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THE WHITTEMORE MESSAGES.

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM HENRY, THROUGH
THE MEDIUMSHIP OF HIS SISTER,
MRS. L. SMITH.

October 14th, 1862.

I have come, dear sister, on my annual round to pay you a visit, and impart a few more thoughts in addition to those already communicated. It is with much interest I come. I am only too willing to be for a short space of time with you, directing your powers of mediumship, which, for me, have a peculiar fascination. And it is less difficult for me to come to you, bound together as we are by the ties of consanguinity, or blood relationship; the attraction seems greater. This is not always so as regards one's own family, but often the contrary. A too strong resemblance sometimes prevents the magnetic condition, being composed not of opposites, but of elements too nearly allied to each other. This is not the case with us, there being a manifest difference between us, evoking the magnetic current as readily as though of entirely opposite natures. And when I say it matters not whether I come to you, or you to me, I do not mean by this that you should lay off the body, but that by spiritual attraction we are drawn together; and you may as well be attracted by the spirit-world to come out from your home duties unto that spiritual recognition, as for me, by your desires, to come to the home circle. Do you understand this clearly? If not, listen again. Do you see that child busily employed with its toys? It remembers not the injunction given by its parent to perform certain tasks as it goes to play, but heedlessly pursues the path of pleasure, regardless of consequences. But ever and anon the thought intrudes itself—disobedience—not doing as commanded. Conscience asserts its rights, and plays the mischief, with satisfied pleasure. An influence is at work within the soul, which leisurely gains ground and commands obedience. And this is what we call coming out from one's own self and doing the will of another—or spiritual attraction.

If, on the other hand, the child had departed from the presence of its guardian, and performed the obligation without neglect, the inference would surely be that it had done so from its own beautiful will-power, not drawn on from outside influences, but inherent in and of itself. The one, absolute, positive; the other a negative principle, acted upon by others. Thus, when you will it, you draw us to you; when we will it, we draw you to us. The positive and negative conditions are in no ways alike: the one giving strength, the other receiving it. Both are necessary in certain states of mind; for to be absolutely positive, forbids the possibility of receiving from others; thus, in order that you receive from spirit-life instruction, you must become receptive to that condition: the listener, student, inquirer. But when you go forth into the world, amidst its snares, temptations, wrongs, the negative condition would not be the truthful one for you to emulate; but you in your turn should be the controlling magnet, the positive power toward all wrong doing, and by so doing you become receptive to those higher powers, who will do only good to your souls.

This is our definition of the terms positive and negative. It is a new tale that I would bring, but something that may benefit; therefore, when I come, I seek to make clear certain technical points which once puzzled me, and still bring confusion to many minds.

A new phase of modern Spiritualism is needed still; something widely different from what passes under the name—a something that shall engrave new thoughts more plentifully in the fertile soil which of late years has been preparing for its reception.

It is clear to any thoughtful mind that the first advance in truth must bring with it much error; for wrong once imbibed must poison the perceptions; and as you perceive a thing, so is that thing unto your souls, until properly eradicated.

Cannot you readily see this? No two see the same thing exactly alike, because no two are alike; neither can they ever be, for from the foundation of the world it was not so. The product of our experience it would not always do to bring; for what appears reasonable, natural, right to us, would give very disproportionate views to your unenlarged vision, until such time as you can be educated into these views, or lines of conduct. I remember well the effect the teachings of certain doctrines had upon my faint perceptions of right, moral duty, &c., and shrink from introducing like topics for fear of like results. Nevertheless, the way is open for investigation, and none need go hungry for want of spiritual food, for there is enough and to spare for all who will make free to help themselves.

But, as we said before, a reform is needed still, a purging process, cleansing as it moves along, and opening all the passages to free inquiry; morally renovating the people everywhere. This will be done; the result, a softening down of prejudices on the one side, and a more generous forbearance on the other; a greater willingness to think for one's self, with less party restraint; a general modifying of public sentiment toward the strange and marvelous, permitting all to judge for themselves. To listen is to learn; and when the prevailing mind becomes willing to listen, then half our work is done.

The mind that reasons has learned half the task at once. For once in the position to gain knowledge, you will the more readily listen to Reason's teachings. She speaks in a calm, mild voice, inviting honest investigation without credulity; speaks to the innate perceptions of man, not to his lower instincts—fear, dread of suffering, avenging punishments, and so forth—but to the loftier attributes: loving mercy, long suffering, gentleness, forbearance, and all the finer emotions of the soul. This is a religion which cannot harm; but must, if carried out in the daily walks of

life, ennoble and purify. Not merely by assent, as to creeds, would the spiritual faith do good; but the living principle is there, and if found, will carry peace to many souls, where all other beliefs have failed; and to such we come and bring the healing balm. Theoretical belief the world has had in abundance, and has been found lacking in vitality ever since the world began; and although modern views have done much to promulgate truth and scatter error, yet it has but half performed its mission, lacking still in many essentials, and in those very things we come to teach, viz, forbearance and a loving charity to others. Why this failure? Because you fail to see the living truth, and do not fully recognize the hidden value of such a practice. You judge more by present action than future results, and cannot take in the full measure of such procedure. In vain would it be for us to come and lay out plans for your consideration, unless you fully understood the object of our coming, and had confidence in us. In the second place, you must see the necessity which links us to you in unmistakable certainty, ere you will accept our mission to earth, and feel the need of a change in the moral sentiment of all peoples; then we shall be recognized as the needed aid, and not before. We have a work to do, an unthankful task sometimes, but none the less useful for all that.

The child cannot see why the parent has laid down certain rules for lines of action to be governed by in after years; its immature judgment will not permit of it; but governed will display the truth of those sayings, when that child, in mature life, feels the blessedness of lawful restraint. So with us: we come with strong determination to do good; and although we can but lay the platform now—be scarcely recognized as of any use to the world—yet future ages will mark the advance of the present century in all spiritual knowledge. Improvement of any kind is not of mushroom growth, but of slow, gradual development; and the more thrifty in progress becomes the most retarded sometimes.

Analogy—the gradual growth of that stout, healthy, out-door plant—look at it. Every fibre seems to stand out defying the health-giving breeze: stately in proportion, the loud whistling wind plays among its leaves, bestowing fresh loveliness and more fragrant sweetness for the harsh treatment it receives. It is no bedded plant of hot-house growth, but contains within it a life-principle, which defies the cold, bleak winds of opposition.

So should it be with you. Blown about by every dissenting doctrine, opposition should but strengthen, call out the powers of mind to build up and add fresh strength to your walls of faith. Not that defiant power which seeks to crush, but that gentle opposition which waves aside unjust treatment, and adds fresh beauty to your strong-hold upon the good-will of others—inflicting no wrong, receiving no injury. As with the plant, so with you: the harsh winds do but purify and strengthen, bringing out all of strength within for the power of resistance. So with mind: all its forces should be brought into action for the same purpose, to strengthen and beautify the soul. Listen, then, to all arguments brought to bear against Spiritualism, that all of its hidden beauties may be seen and felt, willingly, because these very things are needful to give lasting and healthy growth.

The love of virtue is strong with many souls; but a lack of Christian charity is painfully manifest. They believe in the right, but cannot bear the lack of it in others. Such we should denounce the hothouse growth. They see the right, impatiently follow it, and become weak from overgrowth and forced warmth. Shut up too much within themselves, they become an exotic, fit only for the greenhouse, and pale beneath the influences brought to bear upon them. Many such there are, and the fate of such is seen to wither and die when the cold blasts of winter sweep freezingly around them. Then there is the spurious growth, grown fat and bulky by inordinate over-feeding, who are of short-lived duration, and soon pass away. And so on, we might enumerate all the different classes of mind; but enough has been said upon this subject, and we will pass on to another.

There is a natural and a spiritual life in harmony the one with the other during its term of residence here, linked together in its earliest formation for the better adaptation of that inner principle, the soul. Mind, body, spirit, soul—terms such as these are household words, and an explanation from me may not be irrelevant here.

The natural body contains within it the essence of spirit, indwelling and of it. United by the closest bonds of intimacy, the two are one, harmoniously traveling on together, the feeblest wants of the one are felt by the other. This spiritual unity in the closest bonds of harmony do we find the physical and spiritual, when properly blended in natural birth and no malformation or diseased organization preventing. Bear this, then, in mind: the body and spirit are one, and while in connection with each other, are simply the interior and exterior development of the same thing. They are one; but in process of time the outer waxes old, fulfills its purpose, and ceases action, loses its hold upon life, putrefies, and you bury it out of sight. Now the spirit has assumed its new action, and seems to have drawn unto itself all of the former vitality of what you term the body, and does its double work with manifold beauty and usefulness. Its appearance is drawn from the outer garb—for each being, unlike all others, carries its own characteristics—and you would invariably pronounce it the body, still. The spiritual body seems the same to us here as the mortal, when that belonged to us, but is a more perfect piece of workmanship, fitted for the calls now devolving upon it. Thus much in explanation of what we desire to say.

This, then, is the body. But what does the body contain? Surely something more than mere in-

animate matter? Ah! here you have reached the subject, the soul or life-principle, or the key which winds all these treasures up.

Within the sensorium of the brain, the centre of all nerve power, residing by investigation the locality or abiding-place of the germinal principle, that which reproduces man, from which all outer emanations proceed. This spiritual influx, or growth, is on the same principle precisely that the plant shows when, from the tiny sprout, it becomes the mighty tree, once imbedded or encased wholly within the small germinal seed. And man, as the new-born infant, you cannot doubt, now contains all that shall make him the erudite scholar or wise politician, mathematician, philosopher, or whatever else he may make by development. Understand by this that whatever we are capable of becoming, lies within us, and is that which makes us what we are. Therefore, the nobler the soul, the larger the productive principle, and the more healthy and powerfully developed we become, in the first instance. Ah, this is a grand study, and one which would do the race good if rightly read, and life governed by it. If, then, this is true of man, that he is propelled accordingly as he is interiorly framed, can he do more? No.

You do not expect the rose ever to become the oak. Neither need you ever expect man to become more than he is, therefore he can never become God more than the child can become his own parent. Individuality remains throughout eternity. Divest yourself, then, at once of the thought that the growing power within man will ever become aught save what he now is—man. This is his peculiar province, the sphere in which he was created, and in which he must forever travel.

The great All-Wise Principle, the former or designer, by whom all things are created, gave man certain powers by which he may excel and become mighty, but beyond a certain limit he may not go. Fixed powers are given him for wise and holy purposes, even as law governs all things.

The term of our residence here, though short, has been long enough to prove the fallacy of such doctrines, to our mind, as that man, being a spark of Divine Love, will some day merge into Divinity. We shrink from such a doctrine, for it is capable of doing much wrong in the world. It is an error of such palpable growth, and of such spurious pretensions, as to demand but little attention, save a passing remark, yet it should not go unrebuked among you. A spark of the Divine Love! Nothing truer; but so is yonder rose-tree, or that mighty oak. Both are amenable to the same laws, produce the same results, grow together in the same soil, draw fragrance from the same air, make unto themselves growth by the same atmospheric process, live and die together. But you would stand aghast to discover, after what you now know of the relative habits of both, that the one became merged into the other, the rose becoming the oak, or the oak the rose. No, no such power can add to the beauty of the present one.

The love of pleasure is a theme often-treated upon, but unmeaningly sometimes, it would appear to me. Allow me to say a few words upon this subject. The love of pleasure—what is it? You define it as gratification, an indulging of one's passions as nature dictates. And is this wrong? Let us see. And can it be prevented, either in a natural and healthy state, or, on the other hand, in the diseased, morbid condition? Love of pleasure would seem to me to be that which should really enhance one's happiness; not mere momentary gratification, but a useful, inborn faculty, given to man to answer the demands of Nature—an inherent principle, given for a wise purpose, and only wrong when debased from its legitimate action; and so long as health exists in any department of soul, faithful justice says, gratification is its natural appetite. Understood clearly, this will be found to be the proper development of all man's powers, however vain and frivolous they may upon the first examination be found.

And now to give an example, to render our meaning quite plain, for we would not be misunderstood upon this subject: Look upon the headlong zeal of an impetuous youth; born into this life, tempted daily by its dazzling snares. That youth can no more help being entrapped into vicious paths than you can remove evil out of his way. And why? He has a desire as strong as his hold upon life for the absorptions of that giddy round of pleasure. It is not his fault; he cannot help it. Organization has placed him there, and he is but answering the design of his being, living according to natural law. He is not to blame; he is what you have made him. This requires careful study. Controvert it if you can.

Again, it is but natural that tempted appetite should inflame and disease the entire system. Not so with suitable gratification; that is always reasonable, never unjust in its demands; but prompted to further calls, weakens the digestive powers of mind, as well as body, and produces that morbid action which breaks up the healthy relation hitherto existing, and gives a preponderance to diseased action.

All faculties of soul have their uses and abuses. The one faculty is as necessary as another; all productive of good, and so on. That poor boy, hurried on in wrong doing, had no more power to extricate himself unaided, alone, than you in your ignorance help to keep him there.

He feels the necessity of it, but heeds not the weakened power within, which perhaps may never have been strong, but goes mercilessly to himself down the road of present gratification, unmindful of the morrow, debasing and brutalizing all the finer instinct of soul, until the weakened, worn out frame sinks perhaps into an untimely grave. You should so understand life, its origin, necessities, conditions, so that you can clearly see its errors, frailties, and know how to apply the needed balm. Life on earth is given that you may learn of it, understand its relations to duty, and then you will less seldom err in your translation of it.

This subject is one full of inquiry, and, until well analyzed in all its parts, cannot be dispensed with. Look upon it in whatever light you may, you see proportionate dangers everywhere, in every phase of human existence, and this is one grand study of our present abode. What is man? When we have solved this question we have measurably improved, and are then competent to judge of man, not before. We have come hoping to benefit individuals, not the world, for this must be the work of ages of individual exertion; but it is the lifting of the stone, step by step, stone by stone, that removes the quarry. Forcible measures can never effect the good that long-continued perseverance is sure to accomplish. By gunpowder experiment the stones may be torn from their foundation, but by no art of man can they be thus assorted and hewn for the granite edifice.

The artificer would smile at such an arrangement; therefore when you hear folks talk of uprooting and tearing all old usages and long-established forms to pieces by one self blow, understand the thing can never be done, and would not benefit future generations if they could. It is only by the law of progression, slow development, that men can build up a more perfect system of order in the household of his experience. Learn this as you learn everything else.

There is a natural and a spiritual world, allied to each other as the natural and spiritual body. All nature bears a resemblance throughout its works, and the analogy proves true here. Let us look beyond the confines of earth, and see if we find not a resemblance similar in all respects to the animal and mental found in man. Earth, the dark, mundane body, eliminating from every pore a visible radius, or magnetic current, answerable to what we find in man, spirit; the one an outgrowth from the other, even as mind and body are of man. The one indwelling and self-creating, the other acted upon. The selfsame principle which exists in man, is, also, to a certain extent throughout Nature; is the productive, germinating principle, the life-essence of all things. The spirit of man becomes visible only when the earthly particles are so far counterbalanced as to appear translucent, and suffer the inner to cover the outer, or to become so completely absorbed by electrical conditions as to hide the dark, earthly grossness. This is not often the case. So you seldom see the spirit of man while clothed with the body; but there are times when it is seen, and it might be seen oftener.

The same with matter. All things created have an interior more allied to that perfect workmanship, ethereal, less dense, but perfect in all its parts—the spiritual body. This aura becomes an atmospheric element, purified by the loss of its density, and the air we love to breathe. As in the spiritual, we of the spirit love to dwell there; and as the spirit of man is more beautiful than the body, so this atmospheric earth becomes doubly beautiful. This is not hard to understand, but requires thought to aid perception. You see it in a measure, but are not fully competent to solve it yet. Matter forms a perfect whole, subservient to law, as well as man, and corresponds in all its relations to man. Thus when we say there is a natural and a spiritual world, we convey not only the idea of two distinct spheres, but of a union, a blending together of these two into one entire whole, even as man and spirit are one; united, but still divided.

The spirit-life exists within you now, is part and parcel of humanity; so the spiritual world is in and all about you. Proceeding from all that creates earth, even as spirit is emblematical of the man; not in some far away, remote corner by itself, but here, here, here, all around about you. Composed, as it is, of all that goes to form earth in an advanced condition; it becomes the home of spirit from a natural relation to it, as the home of his fathers, so a home to him. Look upon us then as neighborly visitors, not intruders, when we venture to look in upon you, as we are wont to do sometimes; but permit the intercourse to be less restricted, that it may become more frequent among you.

We classify ourselves according to your understanding of us as spirits. But how singularly strange it would sound for us to always address you as bodies; and as the term spirit means to us nothing more nor less than the present body, your language to us implies no more than that. Brothers in the spirit, or friends in the spirit-world, sound far more sensible, it seems to me. It matters but little what terms of expression are used, provided there is the right understanding of the thing and you grant us the privileges you award to one another, as constituents of one great whole, as belonging to the great brotherhood of man—a very little further progressed by virtue of our promotion to a higher sphere—but, as we claim no glory for our passport here, being an unconditional one on our part, having never sought for acceptance. Do not clothe the name of spirit as containing all that is noble or wise, but treat it in the same ratio as you look upon your fellow-beings.

We have passed into that higher life where it is our privilege to witness much as yet withheld from mortality, and, grain by grain, through individual minds, we seek to bring it to you as an inducement to lead you away from the harassing cares of the earthly life—to think of something nobler, better. Man is a thinking being, and his thoughts developed into a proper channel enhances his happiness; but if permitted to run in a low channel it demoralizes. Low, sordid hopes can never elevate, but must always depress; and a study of one's own capabilities—his promises in the future, the position he may arrive unto by dint of his own exertions—will create within the man faith, the crutch upon which he should lean, until in the strength of his manhood he may walk alone.

Drop by drop from the bucket of experience falls upon the parched and thirsty earth, moistening its surface, until, in time, we trust you may receive plentiful, copious draughts from the well-

filled fountain of living waters. All spirit-life are learning lessons of wisdom from their parent earth, and, as we glean, we stake away for your future benefit. As the parent obtains knowledge, he imparts it to the child, that he may profit by his experiences; so we, when we discover any great truth, feel not half the satisfaction we should, could we bring it at once to earth. We are living and learning, even as with you, and as we perceive more distinctly from our standpoint of information, we deem it proper and best to speak upon what most interests us. We have given some useful hints as regards spirit-life and its juxtaposition with earth and man. We have not been as clear as we wished, but it is impossible always to speak as we would, for, remember, it is through another that we must impart our ideas, and the current of still waters becomes turbid by such a mixture, so it is that perfect unity is not always attainable between the controlled and the controller.

Earth is a material body, and must always remain so, subject to change, as everything in nature changes; but it is folly to believe that a sudden revolution will take place, precipitating her from her place among the planets, to be known no more. She has her path to travel in, and will go on in her accustomed rounds for endless ages to come, peopling her soil as at present, feeling no danger that more will be born unto her than can be accommodated spiritually here; for it matters not, how fast they come, we each one find our respective sphere and travel along harmoniously together. By gradation or regular series of progression, we move along, not standing still here more than on earth. This would imply constant change, and so it is with us. Those of us nearest earth are usually those more recently departed; the natural consequence being to lead us there, where all of our home relations are centered, for a time at least. This, then, being our home or birth-place, all of our fondest recollections centering there, why should we go far away, more than the man, who, after a disposition of foolishness and frivolity, has spent a portion of his days in wickedness, becomes spiritually minded, loves only the good, and may be said to live in another and superior element? He goes not away, but abides where he did before; but he breathes a new atmosphere, corresponding to his alteration of feeling. He makes his own condition.

Exactly so with us. We go not away, but live and breathe in a new element, connected still with earth as our greatest attraction. But as progression continues, those of us long ago passed away, according to condition, pass along, loving not so much the density of earth, but exist more naturally in the purer, more ethereal portions, distant perhaps from earth. This is not so much dependent upon time as states or conditions. An old hoary-headed sinner will not live out the evil disposition of his ways for a long, long time, perhaps, while another may commence the work of regeneration immediately. The germ-principle of the one has become diseased, and needs purification before the work of progression can commence, while with the other he has not become so debased as circumstances indicate. All mankind progress, but in the same ratio exactly as you do here. It matters not, then, whether the disposition be good or evil, we still inhabit earth, or are not far remote from it, and be our designs good or evil, you are more or less affected by them. This is morally, true of earth. You know this to be so; and if so of earth, we then being partakers of its privileges, bounties, proceeding from and of it, does it not stand to reason we should be governed by it, that is, governed by each other? You exercising the same sort of relation toward us that we do toward you, according to the moral power within us. This is not a leveling of spirit-life, but the just and true position we hold to each other; not a debasing system, but elevating to the whole human family. Look at it. You see the multitudes of human beings passing away from earth to the higher life; but is it, philosophically speaking, any higher to that individual, cut off suddenly by instantaneous change, as they are continually passing away in your land now, by the horrors of warfare, cut off in the midst of low, debasing scenes? The change to them may be a desirable one, but would they not be drawn quite as readily to the scenes of their earthly life, and still be exercising an influence there; while on the other hand, would you not be quite as likely to throw around them healthy influences, with the aid you draw from us?

Who ever lost a friend yet, even in the midst of carnage, imperfect though their characters may ever have been, but the violence of their death has called out all the love of their friends' souls, and they expect, ay, believe him to be better than when death found him? Would not the very hope awaken better expectations in the soul of the departed one, when the depth of love is blinding your eyes with tears for them? And the more you encourage that faith, the stronger will their impulses be. Note this fact, and see if it be not so, in the daily walks of life.

You expect much of children. Let them see your expectations, and how hard they will strive to meet your fondest hopes. Blame and discourage a child, and you render it fearful and less likely to gain true pride of character, its strongest hold upon independence and pure morality. So with the spirit everywhere. Your very desires and expectations of them affect them more than you have been led to believe. Simply because they do not like to be found below the standard marked out for them in the beginning; and the starting point once attained, future improvement is made more certain. You do govern us then, as well as we you, so that in reality we are dependent the one upon the other, even as all things throughout nature and the universe have a bearing the one upon the other.

There is a reality in the subject of which we treat, that but few recognize, simply because they do not understand, and it cannot be expected that we shall create much interest in a short essay like

this, where there are so many topics to touch upon. But if we call out thought, your own reason will do the rest for you. It behooves us to say many things which to you may appear unnecessary, even foolish, because you have heard them treated upon so many times; but not so to all; and we write for those not so well versed in spiritual logic, whose advantages for hearing and seeing have been more limited than with you. So excuse us for some ideas familiar with you. My messages are more particularly for home consumption, for friends and family.

The home of the spirit we once before treated upon, but indefinitely, and would be glad to add something more. We have told you that earth comprised our home, but the question arises, have we local homes, or do we roam at will or pleasure all over the earth's surface, in the upper regions of space, or dwell as man dwells in his own domicile, adding unto his comforts there, or, thriftless, depending upon the services of others for abiding places? We laugh at the various conjectures which fill your minds with regard to us, and the strange hypotheses which are brought up. In the first place we feel the need of a home as much as we ever did, and have ample means within our power to command such as our desires may crave.

In the first place, be it remembered, we have not the mortal body to tax our appetites, passions, and inordinate love of gain, etc.; but the better part of man's nature, which thinks, plans, arranges, loves, hopes, prays, etc., to befriend us now as it never could before. And the body it now acts upon, moves in consonance with its own state of feeling. Now then away from the body, when in the preponderance of spiritual action, you bring to mind the ardent desires which have been yours, when you have reached out after that purer, holier life you have felt was in store for you. It was not houses and lands that you stood in need of, but that indwelling purity of character which should forever bring peace to your souls. And you felt that this would be a home indeed, the one thing needful. The world of nature spread out all about you, the school-house from whence you could learn many a lesson—grand, mighty, beautiful.

The spiritual body carries with it the semblance of mortality; but without its needs of daily refreshment, such as you now partake of; calls not upon you for that needed rest, complete suspension of all powers, bodily, mentally, but continually feasts upon the abundance of good things salutary to spiritual existence, so varying our occupations that we do not weary of them. We depend not so much upon what actually exists, as to what is to be our portion in the future, hearing always in mind the bright prospect of an endless hereafter, wherein man may work, and by his own exertions elevate or morally depress his noble attributes. We divine the nature and causes of all things by a long residence here; glean important lessons of wisdom every day from every little minutiae of daily life. It is in such walks as these that we find abundant use for all of our powers here, and they furnish the meat, drink, and necessary rest to our souls. This then is our employment: learning something new from the very threshold of our existence here and throughout eternity.

As you gain nutriment, sustenance, particle by particle, from every thing of which you partake, so we desire strength and wisdom from an indwelling love for all that is wise and beautiful in God's universe. The feeble perceptions of man enshrouded within the corporeal form, has not that wide expansion of intellect which is his by inheritance here—learn that the child perceives not in his younger days much that interests the man; the man precisely the same as regards spirit-life.

The discerning powers are slow to act, previous to development, but are intensified by relaxed muscular action, which thwarts, for wise purposes, rapid growth. Slow, but perfect growth, natural, well-filled out years on earth, according to progressive laws, is the full outline of commencement here. Live, then, as you wisely should live, as long as your obedience to nature's laws will suffer you to remain, and then in peace and blessedness commence your career joyfully here.

Al! this leads me to speak of my own entrance here once more, just four years ago. Ah, yes, to a day. I love to remember it all now; the bitterness long since passed away as a fearful dream. My experience was not according to nature's laws, a falling away of one's powers, body and mind, but to the exceptions of the rule, accidental occurrences. This was out of the regular range, did not come under the regular school practice, neither of the new; it was out of the law-abiding practice altogether, but governed by law, nevertheless, as we say of the exceptions to all rules; for all things are governed by law, however great the discrepancy may at first seem. Well, four years to-day, or to-morrow, rather, I awakened into spirit-life.

Would you have me back now? Not if you knew the full deliciousness of life here. But that you cannot. Write about it as much as we may, we can but at best give you the smallest possible foretaste of it, in your happiest moments, when all the world seems pure and beautiful. I am with you often. I have not been weaned from earth yet, and shall not be, so long as I can interest and feel that I can in the leastwise be useful there.

Jane is coming. Hear what she has to say ere I leave for the day.

"Oh, Dolly Ann, it is all so good and beautiful here. I would not come back to earth now if I could; I don't care to stay long when I do come. It seems better suited to me here in all I do; and I feel sometimes as though I wanted you all here right away."

My dear family! how I love them all; and they get along so nicely without me. I am so glad that they feel so much happier than they did when I first passed on. Emma is a darling, and her father knows it. Tell her, mother is very proud of her. My dear little Nettie is just as dear as ever. Tell them all I love them so much that I cannot find words to express it. Henry says I must not get so excited about it if I want to write; but I cannot help it. Eliza is at home again, with her dear family, and mother is often there, too, with them all, in their own little home-circle; it is so pleasant to come. I wish they could see me just as I am.

I am glad that they are not averse to the spiritual faith, for they may be very much benefited by it. Those people who are prejudiced against it can derive but very little comfort from manifestations of any kind. Eliza is capable of making a very fine medium—so Henry says; and Horace has good powers; both are gifted. And their little home pet, he is grandma's darling.

Charles, I hope you will always be very happy, and meet with all the happiness you anticipate. I think you will always remember mother's wishes, and try to add to her happiness by leading a thoroughly good and virtuous life. Think of me as being with you all.

And what shall I say to my dear husband? We shall never forget each other, Charles; and wherever you go, and whatever you do, I shall always

hope for your happiness. Believe me, when I say that whatever is for your happiness will make me happy, too. You were ever a kind, good husband to me, and my whole woman's heart is centred upon you still. Believe me ever your loving, JANE."

There are a few things more that I would like to speak of before I am done, for it is possible that I may not give another lengthy communication before the year comes round again, if I am then permitted to do so. Time casts his shadows before him, and bids us take him by the forelock, lest he escape us altogether.

The necessity of direct communication, full, free, unadulterated, with the inhabitants of earth, is daily seen here; and approaches are being made to this effect. When we can come and find you ready to receive us with glad and willing hearts, the morbid sensitiveness to fear dies away; then it is we can be truly instrumental in doing you good. But now, sometimes when we come and momentarily impress you with our presence—vividly, I mean—you shrink away affrighted, and your soul unmistakably says, that to see us would be the greatest evil that could befall you. Do you think we would come, under conditions like these? Never! Don't expect it. We cannot, if we would, for a strong magnetic condition must bring us there, proceeding from your own mind—an impelling magnet. Listen, then, when I tell you that you are not to see us until after every vestige of fear has departed from your soul toward us; so if you would ever see us, correct this weakness within you. The daily intercourse between us, as residents of the two spheres, depends, not so much upon us, as upon you. For this reason: we understand more readily the feeblest desire of your souls; while on the other hand, it is the most difficult thing for us to make you understand our most earnest wishes. Therefore, when your desires are strong toward us, we are with you at once; we come many times not to be listened to at all. We do not say this to blame, or expect it to be otherwise, but to state facts, and enable you to learn how to approach us.

I am your brother, clothed with the garments of immortality. The spiritual body, the outer form existing in the spiritual formation of earth, my present home, and I stand before you now, exercising the powers of my will upon you that you may write these words, and yet you do not see me. Why? Because the spiritual vision is closed—remains unopened within you—like any other undeveloped source of pleasure or faculty. You have the power, but it lies dormant within you.

We cannot trace the inborn powers which lie within man to their terminus, for as one desire creates another, so one possession makes room for another. There seems to be no limit to man's capabilities, and this is which unmistakably distinguishes him from the brute creation. They possess certain faculties, but go not beyond a species of intelligence or instinct, while reasoning man progresses from generation to generation, with no fixed powers within which to confine him. Future generations will find him still further developed; and we doubt not time will find him possessing all the facilities and present advantages of spirit-life, while still in the form—of spirit-life having passed on in the same ratio—for it is not to be supposed that the elementary classes shall ever be possessed of greater advantages than the senior classes. It depends upon mankind how fast they shall improve as a people, and of their knowledge or insight into all things spiritual, and we are paying the way for this blessed insight.

Every spiritual blessing flowing in upon you, makes room for another, and your ready acceptance of them far in advance of preceding generations, has brought all spirit-land to your door, eager to impart their story, that you may live and learn by their experiences. It is a beautiful fact; and could you see the desire, on their part, to forward this thing, you would be surprised at the apathy and lukewarm sentiments of the majority of minds yet amongst you. Harshness, bigotry, superstition daunts them not; but when they come, an eager multitude, to speak to loved ones.

Withhold from powers of communication directly with them, they flock around a medium with the most intense emotions sometimes, and it is hard to deprive them a sitting; therefore it is you have regular attendants, as soon as you have developed yourself into the right condition as a medium, who take charge and watch over you, and regulate, as best they may, all conditions—who are over with you.

This is the best safeguard you could possibly have, my dear sister; and when it is in your power, seek to gratify them by listening to their impressions, which they ever stand ready to give you. This will demand but a small portion of your time, and the relaxation from other duties will be highly beneficial.

It is impossible that I should always be with you, at all times and places; but with this safeguard provided, you need fear no evil. Write, then, when you can, and for whoever may come. It will be with my good pleasure always.

And now may the great God, who framed all things, in whom we all live, and move, and have our being; love and bless you all.

From your ever dear and affectionate brother,
H. WHITTEMORE.

"Women's Ways."

The San Francisco Golden Era, in discoursing upon this topic says: "Women say that men are impulsive, and crush her. They cannot emerge into positions beyond the caprice of their self-constituted lords. The sex complain too much. They are the thralls of their own vanity. No ukase with them so exacting as the whimsical fancies and absurdities of fashion. Look at maid and matron, promenading our thoroughfares. Men chew tobacco and expectorate the yellow saliva upon the pavement. The fruiterer launches forth a decayed peach or a rotten apple. The streets are full of filth. No matter. Delicate woman proudly sweeps along, arrayed in gorgeous finery. Behind her footstep brushes a long sweep of skirt, licking up mud and odor and tobacco-spittle, and every manner of nastiness. She is the slave of fashion, the helot of her mantua-maker. Until she emerges from her sequestration and blind submission to the behests of a needle-woman, she must not expect sympathy from the male."

ICE A LIFE PROLONGER.—The problem of suspending life by freezing, seems to be accumulating data. Perch and mullet have been carried from Lake Champlain to Eastern cities, frozen perfectly solid, and on being put into a tub of water, have come to as lively as ever. A female convict in Sweden is in ice on experiment. A man was found lately in Switzerland, who gave signs of life after being frozen for nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice houses may soon be advertised with comfortable arrangements for skipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation.

Sir William Temple said, "The greatest pleasure is love; the greatest ease is sleep; the greatest medicine is a true friend."

Written for the Banner of Light.

A REFLECTION ON THE WAY.

If we could make the world one whit the wiser, it had been wise enough long ago. What *Zeus* taught, mankind no better know; But in the amplitude of man's diadadem, For man, the heart becomes psychologizer, In every age of mind, soul, spirit, brain; So that good men can never quite attain All the bad lack; so Reason cannot reign; So God is beaten on the common road By Hell's fierce fugitives, and calls in vain For succor to his children, who all cry How Christ was wronged when he on earth abode, But who still Christ in Heaven crucify. H. New Orleans, July, 29, 1861.

INCIDENTS OF THE SEA AND LAND.

SCOTCH SPIRITUALISM.

[The following story taken in deep spiritual remoteness. It was written by Mr. Duncan McLean, Commercial Editor of the Traveller, and appeared originally in that paper. Mr. McLean is an outspoken Spiritualist, and declares that he cannot call to mind the time when he was not a believer. The story refers to Dr. Donald Kennedy, of Roxbury, who is also a Spiritualist.]

On the first of June I visited a familiar friend in a neighboring city, and found him in a happy frame of mind.

"My dear Oakum," said he, taking me by both hands, "I am pleased to see you at this time, because I know you can appreciate the happiness I enjoy. Be seated, and I will tell you where I have been and what I have seen."

Having brought myself to anchor, my friend proceeded as follows:

"A few minutes before your arrival, I was surrounded by my dearest friends. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, and, nearer still, my darling young ones, over whose early graves I have shed many bitter tears, were restored to me again in the beauty of holiness. I have walked hand-in-hand with the blessed, and have seen the home that awaits me in the immortal world when my body returns to its native earth. All that is good and beautiful here blooms in perfection there. No more shall I sorrow for those who have passed away, nor feel sad when I look upon a new-made grave. Death and the grave shall henceforth be to me the keys which open Heaven."

Here I interrupted him by inquiring if he had recently attended any spiritual meetings.

"Not lately, Oakum," he replied; "I suppose you imagine that I am under the influence of Spiritualism, but such, I assure you, is not the case. My knowledge of the immortal world goes back to a period long before the word 'Spiritualism' had its present signification. Thirty-three years ago, when I was a boy, I happened to render some service to an aged shepherd in the Highlands of Scotland, who raised the veil which separates time from eternity, and showed me more than all the developments of modern Spiritualism that I have yet witnessed."

Ronald Cameron—that is his name, for he still lives—is a native of the Isle of Skye, and is, probably, one hundred and twenty years old. He had been a soldier, and had fought for Charles Stuart during the short campaign which terminated in the fatal field of Culloden. When peace was restored, he became a shepherd on the estate of a nobleman, whose son, wounded and bleeding, he had borne from the thickest of the fight, and sheltered in a cave until his wounds were healed and pursuit over. Such services were gratefully appreciated. He might have lived in comparative idleness, a favored retainer, but he preferred employment as a shepherd, and had his wish gratified.

He had a neat cottage, near the sheepfold, in the centre of a glen, three miles distant from any other house. Here, with his dogs and his sheep, he passed most of his time, for he was not married, nor had he any of his kindred near him. Though age had whitened his locks and wrinkled his face, his kind blue eyes were still bright and clear, his step firm and fleet, and his voice full and manly. He had the impress of old age, but retained the vigor of manhood in its prime. Living alone in such a secluded spot for so many years, naturally suggested to the minds of a superstitious people ideas of second sight, especially as he was known to be a native of the Isle of Skye, a place where the souls of the departed are said to be in constant communication with the living. This impression was confirmed by an incident which occurred several years before.

A gang of sheep thieves attempted to poison his dogs and rob his fold. Alone he overcame them, though five in number, and detained them a whole night in his cottage. One of the thieves fired at him, but he said:

"Put up your shooting-iron, man, it cannot hurt me."

By the exercise of a power which all felt but could not explain, he made them follow him to his cottage. When they entered they saw the table spread, six plates laid, and a smoking haggis in the centre.

"My friends," said he, "I knew you would come, and therefore I have made some preparation for your entertainment; be seated, and make yourselves at home."

He then invoked a blessing upon the food they were about to eat, and afterwards helped them and himself. Whether they ate anything, they could not call to mind, but the next morning they found themselves lying on the cottage floor, covered with blankets, and pillows under their heads. Simultaneously they sprang to their feet and rushed out of the cottage, as if pursued by the officers of the law, without pausing a moment to look behind them.

In after life one of them stated that the night passed in the cottage was the most frightful he ever experienced; every action of his past life and its consequences in a future state, flashed upon him with terrible effect; he writhed in agony, suffering torments beyond the power of words to describe. He awoke with the screams of the damned ringing in his ears, and bounded out of the cottage unconscious of the presence of his companions. From that time forward they all changed their lawless mode of life, and became honest, industrious men. Previously they had been notorious sheep-thieves, who had lived for years upon the plunder of the folds in unfrequented districts. Their several stories, in passing from mouth to mouth, were no doubt exaggerated, but they confirmed the general impression that Cameron was a wonderful man, which made people think of him with awe as they approached his pasture or saw him tending his flocks.

I made his acquaintance, and won his friendship by rescuing one of his lambs from drowning. The little thing tumbled into a deep hole in a burn, the sides of which were steep and concealed by willows. At considerable risk, I plunged after it, and seizing one of the branches, drew myself and the lamb by it to the burn-side, where the bleating mother was waiting to receive me. I shall never forget the meeting of that lamb and its moth-

er; it was the sweetest development of animal affection I ever witnessed. Though wet from clow to clow—the salt water—myself upon the grass beside them, to share the pleasure which they seemed to enjoy; they kissed, they licked each other—the young one hung upon its mother's neck, each bleating in response to the other, as if expressing their love. I could have looked at them all day, but was disturbed in my pleasurable pastime by Father Cameron, who approached me unobserved and raised me in his arms.

"You are a good lad," said he, "and God will bless you; I saw you save my lamb at the risk of your life; and it is not the only life you will save in your earthly pilgrimage. But, my son, come home with me and dry your clothes."

He took me by the hand; and though I had previously regarded him with superstitious awe, I felt my heart warm toward him as we walked through the glen. After my clothes were dried, and I had partaken of some refreshment, he walked with me to the village, conversing about the trials and temptations of life, and advising me, under every circumstance, to remember that I was ever in the presence of my Maker, who would surely help and protect me if I put my trust in Him. At parting he gave me a guinea, and requested me to visit him whenever I had an opportunity.

I know not how it was, but from that moment I loved him even better than when I had been my own father. We met often afterward, and every meeting seemed to increase my pleasure. I was in perfect harmony with him, and would have been content to pass my life in his company. But such was not my fate. As I advanced in years, the realities of life urged me to look out for the means of living, and I decided to emigrate to America. A few days before my intended departure, I called to bid him farewell, feeling as if I should never meet again on earth. My heart was heavy and the tears stood in my eyes when I met him on the mountain side surrounded by his flocks. He embraced me, and said:

"Dry your tears, my son, we shall meet again; neither earth nor ocean shall divide us. Let us sit down under the shelter of this braid, and I will show you that which few are permitted to see. Place your hands in mine. Now raise your eyes and tell me what you see."

"I am," I replied, "in the centre of a large city, circular in form. Innumerable beings are coming out of a building near me, and are met by friends who embrace and lead them away toward the rising ground. Men, women, and children of every complexion, and of every nation issue from this circular house, and all appear happy, but all are in motion, advancing upward on every hand, singing songs of praise to our Redeemer. The streets radiate from where I stand in straight lines, and also seem to be laid out in circles, rising one above the other. Everything I see—the houses, the gardens, the flowers, the trees—look new. The sky is light and the air warm, but I see no sun, nor clouds to shut him from view, if there were one; yet all is beautiful beyond description. Still, my heart warms toward the mountains and the streams of my native land; so much beauty and regularity tires my eyes without satisfying my heart. Heaven, without heathery hills, lochs and running streams, would be no Heaven to me." I paused a moment, and then resumed: "The scene is changed—mountains and vales, rivers, brooks, and lakes, villages, and every other beauty of country scenery of which I have ever read or dreamed, are before me. I am happy; surrounded by hosts of friends who welcome me to their delightful homes. Shall I go and live with them forever?"

"Not yet, my son," he replied; "you have many earthly duties to perform before you can join your friends. But look again."

All the pleasures of earth, purified by the influence of Heaven, rose to my unimpaired view, and countless millions of angels were soaring and singing as they ascended toward a great, central sun whose light seemed to illumine the universe.

"Take me away, father," I entreated; "I cannot look long upon this scene and live." And I fell to the earth, covering my eyes with my hands.

"You have seen," he said, raising me from the ground, "some types of the new Earth and the new Heaven, but you have not the capacity to comprehend them; still, they will exercise a cheering influence upon your conduct in this valley of tears; and the time may come that you will be fitted to know even as you are known. But always bear this in mind, that Heaven may be enjoyed here if you labor to purify your soul. Heaven is more a condition of the soul than a place of gorgeous scenery. The first time you saw the new town of Edinburgh you thought it a kind of Heaven. I showed you a type of a celestial city into which the spirits of the departed were issuing from their tenured to their allotted homes, and each saw in that city his idea of Heaven realized. Edinburgh, if placed at a corner of one of its streets, would have appeared no larger than a dirty drop of water in the sea. As all your ideas of happiness were associated with hills and streams, because these surrounded your parents and friends, you could not appreciate the boundless magnificence of even a celestial city, so I showed you the humbler Heaven of your thoughts and the happy spirits of your departed friends. Here you were happy also. You could not endure the sight of the home of the angels because you had not been purified by the performance of the duties of life; you have not yet been tempted, nor have you felt the need of a Redeemer, consequently you know nothing of his boundless love; and without having experienced its influence you could not enjoy Heaven. But few ascend from earth to Heaven. When our mortal puts on immortality, we go to the Heaven of our affections, surrounded by those we loved most on earth, who instruct us in the mysteries of holiness, to qualify us to enjoy their company; and we, in turn, perform those services for others. Thus we are continually receiving and communicating instruction, thereby increasing our happiness as we increase our knowledge, and at every advance in love, approach nearer Heaven. There, as here, we must labor for that which we love most, with this difference, that there we have no bodily wants to distract our minds. Many a poor man, borne down by the trials and afflictions of life, has had but limited opportunities of serving God according to the desires of his soul; in the immortal world such will progress rapidly. On the other hand, many who have never experienced privation, nor learned goodness by administering to the wants of others, nor virtue by acts of self-denial, will encounter many difficulties when they enter the spirit-world. There is no standing still in the universe. Motion is a universal law, in mind as well as matter; and what we do not know we must acquire by our own exertions; in other words, we must work out our own salvation. The schoolmaster may instruct and explain, but the pupil himself alone can learn—no one can learn for him. Labor, therefore, my son, to learn the will of God betimes, and you will never lack good influences to instruct you."

"But, father," I inquired, "why do you not go in the towns and villages and show the people what you have shown to me, and explain to them their condition in after life? By doing so you might make them happy."

"Because, my son, I could not if I would; there is not one in ten thousand like yourself, susceptible of my influence. But all and more than I have shown to you has been described and explained in books many years ago, and is well known to the learned; yet they do not believe it, because they are not sufficiently illuminated to comprehend it. I allude to the writings of Swedenborg. God, through his servants, floods the world with light, ages before men prepare themselves to see it. But the time will come when the sons of earth will be able to communicate with those they love in the world of spirits."

"Father," said I, "can you show me my life on earth?"

"Yes, my son, look and behold your future. It is but a picture which you cannot comprehend, because many of its scenes will call into action emotions and feelings of which you now know nothing. But when its leading incidents have been felt in pain or in pleasure, then you will realize its truth, and it will again pass before you. That is, the past only will be presented; the future, in mercy, will remain a mystery. I have shown you at a glance your journey from the cradle to the grave; in another moment the future will fade from your memory as if it had never been. The scenes of spirit-life, and your earthly experience, thus far, will remain impressed upon your mind, because they are of the past, and are designed to influence the future. It is now noon; the sun is on the meridian, and I can show you no more at present; but this day twelvemonth, at the same time, I will be with you again."

"I shall then be far away, father, if I have good luck, and you may be in your grave, for people say you are the oldest man in the glen."

"My son I shall never die—I shall be 'changed' in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye," but I shall never taste death. This may seem strange to you, yet it is a doctrine of the Bible. For fifty years I have mingled freely with the inhabitants of the spirit-world, and have the assurance that I shall enter into eternal life, without passing through the portals of the grave. I see the spirits of the departed mingling with the living, and influencing their actions for good and evil. Near you now, are the spirits of your mother and your sister; their influence is powerful for good, and will guard you among the trials and temptations of life. In large cities, like Edinburgh and Glasgow, it is frightful to see the predominating influence of evil. Men seem to have forgotten God, and to have yielded themselves willing servants of the power of darkness."

"Since you have been so kind, father," said I, "will you instruct me to acquire this wonderful power of seeing the spirit-world?"

"It is a gift of God, my son, which may be conferred on you, if you labor to love Him in sincerity and truth. His spirit alone can instruct you, and open your spiritual eyes."

He stooped and picked from the ground a handful of weeds, and wrapping them in a handkerchief, gave them to me, saying—"Keep these—they will enable you to gratify your humanity. Now good bye till we meet again; but you will not sail as soon as you expect."

"Father," I said, "the whole picture of my future life, which but a moment ago was as visible to me as the sun, has vanished, and I cannot recall it. Will my impressions of the immortal world be also erased?"

"They will be modified, but not erased. To retain them as you saw them, would unfit you for the duties of life; enough will be left, however, to cheer you when all else appears withered and dry. Now go, my son, and God bless you. In a year we shall meet again."

He was right when he said that I should not sail as soon as I expected, for nearly a year elapsed before my arrangements were completed, or, in other words before I could procure the money to pay my passage. About the middle of May, I embarked on board the ship *Leven*, Captain Cousins, at Greenock, bound to Boston. There were twenty-two passengers and a crew of twenty, all told, on board. We left port with a fair wind and pleasant weather, which continued several days, bearing us far out sight of land. Among the passengers was David Spence, an old man, who was going to join his sons. The change of diet and air, aggravated a large ulcer on his throat, causing him severe pain. I sympathized with him, procured medicines from the captain, and did everything in my power to afford him relief, but apparently without effect. "The ulcer spread over his breast and threatened his life; it did not seem possible that he could live another week. After watching by him most of the night, I fell asleep, and dreamed that if I would take a certain portion of the weeds, which I had received from Cameron, and steep them in whiskey and boiling water, a medicine would be made, which, if taken three times a day would give Spence relief. I awoke immediately and followed the directions of my dream. In ten days the ulcer disappeared altogether, and now, smooth skin without any sign of inflammation, covered the place where it had been. Spence told me that he had been afflicted with it from childhood; sometimes it healed over in one place, only to break out with increased pain in another. For the first time, within his remembrance, he felt free from its pain; he believed himself thoroughly healed. The pleasure I enjoyed was enhanced by the reflection that I had been influenced by the spirits of those who loved me. I still retained a pleasing impression of what I had seen of the spirit-world, though it was more like a dream than a reality.

About half passage across, the wind which had been easterly, changed to the northward, and blew quite fresh. We were under single reefed topsails, going rapt full on the starboard tack, heading our course, when, in the darkness of the night, a ship bound to the eastward struck us on the lee quarter, brought our mizzenmast by the board, and shattered our stern-frame. She passed on without taking any notice of us, and was soon lost to view, in the darkness. We all rushed on deck, expecting the vessel to sink under us; but the captain, who was not only a good sailor, but a man of commanding influence, told us to go below again and dress ourselves properly, while he and the men looked out for the ship. We obeyed. He then wore the ship round on the other tack, in the hope of bringing the lane side out of the water, but he was soon convinced that she must sink, for the sea rushed in very fast, and she was deeply laden with coals and pig iron. Her pumps were rigged and manned by the passengers, while the crew hoisted the ship to and hoisted the boats out. There was no confusion nor alarm after the first shock, for every one had confidence in the captain, and obeyed his orders promptly.

"Five feet water in the pump-well, sir," said the mate, addressing the captain, "and still the leak increases."

"Very well," he replied calmly, "put the women, children and old men in the longboat, and send the carpenter here to attend to the pumps." By his orders, water, provisions, blankets, and as much clothing as the capacity of the boats would permit, were also put on board. Though we felt the ship sinking under us, he kept the pumps go-

ing to the last, to prevent the men and passengers crowding together. Only one at a time was permitted to leave the ship, and he had to pass between the chief and second mates, who were stationed at the gangway. When all were on board, she had sunk to the plankton, and still the captain lingered on her deck, apparently irresolute whether to leave, or go down in her. "We are waiting for you, sir," shouted the mate; but receiving no answer, he sprang on board, accompanied by two men, forced him into the longboat, and cut her painter. The ship was now under water to the mainmast, sinking by the stern. The sudden pressure of the air in her hold burst the decks and hatchways open with an explosive noise; she rolled twice or three from side to side and disappeared, dragging her masts and yards after her. We were alone upon the ocean, a thousand miles from the Western Islands; but as every one had left the ship in safety, we were not depressed in spirits. Had a single life been lost, the effect upon us would no doubt have been gloomy. The weather, too, was mild, and the sea long and regular, settling to the southward before a strong breeze. The captain, five seamen, and all the passengers were in the longboat, and the mates and the rest of the crew were in the two other boats. At daylight the mates pulled alongside to consult the captain about their future course, but he was very gloomy. He was a young man, and as this was his first voyage as captain, he felt the loss of his ship as the end of his own career, hence his reluctance to leave her.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "in the Atlantic Ocean the wind generally decides the course which boats must steer. I supposed this so well understood that I did not consider myself of any use to you after the ship went down. I put a good man in this boat to steer her, in place of myself, believing that you all knew how to shape your course before the wind. It is the only course we can steer. While the wind continues northerly we shall shape our course for the Western Islands; but I suppose our only hope of success lies in being picked up. Let us endeavor to keep together, and leave the rest to Providence."

We then got our sails and ran before the wind, going at the rate of five knots an hour. Twice during the day we had some bread and water served out, but the captain tasted nothing; he sat aft by the man at the tiller most of the time, with his head resting on his knees, as if asleep. At night the wind increased to a gale; our sail was taken in, the rudder unshipped, and a steer oar used in its place. The captain, roused from his lethargy, took active command of the boat, and stood at the steer-oar himself, guiding her over the lofty waves which threatened to engulf her at every roll. In the lulls between the seas, the men were kept at the oars, pulling or backing as directed, while the passengers spelt out another in bailing out the water thrown on board by the wave crests. It seemed the longest and darkest night of my life. I expected every wave would hurl us into eternity. The fear of instant death had almost erased from my mind the bright impressions of spirit-life, which, at one time, I thought would lead me to covet death rather than shun it. When daylight dawned it only revealed our utter desolation upon the wide waste of waters, and made more palpable the danger by which we were surrounded. There was no help and little hope. The other boats were not in sight, and we feared they had been swallowed up by the relentless sea. The captain toiled at the steer-oar, and though evidently depressed in spirits himself, tried to cheer us. "Five days more, with this wind and sea, will land us at Fayal," he said; "and we may yet live to see our friends; I ought to say *your friends*; for my own part, I wish I were sixty fathoms under water. I have no friends—no fortune."

About noon the gale increased, still blowing from the northward, accompanied by rain, lightning and thunder. I had just been relieved from bailing; wearied with the exertion, my head sunk upon the gunwale of the boat to court sleep, when I heard my name called, and felt my right hand in the warm grasp of a friend. Ronald Cameron was sitting on the thwart alongside of me—not a shadow, but flesh and blood, as when I last saw him. "Do not be surprised, D," he said; "I promised we should meet again on the first of June, and I am here. Fear not—by sunset you shall be saved; the other boats are ahead of you, all well. Good-by, till we meet again."

He pressed my hand, and was gone. Then recurred to my mind that he had shown me my present condition in the picture of my life a year before. That evening, about sunset, as he predicted, we were taken on board the ship *Sovereign*, which had previously picked up the other boats' crews; and, twelve days afterward, we all landed in New York. Every first of June, from that day to the present, Ronald has visited me about noon, giving me a few words of encouragement, and then disappearing.

Incessant toil and poor remuneration seemed my lot in life, and but for the influence of his visits, I should have felt very despondent. About eighteen years ago, I recalled to mind the virtue of the weeds or herbs which he had given me, and thought they might be the means of relieving many who were suffering from ulcers and kindred diseases, but, unfortunately, they were lost on board the *Leven*, and I know no name for them, by which to ascertain whether any grow in this country. It was July when I was first impressed with this thought, and I ranged the fields in search of the weed, whenever I could spare time, and read every work upon herbs that I could procure. I was impatient; I would not wait for the return of June, to ask Cameron. Winter came and spring succeeded, and still I was unsuccessful; and when June arrived, by some strange hallucination, I forgot all about it until Cameron was gone. Year after year I traveled the fields and continued reading medical works, much to the annoyance of my family, who feared that my brain was affected. Finding that my studies interfered with my daily work, I reluctantly resolved to abandon them, if my memory again failed me on the first of June. That day I was in the field under the shade of a lofty elm, pining over my repeated failures, when Cameron came at the usual time.

"Dear D," said he, "I know what has been in your mind for years; but, in kindness, I would not give you the information you so evidently desired, because you were not properly instructed to use it aright. By reading and study, you have acquired an insight into the various diseases which this herb or weed will cure; and you have felt the bitter pangs of poverty enough to make you appreciate the blessings of plenty. But your privations are not over; years will elapse before the merits of this healing herb will be recognized."

He pressed my hand and was gone, without naming the herb; but when I turned to walk home, I saw on every hand the long desired treasure. I had seen it scores of times before, and could not account for my blindness in not recognizing it. Now I could appreciate the value of my previous reading and study, for I had only a few experiments to make before I achieved complete success. In three years my medicine was the means of relieving thousands and enabling me to live comfortably.

This day Cameron had just left as you entered. Our conference was pleasing. The picture of my past life, with all its privations and temptations, was brought vividly before my mind and explained. He lifted the veil which separates the mortal from the immortal world, and introduced me to the spirits of my departed children, whose death had caused me many bitter tears. They were so happy and so glad to see me, that I felt reluctant to leave them. No words can describe what I have seen, nor convey any idea of the pleasure which I have experienced. Henceforth I shall never shed a tear over the graves of my friends, but rejoice that they have gone to a home where the love of God shall be their everlasting delight. At parting, Cameron advised me to beware of the machinations of evil men, and to remember that "there is no condition in life beyond the reach of change."

This—continued my friend—is a kind of Spiritualism of which our most gifted mediums have no conception. Cameron has often told me that it is within the power of men to-day to live in such close communion with God that they will pass from time into eternity without tasting death. A pure soul, he contends, will purify the body and endow it with immortality. It is the condition of his soul which enables him to be wherever he desires."

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND WHO EXPRESSED A DESIRE TO BE A POET.

BY BELLE BUSH.

The purest poetry lives not in words,
But lingers 'round the heart's deep chords;
It is not found in measured rhymes,
Nor yet in music's mellow chimes.
Its blisful sphere is not confined
To those by classic lore refined—
But it may bless the humblest mind.
It is not always born of speech—
The flowers of thought too often reach
No further than the lips that speak;
Or, if a wider range they take,
O'er human hearts their sounds may break,
Only to make them plain and ache.
Not so with poetry that is born
Within the soul's eternal morn,
That, planted in the human heart,
Becomes henceforth of it a part,
And shows itself like golden rays,
That o'er the hill-tops burn and blaze
In many pleasant winsome ways.
Would you, my friend, know whence it comes,
And where its living presence roams—
What form it takes, what witching spells
Can call it from its hidden cell?
Know, then, it is the *Soul of Truth*!
Oh! seek her, she will work no ruth,
But crown thee with immortal youth.
From heaven she comes, o'er earth she roams,
O'er fingers in the humblest homes,
And where she finds a quiet rest,
Or lodging in the human breast,
There quick she sows the blessed seeds,
That grow and bear for human needs
The golden fruits of good deeds.

Go, then, and write upon the sands of life
The poetry of noble deeds,
And they will be like fruit-producing seeds
Laid in the fertile soil, that quick upspring,
Uprooting noisome weeds.

If thou wouldst make life's journey safe and sure,
Be patient to endure—
Let all thy thoughts be pure—
Thy aspirations high, thy purpose strong,
To strive and win the victory over wrong.

Let every ill be borne with patient trust,
And learn from day to day
To bear thy cross along an even way.
'T will win for thee the star-crown of the Just,
And leave upon thy robes no soil of dust—
Upon thy soul no stains of cankering rust.

Leave scorn to the proud, and pride to those
Who dwell in clay-built huts,
Down in the marl pits and the moral ruts,
Wherein men fall who souls
The greed of gain o'ermasters and controls.

Leave sadness to the weak; be brave and free;
Hide not the truths you see;
Strew them with generous hands along the lea,
Where'er your paths may be,
That others here may see
The pearl lamps guiding thee,
And they will gratefully feel, to God, and thee.

Judge no one harshly—angels never blame
Earth's erring ones, but gently fan the flame
That kindles in their hearts the sense of shame,
More potent far than words of withering scorn,
That only waken discord where they're born,
And wound the soul, and plant within a thorn,
That rankles there and shuts from hearts forlorn
The dawn of heaven, the penitential morn.

Go, cheer the sorrowing; feed earth's hungry souls,
Starving for bread of life,
Weary and worn with warring and with strife;
They need thy heart's best prayer,
The gentle, tender care
That soothes with pleasant words and acts of love
The bruised hearts that seldom look above
Their idols made of clay,
That fade too soon away.

And leave them mourning, like a wounded dove,
Whose mate is dead, or faithless, learned to rove
To other bowers, within a neighboring grove.
Cheer on the young, whose race is just begun;
Sustain the aged form.
Bowed low beneath life's storm;
Bless those who rise and succor those who fall.
They are our brothers still. Oh! bless them all.
Thus wilt thou sow on earth the golden seeds,
That, springing up and whitening in the field,
A hundred fold shall yield
Of fruits for human needs.

Then men will bless thee for those golden seeds,
And name thee here the *Poet of good deeds*.
Adelphi Institute, Norristown, Pa.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

LIVING DEATH.

BY WILLIAM P. BRANNAN.

Our lives at best are but a living death;
The lingering days of pleasure and of pain
Are throbs and pulses of each pulsing breath,
Which come and go—and may not come again.

From youth to age we know but slow decay,
Howe'er we sin, or search for Truth and God;
For still Death's angel haunts our devious way,
And treads the path each mortal foot hath trod.

We leave life's spring-time home with all its
blooms,
Its Eden-groves and Arcadian airs,
And seek in other climes our unknown tombs—
And breathe, in other lands, our heart-despairs.

We die to friendships of our early years;
We change in form and mind, in act and speech;
We die to childhood's gush of heart-warm tears—
Unclassing souls that once were each in each.

We die to charms that thrilled through every vein,
With heavenly heart-aches and foreboding woe;
To eyes whose beauty fired our heart and brain
With blessed raptures none but lovers know.

We die to forms too fair for earthly mold;
To angel faces, bright with Paradise;
To soul-felt yearnings pen hath never told,
Or tongue hath uttered underneath the skies.

We die to hopes of happiness and ease,
And vain ambitions, maddening once our brain;
To dreams of fame our souls could never seize—
And then awake to needless toil again.

The Orient light that ushered in our birth
With Memnon music or prophetic doom,
Goes down in darkness on our evening hearth,
And drops its pall upon a nameless tomb.

Thus morning, noon and night—from year to year—
We fall and fade, and gasp for life and breath,
Until our spirit, bonding o'er the bier,
Looks on the closing scene of Living Death.
Cincinnati, O., 1864.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

FAIRY FAVORITA;

OR THE

KINGDOM OF THE MAYBES AND PERHAPSES.

Little Favorita lived in a Fern cove near the margin of a beautiful streamlet, and a very happy life lived she; for she was both good and beautiful, and very many excellent little people loved her dearly, especially her mamma, who kept her very tenderly from all harm, and taught her all the good and beautiful things that she had learned herself. Favorita could balance herself on the most delicate thread of grass, and could hide herself in the half-unrolled leaves of the fern, so that her playmates would have to search a long time for her; and she could dance on a blade of the arbutus until she made those who looked at her quite dizzy, and yet she was so gentle and loving with all her fun and frolic, that they gave her the name of Favorita, the Favorite.

Her tender mamma had never permitted her to go very far from her side, but had always watched her with much solicitude; for not far from the fern cove was the dangerous land of the Maybes and Perhapes, which she very much feared her darling daughter might sometime be tempted to enter. To be sure, she gave her child every reason for remaining at home, and she continually told her of the beauty of the life in the fern cove, and the dangers of the country of the Perhapes.

"Why, if you should go there, my child," she used to say, "you would never know what you were about again. There are so many of the Maybes and Perhapes that they would be sure to wind their threads about you, and lead you so far away that I could never find you again. They say they spin all night, making the cords that they are to bind about people, so that they can lead them where they will."

Now all this only made Favorita more and more curious to know this large family of Perhapes and Maybes; but she was too good a child as yet to think of disobeying her mother, and she satisfied herself with climbing up to the top of the tallest fern she could find, and looking over into the meadow where the Maybes and Perhapes lived.

Sure enough, there she saw a great many very busy little folks gathering the down from the dandelion seeds, and carrying threads of the cotton grass, and putting them together in piles under the cranberry leaves.

But they did not seem to work long at a time; but Favorita could see them get together in groups, as if planning some mischief, and sometimes even she thought she could hear their voices saying:

"That's the way to do it. If you want to lead people into trouble, the way is to begin by little and little."

As Favorita grew older she became more and more anxious to know what was going on in the world about her.

"How foolish," she used to say to herself, "it is to be always staying in one place, when there is so much to be seen and known everywhere! Surely, my dear mamma must have found out things for herself, and if she has seen the folly of many things, why I want to see the folly, too, that I shall know all about it."

Now it chanced that Favorita's mother went a little journey just before the midsummer festival; they said she had gone to the hilly country to get some honey from the Columbine, and as it was a journey of some peril and labor, she left Favorita at home. She did not as usual give her many warnings, or much advice, but merely said:

"Favorita, my child, do nothing that you will be ashamed of while I am gone."

The very afternoon after her departure, Favorita, feeling quite dull, with no one to kiss and no one to prepare the nice threads of silk from the pods of the milk-weed for her to spin, climbed to the top of the tallest fern branch she could see, and looked over into the meadow to see what the Maybes and Perhapes were about. What a family of them there were! and how Favorita longed to know what they were doing, for the hum of their voices could be heard above the singing of the meadow flies.

"I am very sure," said Favorita, "that it will be nothing to be ashamed of to go and see these little people, and find out just what they are about; and as my mamma told me only that I should do nothing to be ashamed of while she was away, I believe I will improve this opportunity."

So she slipped down from the fern cove, and went straight to the margin of the streamlet, and looked into the meadow to see what the Maybes and Perhapes were about. What a family of them there were! and how Favorita longed to know what they were doing, for the hum of their voices could be heard above the singing of the meadow flies.

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when I have no work to do, and when I find myself so lonely. I can see very clearly the best track for me to follow—just through that tangled mass of meadow-grass, and over these beds of moss. I am quite sure that I had better go now, and not wait longer."

Thus saying, Favorita swung herself down from the fern leaf, and started for the kingdom she had so desired to know something about. She got on very nicely through the clumps of tall grass, and was very much entertained by many things she saw, but she found the path growing more and more difficult as she advanced. She toiled on for some time however, till at last she became quite bewildered, and was unable to make any progress forward.

"Oh, how deceived I was!" she said; "this country is full of peril and danger! What can I do? I would turn back if it were possible, but I know not the way to retrace my steps. I believe that I must use my trumpet that my mother made from the feelers of that big bug that died down by the margin of the stream. I remember that my mother said that it came to its death because it wandered so far from the place where it lived. Oh, I hope I shall not die thus! I am already ashamed of myself for not heeding my good mother's advice; but I must make the best of what strength is left me, so here I blow my trumpet, hoping that help may come."

No sooner had the sound of the trumpet ceased, than Favorita heard a great commotion, and soon she was sure she could distinguish voices.

"I tell you it was only a mosquito beginning his afternoon efforts," said one voice.

"No, no, indeed," said another, "it was the call from some of our neighbors. I do hope it is some one from the Fern country, that has become bewildered in our swamps, for such an exclusive, aristocratic set of people as those are I never did know. They are as afraid of us as if we were those ugly fays that torment people all they can—but hush! don't you hear some one call? and oh, what a sweet voice! I do believe it is the voice of a beautiful child from our neighbors over the way."

Favorita called again quite loudly, and soon she saw herself surrounded by a crowd of little folks, that bustled about and looked so very brisk and lively, that she was greatly amused. There were old women no taller than the little old woman that washes her feet in a tub that can be seen under the petals of every garden violet, and yet they had on little kerchiefs and cunning little caps, and held in their hands little bunches of thread as fine as a spider's web. And there were young maidens that could not reach to the top of a fly's wing, and yet they looked quite wise, and wore very cunning dresses made of the down gathered from the leaves of the mouse-ear, and spun and colored.

"Dear child," said one, "how came you here? Very glad are we, I'm sure, to see you. It is seldom that any one visits our country, and no wonder, for it is a dangerous path that leads hither."

"I have often heard of you," said Favorita, "and I very much wished to know just what sort of people you are; but I fear I have done very wrong in coming, for my mother is away, and has often bade me never to venture this way; but now I am here, I must beg you to take me to some place where I can rest, for I am completely wearied with my journey."

"It is only a step to a fringed orchid," said an old lady; "lead her thither, and put her into that freshly opened blossom, and scatter this dust that I gathered from the lobelia blossoms at her feet, and she will sleep soundly till morning."

Favorita was too tired to say that she did not much like the odor of lobelia, and allowed them to lead her as they wished, and do as they desired. She soon fell asleep, and did not awaken until the next morning.

"I really wish I was safely at home, and could find my breakfast in the white clover blossom, that my good friend Fantine always brings me; but since I am not there, I am determined to make the best of my time here, and do all the good I can. Do tell me," she asked of some one approaching, "what you live in this dismal country for, and why you all keep yourselves so very busy?"

"Why, really, you are a simple child if you do not know about the families of the Maybes and Perhapes! I will tell you all about ourselves after breakfast, for the truth is, I am tired of this sort of life, and perhaps you can help me out of it."

at once; but she makes no mention in her letter to friends here that this is her intention.

THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1884.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by 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 with names attached, were given, as reported, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. Nelson Hill, to his brother John G. Hill, a member of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet in Richmond; Joe Brown, to his brother George; Roxanna Elliott, to Alfred T. Elliott, of Jersey City, N. J.

Monday, Oct. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. Pennington, to relatives in Richmond, Va.; Charles Wells, to friends; Daniel Adams, to his wife; John P. Spencer, to Alice Joyce, to Marian Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo.

Tuesday, Oct. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Joseph Seltzer, to his wife; John P. Spencer, to Alice Joyce, to Marian Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo.; Henry Gilman, to his mother and sister; John P. Spencer, to Alice Joyce, to Marian Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo.

Thursday, Oct. 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Hans von Viet, of Harlem, N. Y., to his wife, Frances von Viet; Mary O'Connor, to her mother; John P. Spencer, to Alice Joyce, to Marian Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stephen Field, to his wife; John P. Spencer, to Alice Joyce, to Marian Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo.; John P. Spencer, to Alice Joyce, to Marian Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo.

Thursday, Nov. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James H. Brooks, to Thomas T. Brooks, of Macon, Ga.; Bill Cunningham, to his wife; John P. Spencer, to Alice Joyce, to Marian Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo.

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Heliza Otto Hecker, of New Orleans, La.; Col. Geo. T. Patton, to John M. Patton, of Richmond, Va.; Lida Diana, to her father, Lieut. Geo. Patton, now a prisoner; Peter Gross, of Portland, Me., to his wife; Mrs. W. H. Welch, widow of the late Patrick Welch, to Dr. Andrews, of Albany, N. Y.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: David Parsons, of New York, to his wife; Henry Fitz William, to friends and brother Thomas; Stephen Carter, of Nevada City, Cal., to friends in Troy, N. Y.

Invocation.

Our Father, thou who art the soul of the morning sunlight and of the evening shade, on this day of falling leaves, while the autumnal winds are chanting a requiem over the death of rosy summer we would adore thee in spirit and in truth; not in words, not in outpoken prayers, not in useless ceremonials, or Church creeds, but in the deep upheaving melody of the soul, whose waves are ever breaking on Eternity's shore, binding soul to thee, chanting everlasting praises to life as it has been, life as it is, life as it ever must be. Oh thou who hast no name, whose dwelling-place is everywhere, the soul knows thee, and in knowing thee it loves thee. Sometimes, in its contact with the crude manifestations of Nature, it seems to forget thee; but in reality it never can, in reality it is ever holding sweet communion with thee, ever turning all its forces to thee in obedience to thy law. Oh Life, may these thy children learn that all thy manifestations are their kindred, their brethren, their sisters, that they are allied to all forms of life, bound to every atom, and therefore must be affected by changes which are taking place in all atoms. Oh may they study thy great book of Nature, and know from whence they come, where they stand, and whither they are tending. Oh Father, Spirit, may thy ministering angels impress these children of thine with a consciousness of truth in all its beauty; truth in all its simplicity; truth that may not be found in churches; truth as it means with the Infinite. Oh may we succeed in breaking through the deep incrustations of superstition and bigotry, that time and circumstances have thrown around them. When the first ray of light shall gleam in from thy glad presence, oh Father, we too, will unite with them in singing glad ballads for the gift. Spirit who has been in all the past, who art now as thou wilt be in all the future, accept our utterances, feeble, simple, childlike, though they may be, for unto thee we dedicate each and all. Oct. 17.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—According to the usual custom we are now in readiness to give brief opinion concerning any subjects the friends may see fit to offer.

Q.—Please discourse a while upon this passage of Scripture: "And one star shall differ from another in glory?"

ANS.—No long discourse is needed to elucidate the subject. All forms of life differ from each other, whether they be stars or human souls. No two are alike. The great Teacher evidently desired to impress this truth on the minds of his hearers; as no two stars are alike, so no two human intelligences could be alike; that each and all were to be held amenable to their own law, their own God, their own sense of right. Each and all were to be saved, not by an external Savior, but by a saving power within themselves; that as the stars were held in their proper position by their own internal power, so the soul is ever held in its proper position by its own internal power.

Q.—Were the inspirations of the Old and New Testament direct from God?

A.—Quite as much so, as any other form of inspiration. All inspirations, as such, we regard as coming from the Divine, or from the great fountain of life which we call God.

Q.—A person sitting in his room a few evenings since, quietly reading, was considerably startled

by hearing his name called, twice, in a female voice, not familiar to him as belonging to any one in his family. Upon searching his house to ascertain from whence the sounds proceeded, he could find no clue to the mystery. Will the controlling intelligence explain, or give an opinion concerning the cause?

A.—Why, our opinion is simply this: Some friend outside the boundaries of mortality did so far control the laws of sound as to utter his name, that the utterance was conveyed to his physical senses, so that he heard it and understood it.

Q.—Is not spiritual development attained with less care and trial by woman, than by man?

A.—Yes, because she, by nature, is more sensitive; her nervous system is more finely attuned.

Q.—Please explain to us the true office of imagination?

A.—It is the link between your mundane and the trans-mundane world. It is that power of soul, stretching out from the present into the future. It is itself a divine reality; not what it is generally supposed to be.

Q.—Do you believe that Jesus said, "He that believeth on the Son shall see everlasting life, but he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life?"

A.—We should hardly be justified in saying that we absolutely believe that Jesus uttered those words verbatim. It is quite possible, however, that he did, but we have no absolute evidence of the fact.

Q.—What should you suppose him to mean if he did say those words?

A.—We should suppose him to mean this, simply: that whosoever believed on Everlasting Truth should receive the fruits of Everlasting Truth, which are peace, joy, heaven.

Q.—If mind can act independent of matter, why does it meet with so many obstacles in the physical world, as in the case of an imperfectly developed organism?

A.—Mind, when acting through the laws of matter, must become subservient to those laws. If I wish to act through the laws of the physical body, I must render direct obedience to those laws, else my manifestations will be correspondingly imperfect. Mind can and does act independent of matter whenever there is a necessity for its so doing; but when it acts through the human, it does not act independent of, but in concert with it. And as the human observes laws divine, so the divine must observe laws human, in order to produce harmonious manifestations. From the moment the spirit attempts to overreach the boundaries of law as regards the physical form, its manifestation becomes imperfect and oftentimes far from a truthful one, what, under other circumstances, would be grandly true.

Q.—Does the influence of opiates, such as belladonna, for example, suspend the operations of the spirit upon the brain and leave the spirit free to wander off?

A.—Yes; under certain conditions the use of such narcotics do indeed separate the spirit in its control from the physical. So long as life, animal life, is kept up, the spirit holds partial control. But so far as intellectual control is concerned, its action is often suspended by the use of such agents. Sometimes they become the key, unlocking the door of the physical and setting the spirit temporarily free. At such times the spirit wanders forth and holds communion with friends it is attached to in the spirit-world.

Q.—Why is not the spirit conscious of it after its return from the spirit-world?

A.—In itself, positively speaking, it is conscious, but it is unable to project that consciousness through human senses, from the fact that those senses have been used by conditions of the mundane world, or the conditions of the mundane world have been impressing their images upon the plate of the mind. They are constantly doing this during the absence of the soul.

Q.—Is the effect of hashish the same as opium?

A.—Very much the same.

Q.—Has it the same effect upon all minds?

A.—No, certainly not; different temperaments are differently affected by it. Some experience great sorrow while under the influence of hashish, and some directly the opposite, clearly proving that their own law, own physical combination governs in the case.

Q.—What constitutes the harmony of the spirit-world among so great a variety of developments?

A.—A knowledge that all degrees of life are in accordance with the demands of life itself. When you know that the lesser good is absolutely necessary to the greater good, then you will cease to contend with it; and as you cease to contend with it, inharmonious ceases.

Q.—Has spirit greater facilities for progress in the spirit-world than here?

A.—In some directions it has, but in others the facilities are not so good. Certain experiences must be attained, if attained at all, through animal life; and sometimes the non-attainment of those experiences prove very deleterious to the spirit.

Q.—What is meant by "the Kingdom of Heaven?"

A.—A condition of happiness, not a locality. The joyous spirit is in Heaven, the sorrowful spirit is in Hell. It matters not whether it is here or elsewhere.

Q.—Is there a locality of evil?

A.—No; that which you call evil is but lesser good. It is a condition of mind, not a locality. The existence of a local Hell is absolutely impossible. When we view Nature through the mirror of intelligence has offered us, we find she has never formed any such locality. There is no special place of torment, no special place of joy. There can be none. We know this by studying the combinations of soul. It requires no such, therefore has none. Though Nature, Life, is exceedingly liberal, she is never profligate. Oct. 17.

Captain Parker C. Symonds.

I am somewhat unaccustomed to your way of managing business. [Do you find it hard work?] I suppose it might be easy if one only knew enough about it. I know very little. I have only parted company with my own house a few weeks ago, and this is my first attempt to live and act through any house excepting my own. I am from Georgia. [A soldier?] Yes, a soldier. I was Captain in the 10th Georgia, Company A.

I suppose you mean to extend favors to all alike? Well, I'm anxious to get some word, letter, or whatsoever you may call it, to my friends. How shall I proceed? You see I'm ignorant in the matter, sir. My name is Parker C. Symonds. What do you mean by facts? [Things to identify you by.]

I was forty-five years of age. I was born in Tennessee. I have four children living on earth; I have one not exactly with me, but somewhere in this great spirit-world.

My father's name was Peter Symonds. He was a native of Great Britain. Supposing I wish to go anywhere except here, what shall I ask for? [Whatever you want wherever you are attracted.] I, of course, am strongly attracted to my children, my wife, my friends. Well, but have I any means of gaining direct communication immediately?

[It will be necessary to ascertain whether there is any medium you can speak through where your friends reside.] Well, who is to ascertain that, they or I? [You ascertain that yourself. By going into their locality, you can soon perceive whether there is any one you can use or not. It is difficult for you to speak here because it is your first attempt. Well, you must not think that wherever you go people are your enemies, but must take it for granted that all these kind of bodies are friendly and will allow you to control them.] Whether they be Yankee or rebel? [It's no sort of consequence.] I am very glad to know it is so. I feared it would be otherwise. I was informed that the majority of these persons were at the North, and that they would be very likely to shut such as I am out. I didn't have any knowledge of these things when I was on earth.

Well, then, if I understand you aright, sir, I am to ask my children or my wife or friends at the South to furnish me with—what do you call it? a medium, is it? That I may come and talk to them, or write—they sometimes write. Well, that's what I want. Don't fear that I'm going to give any information in regard to the North, for I've done with all that. I come simply to make a communication with those I love.

I certainly shall be very grateful if you can bring about a condition by which I can talk with my friends. Well, sir, I suppose if I'm not successful I'll report here again? [Yes, we should be glad to have you do so.] Oct. 17.

George W. Gage.

My father is second lieutenant in the Missouri Rangers. He's fighting for the Union, and my mother said if I could send him a letter he'd be so glad to get it. My father's name is Joseph Gage. My name is George, and I was eight years old. [George?] Yes, George W. Gage. I lived in Canton, Missouri. My father lived there and my mother lives there. [Does your mother believe in these things?] Yes, sir, she does. My father believes in them, too. He is not a medium, no, sir, but he believes. I died since he went away to war; didn't see him while I was sick, and he's wished all the time that I should come and send some word to him about the place where I live now.

Oh, and my mother wants to know if her brother Charles is dead. He isn't dead; he's a prisoner in Richmond. [Is he sick?] No, sir, he isn't sick much. [Do you ever go to see him?] Yes, sir; I went down there, but I couldn't talk; couldn't get anybody to talk through.

[How do you like your new home?] First-rate. I like—highly—I like to come here, for they clear all the truck away before you get round, and fix up so you can talk right off. [Wasn't you a medium?] No, sir; I wasn't afraid, though; nor my mother ain't, either. Oh, I knew about it; I know before I come to die, about it. My mother told me about it. I knew I'd be a woman when I come here, too. [Did you?] Yes, sir; my mother told me, and said I mustn't be afraid. I ain't afraid. Oh, I don't like that, but I like to come.

I forgot, sir; my mother's deaf, and I always had to holler. That gentleman says folks ain't deaf here.

I want father to write to me now, and mother, too. I want them to write to me. [Can't you read their thoughts?] No, sir. Oh, sometimes I can; can't a long ways. I want a letter from them, too. I know how to move the chairs. I don't know how to write. Good-by, mister. Oct. 17.

Charles H. Johnson.

Be kind enough to say, sir, that Charles H. Johnson, of the 3d Massachusetts Cavalry, wants to talk to his folks. Oct. 17.

J. B. Priest.

Whew! Harry, go to Charles H. Foster, for I've got something to say to you. Oct. 17.

Annie T. Lougee.

I would like to inform my friends in New York that I died yesterday morning—[Sunday, Oct. 16th]—in Florence, Italy.

I made many foolish assertions when here, among which might be found some against your modern manifestations. I said, "I know there is no truth in it; but by chance there should happen to be—should I go first, I will return proclaiming the truth." My friends read your paper, from curiosity, so I shall be sure they will receive my thoughts. Annie T. Lougee, daughter of Jerome Lougee, of New York. [Please give your father's business.] Stock-broker, sir. Oct. 17.

Invocation.

Our Father, Life, in holy trust we would pay our vows to thee. We would praise thee in the expression of every thought, for hast thou not rocked us in the cradle of thy eternity? Have we not slept upon thy bosom and drawn sustenance from thy life? Then wherefore should we fear? Then wherefore should the soul tremble in thy presence? Wherefore should it expect to meet direful vengeance at thy hands? Since thou hast so abundantly blessed it, since thou hast brought it into being and nurtured it with care, why, why does the soul fear thee? We know it only fears thee when it stands within the mists of the mortal vale; when it is crowded about with the ignorance of mortal life; when the dark superstitions of the past come crowding around it, and it sees nought but storms, then it trembles. But when it is divested of that darkness, when it comes out of its prison-house, then it learns to know thee better; then it can live only in the element of love; can only praise thee, and never fear thee. Oh Life, we perceive that every wave that breaks upon eternity's shore bears new evidence to us of thy love, thy power, thy greatness. Every manifestation of thine is a presence talking to us of thee; a something which we may handle, upon which we may gaze, to which we come and learn of thee. Oh Life, thou glorious Presence, if we were to ask any blessing at thy hands it would be that we might lead mortality from darkness to light; it would be that the volume of thy love might be given to us open, that we might transmit it to thy children in mortal. They fear thee because they do not know thee. They tremble in thy presence because they do not know that all their life is of thee; that thou art guarding every act; that thou art blessing them beyond all blessings, and loving them beyond all human love. Oh Life, all our thoughts are thine, all our aspirations are born of thy mighty fountain, and all are tending thither again. We render them to thee, oh Life, for they are thine own forever. Oct. 18.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—We will now hear your propositions, friends, if you have any to propose.

Q.—A correspondent from Jarvis, De Kalb Co., Ind., thus writes us: "Mr. Editor, in looking over the columns of the Banner of Oct. 1st, I find an article headed 'Questions and Answers.' The article is in the first column of the sixth page, part of which I wish to call your attention to, for the purpose of asking some explanations. It is stated:

In this article the negro race enjoyed existence on this planet more than one hundred thousand years ago. First, I wish to learn the evidence upon which that spirit has founded this conclusion. He says, 'we do know,' etc. Now as we living here on earth do not know, but at the same time wish to know, I most respectfully solicit from him, or any other spirit, such evidence as, to me, will be convincing beyond any doubt. Second, I wish to know, if such be the fact, why the remains of this race are not found associated with contemporaneous animals in the rocks of this period? A satisfactory answer to these interrogatories, will be, at least to your humble correspondent, a source of much gratification."

ANS.—Your correspondent should remember that their is a vast portion of the earth yet unexplored, certainly unexplored to those who are now dwelling on the earth's surface. You are constantly making attempts to gain wisdom concerning the planet upon which you dwell, and we cannot but admit that you are making great progress therein. But you cannot gain all wisdom in a century, nor a dozen centuries, nor a thousand centuries. You can only gain that which you are capable of gaining, only reach the outermost limits of your own life-capacities; further than that you cannot go. It was stated recently, here, that the negro race had an existence on this planet more than one hundred thousand years ago, by one who is possessed, doubtless, of positive evidence concerning the race in question. The evidences that are such to him, cannot by any possibility be such to you. He, doubtless, receives his evidence, his proof, from those who lived upon the earth at the time spoken of, also by visiting those localities where they dwell. Now the future will unfold the truth of this case to those who shall come after. Your correspondent's evidences can never be the result of his own investigation, for he cannot go into that latitude, neither can he enter the spirit-realm and gain that evidence which his soul demands. Therefore if he takes any evidence at all for truth, he must take as much as there exists to him in the answering of the question spoken of, setting aside all that which he cannot understand, and waiting for the future to unfold it to him.

Q.—Could not most of those born deaf, dumb or blind have those senses restored through spiritual agencies?

A.—It is our opinion that a limited number of those born in that unhappy condition might be restored through spiritual agency. But we cannot believe that all could be restored, or even that a majority could.

Q.—Will the spirit discourse on the philosophy of Psychometry, its usefulness, and the benefits to be derived from it as regards mankind?

A.—It is useful as a science illustrating the past. So far as the present is concerned, positively speaking, it is of no use. It belongs to the things that have been. It can give you no knowledge concerning these things. It deals with the past, not with the present, not with the future. It may be called the past mirroring itself upon the plate of the present. Certain sensitives can be psychometrized by being brought in contact with favorable conditions. For instance: give the psychometrist a pebble from the so-called Holy Land, and if they are in a favorable atmosphere, clairvoyantly, they will at once describe the surrounding country from an examination of that pebble; not because they go there, but because the life of all that surrounded it is impressed upon the pebble. It holds within itself the life of all objects by which it is surrounded, and those objects are discernible to the psychometrist. It has been said by a certain philosopher of modern times, that all things have a soul; that they impress their soul-life upon all things by which they are surrounded. Each atom impresses its being upon some other atom, and so a vast panorama is made up. All things do indeed have a soul; but there is a great difference between the soul of a rock and of a human being. One is crowned with intelligence, the other is not. One aspires, the other does not. One drinks in intuition, the other does not.

Q.—If spirits, in controlling a medium, can use the organ of speech, why are they not able to use the organ of sight?

A.—It certainly is able to use those organs.

Q.—The question is often asked, Can spirits see?

A.—When obsessing, or possessing a medium, they can make use of those organs or not, just as they please. The retina of the eye attracts to itself a very powerful, peculiar magnetic life. Therefore many spirits in returning do not wish to contend with this magnetism, as they would have to do were the eye open; therefore they do not use the organ of sight. It is not absolutely necessary, and they would be obliged to contend with a power that there is no need of their contending with.

Q.—Will the time ever arrive when there will be no sorrow, no misery in the world?

A.—We cannot think that such a time will ever arrive, for we know that sorrow is as necessary as joy. If one ceased to exist, the other would also. You mourn over your sorrows, but you are jubilant in your joy. Now had you not known sorrow, you would not have known joy.

Q.—How is it with regard to what we call sin or wickedness? It is not to be useful.

A.—Certainly it is. Positively speaking, there is no sin.

Q.—Very well; take it as the world understands it?

A.—Society interprets it and educates you; it makes a scholar in the great school of life of you. It is your teacher. Without it you would hardly make any progress in life. An ancient writer declared it to be the great lover propelling humanity toward God, and it is our opinion that a greater truth was never spoken.

Q.—Occasionally we see one on earth so harmoniously developed as never to be tempted to commit a sin?

A.—We cannot believe that there is a person in mortal existence, or that there ever was one that was not tempted in a greater or lesser degree to do wrong. Those who are not tempted, have no need of those stern rebukes from the great Teachers of Life that others have.

Q.—Then such an one could not enjoy happiness as well as one who had known great sorrow.

A.—That is generally the case. One who is capable of enduring the most intense suffering, who has passed through the keenest hell, is also capable of enjoying the greatest happiness.

Q.—Another preacher said, "Much love was given, for much had been forgiven."

A.—Yes, the soul that gives, appreciates that which is given.

Q.—What is the use of trying to elevate humanity, if the existence of evil serves such a good purpose to the individual?

A.—It is of use, because you cannot help doing it. The forces of Nature induce you so to do. You are surrounded by a great world, or universe of cause and effect. You are but one atom composing that universe, and the movement of all other atoms are affected by you as an atom. Who shall dare say that you are not compelled to lift up the down-trodden? Surely, you

cannot say that you are not. Who shall say that we are not all lovers in the hands of a great Infinite Power. We recognize that power, yet in our arrogance we all strive to bring that power down to our own level. We do not accord it its just due. We fail to realize this power, because it supports us, endows us with immortality, and surrounds us with countless manifestations. That we are at all times amenable to it; that our every act is born of this power, we know; yes, the act of the criminal as well as the act of the good man or woman. Who can go far enough down into the great heart of life as to be willing to say that we are not wielded in the hands of a mighty power over which we can have no control? Oct. 18.

Colonel Henry C. Gilbert.

Thank God! I am able to greet these dear Massachusetts friends. I prayed for it when Death hovered near me; I asked that the blessing of return might be granted me. Oh, praise be to the Power that rules! I have not been mistaken. I was a firm believer in the beautiful teachings of modern Spiritualism, and my lamp of mortality, when death came, went calmly out under its folds. It was a staff to me that one might well be proud to lean upon. It did not fail me in death. Thank God, it is good now!

My dear friend, I am from Coldwater, Michigan—I told the friends I should come here. Although some months have passed, four, nearly five, since I slept in death and awoke in life, yet I am here, renewed, purified, redeemed from the flesh, and, thanks be to the great Infinite Father, still a Spiritualist in heart and soul. I'm full of Spiritualism. I can testify to its truth. When here I believed it to be true; I knew it is true now; and if I have any words to send to my dear friends, they are words of cheer, of comfort and of something more, of hope—words that beget a knowledge of these things upon which the soul feeds.

I laid down in death away from those who were near and dear to me, away in Tennessee; but my spirit was with them, and when the last of mortality faded from before my gaze, I departed in thought with lightning speed to those dear ones.

Oh, thanks be to God for this glorious spiritual light that is shining for all of God's children. Why, friends, if you only knew what I know, you would not wonder at my talking as I do.

I've so much to say that I dare not make hardly a beginning. I know that there are at the present time over five millions of honest-hearted believers in these United States. Do you think you stand alone? Do you think you are living alone? Why, my friend, the great flood-gates are open, and the great Jehovah is showering down his power upon you of the nineteenth century. Oh, you ought to praise him, every one of you, all the time.

God bless you and all good Massachusetts friends, and the dear friends I've left in my Western home. Oh, I had forgotten my name: Henry C. Gilbert. Oct. 18.

Hiram Tubbs.

I want to talk a letter to my father and mother, and my grandfather and grandmother, Aunt Esther, Aunt Lizzie, Uncle Alfred and Uncle Oscar. My grandfather and grandmother want me to come. I was sick, sir, in Brooklyn, California. [Brooklyn, California?] Yes, sir. My father's in San Francisco, and I want my grandfather and grandmother to buy me somebody to talk through.

I stayed here most seven years. I stayed in California most seven years. I was six years, ten months, twenty-nine days old. Wasn't that most seven years?

I want my mother to know that father's Ann is my teacher, and me and Lily and Willie are with her. And when my grandfather and grandmother comes here—they are coming—when they do, I want to talk to them, because I've learned now. My name was Hiram Tubbs; that's my father's

The Lecture Boom.

Man's Relations to the Divinity.

A Lecture by J. A. Loveland. Delivered in
Lycium Hall, Boston, Sunday Evening,
Oct. 30th, 1864.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

There are some things which are proved; and some which are improved, and also improvable. But, in the human consciousness, some of the improvable things are regarded as being certain, and equally with those most abundantly demonstrated. Man's own existence is one of the improvable truths. An argument is possible in the case. The old Cartesian dogma, "cogito ergo sum," is not an argument, though in syllogistic form. It is merely an affirmation. The Divine existence, is, also, one of the first truths of reason, and does not admit of argument in any form. All attempted demonstration has only tended to befog and mislead the intelligent inquirer. Paley and Chalmers have created doubts, but they have failed to convince the reasoning mind. No man is an Atheist; for all men do intuitively and spontaneously perceive the existence of an incomprehensible power in the very heart of all being. They may use widely different terms in giving expression to their perceptions, but they mean the same. The so-called Atheist means the same, when he speaks of the powers or forces of Nature, that the devout Jew or Christian does when he plausibly utters the word, Jehovah. The man who should attempt to prove the existence of visible, tangible substance, would be deemed insane. But the existence of invisible power is recognized as equally self-evident, and, therefore, as far removed from the realm of pretended proof. The real difficulty commences when men attempt to define the nature and attributes of the incomprehensible; when they pretend to make known the unknown and unknowable.

Man can comprehend nothing which is greater than himself, or intrinsically different from himself. All knowledge or comprehension is only experience; and experience is either material or spiritual sensation. If, therefore, the Divine nature is a nature essentially unlike man's, then, of course, there can be no oneness of feeling between them, consequently no knowledge of one by the other. If man be not divine, and if Deity be not human, then no relations of reciprocity are possible, for no possibility of comprehending each other in any sense or to any degree, remains. So imperative has this self-evident fact been in the human reason that all religious have, in some form, humanized their Deity. Christians and Hindus incarnate their God in the womb of a virgin, and thus take the human into the Divine. But, notwithstanding this admission of a grand truth, the true relationship has not been seen and admitted in its fullness and completeness. It is true that the old mythologies seem to recognize the filiation of man from Deity when they call men the sons of God; but it is only seeming, for when we closely scan their philosophy, we find only a mechanical relationship admitted. God is the great architect. Man is the thing which he has made, and made, too, of the dust of the ground, and that made from nothing. His relation to God is that of a machine, a building to its maker, one purely mechanical. No duty could by any process of reasoning be predicated upon such a relationship. One far more intimate and vital must be seen before we can understand what is meant by duty.

Our philosophy is this: instead of saying, with the Pantheists, that all is God, meaning thereby that the material universe is the all; or with the Idealists, that Spirit is all, meaning thereby, that the material universe is only the manifestation—the shadow—the phenomena of spirit, or God; we affirm the coeternal existence of both. They are the complements of each other. God was never without a body, nor the universe without a soul. One is not, *cannot* be without the other. We make this statement upon the most irrefutable of all proofs, the universal consciousness of man. The objective and the subjective; the me, and the not me, are as much axioms with the savage as they are with the most profound philosopher. The terms may be meaningless, but the sense they express is the ever present regulator of his life. The me—the subjective—is his real self-hood—is the reason. The objective—the not me—is the base—the contentment of the me—belongs to him as a vehicle—a medium for expression—an eternal and absolute necessity for the manifestation of the innate powers of the me. This is the universal truth. God is the soul—the life—the intelligence of the universe. Uncomprehended by man in the same sense that man is incomprehensible to himself. When man has fathomed the vast depths of his own mysterious nature, he may "find out God."

All forces, then, are forms of Divine activity. All beings are functions of the Divinity. Man is the highest of which he has any conceptions, and being progressive, has reason to infer that he is the highest of all. His relation, then, to God is the most vital and sacred of all. In him God finds most perfect expression. In man, God becomes intelligent and loving. The impersonal reason voices itself only in humanity. God becomes self-conscious only in man. In man only does the idea of infinity and universality find birth. But there every affirmation of the impersonal reason is felt, is known to be an infinite, a universal principle. The consciousness of these affirmations of the reason necessitate the conclusion, in the progressed intelligence, that individual man is a member of that great body called humanity—and that that is a function of the Deity. Illustrating, then, by analogy, as seeing, hearing, thinking, etc., are functions of man; so is man a function of the Divinity. And as the lungs, brain, hands, etc., are members of the one human body, so are individuals members one of the other. Again, as the possession of reason, thought, will, affection, each distinct from the other, does not impair the unity of man's nature, but rather constitutes its integrity, so the multiplicity of functions does not mar the unity of Deity. He is not divided. We are of and from him, but not parts, for unity has no parts, though it may have innumerable functions. Thus, in a true and just philosophy, the relations of man and God are the relations of centers and circumferences—of powers and their uses—of functions and their members, or instruments. The relation of man to his fellow is the relation of each person to his destiny. Humanity, in its totality of joy and sorrow, is the destiny of the individual. The heaven of each is the common life and joy of the whole. It is, then, the relation of each one to his highest possible good.

If "our life is in God," our joy in God, and God is only expressed in highest form in and through the common humanity, then is our individual fate identical with the common destiny of the race. There is no escaping this necessary conclusion; and, if it needed more demonstration than the mere statement, all the history of the ages is but the record of various classes of evidence. Duty to God and duty to man become identical; nor can we dissociate our duty to self from the category of brotherly love and religion. All life will

become moral and religious as we realize the scope of our relations and the power of our actions. In the light of these truths, what has usually been called religious worship, becomes a profane mockery. True worship is, as Jesus most truly said, of the spirit. It is the spirit's cognition or realization of its selfhood and Divinity. The spirit never uses words. They are the product of the understanding—are an attempted expression of pure spiritual sensations, which is a sheer impossibility. The utmost which can be done, is to set forth the physical sensations, which are the consequences and attendants of spiritual emotions. When you hear enthusiastic fanatics tell how they "feel in their souls," know that they always mean in their bodies. The spirit can never utter itself in words, so as to be intelligible to the understanding. He who kneels down, or stands up and pretends to pray to God in words, commits the most shocking profanity. God, out of men, does not comprehend words. In man he does. Prayers to men, in and out of the form, are appropriate—to God, as the infinite unity, they are absurd and profane. God's works are wrought by agents—men and things. The agents are to be controlled and used. You are God in your inmost; evoke him from the vast depths of your own nature, and not vainly seek for help in the empty air of imagination. If our relations are intelligently adjusted with our brothers and sisters, in this and the spirit-world, all the resources of possible power centre in our individual selves. We hold the key of Omnipotence. We can utter the magic word that shall call forth all the Titanic might needed for any emergency. If there be any such thing as positive, independent volition in the universe, man possesses it, and, consequently, is a depository of unmeasured power. If it be not possessed at all in any degree, then why pray, why ask, why expect anything in response for the asking? But we do these things spontaneously, which demonstrates the fact of volition, because the common consciousness is found recognizing it. But various circumstances combine to make this power widely felt and widely useful. In proportion to the number of persons consciously affiliated, in the unity of a common principle, is the power of each for the performance of great and noble deeds. The power of the whole is centered in the one, and may be wielded by him.

Our great danger, as Spiritualists, is the fact that we overlook the vast necessity of Union Organization, and depend upon the spirits to save the world. The old Church depends upon God—we upon the spirits. Both are alike vain in their expectations. Spirits are men and women like ourselves, and have no power different from ours to save a fellow, even if they have a greater willingness. Every man must, in the main, save himself, though vast aid can be yielded by others. God, practically, is man in this work. Upon man as man, not as in or out of the form, rests the responsibility of laboring for the common weal. Were man devoid of reason, were he incapable of foreseeing results, when the nature and relations of causes are before him, it would be useless to urge him in any course. But he has reason, he has foresight, and he has volition and power. Work done for the many, as we have shown, is done for the one who does it. The heaven of the one is the general condition of the whole. Springing from the one great ocean of Deity life, vitally bound thereto, living therein and therefrom, linked each to all, a vast brotherhood, how august is man! How mighty, how stupendous his fate! How solemn and momentous his responsibilities! To unfold in symmetrical beauty, to attune in spiritual harmony, to cultivate in noblest love his own being; and by high resolve and potent endeavor to stamp all those grand characteristics upon the features of the common destiny, is a God-like ambition.

The possibilities of labor and accomplishment here opened up to us, should be a burning fire of constant stimulation to us all. A life dreamed out in the vulgar sleep of an unreasoning mind should be the special object of our abhorrence. No "pearly gates" are waiting to open on our approach; no streets of crystal gold, or trees of tempting fruit, or streams of nectarous sweet will be the reward of strong and manly work in the open field of human needs.

But I will tell you what are the results of comprehending the relationship of which I have spoken, and fulfilling the duties which rest thereon. The heaven you will secure will be the heaven of human reason, freed from the bias of warping prejudice, the cant of sect and the contempt of fools. The calm, pure light of reason is the Sun of the Spirit-Heaven. It will be the heaven of human imagination. Not fancy; but the creative, poetic faculty of man. Numberless will be the forms of constantly created beauty, which will entrance the denizens of spirit-life, as the result of its exercise. But it will also be the heaven of love, love freed from all the dross of earthly needs and uses; love, purified from all the selfishness of time; love, not merely personal, and, therefore, isolated and exclusive, but love in its fullness, freeness and completeness—love in its universality; love without hate, jealousy, envy or fear; love, forever rich in blessings, forever tireless in their bestowment, forever fertile in glad surprises of new and unending joys; love, which mellow the light of reason, bathes the brows of immortals in celestial radiance, wreaths their sunny countenances with smiles, fills the cup of joy with the wine of ecstasy, and makes the very air rhythmic with the ceaseless pulsations of satisfied gladness. Yes, a love which never faileth; whose tidal swell are the pulses of the Eternal Heart of God.

Will such a Heaven meet your wish and satisfy your soul? You are to make a part of it, even though for a time you may find its perfection. You may delay the full-orbed glory of its gladness, and repentance, tears and toil may be required in the future ages for the perfecting of your nature, for the perfect joy of perfect love and life.

Blessed, thrice blessed, are they who carry no dark shadows from the earthly to the spiritual; who realize the imperativeness of duty to God, Self, and the Neighbor, and zealously perform it; who lay off the cloths of selfishness, see the power and glory of a Divine Charity, and abandon themselves to its saving manifestation. They are the giants of their day; they wield more potent thunderbolts than Olympian Jove. May their number augment and their work be mightily enlarged.

A soldier in Sherman's army, with throat cut from ear to ear, was thought to be mortally wounded by a council of surgeons; but the one under whose immediate care he was, thought he was justified in making an experiment for the good of others, at the same time having great hopes of saving the man. He first commenced his task by cutting through where the two upper ribs meet the sternum, and through this orifice, for forty days, he has been fed five gallons of milk per week, and sometimes his appetite required five more. He is fat and hearty, and the surgeon thinks, in two weeks, he will have him able, and the inside of his throat so nearly healed, as to allow him to swallow by the natural passage. He at first introduced a stomach pump and thus fed his patient, and after a few hours would clear his stomach in the same manner, thus producing artificial digestion, till it was no longer necessary. A silver tube is now used to feed him.—*Louisville Journal.*

U. Clark's Western Itinerant Etchings.

Autumn Memories—Canada—Port Huron—St. Clair—Birmingham—Grand Rapids—The Oracle of Deceit—Wisconsin—Workers—Janesville, Waukegan, Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, Beaver Dam, Ripon, Berlin, Princeton, Lima, Whitewater, etc.—Reminiscences.

Autumn winds murmuring amid the gorgeous foliage of the falling season of the year, awaken a thousand associations in memory of other days and of absent friends, whether they have passed beyond the veil or are still dwellers here below. I am especially reminded of numerous Spiritualist friends, who seem pleased to watch with interest for these random "Etchings" in the Banner. My long silence has been owing to unavoidable conditions. I wrote last from Henderson, N. Y., in July.

From Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., the steamer Ontario gave us a refreshing sail to Toronto, C. W. Along the southern coast of Lake Ontario, we kept sight of the Empire State, touching at Oswego, Pultneyville and Charlotte, and waving salutations to familiar friends on shore. I can say but little about our success in Toronto. A few of the noblest friends were found, and some pretenders whose books needed the stiffening of a cord of whale-bones, and whose souls seemed in a condition giving considerable room for enlargement. It may be a very fine thing to be invited to take carriage rides and then take tea, and then work your mediumship all the evening, etc., and then not be patronized a single cent, and not even be patronized in your public labors; but we ask to be saved from all such fine, mean, cowardly, aristocratic compliments; and we rather think nobody will use us in that style a great many times in succession. But heaven bless the few pioneer souls we found in Toronto. They promise something for the cause in the future, but at present there is little encouragement in many parts of Canada. In London we found conditions somewhat similar. Some good, intelligent believers in that city feel timid about moving in the cause. But earnest co-operators were found in the Bissells, Speltzges, etc. Some neighboring towns are open for the right kind of pioneers, and after the rebellion is closed and secession sympathizers are silenced, we shall have more hope of Canada.

As we stepped on the ferryboat crossing over the St. Clair River from Sarnia, C. W., to Port Huron, Mich., U. S. A., the ejaculation escaping our lips was "God bless Canada, if He can!" And yet there are many dear, noble brothers and sisters there, whose memory will be held sacred, for their loyalty to Spiritualism, as well as to the American Union. Through the aid of the Paces, Hazlet, Nobles, Hamiltons, Wolfes, etc., Port Huron turned out a large week-day evening audience during the intense heat of summer, and two harmonic meetings were held the Sunday after. Dr. Pace, the clairvoyant and healing medium, has established a superior reputation in Port Huron as a reliable and successful operator. Let such excellent home operators become patronized, and there will be no need of going from home after operators of more note. While in Port Huron we heard of a sick little girl in St. Clair, twelve miles below, Eliza Sophia Barron, ten years old, the daughter of our devoted spiritual friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Barron. Under the impression that the little one would pass from the form during our visit, we went down to St. Clair, and she died the next morning. The spiritual funeral services were conducted, and the spirit-messages coming before and after the services seemed to lift almost despairing clouds from the hearts of the parents, and to leave deep impressions on the minds of the audience filling the large mansion home of Bro. Barron. What save Spiritualism can answer the needs of such an hour?

One large evening meeting in Birmingham, Mich., and three meetings in Grand Rapids. In the former place we were happy to meet the poetical medium, Mrs. Emma Martin; in the latter, Dr. E. Woodruff was largely operating as an eclectic, and Mrs. Squires was doing a successful business as clairvoyant healer.

Chicago and the National Spiritualist Convention next engaged attention. On the Sunday morning and evening before the Convention, an audience of nearly one thousand appeared, to hear the inspirations of Miss Lizzie Doten. The Chicago friends were wide awake making preparations; the Levitts, Mays, etc., and conspicuous among them, not only in the choir but on the committee, were Miss Ada L. Hoyt, the celebrated medium, and her father. The gifts of Miss Hoyt continue unabated, and numerous visitors throng her rooms.

[We here omit Mr. Clark's critical review of the proceedings of the Convention, as we have not room to admit a discussion of the *pros* and *cons* in regard to that Convention, which would surely follow.]

From the Chicago Convention we passed to Belvidere, Ill., and held two large evening meetings, and from thence to Janesville, Wis., where I was confined several weeks by a low, subtle form of the typhoid fever. I shall remember with grateful emotions the home of Mrs. P. Lane and L. M. Wittsie, her son-in-law, and the husband of Nellie Wittsie, the trance lecturer. Mrs. Lane is a physician of no ordinary excellence, enjoying the advantages of a medical education, besides being a good clairvoyant. Dr. Treat, of Janesville, attended me during my illness, and his superior skill at last triumphed over disease. During my sickness I was astonished and gladdened by a call from H. P. Fairfield, who is now doing good service in the lecturing field of the West.

Waukegan, Wis.—Dr. Holbrook and a few other friends have labored nobly in this place. The day after our arrival here, Mr. Tow called on us to attend the funeral of a daughter who had passed on, with the request that if I came in season, I should officiate. Large audiences greeted us in Milwaukee, where Bro. Fairfield had spoken two Sundays. This city is one of the most promising in the West, and our cause is commanding a deep and wide interest. Dr. Brown is one of the best home workers. Mrs. Ober is doing good service as a clairvoyant healer. Dr. R. W. Hathaway, as eclectic and spiritual physician, commands a large practice.

Beaver Dam, Ripon, Berlin, Princeton, Fond du Lac, Lima and Whitewater, turned out good audiences. Berlin is the home of our lecturing sister, Mrs. Warner, and she is highly appreciated. At Princeton we found our working friend, Dr. Holly, formerly of Western New York. At Fond du Lac, Bro. J. H. Spence has a fine hall, which he appropriates to the free use of Spiritualists.

Throughout Wisconsin the field is ripe for Spiritualism, but the laborers are few. Strong invitations are presented us to remain in the West, and large warm hearts and helping hands are extended. God bless the great souls greeting us on our weary way! But the East has charms and associations of irresistible attraction. The long absent faces of little ones seem smiling, and their voices calling. What so touching to the heart of a parent as the memory of absent children waiting for his return from a long journey? And then the memory of other friends, whose faces grow none the less dim through the lapse of time or

intervening distance. O this wandering life! how often it brings to mind scenes and friends, now dearer than ever. Landscapes may fade before autumn winds and frosts, and winter blasts beat on the pathway of the wanderer, but ever green in memory shall bloom the loves of other years, till one by one closes life's journey, and we take our place in the home of angel beatitude.

Greetings, dear Banner, to you and your readers; and may we all live in vigilant keeping with our faith as to realize the plaudits of heaven in our own souls, and a welcome home to the better land beyond this.

U. C.

Physical Manifestations.

Will you permit me, Mr. Editor, to give you a few details concerning a séance held at my house on the 14th of Nov., through the mediumship of Miss Jennie Lord? We were favored with most excellent music on violins by Messrs. Watson and Burr—music that "took the imprisoned soul and wrapped it in Elysium." Among others who witnessed these wonderful manifestations were W. P. Anderson, J. V. Mansfield, Dr. Larkin, Mr. Hyde, and several ladies. The music was fully appreciated by the spirits, who responded in a scientific manner, keeping perfect time as these instruments were floating in the air, occasionally touching different persons composing the circle. No one there who listened to the war-dance performed by Black Hawk, and felt the vibration on the floor, could doubt his power, for he gave evidence that he at least was not an airy "phantom." It would far exceed the limits of a letter to relate all the phenomena that occurred during the séance—rolling of barrels, and other sounds imitated; Dr. Larkin's spectacles were taken from his head, a handkerchief from Mrs. Anderson's pocket, and tied in a most grotesque form; a cord placed about her neck; a glass containing flowers, brought from a shelf, was handed around; water placed to the lips of several persons. In presenting the glass to me, the water was accidentally spilled. I naturally complained of such treatment; immediately a hand, soft and palpable to the touch, my face with a cloth in the most gentle and caressing manner. This was repeated, and the hand laid upon my head, a signal given by my own Indian guide; bells were rung nearly all the while, but in good time with the music. The spirits were in high good humor, and repeatedly called for more lively tunes, and the earthly musicians were very obliging. A table was drawn across the floor, all the instruments removed from a table devoted to their use, and placed upon another beautifully arranged. All this and more occurred, although the circle was broken by three persons leaving the room. Altogether it was the most wonderful and convincing manifestation I ever witnessed, and it seems to me that it could not be better by any spirits, in or out of the body. No one can wonder at the refinement of these manifestations who is acquainted with Miss Lord; she is gentle, pure and good; her sweetness of disposition, her childlike faith in her spirit-guides attach them to her, and their ever-watchful care over her is indeed a blessing.

During the night, after we had retired to rest, we were favored with raps and ringing of the bells.

At the close of the séance, the spirit of Miss Sprague promised to perform upon an instrument which she described; she also controlled the medium to speak poetry once in my presence.

For a few weeks past Miss Lord has been giving very fine manifestations at Vincennes, N. J., at the house of Mr. H. I. Budd, a gentleman who is progressive, and a Spiritualist in theory and practice. He has, in connection with another believer in the faith, purchased a church in an Orthodox neighborhood. It will be devoted to the use of Spiritualists. May success attend all such reformers. Yours for progress,
New York. J. M. JACKSON.

A Three Days' Meeting.

The Friends of Progress will hold a three days' meeting at Greensboro, in Uncle Seth Hinshaw's free Hall, Henry Co., Ind., beginning Dec. 9th, and continuing through Sunday the 11th. A universal invitation is extended to all mankind, irrespective of doctrine, creed or opinions, all of which may be freely expressed. All speakers are encouraged. All from a distance will be provided with entertainment free of cost. By order of Committee.

J. H. HILL.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lycium Hall, Tremont-st., (opposite head of School street), every Sunday, commencing Dec. 5th, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Cora L. V. Hatch during November.

GOSPEL OF CHARITY will meet every Thursday evening, at the corner of Broad and Province streets. Admission free. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Hayden, Nov. 27; Mrs. N. J. Willis, Dec. 4 and 11; Mrs. Joseph S. Todd, Dec. 18 and 25; Mrs. Laura C. Cope, Jan. 8 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hayden, Jan. 22, 29, and Feb. 5 and 12; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during March.

CHESAPE.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week, commencing Dec. 12th. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Nov. 27; Mrs. N. J. Willis, Dec. 4 and 11; Mrs. Joseph S. Todd, Dec. 18 and 25; Mrs. Laura C. Cope, Jan. 8 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hayden, Jan. 22, 29, and Feb. 5 and 12; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during March.

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QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10 A. M., and in the afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Hayden, Nov. 27; Mrs. N. J. Willis, Dec. 4 and 11; Mrs. Joseph S. Todd, Dec. 18 and 25; Mrs. Laura C. Cope, Jan. 8 and 15; Mrs. E. A. Hayden, Jan. 22, 29, and Feb. 5 and 12; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during March.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Miss Susan M. Hopkins, as per notice; N. S. Greenleaf during December; Miss Mattie L. Beckwith during January; Miss Emma Houston, March 5 and 12.

LYNDEN, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lynden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Sarah A. Hayden, Dec. 18 and 25; W. K. Bishop, as per notice; Charles A. Hayden, April 2 and 9; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, May 6 and 13.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 A. M. on Sunday, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 P. M.

THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS will hold spiritual meetings at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 23d street, New York, every Sunday. Circles, wonderful diagnoses of disease, and public speaking, as per notice. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 P. M.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday evening at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, No. 128 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of 5th and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., Dec. 12 and 19; Mrs. J. M. Peckles during January; W. K. Bishop, Feb. 12 and 19.

NEW YORK.—Ebbit Hall, near the corner of Thirty-third street and Broadway. Free meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, permanent speaker.

THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS AND SPIRITUALISTS of New York hold their meetings at Bowdoin's Hall, No. 808 Broadway, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions at 2 P. M.

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LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.

Mrs. GONIA L. V. HATCH will lecture in Lycium Hall, Boston, during November.

ST. FRANK WHITE will speak in Lynn, Mass., Nov. 27; in Quincy, Dec. 4 and 11; in Chelsea, Dec. 18 and 25; in Troy, N. Y., during January; in Somersville, Conn., during February; in Springfield during March. Address, Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. S. F. WARNER will speak in Providence, R. I., Nov. 27; in Portland, Me., during December. Will speak week evenings, if desired. Address, care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Pavilion, 47 Tremont street, Boston.

DR. L. COOKLEY will lecture and heal in Quincy, Ill., during December. Address, care W. Brown, Quincy, Ill.

DR. L. WATSON will speak in Rutledge Creek, Mich., one-half of the time for six months.

MISS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Philadelphia during November; in Villamont, Conn., Dec. 12; in Taunton, Mass., during December; in Worcester, during February; in Plymouth, May 4 and 12; in Portland, Me., May 18 and 25, and during September. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith.

J. H. RANDALL and HENRY H. ALLEN will be in Montague, Mass., Nov. 27; in Boston from Dec. 3 until Dec. 15; in Worcester, Dec. 18 and 25. Address accordingly.

LOUIS WATSON will speak in Bowling Green, O., four Sabbath, commencing Nov. 13; in Clyde, Dec. 11; in Wellington, Dec. 18; in Liverpool, Jan. 1; in Eaton, Jan. 8. Address, Liverpool, Medina Co., O.

Mrs. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak in Mount Holly, Vt., Nov. 27; in Leicester, Dec. 4; in East Montpelier, Dec. 11; in South Hardwick, Dec. 18; in Morrisville, Dec. 23. Address, Rochester, Vt.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF will speak in Bucksport, Me., Nov. 27, and Dec. 18 and 25; in Newburgh, Dec. 4; in Exeter, Dec. 11. Address, Exeter, N. H.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON has removed her residence to Rutland, Vt. She will answer calls to speak Sundays and attend funerals, and will speak week evenings on the year, the currency, reconstruction, the rights of women, etc. Address, Rutland, Vt.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Chelsea, Nov. 27. Address, Pavilion, 47 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. HAYDEN will speak in Malden, Nov. 27; in Lynn, Dec. 4 and 11; in Plymouth, Dec. 18 and 25. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. FRANCES LOND BOND will lecture in Washington during November; in Lowell, Mass., in June. Address, care of Mrs. J. A. Kobbegs, Amherst, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Foxboro' during November; in Washington, D. C., Dec. 18 and 25; in Lowell during January and May; in Chelsea during February; in Haverhill during March; in Plymouth, April 2 and 9; in Providence, R. I., April 23 and 30.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Stafford, Conn., during November; in Troy, N. Y., during December. Address as above, or Rutledge Creek, Mich.

J. M. PREBLES will speak in Providence, R. I., during December; in Portland, Me., during January; in Washington, D. C., during February. Address as above, or Rutledge Creek, Mich.

MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON will lecture in Taunton, Nov. 27. Address, Bradley, Me., care of A. H. Emery.

Mrs. SUSIE CHASE will lecture in Georgia County, Ohio, the last three Sundays of Nov.—address: Chardon; in Syracuse, N. Y., during December; in Cincinnati, O., during January. She will speak week evenings on the year, the currency, reconstruction, the rights of women, etc. Address, Chardon, Ohio.

MISS AUGUSTA A. CHURCH will speak in Chelsea, Mass., Nov. 27; in Philadelphia during December; in Lowell during January; in Lowell during February. Address, Box 818, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. FRANCES LOND BOND will speak in Chelsea, Nov. 27. Address, Pavilion, 47 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. BLISS, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Troy, N. Y., during November; in Cincinnati, O., during December; in Cleveland, O., Dec. 23 and 30; in Plymouth, Feb. 19 and 26; in Lowell during March.

J. L. POTTER, trance speaking medium, will lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, every Sunday until further notice.

Mrs. J. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. Is at liberty to speak on week-evening evenings, if wanted.

JAMES M. ALLEN will speak in Waldo, Knox and Hancock Counties, Me., until further notice; also attend funerals. Address, Seaboard, Me., care of M. Bailey.

Mrs. C. FANNIE ALLEN's address is Seaboard, Me., care of M. Bailey. She will now receive calls to lecture for the autumn and winter, and attend funerals when desired.

J. G. FISH will speak in Grand Rapids, Mich., during November; in Providence, R. I., during January and March; in Worcester, Mass., during February. Address, Ganges, Allegan Co., Ohio, or according to appointments.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Somers, Conn., during December; in Stafford, Jan. 1 and 8; in Plymouth, Jan. 15 and 22. Address, as above, or Seaboard, Me.

Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Portland, Me., Nov. 27.

MISS EMMA HUSTON will lecture in Worcester, Mass., during November; in Taunton, March 5 and 12. Address as above, or Manchester, N. H.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year; in Providence, R. I., Nov. 13; in Rochester, Vt., Nov. 28. Address, Woodstock, Vt.