

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XVI.

{88,00 FEB. YEAR.
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

{SINGLE COPIES,
Eight Cents.

NO. 20.

The Spirit-World.

NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES
OF
MARY E. CHANTWORTHE,
LATE OF
LEEDS, ENGLAND.

"Truth is mighty, and will prevail." "Cavil not at the remark, but seek to test its strength."

Whilst I lingered upon earth, I flew, as it were, from flower to flower, endeavoring, as the butterfly slips the nectar of life from the tuberoses and the honeysuckle, to extract happiness from buds of promise; but ah! me! dear sister, like your own, mine were withered and withered by the scorching beams of a parental strove, blasting within my soul the very germs and seeds, which, as in your own case, gave promise of a rich harvest of buds and flowers, capable of shedding an aroma of fragrance upon your land, as well as within ancestral halls and homes of old England, amid whose green fields and hedge rows she who now partially governs your hand and brain sported in childhood, revelled in later years, and in mid life laid her maternal sarcophagus in its genial bosom.

What attracts this spirit here, seems to be the condition of my sister's mind—community of feeling and similarity of earth-trials. I come to comfort and to bless, permitted by your kind guardian, whose acquaintance I enjoyed when in the form. I have hovered near for months, ay, for years, bending over in fond solicitude, ever anxious to sweeten the bitter potions which so oft mingle in your cup of life's waters; but despond not, gentle one: the crystal drops of happiness are forming, attendant angels are hovering near to prevent their liquidation until the brightness shall have blessed your very soul. I revel in anticipations of delight, as the aroma of the flowers of joy, just ready to spring within my loved one's grasp, is wafted to my interior sense, and I feel to give God thanks, that the garden of your being is about to be watered under kindly influences and fructifying beams. Nevertheless, dear sister, I would have you remember the harrowing process is oftentimes necessary—that all traces of the rank influences of weeds and thistles may be removed—so scorn not, nor deem, as you so generally do, the time wasted in which this clearing and uprooting is being effected, even if it should require (as in my experience) the greater part of the earth-life for the preparing; but in due season you shall reap, if you faint not. The husbandman, ere he sows his seed, neglects not the plow, the harrow, and other sharp instruments; but diligently applies each in its proper place. Frequently must the soil of human nature be subjected to like successive stages, ere the ripened fruit meet the eye and reward the toiler. But the figure would be incomplete did we neglect the crowning point of attraction and comparison. The blade, in its full luxuriance, gathered into an earthly garner-house, would be productive of but little benefit to mankind were it permitted to moulder and decay; but the grinding process comes next in order, so the wheel of circumstances has revolved, and each revolution hath accomplished unthought of benefits. Have you not observed, in your late experience, the winnowing and sifting you have undergone, so that ere long you may be ready for the market of life? Now does your mind grasp the idea I have been endeavoring to inculcate? If so, I will cease metaphor, and rehearse some events of my own history.

I was the only child of, to outward appearance, loving parents; but alas! alas! it was only in the seeming. My father's heart had never throbbled with one emotion of genuine unselfish love, and when I appeared upon the theatre of action, a rebuff and regret that I was one of the "weaker sex," was the salutation that greeted the ear of my disappointed mother, who had fondly hoped the event of a bond of love would draw from the frozen depths of the heart of her attendant iceberg some indication of susceptibility of impression to the melting influences of the sun of affection.

Time rolled on, bringing but few changes to beguile the monotony of the hours; nevertheless, an important era was at hand. That dear mother who had, under so many discouragements and so few advantages, watched and soothed my infant days, passed to a higher condition, in which she could pursue the fond desires of her heart without the constant surveillance of one who considered himself her Master. To outward appearance she was gone from her nestling; but no wings are sufficient to bear away a mother-bird for any length of time from the faintest sound of the chirp of her offspring.

The father missed the accustomed welcome and smile, and the kind consideration which had contributed to his comfort; but it failed to soften the flinty heart, which grew, if possible, more hardened. A nurse, or housekeeper, was obtained, but with the usual obtuseness. No thought of adaptedness for mental and moral culture arose in the settlement of choice, and one totally unfit for the guidance of a youthful mind was selected, the only qualification required being quite up to the standard of economy. How am I pained, as the influence of those unhappy hours, passed amid such unpropitious associations, comes welling up in my heart! I hope oblivion's waters will now engulf them forever. My purpose in their recall at the present moment is to enable some sorrowing ones to take comfort, and walk cheerfully in the byway of life to which they are at present restricted, remembering that the same path, ay, with more devious and thorny obstacles, has been traversed by one as sensitive, to all the bright and beautiful of earth, and with, it may be, fewer points of attraction and interest than they are favored with.

But what are the discomforts of an earthly sojourn in comparison with the boundless and ineffable joys in which my soul now bathes? which, by contrast, causes the trials of which I have been speaking to appear as the fanciful chimeras of a disordered brain; and it is only when taking possession, as it were, of the fleshy tabernacle of another I can recall and realize intensely the miseries of an unloved existence.

The children of earth oftentimes shrink from and question the wisdom of what they consider an All-wise Providence, apportioning them so many shady paths, fondly imagining the sunlight would bring forth more beautiful buds and flowers. But as in the external, so in the spiritual world: if the rays be too powerful they scorch and wither. I know an excess of either is prejudicial, but it appears to the writer that more instances of nobleness are exhibited by those whose lives the clouds have always lowered upon, or were so doing when the grandeur of their character shone forth in its fullest splendor. Your favorite hydrangea always seeks and flourishes best in the shade. Here in this bright realm, where I now dwell, each of us have our proper places; but think not by escaping from your clay tenement you leave all care, and bask in an eternal sunshine; for assured there are moments, even in this abode when we taste of the bitterness of unsatisfied desires.

But to continue my narrative of earth-life, I will not enter with any degree of minuteness into the many and varied trials through which I passed, imagination can supply the painful detail; but in so doing, I pray you use the strongest mental magnifying glass in your possession; for frequently the necessary ailment for the sustenance of life was denied me, and when the parent you should have shielded, drove me, at the instigation of one whom he had installed in the place of my departed mother, with curses loud and deep, from the parental roof forth into the cold world, I felt as though a thunderbolt had fallen upon my devoted head, and I prayed, if there be a God (which I at times doubted), in the wide universe of creation, he would take unto himself his suffering child!

But in the midst of the wild tumult of the contending elements of my nature—which at one moment urged me to launch forth into the unknown future and the next instant brought before my startled senses the image of a despairing soul rushing into the presence of its Maker with a heavy load of guilt resting upon it—there came over me a singular soothing influence, as it were, a caressing sensation; the angry billows grew calm, and the bark of life glided peacefully amid the still waters. I attributed the wonderful change to the outstretched hand of Omnipotence, unconscious of the dear instrument he had made use of for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Guided, as I now know, by the same angelic care, I started for the north of England, and reached, after many struggles, the home of a maternal aunt, in Derbyshire, who at first received me coldly, until a recital of the sad circumstances which had thrown me upon her protection reached the depths of her heart, opened wide its portals, and, as it were, closed me in in a loving embrace.

But alas! the demon of jealousy in the person of an adopted son arose to disturb those relations. My aunt was blessed with what was then considered a comfortable allowance of this world's treasure in the shape of broad fields and cultivated acres. This young man, falling in the endeavor to win my youthful affections, turned with all the rancor and envy humanity is capable of indulging in, sedulously poisoning the mind of her upon whom I leaned in my sad strait, with the miasma of suspicion, until she recoiled from her unhappy charge, and I was again compelled to wander forth, this time seeking the abode of strangers, who proved ministering angels, God's viceregents, to proclaim unto my sinking heart that all good had not departed from earth. Under their kind care and protection, the better part of my nature assumed the sway, enabling me to shake off the lethargy which was resting like an incubus upon my being; and I resolved to exert every faculty within me, and in the dignity of my womanhood aspire to the attainment of a purpose in life. Fortunately my kind friends possessed educated and gifted minds; and tenderly fostered with parental care the buds of hope and promise which peeped forth in the neglected garden of my mind.

I inherited from my mother a medium share of intellect; and slumbering within me (unconsciously, however), were the fires of genius, destined to smoulder until the incrustation of the form of earth had been removed, and amid the associations of a more congenial clime it could burst forth with volcanic energy, the more violent from its slumber of years.

The young man of whose enmity I have spoken, little imagined he was benefiting, in a high degree, the being whom he so sedulously sought to injure. Remaining with my kind patrons until health of body and mind was reached, I besought that I might be allowed to make at least some slight effort for my own maintenance and education, a request which was reluctantly acceded to. A neighboring academy opened its fostering arms and presented the prospect of a small stipend, and many opportunities for the acquirement of the knowledge for which my soul now ardently panted.

It is delightful, even now, to linger amid the recollections of the days passed, with the patient tutor, poring over the classic pages of history, each page presenting to my imagination forms for admiration and imitation. Each hero seemed to embody the ideal of some crowning excellence.

So completely was I absorbed in the mental engagement, that had not circumstances moderated the intensity of my application, both physical and mental, languor and disease would have followed. But thanks to the Giver of all good, his ministering servants prevented that catastrophe. The agents were then enveloped in a cloud of mystery, but since I have entered this sphere I have perceived

the vortex into which I was plunging, and the hands which were outstretched, for my relief, removing the companion of my studies to another position, and withholding ready access to the dearly loved volumes, throwing me upon my own mental resources, thereby enabling my mind to gain its equipoise, and perceive that my fancied incarnations of deities were only men, with like failings with the rest of mankind, their prominence over the masses showing forth their virtues, eclipsing, as it were, by the brilliancy, their painful vices.

The history of my own times teemed with marvelous examples of untiring energy and devoted self-denial. Rumors came booming over the mighty ocean, of a vast struggle for liberty of conscience which was in progress in the Colonial possessions, recording instances of the heroic in man, which threw into shadow the bright deeds of both Roman and Grecian patriots. Strange as it may appear, I sympathized deeply with that which my neighbors and friends regarded as high-handed treason; and had my sex permitted, I doubt not I should have donned the helmet and sword, and, like another Lafayette, proclaimed that true nobility of soul was confined to no country. As it was, I freely expressed my admiration of the brave enunciators of the God-given proclamation, that all men are created free and equal, thereby drawing upon myself scorn and indignation, with the exception of one noble heart, whom my words fired with an intense desire to take part himself in the great contest; but the care of an aged mother prevented the execution of the cherished wish, until the death angel removed the obstacle.

Henry E. L.—was one of the masterpieces of God's creation, and I idolatrously worshipped the work of his hand. Nevertheless, whilst every fibre of my being recoiled from the sacrifice, I valiantly urged his embarking for the scene of conflict; determined, cost what it might, no selfish fears of mine should detain that noble spirit from lifting his arm for the defence of a principle whose mighty power shall yet, in all its majesty and grandeur, sweep like an avalanche over the whole extent of your present distracted country. Would that your forefathers' ken could have reached into the far future. These woful times might then have been avoided.

Can you believe, dear sister, as I take upon myself, by control, partially, a form of earth, I realize, with a large degree of indignation, the agony of the parting hour? It was destined to be a final adieu, as far as earthly association was concerned. No tidings ever reached my anxious heart of the fate of the loved one, until my entrance into spirit-life brought to my startled vision the form of him for whom my soul had so longed, and I even then imagined the parting struggle from my earthly prison house had produced the hallucination. But I must not anticipate, as I purpose to give an account of my introduction, and also the employment of myself and copartners in this upper sanctuary of the Most High.

Time and your patience would be exhausted were I to enter into the minutiae of my daily life, neither would it accomplish the purpose of my narrative. Sufficient light has been thrown upon the subject to show that my lot in life was a clouded and stormy one. I cannot say, were I permitted to enter again upon the arena of conflict, I should select the same path, for I am not of the opinion that, according to your trials upon earth will be your reward hereafter. A due proportion (as I remarked before) of light and shade is necessary for the formation of a perfect character. Nature always balances herself. Extremes are to be avoided.

At length disease fastened upon my vital system, and I felt the end of time, so far as this life was concerned, at hand, and the question arose in my distracted mind, whither go I when this pulsating heart has ceased to beat? Friends advised consultation with a minister, but the cloth had never excited my reverence, so the kindly meant interference was declined, much to the horror of my loving advisers, my physician among the number; he, unfortunately, having imbibed from parental training the orthodox ideas of a heaven and hell; or, rather, hell and heaven, for certainly the lake of fire richly deserves priority of mention from its remarkable popularity. I found, from after conversation with my medical adviser, that whilst his educated conscience submitted to the old teachings, his reason and judgment entered a strong protest against the man-created God; and ere I shuffled off my mortal coil he acknowledged his determination openly to avow his disbelief in such a libel upon his Almighty Father, and I have been told, executed his purpose, and drop upon his head much righteous indignation, and many prayers from the faithful for his recovery from the soul-destroying delusion.

How strange, even now, with my clearer vision, appears the means by which a path was opened to administer comfort in my departing moments, for the solace from that strong-minded M. D. was beyond comparison.

Can you not, my dear one, perceive, in your own experience, a similarity of angelic care? Think you the physician, who has so kindly administered not only to your pain of body, but so oft poured the Balm of Gilead upon your suffering mind, was brought to your bedside by a blind chance? Ah, no! That mother whose early flight heavenward was so greatly lamented, flew upon the wings of love and ceased not her endeavors until the wish of her heart was accomplished. Ye of earth can little imagine the amount of preparation necessary to bring about such a result; a peep at the *modus operandi* would greatly astonish mortals.

At length came the parting struggle. Nature moaned with volcanic upheavings, and then, crater-like, ejected the lava tide of my being, which soon formed into a spiritual body. And oh, joy of joys! rapture transcending language to express my eyes beheld, radiant in loveliness, the forms I had best loved upon earth—the mother whom I had thought afar, and by her side the being who

had engrossed the fondness of my later years. The happiness seemed too overwhelming to be real, and I then conceived it to be an hallucination, brought about by the strong desire of mind just as I was leaving my body. But when each caressed and then gently lifted me from the fogs of earth, the truth began to dawn, and I could perceive thoughts which I had regarded as sickbed fancies, assume tangibility, and evolve to my wondering view hitherto mysterious conceptions of the power of the human capacity to outwork, even whilst dwelling in the flesh, forms of beauty in the shape of great thoughts and majestic inculcations, and find the embodiment of which they were the ideal, personified in this land of the real. For, believe me, you are living in the shadow, whilst those whom you have been taught to regard as misty and vague, do really possess the substance.

I do not purpose to theorize at present. Would that the vocabularies of earth contained words of sufficient strength and beauty to enable me to detail the sublimity and glory of this upper chamber of our Father's mansion. Language is meagre and deficient in point and compass to elaborate the various details of grandeur which press upon our attention, and call forth every energy of our being in adoration and worship.

Oh, could the dwellers in the earth-sphere glimpse for one moment into the apparent dark and unfathomable future, the slight would dazzle and bewilder; and the entrancing scenes would, by contrast, so dull the enjoyments of their present existence, that they would exclaim, "In mercy withdraw the vision, or else remove me at once to the participation of such ravishing immortal bliss." Wisely is the veil drawn, or at least only partially opened to the senses of the children of men.

But, as I said in a former part of this narrative, the brightness of our sky is at times somewhat clouded. For instance, when we come into connection with our loved ones dwelling in the flesh, and find them suffering from the various trials incident to their station, we enter into sympathy, and share, in some degree, the burden of their aching hearts; and did we not realize that such trouble was but transitory, and oftentimes productive of great good, the contact would be indeed painful. But we feel we can aid them, and quicken every faculty for the heavenly ministration. This is one of the employments of spirit-life. Oh, inhabitants of earth, shout aloud, sing halleluiahs to the Most High God who dwelleth not only in the heaven of heavens but in the smallest atom of creation; praise him for the increasing nearness, or, rather, power of disembodied ones to benefit the denizens of his lower courts, for he assured the boon is more to be desired than gold, yea, than such fine gold.

Another distinctive feature of the operations of spirit-life is its adaptability to the conditions of mankind. The feeblest intellect can grasp a faint conception of the beauty of angelic guardianship. In fact, no gloom is deep enough to overshadow its cheering light, and, if rightly comprehended, no height of joy could ever be reached to which its entrancement might not yield additional zest.

Another occupation of this upper school is the training of the minds that are constantly calling for and appealing by their helplessness, their voices reaching us from the crowded purlieus of earth, and amid the scenes of the border land of the heavenly spheres, for my friend, there is a condition scarcely one remove from the confines of your stage of action, which is so attained with ignorance, and devoid of the finer feelings of the human nature, that were you ushered this moment into the midst of its jostling crowd, you would indeed realize that Swedenborg's hells were a literal truth, and earnestly pray God for a return even to the apparent loneliness of your present existence.

We who are privileged to look beneath the surface and scan each character, can in every child of our common Father trace the workmanship of his hand, and oftentimes see buried beneath the rubbish of a pyramid of untoward circumstances, the brightness of the immortal soul, and thus are enabled to work lovingly and perseveringly to accomplish the ultimatum of our desires, and the effort has frequently been crowned with unlooked-for reward, the blackest carbon of evil (or, correctly speaking, misapplied good,) returning to the polisher the unparalleled brilliancy of the diamond.

But, my sister thinks, why not descend to practicalities? Such I perceive to be the thought revolving through her mentality. Would she desire to be amid the rag-carpeted rooms, redolent of *bacon and cabbage*, so graphically described by some media? There is more truth in some of these descriptions than the ultra refinement of earth would imagine, for it is a fact that some spirits revel for a time in such delights; but as my sphere of action has led me into a different path, I cannot declare the amount of enjoyment produced therefrom.

I was greatly attached to children, and consequently, as one of the glories of the summer-land is the privilege to follow the bent of one's inclination, I naturally have gravitated to the delightful occupation of training young immortals for higher conceptions of the endless life upon which they have entered, of the vastness of the word *Eternity*, of the power of spirit to soar and bask nearer and nearer the Infinite source of perfection, of the power dwelling within themselves to create a heaven or a hell in their own experience.

We have schools and classes, but not modeled after the fashion of earth. We are exempt from weariness, for none are compelled to con lessons without understanding one line of the rote. How greatly are your teachers mistaken in their method of education. Much do I wonder at the progress made under such difficulties. It is a proof of the power of mind over material surroundings and inharmonious.

Oftentimes I feel, were it possible to be possessed of an archangel's trumpet, whose sound could

reach the whole earth, the blast I would send forth would be an appeal to the guardians of youthful bodies and minds to cease their dwarfing and stupifying process, smothering as they do every natural and healthy impulse of the soul beneath the sway of a deadening conventionalism. Methinks, were I to give full utterance to my views upon this important subject, your pen would seem dipped in gall and wormwood, so warmly is my heart stirred within me for the wrong inflicted upon the plastic mind of childhood, the evil commencing ere it reaches the outer life, and continuing all through the molding years, so that ages of time must elapse ere the baneful effects will be entirely obliterated. Were this truth fully understood, how remarkable would be the change inaugurated, both in the home and school system of education. The axe would be laid at the very root of the evil, and the whole of the present fabric would crumble, leaving the material wherewith to erect a grand superstructure, whose base would be the very commencement of embryonic existence, its crowning point reaching far away amid the radiance of celestial spheres. So continuous would be the chain which the proper welding would forge, that not one link would be broken or need refurbishing.

But I am aware it is utterly futile to endeavor to establish such a system in the present condition of the race. But, thank God, the desirable end will be attained; and it is our duty and pleasure to labor energetically for its realization, even if, in your day, there should prove to be no apparent change effected by any movement; yet the agitation of the question will pave a bright pathway of knowledge, which, like the stars in the vault of heaven, shall twinkle and burst forth with a radiance that will clear the vision of the children of earth, and cause the dark pall of the night of ignorance to blaze with the refulgent beams of millions of bright scintillations from the sun of Truth.

Many of the inhabitants of the home of the blessed are employed in the deliverance and illumination of lectures, the formation of Kinder Gartens, Home Nurseries, and the like institutions. My friend, your mind cannot grasp a conception of the beautiful engagements of this upper world. Verily is it a truth, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him;" the only fault in the Apostle's declaration being its restrictive nature, for all of the Father's children will realize the blessed prediction.

There is a large class of spirits hovering over and controlling, to some extent, your present national struggle, and though men think and call themselves mighty and terrible with their weapons of warfare, yet there is a mightier host battling, invisible agents, to protect and defend, ay, and oftentimes direct, the cause they deem just and righteous. One motto is generally accepted, that "in union there is strength." I do not say the sentiment is universal in this land beyond the veil—would to God that it were. Then would this war have ceased long since; in fact, had there been universality of opinion, no cause would have existed for the present strife. The black man would have had his rights, and all of God's creatures would have basked in the sunshine of liberty. As it was, the condition of our dark-skinned brother caused the verdict rendered in the court of high heaven to be "Fiat justitia ruat cælum," and though every living inhabitant of your part of the globe should lose their mortal bodies, the stake at issue merits the sacrifice.

Yet even amid these upper associations, some minds yet cling to the belief, that as in the lower order of creation, the stronger controls the weaker, so must the rule continue, even with man, the very apex of existence. But admitting their position—which we do not—have we any proof that the brother whose skin presents a darker hue than ours is different in any other points, did the same circumstances surround him? Indeed have we not noble instances, in almost every department of life, of his capacity to fully equal his white brother? I wonder not at the blood flowing, and the sighs and groans ascending, for as cause begets effect, so the mightiness of the slave-evil must produce a corresponding magnitude of suffering in its extrication. But, thank God! the sacrifice is nearly complete; and your age will have accomplished, paving the way, we hope, for freedom from all thralldom, even for the crying one of *tooman's* wrongs; oftentimes the veriest slave under the canopy of heaven, hugging her chains, and hiding her manacles under the cloak of conventionalism, whilst their canker is eating into her very soul, destroying every holy impulse of her being. Oh! it is a sight over which angels might weep, and one upon which they gaze with intense interest, witnessing, as they oft do, the struggle between the fear of the world's scorn, or the agonizing endurance of a martyrdom more cruel than the lash inflicted upon the black slave. Ah! could the sighs and groans of down-trodden, oppressed woman-nature cry aloud for vengeance, ages would be consumed in the explanation.

You, my sister, even whilst dwelling in your clay tenement, will witness a wonderful revolution in public sentiment and private behavior, in the important matter, and yourself prove an agent in accomplishing an amount of inquiry and far-reaching good, of which at present you have not the slightest conception. But I must not indulge either in prophecy or retrospection, but pass toward a finale, regretting that for a season I must part company from one I so affectionately with one who deserves and has my earnest thanks for her kind appreciation of my message.

I purpose—should it meet with approval—some future day to give through her organism a series of lectures or essays, principally upon the subject last touched upon, involving, as it does, the treatment and education of infantile and youthful bodies and minds; and then I shall, if possible, culminate in a grand focus of light from some of

higher, deeper, diviner, more really unitary. Hence, the near advent of a phase of spiritual thought and life, nobler and grander than ever enjoyed. What, then, is the point of reconciliation? It is the coming forth, both from Spiritualism and Harmonism, of that Celestialism which lies latent in each. Here is the interfusing of the union, the point of marriage between a Christ-Keligion of old, deep, emotional, unctious, divine, and the broadest life of a fresh baptism of divinity. So this Celestialism will be in perfect accord with Spiritualism and Naturalism—three, in short, in one. It is the innermost divine which must reveal itself, which must stir and intensify the depths of being in us, and push forth from its own God-centre a Spiritual and a Natural Gospel at one with it. Hence the necessity of a fresh baptism of divinity, Celestial, magnetic life, and the evolution of a high as well as universal scheme of thought.

This is the promise and prophecy we have. And it remains to be seen whether in the next decade the word Union shall not have a vastly broader and more pregnant significance than was ever attached to it. Then shall Celestialism, Wisdom and Truth reveal themselves as Science, and a divine Harmonism commence to build its inner and its outer throne. To that end work all present means. The disciplines of earthly woe, and the inspirations of spiritual joy, alike conjoin to bring us to the inevitable and not far distant goal. The Christ-promised Truth—dependent on the Order and Celestial Love—will be revealed by Celestial Wisdom, is knocking at our very doors. Behold in the present status the shadow and forethrown image of that princely presence.

From these considerations, it will be seen that Marriage is the divine mystery of the Nineteenth Century's Apocalypse. But it must have no material, human, or sensual basis. The sex to be conjunctly conjoined awaits the bans in every sphere of thought. In governmental, in Social, in Science, in Art, as well as in Religious life, so we see. The centralism of Autocracy and the freedom of Democracy, the rights of Individualism and the demands of Socialism, the necessities of Order and the indispensable uses of Progress, the privileges of Capital and the rights of Labor—all these must meet their mediator. And until that is come, even the reconciliatory power of Unitary Truth, contest, confusion and disintegration, will afflict the Nation. But when these have done their full work, the Christ of the new and third movement will rise, straight forth, the Order and the peace, with the force of elements, and build an order of things based on these three: Justice, Love and divine Use.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1865.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.
OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, 3rd FLOOR.
WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the world, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

The Pope's Bull.

Nothing more is needed to show what progress the world is making, through the growth of free thought, to its own control, than to cite the Bull—or Encyclical Letter, as it is called—recently put forth by the Pope of Rome. It is addressed with every show of affectionate respect to the fathers and patriarchs that compose the Catholic brotherhood of priests the world over, and is intended to stimulate their flagging zeal to an effort to oppose the tendencies of the age with all the power, both of persuasion and denunciation, which it is within their capacity to employ. The old gentleman of Rome is clearly in a fret over the permanent loss of his temporal power by the political extrication and freedom of Italy, and he therefore thinks it necessary to reach out and regain all the spiritual power which he too well knows to be departing along with it. In other words, his Encyclical Letter is more an open confession of his fate than a means of delaying or preventing it.

The real purpose of so circumstantial a literary production is to denounce the liberality of the thought of the age, and, by thundering against it from the Vatican, to hope to stem and stay the tide. Were it an effort to regain temporal power only, in a time when men's minds had not thrown off any of their shackles, we have not so much doubt about its success; but now when even the temporal power is departed forever, there is much less ground for such an expectation than there could have been at any previous time; since there is no lever, as there once was, by which to reach men's consciences by working at their fears. All the old instrumentalities are gone. Since Napoleon has stripped His Holiness of the earthly kingdom of which he used to vaunt himself, the latter has been like a man without his right arm to perform his work with.

But, as we remarked before, what pleasurable and satisfactory reflections does not this last Bull of the Pope call up in every intelligent and progressive mind! It is European testimony, given in the highest spiritual court known to the Old World, in favor of the advance of the thought of the age. The Pope's feeble and futile attempt to stop it with a circular letter reminds us of the equally vain effort of the English king who seated himself on the beach in his chair and forbade the sides of the ocean approaching him any nearer. We should witness nothing of this frantic endeavor to check the expansion and disenchantment of the human mind, were not that the real tendency and work of the times. This alone proves that the work of enlightenment is going on in Europe, oppressed as its peoples have been for ages by governments, both temporal and spiritual, which have existed for themselves only, and not for the populations under their control; and we may feel certain that this enlightenment will lead to their final redemption.

The Pope sees fit to denounce everything that has the germ and spirit of progress in it, high and low. Nothing that belongs to that family is permitted to escape him. He searches into all the corners and by ways of life and action, drags forth the work there going forward, and levels at it the fires of his indignation. What concerns men in this part of the world, too, quite as much as in any other: he hurls his denunciations against not merely the spirit of free inquiry, but against that of free government. He does not allow that a government can lawfully exist at all, if dissociated from the Church, and not drawing its authority and inspiration from it. As for the doctrine which maintains that all men are born "free and equal," and that their religious beliefs are a matter for their own consciences solely, and not to be dictated or interfered with by governments, he scorns it from beginning to end, in spirit and letter. This, he holds, is the very starting-point of

all heresies, and deserves reprobation and instant correction.

It is a war, therefore, which the Pope has declared, not only against freedom of thought and conscience, but against free government, and of course against the whole countless list of individual and social blessings which such a government entails. His Holiness has thought proper to array himself, with what authority and influence still remain to him, against the freedom of man. This is a long stride backward into the dark ages, indeed. In vain all these toils, and sufferings, and sacrifices, and all this patience and prayerfulness and waiting, if the hands on the great clock of Time are to be put back in this generation, and the world is to turn its back upon its greatest achievements and only enduring glory. And presumptuous indeed is that man, no matter in what place he stands before the civilized world, who expects by a wordy fulmination to compel mankind thus to forget all they have learned, and to throw away what they have so painfully accumulated. The simple fact that such an order is incapable of producing the effect now which would have once followed its making, supplies undoubted proof of the great gains it has made both in freedom and accompanying courage.

The Catholics in the United States, whatever they may think of the spiritual authority which is still vested in the Pope at Rome, will never try to believe that a country of free thought, free endeavor and free government like this, the asylum of the children of wretchedness and want from all quarters of the globe, is exactly the wrong country and government for them. All the Encyclical Letters in the world will not be able to undermine their faith in free institutions of every sort, now that they have once made a trial of them. Their own welfare constitutes a better authority for them than any such as the Pope can presume to set up, on behalf of the temper and enlightenment of the Middle Ages. What they have at last got, after so much patience and suffering, no man living will be able to deprive them of. Liberty of conscience they soon learn to be the prime condition of liberty of action; and all free governments are based upon this very principle. The case is too plain for argument, and does not need even a statement with them. Their own consciousness is their best teacher in this matter. The Pope might as well tell them to prove their acknowledgment of his authority in spiritual matters by cutting off their right hands, or tearing out their tongues, as to order them to give up their present freedom, with its prospective blessings, in order to show their obedience to his spiritual authority.

New Year's in New York.

A friend in New York sends us a letter, containing a description of what he saw and heard on New Year's Eve and Day in the great metropolis, and, with other things, a sketch of a Methodist colored watch meeting. According to his story, the poor colored people were thrown into what might be called, or certainly thought, a violent trance condition, in which they threw themselves promiscuously across the benches, fell upon the floor, danced, yelled, and gave expression in other ways to the excitement of the hour. It was a strange scene, indeed. Our friend truly observes respecting it, that had it been the fruits of an assembly of Spiritualists, it would have been popularly, according to the prevalent cant, considered a humbug, an insane delusion, and anything else that is worthy to be condemned by the public voice.

He likewise describes some of the fashionable New Year's calls which he witnessed, and to a moderate and modest extent participated in. He says he wants to hear nothing more about "free love" among Spiritualists. After witnessing the way in which the kissing was participated in on that day, by males who offered the delicate salute of friendship and affection in a condition bordering very closely upon drunkenness, he is satisfied that the epithet belongs rather to those who love to throw it at others, than to those at whom it is thrown. On the whole, we should judge this New Year's calling business pretty poor business. It does not happen to be a New England institution, and we are heartily glad of it. If it has degenerated into a public exhibition of "free love," the sooner it is dispensed with the better.

Explanatory.

Our readers will remember that we published some time since, under the "Message Department" heading, a communication, in which the speaker states that he was a believer in Spiritualism when in the form, but now, since he has become a resident of the spirit-world, it is positive knowledge with him. We refer to the message from "Henry C. Gilbert," given at our circle Oct 18, 1864. He was made to say that he was Colonel of the 9th Michigan. This was a misprint; he was Colonel of the 19th Michigan. One of our subscribers tested the message by writing to the postmaster at Coldwater, Mich., asking if a man by the name of Henry C. Gilbert ever lived in that place; and if so, what was his occupation. The reply came back in due time, to the effect that a lawyer by that name formerly lived there; that he "went out as Colonel of the 19th Michigan Regiment, was wounded last summer, and died," etc. We had no knowledge of these facts until the message was given through our medium. He refers to his "dear Massachusetts friends" in the message, in the sense only as Spiritualist friends. He asked (being a firm believer) that the blessing of return might be granted him, if it were possible; and, finding that he possessed the power to communicate, came first to our circle, as many others have done who passed on from wounds received upon the battle-field.

Prominent Individuals Spiritualists.

Many of the best minds in this country and in Europe having examined, criticised and thoroughly canvassed the Spiritual Phenomena of the nineteenth century, now publicly endorse its truthfulness. Several of our literary men, who yet consider themselves investigators, often call upon us for information upon this all-important subject; and in good time, they, too, will publicly acknowledge that the spirits of the departed can and do return and manifest themselves to earth's inhabitants. A correspondent of the Commonwealth newspaper, writing from London, says—"It has been publicly stated and not denied, that John Stuart Mill has become a convert to Spiritualism. Certainly the Spiritualists have an imposing catalogue of names to present before England: Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, Mill, Wilkinson, Dr. Whately, William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Hall, and (it is said) Frederick Tennyson. Doubtless, the majority of these have been helped to this conversion by the extreme reaction against Positivism and Atheism, with a violent yearning to find something beyond the grave other than the 'desolate perhaps.'"

We are sorry to inform our readers that Rev. Mr. Willis's Sunday meetings at Ebbitt Hall, New York, have been suspended—at least for the present.

The Fatuity of Science.

When some future Bacon shall undertake to write the history of the great spiritual movement of our day, he will, with humility, confess that never was the class of minds calling themselves "scientific" so sadly at fault as in their mode of dealing with the subtle, evanescent and seemingly capricious phenomena which modern Spiritualism has evolved. There is nothing easier than for a truly scientific man to satisfy himself of the genuineness of the phenomena produced through the mediumship of the Davenport and others. If he will but approach the investigation in the right temper, and instead of disaffecting the medium and disturbing the conditions by a rude show of contempt and incredulity, will address himself patiently and perseveringly to a calm study of the phenomena—attending them not once or twice merely, but fifty times if necessary—the cases are very rare wherein he will not be eventually satisfied that the manifestations are not explicable by any supposition of fraud, or any known law of matter.

But assuming at the outset that the whole thing is a miserable fraud and imposture, our savans cannot divest themselves of their preconceived and predetermined hostility. In England the learned Mr. Faraday recently sent the following reply to an invitation to be present at one of the sittings of the Davenport Brothers:

"Gentlemen, I am obliged by your courteous invitation, but really I have been so disappointed at different times been called, that I am not encouraged to give any more attention to them, and I therefore leave those to which you refer in the hands of the professors of legendomania. If spirit communications not utterly worthless should happen to start into activity, I will trust the spirits to find out for themselves how they can move my attention. I am tired of them. With thanks, I am very truly yours, M. FARADAY, Royal Institution."

"How they can move my attention!" As if Mr. Faraday were a person of such immense importance in the eyes of departed spirits, that they ought to give him better opportunities than they give to ordinary people to possess themselves of an inestimable truth! Why are things that are hidden from the wise and prudent revealed unto babes, except that the wise and prudent are blinded by their own pitiful pride and conceit of knowledge?

Here are certain phenomena of tremendous moment and significance, for the production of which certain conditions are demanded. Why these particular conditions, and not others more satisfactory to us, are exacted, we cannot say. Why the manifestations cannot be produced in the light as well as the dark, or through one human organism as well as another, or why we are not allowed to scrutinize more closely, to seize, cut and anatomize the spirit hand, or hold on to the floating guitar, is all beyond our explanation. All that we know is, that by accepting the conditions, suspicious, and inexplicable as at first they may seem to many minds, and by patiently and thoroughly investigating the phenomena, under a great variety of circumstances, and produced through various mediums, we arrive at certain convictions.

But this false, one-eyed Science cries, "No! I must establish my own conditions, or I won't investigate." And so, because in London the Davenport's refused to have a pistol fired at the spirit hand, the fools among the audience laughed, and thought the refusal was a proof of humbug. And so, because the other night, in Cambridge, at a sitting where the Boy Allen was the medium, the savans were not allowed to stand up close to the hand and prick it with a pin, they pronounced the whole performance a trick, and went home congratulating themselves, no doubt, that they were not, as other men are, simpletons and dupes.

It would almost seem as if the spirits took a malicious pleasure in baffling the arrogant approaches of a certain class of men, who, having long ago decided that the whole thing is a delusion, go to the sittings for these phenomena eager and resolved to see only what may confirm them in their preconceived theories. In these remarks we by no means wish to have it understood that we involve all scientific examiners in the sweep of our rebuke. While we remember that such men as Professor Hare, Professor Loomis, Dr. Gray, Archbishop Whately, Mr. Senior, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Wilkinson, and many other minds that have passed through a rigid scientific training, have given their valuable testimony to the genuineness of the phenomena of Spiritualism, we have no cause to regret that true Science, always reverent as sagacious, has not added her voice also in support of the great truths we are proclaiming to the world.

Petroleum.

"Rock oil" is now the great theme of talk and the great cause of excitement. Almost everybody is speculating in petroleum. The instances of very sudden and very great fortunes having been made in it are frequent, and have nearly ceased to challenge particular remark. This article, which, by the bye, is by no means a new product of the earth, has come in very fortunately to take the place, in some degree, of our cotton crop, so far as shipment is concerned, and is exported in immense quantities to foreign ports. There are some three hundred and fifty petroleum companies already organized in the country, and the capital invested begins to count by the hundreds of millions. No doubt the present excitement over this product will blow over in good time, leaving a substantial and regular business, which will yield sure and adequate gains for the risks and application.

European Opinion.

The tone of the foreign press, particularly of the British press, is greatly changing toward us since the recent marked military successes. The London papers give us credit for ability to take care of ourselves, after all, and it will not be many weeks, if it is days, before the Times will have so changed about with reference to us as to be scarcely recognizable. They begin to realize abroad that the United States are to be forever united, and that no internal or external assaults will be effectual to break up the fabric of our government. There is nothing so good for some minds as a positive and practical demonstration; which foreign papers are getting at our hands just as fast as they can.

Mrs. Hatch Lectures.

"Conservation vs. Progress," was the theme of Cora L. V. Hatch's afternoon address, on Sunday, Jan. 22d, which she treated with her usual ability. In the evening the audience decided upon "Metempsychosis" as the subject. After a brief explanation of the question, she proceeded to speak upon "the changes of the human soul." The discourse was listened to with deep interest, but, for want of time, many of the positions taken were not made sufficiently clear to the audience. At the close of the lecture, the second part of the charming poem of the "Lesson of the Winds" was given.

The Scholar, Book-keeper and Merchant.

A paper devoted to the spiritual wants of humanity cannot be expected, in this age of progress and new inventions, to record all the improvements for man's material interests; but when we discover true merit in anything that makes this claim, we like to call the attention of our readers to it, and for this reason we notice a book developing a carefully matured system of book-keeping, by Prof. Wm. H. Eaton, of the Commercial College, 80 Washington street, which he designates as "A Book for Self-Instruction in Book-keeping, Penmanship and Business Arithmetic." From the brief examination we have given the work, we perceive that it is what it purports to be, a self-instructor of a system which can easily be understood and put in practice by any one who has but a slight knowledge of book-keeping, and at the moderate sum of five dollars, thus virtually saving an expense of from \$30 to \$60, and the time spent for tuition. But, in order more rapidly to assist learners who desire to put the system into immediate practice, Mr. Eaton will give a free explanatory lecture to schools or clubs where six of his books are taken, and so on, doubling up; but if fifty books are taken, he will give a complete course of instruction in book-keeping and business arithmetic in ten lectures.

Mr. Eaton has long been one of our most accomplished and practical teachers, and is thoroughly acquainted with all the other systems in vogue, and can conscientiously offer this system as the simplest, most compact, and easiest learned, besides being a saving of one-half the labor and one-half the number of account books; thus enabling the business man to ascertain how his affairs stand in five or ten minutes, by referring only to one account book. We think if any one will take the trouble to call on Mr. Eaton, it would not take him or her—for it is intended for both sexes—more than fifteen minutes to comprehend the system and see its superiority.

The book is written up on manuscript, with a pen, in a bold business or fine lady's hand, as per order, and bound in ledger size, with entries made and trial balance taken, leaving sufficient blank pages for two months' work for the learner's practice, accompanying which is a printed pamphlet giving thorough explanations.

The Sewing Women of Philadelphia.

The sewing women of Philadelphia held a meeting on Thursday evening, Jan. 19th, which was very largely attended, for the purpose of remonstrating against the Government giving the work of making up army clothing to contractors. It appears that a large amount of work has hitherto been given out to the sewing women at the Arsenal in Philadelphia, but in consequence of the introduction of the contract system the quantity has greatly diminished, and will probably soon dwindle down to nothing. The difference between Government prices and contractors' prices was stated as follows:

Contractors' prices.	Arsenal prices.
Shirts.....	7 cents.
Drawers.....	13 "
Trousers.....	17 1/2 "
Hoses.....	20 "
Cavalry jackets.....	40 1/2 "
Infantry coats.....	50 1/2 "
Great coats.....	40 "

It will be seen that it makes a great difference to the poor women whether they work for the Government or contractors, who are compelled by their competition with one another to reduce the pay of their employes. The women say that the contractors "skimp" their work, cut the capes short, the waists short, and then if anything is said, blame the women who make up the work, and are ready to swear that they stole it. It was stated that the names of eight thousand women, applicants for work, were on the books of the Arsenal, and that there is an average of four children depending on each woman for support. The Government gains nothing by employing contractors, as the work is not so well done, and there is cheating in a variety of ways, as intimated above. The women were severe in denouncing contract work, and declared that by it they would starve by inches, while contractors were loading themselves down with bushels of greenbacks. A committee of three was appointed to go to Washington and lay the matter before the President.

A Discussion on Spiritualism.

The discussion between J. G. Fish and Elder Miles Grant, is to take place in Pratt's Hall, Providence, Feb. 14th. The following subject is to be discussed:

Resolved That man has a spirit which exists after the death of the body, in a conscious state, and communicates to the inhabitants of earth.

Mr. Fish, who is a very talented Spiritual lecturer, takes the affirmative, and Mr. Grant, the well-known Advent preacher, and the ablest in their ranks, will argue the negative.

Mr. Fish has many friends in the West, and elsewhere, who would undoubtedly be pleased to have the discussion reported in full and printed in pamphlet form; but we cannot afford to do it. Perhaps some one else can.

Canadian Affairs.

In Canada, the Government is paying some little attentions to our relations with it. The Governor General has sent in his address to the Canadian Parliament, in the course of which he made allusion to the outrages which have taken place on our side of the border, by organized bands of robbers and thieves, which he said he had raised an effective police force to protect from future incursions. A force of volunteers has been called out by him. The Governor General comes out in strong language for the complete political independence of the Canadas and the Provinces, and says the plan is strongly approved by the Government. It is plain that a future is before Canada which will bring her into closer relations with us than ever before.

Jennie Lord in Lockport, N. Y.

A correspondent informs us that Miss Jennie Lord is in Lockport, N. Y., holding sances for physical manifestations, and is creating a great sensation among skeptics, because of their inability to account for the astonishing manner in which a large number of musical instruments are played upon at the same time and floated around the room, hands felt, etc. Many acknowledge that it must be done by spirit-power, and none attribute them to deception, but say "it is wonderful." The manifestations given in presence of Miss Lord are similar to those witnessed at the sances of her sister, Annie Lord Chamberlain.

J. M. Peebles.

We had a flying visit, last week, from this true gentleman and efficient co-laborer. It gives us pleasure to observe his apparent good condition of health, and trust that he will long continue to labor in the good work of spreading spiritual truths before the hungry millions. He informs us, that he has withdrawn his engagement in Washington for February, and will speak during that month in Dodsworth's Hall, New York. Correspondents will address him, while there in care of "The Friend of Progress," 274 Canal street.

New Publications.

GAZETTE'S PACIFIC MONTHLY. February, 1865. Vol. 1, No. 2. New York.
The second number of this new monthly is promptly sent, elegantly printed, and has an air of grandeur about it which will insure its success. It has the following fine table of contents: The Crystal Cave of El Dorado—Illustrated; The Mariner—A poem; Influence of Women in Society; Singular Phenomenon; Diamond Bracelets; Wheat-growing in England; Joneses, Browns and Robinsons; Gold versus Paper; Agriculture; The Follies of Fashion; Fat People; Selected Papers; Pyramid of Drink; The Art of Parrying a Charitable Subscription; Dottings on Foreign Coasts; Dr. Belows on California; The Consequences of Luxury; American Express Business and its Origin; By the Night Train; Our Soldier—a poem; Strolling the Desolate; Two Lives in One; Electric Light for Signals; Our Editorial Sanctum; Comic Illustrations; Fashions.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. February. Ticknor & Fields.

Some of the best contributors to this sterling monthly furnish the following list of contents for the February number—Our First Great Painter, and his Works; Dr. Johns—I; Roger Brooke Taneoy; The Mantle of St. John de Matha; Needle and Garden—II; Notes of a Planist—I; Garnett Hall; The Pleiades of Connecticut; Ice and Equinox—III; The Old House; Memories of Authors: Coloridge; The Chimney-Corner—II; Pro Patria; A Fortnight with the Sanitary; Art; Harriet Hoemser's Zenobia; Reviews and Literary Notices.

PETERSON'S LADIES' MAGAZINE. February. Philadelphia.

A. Williams & Co. have the February number of this favorite monthly for sale. It has a charming engraving, "The Birds at Breakfast," which, with its usual fashion-plates and other illustrations, and an excellent variety of reading matter, make it equal to any previous numbers.

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE. By Thomas Worcester. Boston: T. H. Carter & Co.

We have received a copy of the discourse delivered by Dr. Worcester, Pastor of the Society of the New Jerusalem Church, on the day of the National Thanksgiving. It is a production of marked ability, and will be read with interest.

Back Numbers.

We have been in the receipt of orders for back numbers of the Banner, of late, to such an extent that our supply is entirely exhausted, up to No. 19 of the present volume.

Those of our patrons who desire to continue the paper, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks prior to the expiration of the time for which they have paid. By so doing, they will save us much labor, and themselves the loss of the back numbers they desire forwarded when they do renew their subscriptions.

Artesian Wells.

Massachusetts takes the lead. We mentioned last week that the artesian well in Chicago, Ill., was said to discharge a larger quantity of water than any other well in the world, throwing out 876,000 gallons per day; whereupon J. H. Smith, of Springfield, Mass., requests us to give Massachusetts her due, adding that the Artesian well in Dalton, Mass., bored by engineer S. S. Gilman; for Carson Brothers, discharges four hundred and fifty gallons per minute, or 648,000 gallons per day, and that the water was obtained at a depth of only seventy-six feet.

Mrs. E. M. Wolcott.

This lady is laboring zealously and with good results in Vermont. In addition to her lectures, she endeavors to circulate among the people the best books published in relation to the spiritual philosophy—thus working in a double capacity in a glorious cause. She will address the Spiritualists of Mount Holly, Vt., next Sunday, Feb. 6th; the following Sunday she will be at Danby, and Feb. 13th in Mechanicsville.

The Banner in Philadelphia.

Our patrons in Philadelphia complain to us that they cannot get a supply of the Banner in that city. Won't some enterprising periodical dealer take the business in hand, and supply customers?

A full supply can be had from the American News Company, New York City, our wholesale agents, if ordered in season each week.

The Allen Boy-Medium.

Will continue to hold sances at No. 8, Aven place every afternoon at 3 o'clock, excepting Sundays. Also, on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, at 7 o'clock. The manifestations are given in the light, and are of the most reliable nature.

Miss Lizzie Doten in Lycium Hall.

The numerous friends of this favorite and talented lecturer will be pleased to learn that she is to occupy the desk in Lycium Hall, in this city, during the month of February. She will speak next Sunday afternoon and evening.

J. V. Mansfield.

This gentleman and superior medium is holding sances, daily, at No. 102 West 18th street, New York city. We consider him one of the most reliable instruments the invisibles use for answering sealed letters.

Emma Hardinge.

In answer to inquiries, we will state that since Miss Hardinge's return from California, she has remained with her mother in New York. Her address is No. 8 Fourth avenue. She is engaged to speak in Philadelphia during March and April.

TWO YEARS IN A SOUTHERN PRISON.—Joseph Colby, of Salisbury, after serving two years in Fletcher Webster's regiment, and passing through many terrible engagements, was captured by the rebels two years ago, and since that time has been held as a prisoner. He was first confined in the famous Libby prison, and at the last accounts was one of the few who had survived the horrors of that institution. From thence he was sent to Charleston, from there to Andersonville, and then to Florence, where he now remains. It has been suggested that special efforts be made for his exchange or release, as the time for which he enlisted—three years—has expired. If the attention of the authorities could be directed to this matter, it would be thought his release might be secured. It would be a source of gratification to his mother and sisters to learn that such efforts had been made.—Salisbury Whig.

The attention of the proper authorities has been called to this case, and no doubt an early release of the young man will be effected. It is a burning shame that a general exchange of the prisoners of war is delayed to this late day. Thousands of our brave soldiers' lives might have been saved had the authorities at Washington promptly done their duty in this respect.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LILY-A VISION.

BY WILLIAM F. BRANNAN.

In sleep we die—yet live in dreams, A life-in-death most heavenly rare; I slept—and sleeping more than evers...

Dark tresses clung about her neck In such a captivating guise, As would have made another wreck...

No Venus, rising from the sea, By an immortal pencil limned, Could show such loveliness as she.

The peach-bloom blushed upon her cheek, The lily paler upon her breast, The love-light shone from eyes as meek...

My spirit bleat her, not my voice; I feared that words would mar the spell, And trembled lest some alien noise...

She stood with eager lips apart, Like one who listens for the sound That echoes music in the heart...

O, sleeping joy! O, waking woe!— It was my Lily's form divine, The loved and lost of long ago...

I clasped her to my heaving breast; We spoke as lovers only speak; We vowed we neyermore would part...

That form has fled—alas for aye! The vision lives within my brain; Till heaven and earth shall pass away...

Cincinnati, O., Jan., 1865.

Meetings in Portland. Mrs. Laura Cuppy is to speak before the Society of Spiritualists in Portland, the first two Sundays in February.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. The narrative of the experiences of Mary E. Chantworth, late of Leeds, England, will be perused with interest...

A GLIMPSE OF SPIRIT LIFE. We have received, through the mediumship of Anne Lincoln, another interesting message from the invisible world...

VOLTAIRE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD. A sketch bearing the title of Voltaire in the Spirit-World will appear in our next.

It is said there is nothing new under the sun; but we doubt the statement. Read Bro. Pardee's essay, and then you will agree with us...

Mrs. Lizzie Wetherbee resides at No. 12 Lincoln street, and not 10, as stated last week.

Probably the largest salary paid to any church singer in this country, is received by a boy but twelve years old—Master Richard Coker...

The city of Paris is about to be supplied with pure water, a la Boston.

"Have a drop of the cratur, Michael?" "No, sure; I've joined the temperance pledge."

A correspondent is anxious to know where she can procure the new reform, or "mail costume."

It is stated that when Hood entered Tennessee, he had 40,000 men and 110 pieces of artillery...

HONORS TO PRINTERS.—An address recently delivered before the Typographical Society at Washington stated these facts about honors to printers...

The United States Senate has chosen a printer for Secretary, a printer for Sergeant-at-Arms, while a printer occupies the Vice President's chair.

"I like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I cannot leave home; I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness."

Dr. P. B. Bristol is still healing the sick with marked success at the Venise House, Genova, New York, and will remain there until February 1st.

The Taunton Gazette says that at a recent church fair a set of Cooper's works were promised to him who should answer a set of conundrums.

The King of Prussia's hotel bill for three weeks, was \$11,000. The Emperor of Russia's, \$35,000.

FALL IN GOLD.—There was a serious decline in gold, on the receipt of the news of the fall of Fort Fisher, but all articles of necessity did not sympathize so closely with the movement as they did on the rise of the precious metal.

There is a mountain of salt in St. Domingo six miles long, from a mile to a mile and a half wide, and five hundred feet high.

We know little of Spiritualism. It is transcendently glorious and beneficent. What we do know is little more than the cracking of the rusty hinges of the great door that has shut inspiration out of the world for ages in the past...

O'Leary, gazing with astonishment on an elephant in a menagerie, asked the keeper, "What kind of a beast is that ain't hays with his tail?"

Digby stopping at a country tavern recently, was introduced to the barkeeper, whose name was Drum. "Ah," says Digby, "I suppose you belong to a military band."

A New England soldier, who has served three years creditably and received three wounds, was sent in from camp at Washington last week, and made to exchange an infantry uniform for a bonnet, dress and hoops—the appropriate garb of her sex, which she had kept concealed from her colleagues.

Carry in your pocket a book abounding in good thoughts, and you will always have about you a well filled pocket-book.

OUR SOLDIER. Another little private Mustered in The army of temptation And, of sin!

Another soldier arming For the strife, To fight the tollsome battles Of a life.

Another little sentry, Who will stand guard Over the evils prowling On every hand.

Lord, our little darling, Guide and save, 'Mid the perils of the march To the grave!—George Cooper.

Persons interested in the manufacture of paper from the husks of corn, invite farmers to preserve that article, as it is probable that it will soon command a high price.

The new three-cent notes, which have appeared in small quantities, have a likeness of Washington on their face, with the figure three in relief on a shield in each of the upper corners.

Remarkable Cure—Correction. We reprint the following certificate with pleasure. Mr. CHARLES A. MANN was the gentleman who signed it—not "Chas. A. Mann," as misprinted.

CHAS. A. MANN. No. 35 G street, South Boston, Mass.

Here comes a little bit of romance, wafted over from la belle France:

"A lady residing in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, returned some time since from a visit she had made in the department of Finisterre, bringing with her a young orphan girl, poor but very pretty, named Yvonne...

"My good mother, I have to tell you that M. B. has made me an offer of marriage. As you are no longer here, I beg you to make known to me in a dream whether I ought to marry him, and to give me your consent. I avail myself, in order to write to you, of the opportunity of my mistress, who is going to heaven."

The instrument known as the Cabinet Organ is quite as great an improvement upon the melodeon, introduced some twenty years ago, or its successor, the harmonium, as a concert grand piano-forte of to-day is over the imperfect piano in vogue a quarter of a century since.

It appears from recent statistics that England has as many paupers as electors.

"I like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I cannot leave home; I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness."

Dr. P. B. Bristol is still healing the sick with marked success at the Venise House, Genova, New York, and will remain there until February 1st.

The Taunton Gazette says that at a recent church fair a set of Cooper's works were promised to him who should answer a set of conundrums.

The King of Prussia's hotel bill for three weeks, was \$11,000. The Emperor of Russia's, \$35,000.

FRESH BREAD FOR THE SUFFERING POOR. Fresh bread to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the suffering poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

To Correspondents. [We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

TO OBEY DRIVES.—In case of a wound, bruise, or fracture, add one table-spoon of Dr. T. B. Talbot's Medicated Phosphoric Oiler to half-pint of cold water...

AMERICAN PATRONAGE INSTITUTIONS. The "Hudley Co." Spool Cotton is six cord, soft finish. Competent judges pronounce it superior to the best imported.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Our terms are twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

JUST PUBLISHED, THE NEW BOOK, BY THE AUTHOR OF "CUDJO'S CAVE," "NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD," &c., "THE THREE SCOUTS!"

The demand for this NEW BOOK is greater than for any previous work. It will take The First, The Second, The Third and The Fourth EDITIONS.

TO SUPPLY THE ADVANCE ORDERS, THE TENTH THOUSAND. In Press Before Publication!

PRICE BUT \$1.75. BY THE SAME AUTHOR, THE FAMOUS CUDJO'S CAVE, \$2.00.

TRAVELER'S EDITION, \$1.50. SECRETARY CHASE (now Chief Justice of the United States) said of this book:—"Cudjo's Cave" I could not help reading. It interested and impressed me profoundly.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD, \$2.00. MARTIN MERRIVALE, \$2.00. A BOOK FOR SELF-INSTRUCTION IN BOOK-KEEPING, PENMANSHIP, AND BUSINESS ARITHMETIC.

THE CELEBRATED CRAIG MICROSCOPE. THE BEST, simplest, cheapest and most powerful microscope in the world.

THE POCKET NOVELTY MICROSCOPE, companion of the Craig Microscope. Price only \$2.00.

TRUTH, WHICH FOR WORD. TEST THIS—BE YOUR OWN JUDGE. MESSRS. CHADDOCK & CO. GENTS—It is with pleasure I state to you that for more than thirty years I have been suffering with what the best physicians call, an affection of the liver.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME—three hundred and twelve pages. Price 25 cents.

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS MAN. CLAIRVOYANT, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of business. Her ROSE OIL, for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, &c., &c., is a new and valuable discovery.

LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY given by mail. Send for my Circular. B. A. CASWELL, Kenosha, Wis.

WONDERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LIGHT! THE extraordinary manifestations, through the agency of spirit power, will be given in the presence of Master HENRY B. ALLEN, the medium, (only thirteen years of age) EVERY AFTERNOON, (excepting Sunday), at 3 o'clock, and on MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

JAMES R. NEWTON, M.D., THE HEALER! WILL heal the sick in a "Public Hall," in CHICAGO, Ill., for thirty days, beginning MONDAY MORNING, March 6th, at 10 o'clock.

AN EYE-OPENER. SECOND EDITION. "Citation per Pigeon!" Lo Bruin! Doubts of India, emboldening "Thirty Important Questions of Divinity," by Dr. J. H. RANDALL.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM. BEING A Debate held at Decatur, Michigan, March 12th, 13th and 14th, 1864, between Mr. A. D. WYVING and HAYDEN COOPER.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. GRAND DISCOVERY! MEDICINE REVOLUTIONIZED!

Magnesium is the key to medicine. Polarity is power. The Positive and Negative forces lock and unlock everything.

The Positive and Negative Powders are based upon the true science of Electricity. The Positive and Negative Powders are magnetically polarized.

THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS act like a charm. The Positive and Negative Powders act like a charm. The Positive and Negative Powders act like a charm.

THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS act like a charm. The Positive and Negative Powders act like a charm. The Positive and Negative Powders act like a charm.

SOME FOLKS CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS! Sleep is the great renovator of mental and bodily health. DODD'S NERVINE.

IS A POSITIVE BLESSING to Nervous Sufferers. It allays all irritation, and like sleep, promotes all the proper action of the system.

THE BOOK OF THE AGE. CLARK'S PLAIN GUIDE. BY URIAH CLARK.

EXCELLENT... both the informed and uninformed should read it. William Lusk, London (England) Spiritual Magazine.

THE CELEBRATED CRAIG MICROSCOPE. THE BEST, simplest, cheapest and most powerful microscope in the world.

THE POCKET NOVELTY MICROSCOPE, companion of the Craig Microscope. Price only \$2.00.

TRUTH, WHICH FOR WORD. TEST THIS—BE YOUR OWN JUDGE. MESSRS. CHADDOCK & CO. GENTS—It is with pleasure I state to you that for more than thirty years I have been suffering with what the best physicians call, an affection of the liver.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME—three hundred and twelve pages. Price 25 cents.

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS MAN. CLAIRVOYANT, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of business. Her ROSE OIL, for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, &c., &c., is a new and valuable discovery.

LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY given by mail. Send for my Circular. B. A. CASWELL, Kenosha, Wis.

WONDERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LIGHT! THE extraordinary manifestations, through the agency of spirit power, will be given in the presence of Master HENRY B. ALLEN, the medium, (only thirteen years of age) EVERY AFTERNOON, (excepting Sunday), at 3 o'clock, and on MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

JAMES R. NEWTON, M.D., THE HEALER! WILL heal the sick in a "Public Hall," in CHICAGO, Ill., for thirty days, beginning MONDAY MORNING, March 6th, at 10 o'clock.

AN EYE-OPENER. SECOND EDITION. "Citation per Pigeon!" Lo Bruin! Doubts of India, emboldening "Thirty Important Questions of Divinity," by Dr. J. H. RANDALL.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM. BEING A Debate held at Decatur, Michigan, March 12th, 13th and 14th, 1864, between Mr. A. D. WYVING and HAYDEN COOPER.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

THE HYPNOSIS OF PROGRESS. BEING A Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs and Readings, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING. BY HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE.

IN the elegant volume of two hundred and twenty-eight pages will be found some of the finest Poems in the language. All lovers of beautiful poetry should find a rich treat in their perusal.

The book opens with a National Poem, entitled, "AMERICA," from which we use the following extracts: "The messenger approached, and in their laps a star of Indian corn he graceful cast."

"America, thou pet girl of the world, Thou brightest of all jewels in the crown The Goddess of the Nations wears, long live Thy Liberty, Thy Honor, and Thy Power!"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

"The mortal barb fell from me, and I woke in blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke: 'Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away Thy liberty shadows to the fearful race.'"

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 148 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 10, upstairs, on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock; after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

DONATIONS

Table listing names and donation amounts for the Free Circles, including Julia Staples, Poolville, N. Y., and others.

BREAD TICKET FUND.

Table listing names and donation amounts for the Bread Ticket Fund, including Mrs. S. Gilbert, Canaan, N. Y., and others.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Dec. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James Hendley, to friends in Jewettville, Wis.; Frances Adelle Crossland, to her father, mother and brothers; Michael Smith, to his wife, mother and sister; Mary Ann (Griffin) of Boston, Mass., to friends who have called upon him.

Invocation.

Our Father, there are sounds of contention, there is warfare and bloodshed greeting the senses on every hand. In the midst of this American people, on these fair shores where once the dove of peace rested in security, now therefore the incessant of mourning and weeping is arising from its altars. Man is struggling to gain supremacy over his brother, each claiming that they are right, that they know the way, that all others are wrong, and know not the way.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—What subject shall we give an opinion concerning? QUES.—J. B. C. of Liberty, Maine, sends the following question: "It is said that all matter is permeated with life, and that life is good. Now I would like to ask the controlling spirit of your circle, if that life in us comes through matter, or from matter, to form the matter? If it comes through matter, does not the matter itself become a part of the matter, then does it not depend very much on what that mind is sustained for a harmonious development?"

an existence were it not for life. It must be permeated by life—breathed upon, in other words, by the Infinite—else it could not exist as matter, because there would be no life in the particles. That it does exist, even as an atom of matter, proves that it has life, that the Infinite holds it as much in his control as he holds the human soul. All things that are, that have been, all that will be in the future, are permeated with life, which is God.

Q.—What is the process of the growth of the human spirit? A.—The human spirit has grown through its multitudinous surroundings in the past. It grows by that which has surrounded it in the present; and by the factor, judging from the past and present, it will no doubt grow in the same way.

Q.—What is the process of assimilation to the future after death? A.—Precisely similar to that which soul passes through while in earth-life, only more spiritual, more refined. In other words, it is a sublimated outgrowth of that which it has been in the past.

Q.—What evidence is there that mind did exist before matter, that does not apply to the other side of the question? A.—The evidence of our own senses, backed up by observation through life. Life, to be sure, is dependent upon matter, or in other words, upon form, for its growth and development. But it does not depend upon form or matter for its life. It only depends upon it for its manifestation, or growth.

Q.—What is the process of induction of a subject by a developing medium? A.—Well, the process is a changing of the magnetic and electric condition of the subject under a course of treatment. For instance, there may be a superabundance of magnetism. The developing spirit endeavors to equalize the forces, or to bring about an electrical and magnetic condition that shall be adapted to the return of the disembodied spirits, and the making of various manifestations.

Q.—Are these changes affected by the brain? A.—No; the nervous system is generally first affected, then the system entire; not simply the centre, but the system entire.

Q.—Has the spirit any other way of manifesting itself except through the brain or nervous instruments? A.—Sometimes the control is what is termed mechanical control, then the connection between arm and brain is entirely severed, and yet the manifestation is made. In other words, the nervous fluids, a certain portion of which is retained in the arm for the purpose of action. But when the manifestation is what is called an impression, the entire nervous system is used.

Q.—Where the arm is paralyzed is the manifestation made through the ordinary channel? A.—Yes, generally.

Q.—How is it possible that the human mind can become deranged? A.—It never does.

Q.—How is the healthy action of the mind disturbed, then? A.—It is always to be attributed to the disturbance of the nervous system. There never was an insane spirit, and probably never will be one.

Q.—Is the substance of the spirit-limb, as shown by the Davenport Brothers, an oily or fluid? A.—Well, yes, you may call it that, if you please.

Q.—I wish to call it by its proper name. A.—That is as proper as any name you could apply to it.

Q.—Is it precisely the same as electricity? A.—Well, yes, as electricity. As electricity is understood to be the force by which action is produced, so then it is electricity. You might as well call it that as anything else. Yet the time will come when you will give it another name.

Q.—We can see the results of a force, but cannot see the force itself, can we? A.—No; neither can we.

Q.—Is this electricity referred to, the same as animal electricity? A.—Yes, certainly. You are all animals, so far as the physical is concerned.

Q.—But you make a distinction between animal and vegetable electricity? A.—Not in essence, only in combination. It differs simply because it has been projected through a different source, not because it, in itself, is any different.

Q.—Water projected from a hydrant may be the same as that projected through a pump, yet the water is different through which the water is projected is different.

Q.—Yes; but the component parts of the water are not essentially changed by simply passing it through a pump instead of a hydrant. But that element known as electricity in the human system, in its passage through mineral life, takes upon itself the qualities of the matter through which its manifestation of that electricity will be altered through the form through which it passes. It becomes identified in the external with that form, and so with the passage of water through a hydrant. All these different degrees of power, when restored to their simplest form, is life; and life is the same everywhere. It is now in its form, but we know it is in essence.

Q.—In the order of degrees, do you recognize affection as higher or lower than intellect? A.—Lower, certainly.

Q.—There will be a time, then, when we shall outgrow our natural affection, will there not? A.—Yes, certainly. As affection has been outgrown; but there is a spiritual affection far more beautiful, more enduring than the natural. You will have done with that when you shall cease to be attracted to things natural. But do not suppose you will cease to love, cease to be attracted to those who were dear to you when here.

Q.—What is the essence of that spiritual affection, like cleaves to like, or the reverse? A.—It is said that opposites generally attract each other. We believe it to be true.

Q.—Why are there two electricities at the end of a rod? Why do they not coalesce, and be of the same character all along? A.—That is a question for the physicist. They are opposites.

Q.—It is so reputed. One end being positive, the other negative.

Q.—But clear demonstration proves that it is not so, for if it were we would see different results.

Q.—Do you understand by positive and negative, more or less of the same kind, or different kinds? A.—Well, this principle that has two names, is a principle—is not a compound, is a unit. Men of science are often confused by the names they give to these different forms of life. They get lost in the mazes of doubt, and are sometimes in the midst of a night of Egyptian darkness, and all because they have been trying to force upon their individual self, a very simple thing. Now to us, God, the Great Spirit, our Father and Mother, our Source of Life, is the most simple of all things in the Universe, and yet theologians have robbed him of his simplicity, by enveloping him with mystery upon mystery. They have heaped night upon night around him. But it is the simple presence, the loving power, that sustains us, nevertheless.

Q.—The passages of the human mind are not simple, are they? A.—Yes, when resolved to their primal source.

Q.—They are not simple and easy to comprehend, are they? A.—They certainly are, when once you start about to comprehend them.

Q.—Please indicate the right way to start, will you? A.—That would be impossible to do, inasmuch as the ages have been wandering in mystery altogether too long. Again, what would be right to me might be wrong to you. Each individual soul knows what is right for his own individual self. We do not believe in a general way to go to heaven. Each one has a straight and narrow way of its own, and no one else can travel on it. It is not a highway. You must go to heaven, or find happiness or wisdom—it is all the same—in your own way, according to your own ideas of right. It is folly to endeavor to set up any general standard of right, for you cannot worship my God. I cannot worship yours.

Q.—Do you think man would live nearer the right if all so-called human laws were abrogated? A.—No, certainly not. Your human laws, faulty as they may be, yet approximate to divine law. You come as near to divine law as you are capable of doing at present. You are standing step by step. It is not our purpose to teach you to ignore

even your human laws. They certainly are better than no laws at all.

Q.—What shall a person do? Obey his own intuitions of right, or human laws? A.—In the language of Jesus, our brother, "Remember unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God, (or your intuitions), the things that are God's." Dec. 15.

Captain W. B. Gordon.

I am Captain W. B. Gordon, Company I, 18th Virginia Cavalry.

I was wounded and captured on the 21st of August last, and died on the 23d or 24th. I have a family and many friends who in sadness await my return, thinking I am simply a prisoner in your hands. If there is any way I can give them any information concerning my true condition, I shall be very glad to do so.

I thought, when I was here, that on the other side of Jordan, as I termed it, we should either be very miserable or happy; and as I have been the same, I must conclude that I am in the latter state. I must confess I feel somewhat as when I see, as I am able to, the condition my friends are in, how they are waiting for every true boat to bring some intelligence from me.

I will be kind enough to do what you can toward getting my message through? I presume, as my friends do not know anything about this way of return, I must provide some way to convey intelligence to them through sources that will reach them.

Now I have thought if you would ask—well, ask the Richmond Examiner to copy my letter, if you will. Do you think it is liberal enough to do that? Yes; I don't see any reason why it should not. I know my friends take that as a sure sign of their health. Well, sir, I hope to succeed. You won't forget, I trust, that we all have human feelings still.

I appreciate your kindness; will endeavor to return it. Good-day, sir. Dec. 15.

Ann Elizabeth Swan.

Oh, if ever there was such a thing as I have ever lived, our folks are. I've been deceived—I've been deceived by our generals, our captains, our colonels, our majors; they're liars, every one of 'em.

Why, they told us that all your folks wanted to do was to make slaves of us poor white folks; that you had n't anything to eat, anything to wear, and didn't know what was going to become of you. Well, I ain't seen any God yet, but if there he is, I shan't think he's just fall upon their heads.

I've got a boy I want to talk to, if I can. In my younger days I w'n't as bad off as I was in the latter part of my days here. I knew what it was to live well, but since then I've seen hard times. For fifteen years I've been poor.

I had much to do with it, and when I got well, I was a good deal better off. He is your side. You took him prisoner, and my object in coming here, to-day, is to get a chance to tell him what infernal liars our folks are, if I can, that's what I want to do.

Well, I suppose I must give something, so I'll know. My name was Swan—Ann Elizabeth Swan, I was sixty-seven years old, and I've lived just on the outskirts of Warrenton, Virginia, when I lived anywhere; hain't lived anywhere for some time; been driven from place to place, like a hound. [Rather disagreeable.] Disagreeable? That ain't the sort of word to call such treatment by. Disagreeable! It's perfectly hehlish! That's what I've been doing since I was captured.

Well, I was here, and I say now. If this war had been only upon ourselves, if they'd brought it all upon themselves, I wouldn't have cared; but they hain't got into it yet, not as the rest of us have. Why, I've suffered everything; I was bad enough off before, but I was comfortable compared to now. I've been anything but comfortable since I was captured. I thought I was a good Christian once, and tried, God knows, to worship his holy name; and I've lost my religion, lost everything, and I don't know, but I sometimes think I shall lose myself. [No you won't.] Well, I don't suppose I shall, but then I get w'il myself.

I'm in the old Capitol Prison. I'm glad he's there, and I hope he'll stay there, if he's any idea of going back to the South. I don't believe he'll be fool enough to go back if he gets my letter. I want you to tell him all about me; how I've suffered since he went away—laid out nights, gone two days at a time without eating anything at all, and when I did eat, I had to eat a shoe or a stocking to my feet, or a thing to put on my head. Maybe he'll ask why I didn't appeal to the authorities for help. Well, I did; and because I got worthy when they refused to help me, I was kicked out of doors.

Yes, well, I went with about forty—more than forty—men, to see it set off, and when I got to the break of the bread stores of Richmond. What did I get for it? Put in Prison. Well, that's better than I was off before, that I did stand a chance of getting something to eat once in a while. [Why do n't Mr. Davis take better care of his people?] How can he take care of 'em? Can't take care of anything at all, he's sick two-thirds of the time, and can't do nothing else.

Last time I see him he was almost blind with inflammation of the eyes. [He must have been blind when he undertook this rebellion.] Well, he was blind, or a fool. It's very evident he could not see the way through, or he's falling through now. I'm not to be annihilated, I hope. I got no hope for my own, tell you; and I hope they'll have to suffer as I did.

I shall always think that Robert was impressed into the service. I think he was. I don't believe he ever entered the rebel army from choice. [Did n't you believe in the rebellion when here?] Yes, I did; of course I did; thought you at the North were not doing a set of devils. Did n't I just say they were a set of liars? Oh, I tell you, I was terribly deceived. No; I turned before I see the end. I did n't know, until I come here to-day and see how things were, that I'd been deceived; because we suffered so, because we didn't have bread to eat, or money to buy it with.

I want Robert to get a chance—if he ever gets a chance—if he wants to fight at all, I want him to fight on your side, and his father says so, too. I hope you'll have mercy on our poor folks if you conquer. I think, however, them folks that brought this war about ought to suffer; think they ought to be punished—the leaders of this rebellion.

Well, how do you send our letters? [We print them in our paper.] Oh, you do? Well, I want any person who happens to see my letter, whether he's an officer or private—if he should get my letter, and know who I am, I want him to send it to my son Robert.

I'm not to be right, God will bless you, if there is a God, and I suppose there is, all do who are wrong. [We try to do good to all.] Well, I see you do; but that's not generally the case.

Oh, I forgot to tell Robert how I died. Tell him I suppose died from exposure and hunger. I don't know anything else to tell him. Well, good-by. [Rest easy about your son.] I'm easy enough about him so long as he's in prison. But if he's any idea of going back to the South again to fight, if he gets a chance, I hope he won't get the chance. Dec. 15.

Lieut. Charles T. S. Downes.

How do you do, sir? That's not one of the F. F. V.'s, that's very evident. Excuse me, sir, for joking, but that's my way. [She seems to have suffered a great deal.] Oh, she's only a mite—one of the mites. I'm sorry for her, but rather think she's on the right road now.

I don't know anything else to tell him. Well, good-by. [Rest easy about your son.] I'm easy enough about him so long as he's in prison. But if he's any idea of going back to the South again to fight, if he gets a chance, I hope he won't get the chance. Dec. 15.

Well, how do you send our letters? [We print them in our paper.] Oh, you do? Well, I want any person who happens to see my letter, whether he's an officer or private—if he should get my letter, and know who I am, I want him to send it to my son Robert.

I'm not to be right, God will bless you, if there is a God, and I suppose there is, all do who are wrong. [We try to do good to all.] Well, I see you do; but that's not generally the case.

Oh, I forgot to tell Robert how I died. Tell him I suppose died from exposure and hunger. I don't know anything else to tell him. Well, good-by. [Rest easy about your son.] I'm easy enough about him so long as he's in prison. But if he's any idea of going back to the South again to fight, if he gets a chance, I hope he won't get the chance. Dec. 15.

Well, how do you send our letters? [We print them in our paper.] Oh, you do? Well, I want any person who happens to see my letter, whether he's an officer or private—if he should get my letter, and know who I am, I want him to send it to my son Robert.

I'm not to be right, God will bless you, if there is a God, and I suppose there is, all do who are wrong. [We try to do good to all.] Well, I see you do; but that's not generally the case.

Oh, I forgot to tell Robert how I died. Tell him I suppose died from exposure and hunger. I don't know anything else to tell him. Well, good-by. [Rest easy about your son.] I'm easy enough about him so long as he's in prison. But if he's any idea of going back to the South again to fight, if he gets a chance, I hope he won't get the chance. Dec. 15.

[Yes. Were you ever here before?] Yes, a few times. I'm from the 102d New York; air; second lieutenant, Company F.

No; I'm not on this side I'd like to come with you, if I could just as well as not. My brother Josiah; and through him I'd like to reach all the rest—well, the others, all the boys, my comrades, I'd like to talk with. It don't matter to me who comes to me and says, "Charlie, can you talk with me?" If I can, I'll be pretty sure to.

I was twenty-three years of age; Charles T. S. Downes my name; weighed from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty-five pounds when I was in a healthy condition. Was what you'd call rather fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes. Do you give description of yourself here? [Sometimes.] Oh, you do, or not, just as you please.

Well, then, to tell the truth, my folks used to say I'd "one day be sorry for my loose way of expressing myself," when here. Be kind enough to say I've not changed at all in that respect since death. To that class who are Universalists, I would say, that religion seems to be the one most used in the spirit-world. Say I'm all right, and I rather think they've got a pretty good staff to come across on. And if I've got any friends who belong to the class who think spirits can return, let them just give me a call, and I'll be on hand. I'll demonstrate the fact of my coming, at least.

Oh, tell my brother Josiah I've met his wife and child in the spirit-world, and if he knew how anxious they were to communicate with him, I don't think he'd let the sun go down upon another day before giving them a chance. They are like, ten thousand others on this side, who don't see their way clear to return to earth, and so have to wait for friends to call them. You have an idea, you folks around here, that we are nothing more or less than ghosts. Of course, there are exceptions; but you know it's the impression, that we're ghosts, that there's nothing to us; and most people would be afraid to shake hands with what religion seems to be the one most used in the spirit-world. Say I'm all right, and I rather think they've got a pretty good staff to come across on. And if I've got any friends who belong to the class who think spirits can return, let them just give me a call, and I'll be on hand. I'll demonstrate the fact of my coming, at least.

Oh, tell my brother Josiah I've met his wife and child in the spirit-world, and if he knew how anxious they were to communicate with him, I don't think he'd let the sun go down upon another day before giving them a chance. They are like, ten thousand others on this side, who don't see their way clear to return to earth, and so have to wait for friends to call them. You have an idea, you folks around here, that we are nothing more or less than ghosts. Of course, there are exceptions; but you know it's the impression, that we're ghosts, that there's nothing to us; and most people would be afraid to shake hands with what religion seems to be the one most used in the spirit-world. Say I'm all right, and I rather think they've got a pretty good staff to come across on. And if I've got any friends who belong to the class who think spirits can return, let them just give me a call, and I'll be on hand. I'll demonstrate the fact of my coming, at least.

Well, I don't know how I can get my friends to meet me, or me to meet them. Let them avail themselves of the usual means, and I rather think I'll turn up Charlie Downes, if I get a chance.

Well, sir, good-by; if I had an eagle, or some greenbacks, I would square up with you. You must wait till you can come on this side. Good-by, sir. Dec. 15.

Invocation.

Our Father, Infinite Jehovah, we recognize thy loving contention beaming through the darkness of this external day of tears. It causes the soul to mount upon wings of prayer, and with glad thanksgivings to thee. Oh thou who art the light of our darkness, whose life is around us, within us, above us and beneath us; thou who art a Presence without form, and yet having all forms for thine own, thou whom we cannot comprehend, we praise thee; we soar away from time and matter, thy light just held sacred communion with thee; for thou art our Father, our Mother, and are are thy children. Oh God, there is no fear between ourselves and thee. We have learned to worship thee in Spirit and in Truth, and because we have learned to do this, we have lost all that fear that the past has thrown around us. It has gone like the mists of morning, and has been succeeded by the glad sun of noon-day. Oh God, for this more than all else we praise thee. We only hope, Great Spirit of Infinite Love, that we may be able to baptize not only these mortal children, but all those whom we may hold converse with, with that same divine Father, thyself, which we feel ourselves. Oh God our Father, baptize them with that sacred feeling; take away the fears that have so long encompassed their souls; unlock the doors of the tomb for them, and set their spirits free. Oh Father, though darkness be abroad in the land, and man be going to war against his brother man, yet we know thy power; thy wisdom is about them, thy love, justice is about them, thy redemption, all restores all, perfect all. Therefore, it is we know, Oh Great God, all thy children are safe; that thou didst not bring them into being to forsake them, nor to suffer them to wander from thy presence, but to care for them here, and finally with Father, to usher them into the Kingdom of peace, which is the Kingdom of Wisdom. Receive our praises, our thanks, all the glad aspirations of our inmost being, for unto thee we render all that which is ours. Father, these thy children ask for light; we know thou wilt not refuse to give it them. They ask for truth; we know thou wilt not give them falsehood. They ask to be some higher than the rest of the world, and to be lower down. To thee, Oh Spirit of the Universe, be the undying praises of our souls. Amen. Dec. 15.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider the inquiries of correspondents, also those of the audience.

Q.—Can you throw any light upon the subject of astrology? This topic was briefly discussed upon here about three years ago, with the promise of further notice.

ANS.—Astrology is, in truth, absorbed in the science of astronomy. Astrology, so-called, pertains more particularly, as astrology, to the religion of the ancients; but when merged into astronomy, it is the science of the heavens, and as such relates not to the heavenly bodies alone, but to the earth, and the atmosphere, and the earth, or in the atmosphere. The field which you correspondent has opened to us is one exceedingly vast, and in order to canvass even a brief portion of it, we should be obliged to take up all the time which has been given us for other purposes. Your correspondent is doubtless anxious to know whether or not astrology is a science. We distinctly affirm, as astrology is not a science; but when merged into astronomy, it becomes such.

Q.—Then the stars, or certain conjunctions of the planets, have a visible influence upon man's life, which is perceptible to human eyes? A.—Yes; that is a fact.

Q.—Does astrology does not recognize astrology. How is that? A.—No; because you have glanced only at astronomy through its external phase, and have not progressed far enough to reach the internal, the real life. You are now discussing the philosophy of the body more than the spirit. By-and-by you will be able to see the soul, or spirit.

Q.—Is there any truth in the assertion that man's destiny is governed by the planet he is born under? A.—Yes; it has a certain specific influence over the physical life of an individual.

Q.—We find individuals who have been born under the same planet, whose destinies are totally different. How is that? A.—Yes, they may seem to be; yet, perhaps, in reality they do not vary as much as you suppose.

Q.—One's life is a life of misery, the other of prosperity; these differences are distinct enough for us to perceive them. A.—It should be remembered that you, as human individuals, as physical bodies, have relations than these dwelling merely upon the physical or spiritual plane. You are related to the granite just as much—only in a different way—as you are to some other physical body. Now you all know that certain physical bodies can exert certain powers over other physical bodies; and if this be true, those physical bodies must be related to all other forms, whether they are in the so-called animate or inanimate worlds.

Q.—Does not the difference in the combination of faculties cause the difference in man's destiny? A.—Yes, we think so.

Q.—Will you speak awhile upon the influence of the planets upon the soul, or spirit? A.—The soul, or spirit, can in no way be affected by sorrow or suffering.

Q.—We speak of the soul's suffering? A.—Yes; you speak of many things you do not understand. The soul can no more be affected by joy or sorrow, than it can be affected by sin or holiness, or by either. It is a simple matter to know what religion is. I told him I didn't have any—told the truth, too. I guess he thought I was a queer chap. My folks, however, were of the Universalist faith. I believe I was rather an outsider in religion; didn't have anything to lean on, so when I went out I leaned on the little end of nothing.

Well, this is the good, old City of Boston, is it?

The intelligence seemed to say it would give individuals a just appreciation of joy to know sorrow.

A.—Yes; as far as human experiences are concerned, you have quite as much need of sorrow as you have of sunshine and rain, clouds and clear sky.

Q.—If the earth that is benefited, then, is it not? A.—Not alone.

Q.—Then if the earth is not alone affected, is not spirit also affected by sorrow? A.—It seems to be, yes; but in truth, soul, or spirit, is perfect, free. It has no need, so far as its own powers are concerned, of the experiences of human life.

Q.—What influence does the remembrance of misery, or sins committed here, have upon the spirit in the spirit-world? A.—Well, so far as external thought is concerned, or the manifestation of thought, it is sometimes not of a pleasant character. It is often so. You are exceedingly apt to confound the spirit-essence, or life-principle, with the manifestation of the principle. The time will come when you will see, as we see, that the principle, the spirit, the life, is perfect ever has been, and must ever remain perfect. If it could be aided by human individuals, then it would be aided according to the condition in which they lived for the time being. It is not so. The soul is ever fresh from the bosom of Deity. You might as well talk of the suffering Deity, as to talk of the soul's being affected in that way.

Q.—What proportion of astrological laws, as laid down in English books, do you recognize as correct? A.—Well, about one-sixteenth part.

Q.—Do you know anything about the matter particularly? A.—I do, somewhat.

Q.—Will you please state some astrological law or principle? A.—That would be useless, inasmuch as we are unable to demonstrate it.

Q.—Do you believe that a person born under the planet Mars is of a more warlike nature than when born under any other planet? A.—No, not necessarily. It is said, we know, that Mars exercises a warlike principle upon all other heavenly bodies; but this is mere assertion. We do not know it is true. We have no real evidence that it is true. It is impossible to state what specific influence any planet may have upon any particular individual's life. That influence doubtless depends upon the individual acted upon; must depend upon the combinations of that physical body.

Q.—It is said that the larger proportion of children die during the war, are males. Is it so? A.—No, we have no proof of that.

Q.—How is it ever demonstrated that the moon exerts an influence upon the tides? How do astronomers arrive at that fact? A.—How? Very, certainly by mathematical calculation, and often by intuition. It is often the fact that you arrive at the truth more readily by your intuitive faculty, than by any external study. The ancients received through their intuitions very correct ideas concerning the heavenly bodies, though, to be sure, they were clothed in crude forms, yet the idea was nevertheless true. We see that a friend in the audience wishes to ask, that if he believed in destiny, as it is so-called, we shall not be able to do anything, that we do, emphatically, for, if true, to our highest convictions, we can believe nothing else.

Q.—How would you define it? A.—In the omnipotence of God, or a controlling Principle. If he is here, he is sure to control; in large things, he does certainly in the small also. No, he has charge of the rolling world in space, he has charge of all of every thought. We do not believe in a second power in life. We believe in one Supreme Intelligence controlling, directing, governing all things. We could have no perfect reliance upon an intelligence that had only partial control, that was taking care of you to-day, and forgetting you to-morrow; that dictated your future acts, but left the minor ones for some one else to take care of. No; we can but believe in an all-powerful, ever-present Principle that ever has controlled all life, and ever must control all life.

Q.—What is the precise object of prayer, under those circumstances? A.—You are because you cannot help it. You may think you can.

Q.—How do you reconcile fate and free will? A.—We cannot reconcile them, except that your will harmonizes with the will of the Infinite, is not opposed to it.

Q.—Does the doctrine of free will originate from ignorance, rather than knowledge? A.—According to the usual definition of the term free will, it may be said to.

Q.—Spurzheim said that man is free to act in a certain direction; but it proves that he is fated to act in a certain direction? A.—You talk so because you cannot help it. I talk with you because you cannot help it. You had no voice concerning your entrance into this world, and probably will have none in your exit from it. You may think you will do or not do this or that; but if there is a Supreme Power governing you and I, he never forgets to govern us, even in the smallest act. The most minute thought, the smallest action, he is intended to convey this truth to the minds of his followers, when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory is not arrayed like one of these." Now Jesus wished to indicate that the Great Father cared for all things, at all times; that he controlled all things; that he was mere presumption to suppose even that finite humanity could have a will of its own independent of Deity. Why, my friends, it is a beautiful belief, when once you understand it. You may think it rides you of all responsibility, but it certainly does not. You must strive to attain certain positions, either spiritual or physical, because this same Deity that controls all things impels you to do so.

Q.—We have no right to say, then, that the good man deserves no praise, and the evil man no censure, any more than the fertile earth brings forth good fruits and the sterile soil bad fruits.

Q.—You are right.

Q.—Is it fated for some to live in ignorance all their lives, and die so? A.—Yes, certainly.

Q.—If it is fated for us to live in ignorance, where is the blame? A

