?

A.—Yes; it is the organ through which spirit acts.

Q.—Is it that which constitutes idiosyncrasy?

A.—Yes; it is not that the spirit—the soul—is not perfect, but the machine is imperfect. You might as well expect me to produce melody from this table before me. But give me an instrument adapted to the giving forth of musical sounds, and I will gratify your desires in respect to music. So it is with regard to the soul of the idiot. The soul is quite as pure and perfect as at its birth, but the machine is imperfect. Therefore, you are to expect that the manifestations will be correspondingly imperfect.

Q.—What is the difference between spirit and soul?

A.—One is used in this sense, to convey the idea of a body, a material substance—material organism; but the other is a principle pervading all life. It matters not whether you call it soul, spirit or body; give it whatever name you please, you cannot change its character. There is a principle pervading all life which is unchangeable and everlasting. The form alone changes, for that belongs to the transition law. Forms are constantly changing, but spirit is ever the same.

David Grafton.

I changed worlds in May, 1863, from Chancellorsville. I am, sir, from the 2d Virginia. I suppose you meet with folks from our side quite often? [Yes; you are welcome.]

I am no stranger, sir, to these manifestations. I investigated the science, in all, I think, fourteen or fifteen years. I used to wonder when I was on earth, why the spirits had not power to stop the war; or why they had not prevented its beginning at all? I see a little further now than I did then.

I see that both North and South had need of a pretty severe whipping. The South has got a little more than the North has, but I think, if I'm not mistaken, you're not going to go clear without it.

I've had no opportunity of visiting my friends, or of communicating with them in any way since I left my body. I hoped I should not be obliged to come here, but I am obliged to, and I hope my friends will not only receive my letter, but will try to furnish some means by which I can come nearer home.

I have a brother, Philip Grafton, in New Orleans. I believe he takes no part in your war; is neither one thing nor the other. I should like to open a correspondence with him if I could. Is it possible? [We should think you might.] He don't have much faith in these things. At any rate, when I last saw him his conversation was something like this, "David, I've no faith in your spiritual humbug."

Well, if it is a humbug, then his thoughts must have traveled down to this time, and taken the same direction. Now it seems to me, that it would have been easier for me to reach him, if he had said, "Why, David, you have come back and talked. I think Spiritualism is a truth." What do you think, sir?

I might say a great deal concerning your war, but this is no time or place. I am extremely anxious to communicate with my friends at the South. I find it more difficult to do so than I anticipated it would be. I believed our powers would be sufficient for anything of the kind when we got to the spirit-world. We think we know all about this Spiritualism, and when we get out of our bodies, we find we've a good deal to learn. [You have some work to do.] Yes, sir, a good deal.

In the first place, we have to come under strict discipline, and when we are pretty well drilled, then we've got to look round for a suitable person to come through. In the third place, we've got to gain power enough to surmount all the obstacles our friends throw in our path. They say they're very glad to have us come back, and at the same time throw all the mountains in our way that can. It's so, sir. I really believe they'd want us to scale Bunker Hill, if they thought we could.

Well, I rather thought so myself when here, so I can't blame others for thinking as I did. At one time I was a medium. "Now," I said to a spirit, "if you can, will you take that pencil and write?" At certain times my hand would begin to tremble and I would seize a pencil from the table. "Why can't you take the table up to the ceiling?" I asked. I had faith in spirit power, but I thought if they could impress my hand to write, they ought to be able to lift up the table, too. Well, the amount of it, I could not see so far then as I do now. [They do lift up tables now.] Yes, they did sometimes then, but could not always, because conditions were not right. Perhaps it would take twenty-four hours to bring conditions right to lift the table. We are not competent judges you know, because we are on one side, and spirits are on the other while we are in the flesh.

Well, if my brother would like to speak with me, I should be glad to do so. I find the spirit-world in many respects what I expected to; in some things, I'm disappointed. If you'll form a circle at home, I'll do the best I can to come to you. I'll see if there are any mediums among them. If there are any undeveloped, I'll try and develop them. But they can make the attempt.

[Did you give your name?] David Grafton. Send to Philip Grafton, New Orleans, please. [Can you give his residence?] The last time I heard from him, I think he was stopping at the St. Charles. I'm not sure. It was only a floating rumor, but I feel he's in New Orleans. Good-day. Feb. 25.

Adeline Elliot.

I've a brother, sir, in the Army of the Potomac that I should like to send some thoughts to. [You can if you please.]

I was born in Concord, New Hampshire. My name was Adeline Elliot. My brother's name is James Elliot. I have been in this spirit-world a little more than three months; was in my twentieth year.

My brother is twenty-four. He is very wild, and a source of great trial to his mother. She is now out in Columbus, Ohio. That is where I died. I—I can't send her any message, for she's—she would not receive anything that comes in this way. She believes in the second coming of Christ. She's very rigid in her religious views, and does not believe in dealing with the unfruitful works of darkness, as she calls it; and it would be worse than folly to send her in this way.

But my brother, my dear brother—I think I can reach him, for he has no religion, no prejudices, and I'm sure, sir, he'd receive me. I want him to know that I can come back. He knows I'm dead, and I want him to know that I've been constituted one of his guardian spirits; and whenever he's tempted to do wrong, ask him to stop and remember that we are with him. He told me once that he thought he should never do wrong if I could always be with him.

Tell him, now, I'm where I can always be near him, and he'll never know when I'm not present, so he must do right always. I would ask him to write often to our mother, that he may cheer her drooping spirits. I would have him do all he can to assist in sustaining her; and if it should happen that he should fall in battle, I shall be there to receive him. He needs to fear more to live here amid the temptations of earthly life, than to die. If he's only strong enough to live right in your world, he need not fear death.

If he is able to come this way, and can meet any person through whom I can come and speak to him, I hope he'll let me come to him. Tell him his last letter was received the day before I died. It's been answered. I believe it was read to me, but I have but an indistinct recollection of its contents, else I would rehearse them to my brother, as proof of my identity.

[Do you wish us to direct a paper to him?] He came to Massachusetts, sir, and enlisted, sir, from Massachusetts. [Do you know what regiment he is in?] Yes, sir, I think—I'm not sure—I think he's in the 22nd. I'm not sure, sir; I may be mistaken, and I would not willingly tell you an untruth.

The friends who assisted me here, told me that the papers were frequently circulated through the regiment where he was, and they had no doubt but that it would be put into his hands. Feb. 25.

Pat. Denny.

Faith, sir, it takes some time to get in here, for I've been here since early morning. Ah, it takes about as long to get ready to speak here, as it does to get a regiment in order.

Well, sir, I want to send some sort of a letter or message to Hartford, Connecticut. [We'll endeavor to help you.] This is Boston? [Yes.] What'll I ask them to come here? [Ask your friends to furnish you with a medium in Hartford, or elsewhere.] Yes, sir.

Well, I suppose the first thing is to tell 'em I'm dead; how 's that, sir? [If they are not aware of it, you can be the first one to inform them.] Well, sir, I don't think they can know it; faith, I don't. Egad, I only come out since yesterday. [Where did you pass away?] Where did I pass away? In New Orleans. [At the hospital?] Yes, sir. [Do you remember what sickness you had?] Ah, faith, I had the rheumatiz and a sort of—the surgeon called it a kind of intermittent fever. I get up and I get down by turns.

I was one day good, and another day bader than worse. Well, sir, I hear something by somebody that struggled through the hospital one day, about our going to the spirit-world. Faith, I keep me ears wide open to hear all I can about it, and I said to myself, "Maybe the spirit can come back."

I'll tell you, sir, about me mother. She was one of these sort of folks what could see fairies. You call them spirits; we call them in the old country, fairies. Well she would see the fairies and talk with them, she used to say; but could n't believe it. Well, me mother was right, after all, in telling me she talked with fairies or spirits. So I took that along with me when I went to the spirit-world, and now you see, here I am. Now I want me friends to know I'm dead. [You want to tell them you've lost me body. Faith, I mean I'm dead, cap'n. [All right.] Now I want me folks to know that I can come back. Well, the dead spake sometimes; they come back and spake. Now I can come to them and tell all about myself. [They will have to meet you at some medium's.] Yes, I see. [Wont the Church keep them away?] Do you suppose I'm going to stay away from my own people because the Church not like it? I'm not such a fool. [But your friends may not like it.] Ah, me friends! faith, I do n't know about that; that's another thing to think of. Well, barring the Church, I'd like to have them, if they think it's right, meet me, for here I am back the first thing. I'm come back so soon that my mess ain't ready, so I'll cook it myself.

used to say; but could n't believe it. Well, me mother was right, after all, in telling me she talked with fairies or spirits. So I took that along with me when I went to the spirit-world, and now you see, here I am. Now I want me friends to know I'm dead. [You want to tell them you've lost your body, not dead.] Ah, begad! it's all the same thing, since I've lost me body. Faith, I mean I'm dead, cap'n. [All right.] Now I want me folks to know that I can come back. Well, the dead spake sometimes; they come back and spake. Now I can come to them and tell all about myself. [They will have to meet you at some medium's.] Yes, I see. [Wont the Church keep them away?] Do you suppose I'm going to stay away from my own people because the Church not like it? I'm not such a fool. [But your friends may not like it.] Ah, me friends! faith, I do n't know about that; that's another thing to think of. Well, barring the Church, I'd like to have them, if they think it's right, meet me, for here I am back the first thing. I'm come back so soon that my mess ain't ready, so I'll cook it myself.

[Can you give the regiment and company you belonged to?] Yes, sir, I'll give it: the 29th Connecticut Regiment, Company A. Well, cap'n, I was going to say, suppose you direct me letter—I'll ask John Donnelly—he's kind of one of the sort of folks that takes everything that comes along—I'll send to him, and I'll ask him to see that me folks get me letter. I'll ask him to carry me respects, and say that I'm dead, and that I can come back to earth, and am able to spake for myself, just about as well as ever I was; do you see?

[You have n't given your wife's name.] No, nor me own either. Well now, me wife's name is Margaret Denny, and me own name is Pat. Me age? [Yes.] There was some talk about me being thirty-eight, but I call myself thirty-seven.

Now, cap'n, if you'll send me letter to John Donnelly, I'll pay you well sometime. [We do n't doubt you.] Well, good-bye to you. [Who brought you here?] I brought myself. [How did you know that you should come here?] I made inquiries where I should come back and spake, and they said here, and I come myself. [All right.] Faith I'm all right, Feb. 25.

James Augustus Alden.

If Spiritualism was true, I promised to come back to one Miss Virginia Willis, living in New York.

I was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg. I've never seen the time, from that day to this, when I could come, until to-day.

Be kind enough to say that James Augustus Alden comes here to redeem his promise if Spiritualism was true; that he finds the theory true, and there's nothing else left for him to do but to redeem the promises he made to earthly friends, as fast as possible. [Does Miss Willis reside in New York City?] New York City, yes, sir.

When next I come, I will try and redeem my promise to Thomas Rand; but can't to-day. He lives in Brooklyn.

I laid, sir, too long in my wounds, and feel the psychological effect very sensibly here. They said I must hurry out—not hold control of the medium long. Feb. 25.

Invocation.

Father, Spirit, like sacred melody the consciousness of thy presence floats into our being and fills us with devotion. We may not utter it in words, yet were we in the midst of the faded haunts of the theological world, still we should praise thee, still we should lift up our songs of thanksgiving unto thee, for the soul knows that art everywhere. Soul ever feels thy presence; and if it feels thy presence, must worship thee. Oh, ye guardian spirits of mortality, who have been permitted to return to earth and guide the weary prisoners in the flesh to higher and better conditions, we most earnestly beseech of thee to guard these treasures well. They are spiritual gifts; on guard them well. Bear them, if possible, beyond the wild tumult of life, into the kingdom of heaven. Point out to them truth; shield them from error; lead them into day; teach them of a Jesus of Nazareth not of the form, but of the living spirit. Baptize them anew with divine life. Shower upon them the knowledge of thy presence and of their relationship to the world of mind. Oh, be faithful over these, the children of mortal life. Guide them while here; and when they, like yourselves, shall have done with their earthly bodies, they will repay you, will turn and minister to your necessities. And together we will then worship the great I AM, in spirit and in truth. Feb. 29.

Questions and Answers.

SPIRIT.—The audience are now at liberty to propound whatever questions they may have in mind.

Ques.—A short time since the controlling spirit said, through Mrs. Conant, in reply to a question respecting prayer, "There is no other benefit to be derived from prayer except a reflex influence upon the soul of the person who prays." Is not this a part of the truth only, and may we not understand the whole matter thus: 1. In accordance with a natural law, fire, placed beneath water in a closed vessel, puts into action enormous natural forces, which have only been turned to account within the last half century. Is it not just as much a fact in God's universe—and no more supernatural—that, in obedience to a but little understood spiritual law, true and earnest prayer acts upon the spirit-world, and puts into operation unseen intelligent forces, as certainly as water is converted into steam? 2. No sensible, truthful man can suppose that he changes God's laws and purposes by prayer; but the questioner's spiritual experience teaches him that the reflex action of prayer upon the mind is of the greatest possible value, and would alone suffice to urge the habit of prayer, there are numberless instances (out of the Bible) of specific requests being immediately and immediately answered, and that without the possibility of misunderstanding or mistake. Is it not, then, emphatically one of God's laws that true prayer shall do more than operate in reflex action upon man's soul?

ANS.—In brief, we have only to say, the position your correspondent has assumed is precisely the position held by your speaker to-day. The question he has fully answered. We could do no better, were we to attempt it. Do you understand?

Q.—Yes. What becomes of the spirit of an animal after its death?

A.—Science teaches us that the spirit of the animal belongs to animal life. It also teaches us that when the spirit passes out of one form it enters another form. It is continually passing through animal life; goes no higher than animal life. It has not the crowning arch of wisdom, therefore it cannot be individualized as an immortal.

Q.—We are told that the spirit of man dwells no more in a physical body after death, and that of the animal does. I cannot see why one should not, as much as the other. I solicit information.

A.—The spirit of the human, the intellectual being, the individualized immortal, has need of the physical machine while it operates upon the face of the earth; but after its brief journey through life, it no longer needs the physical machine. Now Nature furnishes just enough to all her subjects—no more than enough. She gives the physical form when the spirit has need of it, and takes it away when it has no longer any use for it.

Q.—Does the spirit of the animal have an individualized existence after death?

A.—No, we do not think it does. **Q.**—Why not, as much as the human? How does your spirit exist after death? **A.**—It would be impossible for us to demonstrate this fact to you, since you see only through the fleshly tabernacle. When you shall have done with that temple, you shall be enabled to see with your spirit vision, and then we are quite sure that you will agree with us.

Q.—Other spirits, in returning, tell us that in the spirit-world there are spirit horses, spirit cats and spirit dogs, as much as spirit human. **A.**—So there are, but not in the sense you suppose them to exist. The dog that exists with you in physical life, has a spirit peculiar to its own being. Now the disembodied one sees not the outer covering of the spirit dog, but the spirit. Therefore many spirits tell you that they have dogs, and other animals, as on the earth. And so they do, in the spirit sphere that is contiguous to earth; but they are unclothed spirits, and not the clothed spirits that belong to physical life. We cannot believe that the animal retains his identity after death, cannot believe that he, as an individual, is immortal, for we know that we can carry him only a very short distance in intellectual life. We can teach him very little. He flies but one step in the scale of animal existence. You cannot make the dog comprehend what the human does. The dog has no aspirations for the future life. It takes care, by instinct, of the animal life, but aspires to nothing beyond it.

Q.—Then to one class of spirits, there are spiritual animals, and to another there are not. Is not that the way you intended to express it?

A.</

"My son, I'll bet all I'm worth, I would not be afraid—
—If I was a betting man, as I was in my youth—
to put it all up against one pound. I think, I know the
North will conquer." I said so then. I think I'm
sure that there can be no government on the side of
human bondage, and I'm sure now which side will
conquer. The North will conquer, but not until all
you are made aware of what you're fighting for. You
think you're fighting for the restoration of the Union,
but it has no more to do with it than one of these
pieces of paper, not a bit more. But human freedom
is all to do with it, and when you've all made up your
minds as to what you're fighting for, then your war
will come to an end very soon, not so soon as you
could wish, but in a short space of time.

Now, the man you have at the helm is a very good
man, but he makes but slow progress; for he perceives
ideas not as quick as some men do; but when he does
perceive them, and feels that he is right, he waits until
he's backed up by the whole populace, before making
any important movement. So you see the spirit-world
has got to wait for your President to perceive the
right, and for the entire populace to endorse his opin-
ion. He's all right, but he's afraid to declare it,
until he's backed up by the whole North.

I should like to talk to my sons. They're in
just as much darkness at the present time, as I once
was about spiritual things. Now I once believed that
the soul was not immortal, that it did not exist after
death. But the last fifteen years of my life I changed
my mind. I was led to believe that there was a fu-
ture state—that the soul did have an existence in a
world beyond the grave.

My sons know nothing of these things. I'm anx-
ious to get them out of the dark, to bring them into
the sunlight of spiritual truth. Now they have the
power of exerting a strong influence upon the commu-
nity in which they dwell, and I want them to exert
that influence for good. If the right is not on my
side, if I'm wrong, then let them search elsewhere
for it. Let them hear all things, and hold fast to that
which seems to be good.

I hope to see your cause triumph, for its right, for its
sacred, its Godlike. You're trying to come out of
the darkness of Slavery into the light of Freedom.
You ought to receive the aid of every spirit in and out
of the body, who knows anything about your condi-
tion. So I'll do all I can to exert what influence I
possess in your favor.

I want my sons, Amos and Thomas, to meet me in
London. There are plenty of these folks there, and I
want them to meet me and let me talk, and I'll prove
to them that the soul does not only live after death,
but can come back to earth and speak for itself.

My age, eighty-four. A good old age, you see.
[Rise.] Yes, I saw something of life, but hope to see
much more of it on the other side; expect I shall.
Good day, Feb. 29.

Charles Lawrence.

I would be much obliged to you if you'd be kind
enough to call Charles Lawrence, of the Second
Minnesota, reports himself here to-day, having been
dead in all about nine weeks.

I can't preach any sermon, Major, for I don't know
much about this thing. All I know is, that I can
come back here and talk.

I've a mother, sister, and a younger brother in St.
Paul. I should be glad to communicate with, if I could.
Yes, sir, this new world is a fine place to live in when
you get acquainted. But it takes some drilling for
such chaps as I am. Folks that come to the spirit-
world ignorant, and with their own ideas, soon find
themselves undressed and rigged up in a new uniform,
before they can join this company. They've got some-
thing to do, Major. [There's no idleness in the spirit-
world.] No, sir; it ain't hardly four hours off and
four hours on, but it's all the time.

Well, Major, I'll pay you when Uncle Sam settles
up; has'n't done that yet, and I'm sure. [That will
be in season.] Good-night; or morning; I don't
know which it is. I can't keep the hang of your time
here. [It's afternoon.]

Don't forget to ask 'em to give me an invite to
come nearer home. You have quite as much of Con-
federates as Federals coming back, I see, 'fore I come
here. Well, I think a large majority of them were
rebels. [We treat all alike.] Oh, I've got nothing
against 'em now. I buried the hatchet the same time
my body was buried. But by hovey, if the hatchet
sint buried any deeper than my body, I'm afraid it
will be dug up sometime.

[Where did you pass away?] Ha? [Where did
you leave your body?] Well, sir, I rather expect the
old machine is at Port Hudson, all there is of it. Oh,
I didn't die on the field. I wish I had. [In the hos-
pital?] Yes, it's kind of glorious to die in battle.
I always wanted to, but that was a glory reserved for
others. Well, Major, good-day to you. Feb. 29.

Mary Dean.

My father is in the 11th Maine, and he does not know
anything about this. He doesn't know anything
about me, come.

My father's name was John Dean; my mother's
name was Ellen Dean. My own name was Mary. I
was nine years old. We live in Augusta, and my father
worked in Augusta before he enlisted and got off to war.
If you please, sir, to tell my father first, that my moth-
er's name was Ellen Dean, and that she's a very bad
off, and she thinks he's to blame. She thinks
he's got it, and have used it. I like him to write to
her and tell her about it, and see she have it, for she's
sick and wants it badly.

[Does your mother live in Augusta now?] Yes,
sir. [Do you remember the street she resides on?] Yes,
sir; will I tell you? [Yes.] Cabot street Place.
[If your mother is suffering, we should like to have
some of our friends aid her.] She's not starving at
all; but wants the money very much.

My father's not to blame, but my mother thinks he
is, and I want him to write to her about it, and make
it right. Good-by, sir. Feb. 29.

THE SPIRIT MINSTREL.

A Collection of HYMNS and MUSIC for the use of Spiritu-
alists in their Circles and Public Meetings. By J. B.
FARRAR and J. S. LOVELAND.

TO SHOW how beautifully the Hymns and Music are adapted
to the Spiritualists' worship, we give the following Index
of Tunes.

After life's eventful mission: Angel Footsteps; Armon:
Assembled at the closing hour: Assurance; Awake
the song that gave to earth; Ballerina; Beauty of the Spirit-
Land; Better Land; Bliss; Boylston; Brattle Street; Cam-
bridge; Circle; Come ye disconsolate; Coronation; Day is
breaking; Dream Land; Eden of Love; Edinburgh; Em-
mons; Evening; Fairest blossom, thou art fading; Faith,
hope and love; Fellowship; Forget not the loved; For the
right; Freedom; Friendship; Gone home; Greenwillow;
Guardian; Heaven; Hebron; Hedron; Hope; How shall I
know that I can see those forms familiar; I'm a pilgrim;
I'm but a pilgrim here; In the land where I am going; I saw
thy form in youthful prime; Jertie; Jerusalem; Joyfully:
Land of bliss; Let me kiss him for his mother; Light; Love:
By I wonder how; Love; Love divine; Love is a bird of
song; Love never sleeps; Memory; Millennium dawn;
Morning thoughts; No bitter tears for her be shed;
No want shall I know; O fly to thy lover; Orville; Per-
petual peace; Prayer; Progress; Prospect; Rest; Rocking-
ham; Secret Prayer; Solitude; Silenus; Sister Spirit come
away; Social love; Solitude; Spirit bright are ever night;
Spirit visit; The Angel's Welcome; The Guardian Angel;
The Lord's Prayer; The Love of Angels; The morn of truth;
The peace of Heaven; The Spirit's Address; There is an
hour of peaceful rest; The work of Angels; The world
is beautiful; This world is not all that's good; Tremont;
Triumphant Song; True; Victory in death; Vision; Walk-
ing at the gate; Wanderer, nation home; Ward; Water;
Wendy; What countless hosts of Spirits bright; When
shall we meet again; Yonder's my home; Zephyr.

Price 25 cents per copy, paper binding; or 35 cents in
board. For sale at this office. Feb. 29.

New Books.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"PECULIAR."

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

BY EPES SARGENT.

A NOVEL of rare power in respect to plot, characters and
style, entitled, "Peculiar."
The materials have been supplied in the testimony of Gen
Butler, Gov. Shepley, the Provost Marshal, and others, in re-
gard to certain social developments consequent upon the oc-
cupation of New Orleans by the United States forces. In his
treatment of these thrilling and extraordinary facts, the
author has exhibited at once a delicacy and a boldness that
command admiration.

The enthusiasm of the few to whom "Peculiar" has been
submitted, has a ring of genuineness which cannot be mis-
taken. "I scruple," writes one, "to say all I think about
it, lest I should seem extravagant. I have so wept and
laughed over it, that I could not criticize it if I would. It is
in truth a most charming book. Few novels can I name in
which the interest is so early excited, and so absorbingly
kept up to the end."

"I wish," writes another, "every woman in the land could
read 'Peculiar,' for it is a work that goes home to the
female heart, and eloquently interprets much that has never
before been so well expressed. The book has all the elements
of a large and striking success."

"Peculiar" gets its name from one of the characters, who
has been named, by his whimsical master, Peculiar Institu-
tion."

"This is eminently a book for reading aloud,
so spirited and facile, so elegant and natural in the style; so
clearly delineated and grouped are the characters; so thor-
oughly with vitality and interest is the whole wonderful story.
Read the interview at the White House, in which the Presi-
dent appears; the scene in which Mr. Jefferson Davis is
photographed; the scene at Mr. Pomplander's; the vendue at
New Orleans, at once so humorous and pathetic; those im-
mortal scenes at the St. Charles Hotel, in which George
Sanders and Senator Wigfall gloriously figure; the steam-
boat scene on the Mississippi; and that unparalleled story of
Estelle—which we defy any one with heart of flesh to read
without tears."

"We have rarely read a novel so startlingly bold, and yet
so gentle; so truthful, and yet so tender; so glowing with
unfading interest as a story, and at the same time so vivid
and overflowing with ideas. The scene lies half in New
York and half in New Orleans."

"Peculiar" forms an elegantly-printed 12mo of 500 pages.
In addition to these features of rare attraction, we need
but remind our readers that this work is bold and strong for
Spiritualism. The eminent author leaves no doubt as to his
views. EVERY SPIRITUALIST SHOULD READ IT.
That it will form an important instrument in calling in-
creased attention to the Spiritual movement, no intelligent
reader will fail to perceive. It should lie upon the table of
every progressive family.

One beautiful 12mo, 504 pages, cloth bound. Price, \$1.50.
Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Dec. 5. Address, "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass."

SECOND EDITION! RAPID SALE!

THE BOOK OF THE AGE!

OLARK'S PLAIN GUIDE

TO

SPIRITUALISM!

TEXT BOOK, REFERENCE BOOK, HAND-BOOK,
COMPLETE COMPEND, THOROUGH GUIDE
FOR ALL WHO WOULD KNOW SPIRIT-
UALISM IN ITS HUNDRED PHASES,
FORMS AND APPLICATIONS.

BY URIAH OLARK.

"EXCELLENT" "both the informed and unin-
formed should read it."—William Howitt, London
(Eng.), Spiritual Magazine.

No book from the spiritual press has ever elicited such
universal interest and approval as the "Plain Guide to
Spiritualism." There is no dissenting voice either from the
press or the people. The first large edition sold rapidly, and
the second edition will be exhausted as soon as the third can
be brought out. The critical notice, both sides of the At-
lantic are agreed in pronouncing this one of the most read-
able, thorough, interesting and instructive books of the age,
and most felicitously adapted to all classes. "A every Spiritu-
alist and every spiritual family. It is an indispensable ac-
cessory to the modern spiritual dispensation, though the au-
thor erects no standards of authority or infallibility.
It is a handbook for constant use, for conference tables,
conferences, circles, conventions, the arena of discussion
and public instruction to which to turn in all occasions of
need; a text-book for believers, friends,
neighbors, skeptics, inquirers, editors, ministers, authors;
an aid to the weak in faith, the doubtful, the unfortunate,
the fallen, the despondent; a complete compend for
writers, speakers, seekers; an indispensable companion
to lecturers and mediums, and an advocate of their claims
as well as the claims of the people; a plain guide, embracing
the pros and cons; theoretical, practical, searching, frank,
free, fearless, effective to none but the pertinently blind
and infatuated, liberal and charitable to all; safe to be put
into the hands of all; chaste, eloquent and attractive style
distinct in the presentation of principles and pointed in their
application, and comprehensive in scope and facts in
proof of Spiritualism. The author has had large expe-
rience in the ministry, and in the editorial and spiritual cham-
pioning field, having been among the earliest pioneer cham-
pions, visiting all the Northern, Eastern, Middle and Western
States; and this volume embodies the studies and labors of
years. It is the first and only book going over the whole
ground.

Among the varied contents of this volume are numerous
quoted quotations from some of the most eminent authors on
spiritual intercourse, Spiritualism in olden times, modern
and progress, startling statistics, glorious triumphs,
what processes and pulpits say, they are startled, the world's de-
mand, the spiritual truth, various manifestations, mediums,
various facts given, the various phases of Spiritualism be-
lief, theories, science, philosophy, reforms, the Bible array of
facts; all the popular objections, theories, standards, &c. not;
"Free Love," "Affinity," marriage, social questions thor-
oughly and delicately handled; many questions to religious
and skeptics, the philosophy explained; how many kinds of
mediums there are, how to form circles, develop medium-
ship, and enjoy spiritual communion; a chapter of quota-
tions from numerous spiritual authors; how to select a medium;
how to organize forms, ordinances, etc.; how to ad-
vance the cause, lecturers, mediums, conferences, circles, li-
braries, Sunday schools; warnings, impostors; appeal to
Spiritualists; the circle; the circle; the circle; the circle;
actions, signs, ailments, etc.; various practical hints
and cautions; seed of personal and general reform; touch-
ing incidents and anecdotes; hopes, encouragements, inspira-
tions, consolations; stirring appeals, great issues involved,
startling revelations and modern events impending; the
coming Ponticost; the heavens opened; the angel armies
marching anew; the angels of peace; the end of the war;
celestial message.

300 large pages, superior type, cloth binding. \$1; postage,
15 cents. Large paper, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

Address the Publishers,

Jan. 9. WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

158 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE EMPIRE OF THE MOTHER

OVER

THE CHARACTER AND DESTINY OF THE RACE.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Author of "Marriage and Parenting the Unwelcome
Child," "A Kiss for a Blow," "The Self-Abnegation
Child," or "Earth's True King and Queen."

"The Health of Woman—the Hope of the World."
Considering Man and his Destiny, I view him in three
stages: (1) in that which intervenes between conception
and birth; which I call his pre-natal state; (2) in that
which intervenes between his birth and the death of his
body; which I call his post-natal state; (3) in that
which begins at the death of the body and never ends, which
I call his disembodied state; or, *his life within the veil*.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents; postage, 8 cents for
cloth, 4 cents for paper. For sale at this office. Feb. 29.

JUST PUBLISHED—A PAMPHLET ENTITLED

"The Gospel of Harmony."

BY MRS. E. GOODRICH WILLARD, in which are solved
the most mysterious and mysterious questions of the
universe, and the location of DEITY, illustrated with a plate.

THE DUAL UNITY OF THE UNIVERSE;
Or, The Relation of the Male and Female, is also
plainly elucidated.

The second chapter contains a "REFLECTED MAN'S LOVE
BEATING QUEEN OF WOMAN," a CAUTIONARY TREATISE OF HER
ERRING AND OUTCAST SISTERS," to which is added

"THE SPHERE OF WOMAN,"
Showing her true position in the world, according to the
law of Nature.

For sale at this office. Price, 30 cents; postage free.

Sept. 5.

ON THE EVIDENCES OF DIVINE INSPIRATION.

BY DAVID KELLEY.

The fetters that bind the body of the slave fall off at death,
and leave him free to leave his material mind, chained to a
sectarian creed, hugging its own chains, in a more hope-
less bondage than the poor African. Death does not remove
the fetters from the mind; it takes many long years in the
spirit-land to free the soul from its degrading influence.

Price, 25 cents. Postage free. For sale at this office.

Aug. 29.

New Books.

A NEW BOOK OF POEMS.

Second Edition

JUST PUBLISHED,

By William White & Co., 158 Washington

Street, Boston, Mass.

A SPLENDID VOLUME!

ENTITLED,

POEMS

FROM

THE INNER LIFE!

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

Table of Contents:

PART I.

A WORD TO THE WORLD (PRELATORY);

THE PRAYER OF THE BORROWING;

THE SONG OF TRUTH;

THE EMBARKATION.

KEPLER'S VISION;

LOVE AND LATIN;

THE SONG OF THE NORTH;

THE BURIAL OF WEBSTER;

THE PARTING OF SIGURD AND GERDA;

THE MEETING OF SIGURD AND GERDA.

PART II.

THE SPIRIT-CHILD (BY "FANNIE");

THE REVELATION;

HOPE FOR THE BORROWING;

COMPENSATION;

THE EAGLE OF FREEDOM;

MISTRESS GLENARE (BY MARIAN);

LITTLE JOHNNY;

"BIRDIE'S" SPIRIT-SONG;

MY SPIRIT-HOME (A. W. SPRAGUE);

I STILL LIVE (A. W. SPRAGUE);

LIFE (SHAKESPEARE);

LOVE (SHAKESPEARE);

FOR A THILAT (BURNS);

WORDS OF GREEK (BURNS);

REBUREAU (POE);

THE PROPHECY OF VALA (POE);

THE KINGDOM (POE);

THE CRADLE OF OUFUN (POE);

THE STREETS OF BALTIMORE (POE);

THE MYSTERIES OF GODLINESS—A LECTURE.

FAREWELL TO EARTH (POE).

BOOKSELLERS throughout the Loyal States

and the British North American Provinces are hereby

notified that the Publishers are ready to receive orders

at the usual discount to the trade.

Retail price of the full gilt edition (got up express

for the Holidays), \$1.75; postage free. Retail price

of the edition in cloth, \$1.00; postage, 16 cents.

Dec. 26.

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING,

A POETIC WORK,

BY HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE,

FROM THE

PRESS OF WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

(158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.)

IS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY.

Table of Contents:

AMERICA: A NATION POEM.

VISION OF DEATH.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

A VISIT TO THE OCEAN.

THE SNOW.

PER.

LOULOU.

RODINGS.

WEARY.

THE SECOND WIFE.

HEAVEN.

NUTTING.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

THE DESTITUTE.

SLIGHTING.

WEEP.

STRANGE.

LOVE.

HOW SHE CAME.

EVERALYN.

JOAN D'AR.

COMMISSIONED.

A HOME.

SPIRIT-VOICES.

A DREAM.

LIGHT.

THE THREE PATRIOTS.

MEMORIES.

WHY DOST THOU LOVE ME?

LEONORE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

BRIDAL MUSINGS.

LELE.

THE DYING ROBIN.

DEATH OF THE YEAR.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

MY HOME.

ON THE SEA.

AN INVOCATION.

THE UNDISCOVERED.

LIFE'S PASSION STORY.

Price, in cloth, \$1.00; postage, 20 cents. For sale at this

office. Jan. 23.

AN ADMIRABLE BOOK!

NEW EDITION NOW READY.

THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

A HAND-BOOK of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen:

with Thoughts, Hints, and Anecdotes concerning Social

Observances; nice points of Taste and Good Manners, and

the Art of making oneself Agreeable. The whole inter-
spersed with humorous illustrations of Social Predicaments,
Remarks on Fashion, &c. One large 12mo. Elegant
cloth binding. Price, \$1.50.

