

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVI. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865. NO. 25.

For the Banner of Light.
SIMILES.
BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

The ocean waves on moonlit beach
Mark ebb and flow;
Bright shells the highest tide-marks reach,
And bright sands glow;
And sullen roar the headland rocks,
Within, around;
And something in the sea-shell mocks
The ocean's sound.

The tides of life, they ebb and flow,
Of joy and pain,
And echoes of the long ago
We hear again.
A tempest, sudden, fierce and wild,
Destruction brings;
The desert shores of life are piled,
With storm-wrecked things.

To-morrow, of the whirlwind's track
No trace is seen;
Over the ships that come not back
The waves roll green;
Beneath are heaped, in hidden mines,
Of wealth unknown.
The argosies, whose treasure shines
For Death alone.

Sorrow may learn a stricken life,
To bloom again;
Life's elements may cease from strife,
Joy banish pain;
But memory has her hidden mine
Of treasures lost;
A secret joy comes to this shrine
That adds its most.

Ann Arbor, Mich., 1865.

The Lecture Boom.

The Vast Resources of Spiritualism, WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR THEIR USE.

A Lecture by J. S. Loveland, delivered at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Oct. 30th, 1864.

Our theme for this afternoon is, "The Vast Resources of Spiritualism, with suggestions for their use." And it accords with my judgment to treat the resources of Spiritualism under three heads: viz: the Material, the Intellectual, and the Spiritual.

MATERIAL RESOURCES.

The material resources of any movement may be expressed in two categories—numbers and wealth. We will follow this method of statement. Various estimates of the number of Spiritualists in the United States have been made by persons possessing the best opportunities for such a work. The lowest estimate I have seen is two millions, while the highest is from five to six millions. I deem all these estimates as extravagant and incorrect. I am willing to reduce the lowest estimate fourfold, and admit that there are only five hundred thousand, or half a million, Spiritualists in the country. This is a large number. Greater than the powerful Congregational Church. Half as many as the Methodist or Baptist. Then it is to be borne in mind that Spiritualists are almost entirely adults—men and women in their prime, and not, as in the churches, made up of a large number of mere children from the Sunday Schools. Nor, again, is the Spiritualist movement composed mostly of women. The churches are probably fully two-thirds women. Spiritualists are very evenly balanced, though men are the most numerous, if either. This shows that, so far as the exercise of power through or by numbers is concerned, the Spiritualists, in their number and quality, compare favorably with any class of people whatever. A half million people, devoted to a common principle, and animated by a noble inspiration, can wield a tremendous influence upon the destiny of any country where they live.

WEALTH.

But a people may be numerous, and yet, through abject poverty, be unable to exert but little influence upon the general conditions and customs of society. How are Spiritualists in this respect? For though they may have millions in numbers, if they lack "the sheaves of war," they will be deemed of little worth in settling the issues of the times. I reply, Spiritualists are not paupers. Nay, more; they are not poor! There are poor persons who are Spiritualists. But there are those, also, who are rich, and becoming richer every day. The mass of them, the country over, will compare with the general average of the people, and with the general average of the churches, so far as wealth is concerned. We hold a fair amount of the money resources of the country. Nor is this all that can be said on this point. Without fanaticism, it is safe to say that the wealth of the world is within our power, so soon as we are prepared to use it. No Spiritualist can doubt the power of spirit over mind and matter, to that extent, that should ensure the possession of all needed wealth. It is preposterous, then, for us to talk of poverty, meaning thereby a deficiency of money. "The whole boundless continent is ours."

INTELLECTUAL RESOURCES.

But men and money, though, in themselves indispensable, are of little account without intellectual power is conjoined therewith. What, then, are our resources in this direction? Spiritualists, certainly, will not admit that they are fools. Many of them are of the opinion that they are not a whit behind the rest of mankind, in natural ability. Nor will they, for a moment, admit that their brains are added to the tank. They will declare that their mental faculties are as clear and work as evenly and correctly as ever. They are not insane, any more than they are foolish. And, if we survey the intellectual pursuits of business and the intellect, sagacity and mental strength and

quickness for success, we find them ably filled by Spiritualists. They are there successful, like other capable and sane men. If from business we turn to the pursuit of agriculture, or to the mechanic arts, sensible, sober, successful men are there who are Spiritualists. Judges, lawyers, politicians and legislators are Spiritualists. Generals, officers and soldiers, are Spiritualists. And, if we take a survey of the literary world, where we expect to find not only rare intellectual powers, but also those powers brought out and up, by thorough and laborious culture, to the highest possible plane of excellence, we find there also the inevitable Spiritualist. More than this, even, we find, for the very cream and nectar of our literature is that portion which embodies the spiritual philosophy. Several of the most gifted writers of the age are Spiritualists.

We must claim that the intelligence of the Spiritualists is on a par with that of the mass of the American people. We wish to make no higher claim, so far as natural powers are concerned. But it must not be forgotten that Spiritualism gives greater freedom, and wider scope for the exercise of the intellect, than any other system, and, therefore, furnishes better conditions for its cultivation than is possible elsewhere. Spiritualists ought, therefore, to excel others in this respect.

But it also opens new avenues to knowledge, thereby furnishing new material for intellectual exercise and growth. And to all this the Spiritualist will add the quickening of all his faculties by the inspiration of the heavens. Surely, then, the resources of Spiritualism are immense, even if we excluded entirely the fact, which we cannot, that the intellectual power of the spirit-world is adjoined to ours in this great conjuncture of human events. But with this fact, can we ask, do we need any more than we have, or may have of intellectual power? It is no excuse to say that our great intellectual power is comparatively inert—that our cultured and scientific minds do not, as a general rule, so appear before the world—that they seem to stand aloof from the mass of Spiritualists, not identifying themselves therewith, for if you called them, they would answer. True greatness is modest and retiring. It cannot be impudent, nor content with the impudence of shallow-minded charlatanism. It is creative and constructive, and has no ambition to enter the race with those whose only recommendation is the fierceness of their invectives—the ferocity of their denunciations—the coarseness of their gaffs, and the grandiloquence and inconsequentialness of their bombastic harangues.

So long as Spiritualists prefer to be amused—to be flattered—to be merely stirred in their emotions, or tickled in their fancy, the men and women of genius and culture will pursue their quiet way, not obtruding or contending for place or precedence. But when our great needs become apparent to us, as they now are to them and the angels, we shall call, and they will come forth, a vast army, panoplied in the mightiness of restless power.

SPIRITUAL RESOURCES.

Men and money combined and used by vast intellectual ability, will most surely accomplish astounding results; but if these are inspired and crowned by a lofty spirituality, the ends attained must be vastly more sublime. What, then, are our spiritual resources? They must complement and crown the others, or we are deficient, where, above all, we need to be strong. In enumerating the possibilities of power possessed by Spiritualists, under this head, let us consider, first, the manifestations of the spirit-world.

1. It overthrows, completely and forever, the materialistic fantasy, mis-called philosophy, and by the development and revelation of unsuspected agents, or forces in nature, challenges the startled scientists of the age, to a new and fertile field of fact and wonder. Exploring this newly discovered continent of truth, it indulges in such masterly analyses of these new facts, such a wide, sweeping and comprehensive synthesis of the principles inlying and incarnate in the facts, as to comprehend the entire field of philosophic thought and investigation. It casts, even in its phenomenal unfoldings, a flood of light upon the perplexing problems of human existence and destiny.

2. But, again, it overthrows the whole tottering fabric of religious superstition. The essence of superstition inheres in the distorted idea of the supernatural, phenomenal Spiritualism, as with the wand of an enchanter, waves away from the field of consciousness forever the grim and awful spectre of supernaturalism, and enthrones instead, the divine angel of a natural, spiritual inspiration, and affluents of power from the spiritual and celestial heavens. Instead of crouching in base and servile worship of a power dreaded and feared, man here stands erect, embracing in himself as an essential centre, all divine and celestial powers.

3. But more than this, it demonstrates the future life of man by revealing as alive those who are called dead. The sting of Death is extracted, and the victory of the grave turned into hopeless and eternal defeat.

4. Spiritualism also repeats the miracles of olden time, but they are miracles no longer, only glorious facts.

5. And by the trance, it in a wondrous manner unfolds and educates the uncultured mind of ignorance. Behold what resources are here!

her. He is conjoined with the loftiest phase of life in the heavens. The rhythm of angel life pulses in waves of divine and holy melody through all the avenues of his celestial and immortal nature. His regard for his own personality is not the egotistic ambition of the phase-seeker, but it is the reverence paid to the eternal principles of truth and right, embodied in and reflected by the divine of his being. That inspiration is ours. The measure and fullness thereof is determined by the scope of our aspirations. Aspiration and inspiration complement each other. The scope of this power we are allowed to define for ourselves. The bill we may draw on the bank of power we are allowed to fill. Can we ask more?

If locked in the fastnesses of God and spirits, there are unmeasured stores of spiritual might and power, the key is in your hands to use. Nor was Jesus mistaken when he said, "Seek and ye shall find." The inspirationalist is a mediator, he is more than a medium. The entranced is a medium only, as a general rule. The inspired is, as we have seen, open to the heavens. He is also open to the earth. Both flow to and into him, and are there adjusted in their relations each to the other; for he lives in the pure light and atmosphere of the impersonal, absolute reason, consequently in his consciousness all the apparent warring cease, and the principles of a divine accord between man and his destiny are seen and declared. The work of mediation is completed.

The inspired is the embodiment of authority. This was the marvel of Jesus—"He spake as one having authority." He did have it, and so does every truly inspired person. Their authority consists in this, that they do not utter mere opinions, or speak merely from their own individuality, but their utterances are affirmations of the impersonal reason—they are flashes of the eternal sunlight of truth—they are images of the changeless realities of superlunary wisdom, in fine, they are the great life-beats of the uncreated life of the universe. Why should they not be with authority? The authority is in the fact that the hearer's soul interiorly responds to its interpreter, the inspired. The vast realm of truth and power are thus brought in rapport with us through the faculty of inspiration, so largely possessed by Spiritualists. What resources are here! Rather, what resources are wanting for the accomplishment of our largest wishes? All that earth and heaven can give us, if we will but use them. And as we use them, we shall and then continually augmenting.

To illustrate the immensity of our means and to outline something in the way of possible use I wish to call your attention to some facts found in the statistics of the M. E. Church. This branch of Protestantism numbers 928,320 members. About 6,000 itinerant ministers, and over 8,000 local preachers. It has nearly 10,000 churches, or societies. It has twenty-three colleges and universities, and seventy-five seminaries, female colleges and academies, and two theological seminaries. The endowments and other property of the colleges amounts to over two and a quarter millions of dollars. The seminaries, etc., have over three hundred instructors, and 15,372 pupils, and cannot cost less than 1,500,000 dollars. Estimating the annual average pay of the itinerant at \$500, the sum total will be \$3,000,000. The sum for Missionary, Tract and Sunday School Union amounts to over \$325,000. The church has over 13,000 Sunday Schools, with nearly 150,000 teachers, and about 850,000 scholars, sustained at an expense of \$108,665. The amount of printing done for the Sunday School in 1864 was 469,750,000 18mo pages, or over 2,000,000 volumes of 200 pages each.

This Church owns a mammoth book concern, publishing and circulating probably not less than a million dollars worth of books per annum. The Church publishes ten weekly papers, with a probable circulation of two hundred thousand copies, for one of them at one period had a weekly circulation of forty thousand or more copies. At five dollars per copy they would amount to six hundred thousand dollars; one Quarterly Review, ten thousand dollars; at three dollars, thirty thousand dollars; one Ladies' Repository, twenty-five thousand dollars; one S. S. Teachers' Journal, fourteen thousand copies; one S. S. Advocate, two hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred copies.

By adding these several sums, it will be seen that the M. E. Church expends nearly seven million (\$7,000,000) dollars yearly in its own specific work. It should be borne in mind that no estimates are here made for the taxes and repairs upon some twenty-five million dollars worth of church property, consisting of churches, parsonages, etc., needing constant repairs. Nor is the expense of colleges, and various other items, enumerated—no, doubt, if all these were accurately known, the gross amount would exceed the sum total stated above. I should, perhaps, state that there are some twenty more academic institutions belonging to the Church, but their statistics are not given in the Methodist Almanac of 1865, from which I have extracted these facts.

Now if five hundred thousand Spiritualists gave seven dollars per person, it would amount to three and a half millions annually. I leave it to you to estimate how much could be done with this vast amount of material power to revolutionize and bless the world. How many schools could be established, books published, papers and tracts printed and circulated—inalls constructed—lecturers and teachers sent forth into the great field of Progress?

But what are Spiritualists doing? We have one paper (the Banner of Light), which hardly lives, having less than twelve thousand subscribers. Another has just started. Its life, judging from the past, will be feeble and short. We have no regular publishing house, as we have no organ for disseminating our principles, except as individual caprice may allow. No man possibly, have fifty lecturers constantly engaged in public speaking. If any think this estimate too small, we will call it one hundred. Let us sum up the results. One hundred lecturers at six hun-

dred dollars per annum, will amount to sixty thousand dollars. Twenty thousand papers at two dollars and fifty cents would amount to fifty thousand dollars more. Add to this the probable cost of places for meetings, and we shall have thirty thousand dollars additional to swell the grand total. We will set down books at one hundred thousand dollars, though I am sure it is much too large an estimate. To these estimates add ten thousand dollars for board of speakers, and we shall have, all told, an expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the part of Spiritualists for the diffusion of the Truth.

To make the comparison just, we should perhaps exclude one and a half millions from the Methodist aggregate on account of education, and then, including the unestimated items, we should find the Methodist paying about six dollars exclusively for his faith where the Spiritualist pays fifty cents. Or, if we allow that Spiritualists pay as much for mediumistic manifestations as for all other things combined, it would show them as paying one dollar each, or one-sixth as much as the Methodist. The average wealth of the M. E. Church, per member, I am sure does not exceed that of the Spiritualists, while according to our calculation it only numbers twice as many persons. Bear in mind also that the M. E. Church is expending hundreds of thousands of dollars every year in building churches, parsonages, academies, colleges, etc. More than three-fourths of its academies, and all but six of its colleges, have been established since the advent of Spiritualism. The people who educate the youth will rule the country. The M. E. Church is alive to this fact and with its perfect system of method—its unitary organization—its six thousand tireless itinerants and eight thousand local helpers—its immense book concern, its army of teachers, and its million Sunday School scholars, it is strongly and grandly marching on while we are childishly ranting against the idea of organic unity and action. It is paying nearly or quite six times as much per member to support what we call falsehood as we are for the truth. Has error more, and more potent motives than truth? I know some will assume this. They will say the fear of hell impels men to give. If this were true, it would be disgraceful to us. But it is not true. People do not pay their money in fear of being damned, for they do not fear it. You would have to travel a long way to find a man who is afraid of damnation. It is system, method, which raises the vast amounts expended by the churches. It is not that they are really more liberal, or willing to give, or that they are more able, but they have a system for getting, and definite objects to secure in its use. These millions do not come of themselves, but are the result of resolute and persevering effort.

We can do the same, or even greater things, by systematic efforts. We can gather these vast resources into one mighty thunderbolt of power, and launch it against the towering temple of superstitious ignorance. Shall it be said that truth is weaker than falsehood? That Spiritualism renders its votaries careless of human progress, and isolates them in selfish ease and pleasure? Should this continue as an accompaniment of so-called Spiritualism, we may be certain of its falsehood. Or at least that we have apprehended it but partially, and thus have changed the truth into a lie. Certain it is that the entire scope of genuine Spiritualism is to an unselfish consecration to the good of man. But it seems to me that we only need to see the way—to have the method of action mapped out in order to work and walk therein. New schools will spring up—new and beautiful halls for Sunday meetings will be built—teachers will be multiplied—Sunday Schools or Lyceums will abound—books will be disseminated—periodicals will scatter the light everywhere, while the heavens, through mediums, will complete their work of convincing the world of the reality of a future life.

Means and opportunities create obligations. Measured by such a standard, how vast and imperative our duties. The world, by its necessities, opens the broad field of possible labor, while the heavens, in their manifestations and inspirations, and manifold gifts, reveal the vast resources of power possessed by us, and show how solemnly grand and glorious the obligations resting upon us. In every city, town and village, we should unite to do the work. We can use the press a hundred fold more than we have done. We can sustain ten speakers where we do one. We can multiply circles—build schools and colleges—revolutionize many of the existing barbarisms of society. Institute some system and work by it till we can see a better one. The grand opportunity is now ours. Used, it will remain ours. Neglected, the time will pass, and another people will step in and take the inheritance and the glory. While we are waiting in true Church style for God, or the spirits to do the work, we shall have been proved to be drones, and others called to do our work.

No age ever presented more momentous issues for solution, than the present. No people were ever more richly dowered with resources to solve the problems presented, than are the Spiritualists. No portion of the grand horoscope of human destiny ever beamed with more superlunary brilliancy of promise than that segment of the eternal circle which overarches the sphere of our present effort. No prophecy ever rolled in more musical numbers from the full-chorded angels than that, which, like a great sunburst of glory, bathes the brow of the Spiritualist. No age ever saw so many seeming, ly diverse lines of thought meeting and fusing in a sublime and glorious trinity.

The "Grand, Omnific Word," which "gains admission" everywhere to the mystic chambers of truth, has been found amid the buried arches of hitherto concealed wisdom, and it has been whispered in the ear of the Spiritualist. Indeed, nothing is withheld which heaven can give, and nothing is wanting but the disposition to use the measureless wealth of means within our reach.

Children's Department.

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

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

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR, MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND TOM.

CHAPTER I.

Little Marianna lived with her mother in a humble cottage, just under the shelter of a hill, which, like a protecting angel, kept away the cold, chill winds of winter, and ever lifted its head skyward to point the way to the land of sunshine and beauty. The little cottage under the hill had no coat of white paint on it, neither had its windows ornamental green blinds; but the sunshine could look into the small windows unobscured, and the humble doorway, and the wooden latch told of humble inhabitants within; but one would notice a look of neatness about it, and as the smoke came curling from the chimney-top, an air of peace and comfort seemed to rest over the dwelling, from which the blue wreaths floated upward toward the hilltop, as if to tell of thankful, happy lives within, or, like holy wishes that ascend to the beautiful heavens.

A bright spring morning rosted over the cottage. The sun warmed the air until it seemed like a soft veil thrown over the valley. The snow had not yet disappeared entirely, but lay in the hollows, like spots of silver within the dark-brown setting of the withered grass. There was as yet no sign of spring on the trees, for, leafless and brown, they still stood; only the oaks kept a remnant of their summer garments wrapped around them, which rustled in every breeze, as if to tell of the beauty that had been.

From the little brown cottage stepped Marianna, and bent her way around the hill close by the edge of the forest. She had begged of her mother the privilege of a hunt for violets while yet the air was hardly warm enough to melt the frozen crust of the soil. No warnings of disappointment kept her back; "For only think," she said, "it is March; surely the violets are up!" As she skipped and jumped over stone and mound, she looked like a gay leaf tossing and whirling about in the wind.

When she came to the little hollow under the shade of the hill, not a vestige of green was to be seen. "Ah, mother was right," she said; "no violets are up yet. I wonder why? What are they waiting for? Here is sunshine and brightness; but why do violets love the sunshine? and how strange it is that the sun can do so much! I will dig down and see whether the violets do really mean to come up, or if they have waked up yet."

So with a sharp stick Marianna struck at the earth and loosened the hard soil. She knew the very spot where she had gathered the blossoms the year before, but she found not even a green bud, or a root.

"Oh, dear, dear! I think violets very lazy," she said; "but I suppose they like to sleep as long as they can. But I wish I knew why the warm sunshine made them spring up so fresh and beautiful? Oh, I wish I was like the sunshine, then I would have all the beautiful things I wanted; then mamma would not have to knit, knit all day to get Willie and me our bread and milk, and I should not have to wear my patched gown. Oh, I do wish I was like the sunshine, then I'd make beautiful things grow so easy, without working at all. I'll run home and ask mamma why little girls are not made like the sun;" and away she scampered to the little cottage under the hill.

The room into which Marianna entered was very humble. There was no carpet on the floor, and the chairs were very plain and old-fashioned; but everything looked neat and clean, and in good order. Her mother was, as ever, busy with her knitting-needles, and little Willie was at play building a barn from some blocks. As the bright face of Marianna looked in at the door, it seemed as if gladness itself had entered; for a pleased smile shone over Mrs. Moore's face, and little Willie laughed for joy.

"Give me the violets, quick!" he said. "They haven't waked up yet," said Marianna; "and they are as lazy as you were this morning." "Well, why did n't you shake them and wake them up, as mamma did Willie?"

"Oh, the sunshine is mamma to the violet, and has to shake them and wake them."

Willie laughed, and went on with his play; but Marianna sat down with a thoughtful face. The sunshine crept around the corner of the house, and lighted up the little windows, and made the rosebush look like a wreath of silver and gold.

"I am sorry I am not rich," thought Marianna. "I am sorry I am not like the sunshine that can do everything. I think this is a troublesome world, and not half as good as it might be;" and she began to tell her mother her regrets and trials. "Well," said her mother, "I will tell you of a Prince who had power to make everything beautiful. He could change poor houses, like this, into palaces, and the fields into gardens, and poor clothes into beautiful ones. Whenever he took up his abode there was gladness and beauty. The shepherd's hut became radiant with light, if he but stepped within it. The castle was not worth living in, if he had never entered it. But the Prince saw how the inhabitants of the earth were increasing in numbers, and asked himself, 'I cannot do all I would; and what if anything should befall me? the world would be left desolate indeed.' So he summoned many wise men; and asked them what he should do to extend his power

ences" and the progress of civilization in the nineteenth century. If these are the results of your Democracy, enlightened by reason and science, and Americans may keep them all to yourselves. We Heathens, we Pagans, we Aborigines and we "Shakers" do not want them. We will still hold to our old landmarks until we can find some better progress than that. Is it any wonder that the Chinese and Japanese nations were so unwilling to open their trade to Europe and America? Is it not evident from the recent "wars" engendered in those nations, that it would have been better for them if Europeans and Americans had never entered their ports? When nations come to the light of the great scale of Justice, on which do you think the scales will fall with the greatest weight?—*Mess. Mens. Tekel. Pharis.* The Americans or Aborigines? Give us the condition of the poor Indians, our red brethren. They are not so lost and sunk in crime and licentiousness as their civilized neighbors are—the pale faces, as they call them—they live more in accordance with the laws of nature. Hence we have evidence to believe how they are far in advance of a large majority of those of civilized nations, in the "spirit-world."

Perhaps we could explain to you better and more to your edification verbally than we can by writing; however, we will make another effort. It is evident that civilized nations are more given to the "flesh" than the "spirit," hence their progress is downward instead of upward. What city in Europe is it that gives fashions to the whole civilized world? Is it not Paris, in France? And what did we see in one of the Cleveland papers but a few days ago? It was the following: "The Paris Police Reports say that during the past year no less than one thousand dead newly born infants have been detected at the reservoir of the immense reservoir into which the sewers empty their contents."—*Cleveland Weekly Plain Dealer, May 11th, 1864.* Infanticide is a great crime. To know how to kill infants before they are born is a "fruit" of the age of progress among civilized nations. It is a modern improvement on "conception," the object of which is to prevent the gratification of "lust" between the sexes without taking effect. Not being satisfied with this, they must corrupt the "press" and rising generation; and to give it general publicity, they must stick it into the newspapers, and let it be read by all over the land. Such are the abominable effects of the "going along with the false names of 'modesty' and 'sexual love.'" O "tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon."—II Samuel 1:20. Again we ask, where is humanity's progress among civilized nations?

Now we Heathens, Pagans, Aborigines and Shakers are radically conservative at this point. We are not at all versed in that kind of science. We are just where we were fifty years ago, or more, hence our lack of progress in that direction. We admit that we have never had occasion to learn the art of curing lung diseases caused by the action of the "flesh" on the "spirit," and "lust," contracted and enlivened in the city. Hence our lack of progress in that direction. We admit that we have never learned the art of modern warfare and its appendages, to learn how to kill human beings, and cause them to be sacrificed upon the altar of pride, lust and ambition; besides turning the past year into a thousand dead newly born infants for life, and these mostly taken out of the laboring classes—farmers and mechanics—some of the most useful and best citizens of our country. Hence our lack of progress in that direction. We admit that on all these points we are too "radically conservative" to keep up with the progress of the age. We can never descend to such low, degrading views. Now we Heathens, Pagans, Aborigines and Shakers, who shall decide, if Democracy, enlightened by reason and science, cannot? We answer, "Fruits." Reason and Science are good in their place, but let us examine fruits, and see what God they bear. There are two distinct Gods spoken of in Holy writ. The God of the Jews, and the other is the God of the world. These Gods have also their distinct attributes. The God of Heaven is known by his attributes of holiness, justice, mercy and truth. The God of this world, is known by his attributes, viz., the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. I. Cor. 1:3-4. John 1:10. Each God has his own "fruits," which always correspond with the attributes of the God they serve—hence by their "fruits" shall we know them.

These Theocracies emanating from the God of this world, are known by the "fruits" of the flesh, which are these: Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, kindness, lowliness, forbearance, which there is no law? Gal. 5:22. You ask, "Are not Mormonism and Free-Loveism Theocracies, as well as Catholicism? And are not the Jewish and Roman Catholic religions, Theocracies? Ans. Let us examine some of their "fruits" and compare them with the attributes of their God. How is it with the Mormons, Jews, and Roman Catholics? Do they not all bear arms, and learn the art of "war," and actually engage in human conflict to take life, void of any conscientious scruples, contrary to the principles of original Christianity? And is not this legalized murder? And is not murder one of the "fruits" of the flesh? And does not this place all the Theocracies, especially scripturally and conclusively, under the influence of the God of this world? What else can we make of them? By their "fruits" we are to decide this question, and not by Democracy, enlightened by reason and science, for these have already been weighed in the balance and found wanting in producing the "fruits" of the "Spirit."

How is it with the Free-Lover's Theocracy? Let us examine some of their "fruits." And what do we find? "Adultery," on the very first page of their history. Do they not seek out their affinity in another man's wife, and live with her as his own, year after year, while his own is living, and void of all guilt and void of the law? And is not this "adultery," according to the law, and according to the gospel? And is not adultery one of the fruits of the flesh? Consequently, does it not place their Theocracy under the God of this world? What else can we make of it? Where is humanity's progress among the Free-Lovers? Only downward instead of upward.

Did not the humble Author of Christianity teach man the great principle of non-resistance? Did he not say, "Love your enemies?" Which implied, "do not kill them." Then we would ask, in all candor, by what authority do Christian nations and Christian Theocracies go to "war," and do these things that are forbidden in the spirit? Do they not commit uncleanliness, according to Moses, their own law-giver? See Leviticus xv: 18. And is not uncleanliness one of the fruits of the flesh? And does not this place their Theocracy under the God of this world? What else can we make of it? Where is humanity's progress among the Jews? Are they not still holding on to old landmarks to the law? What has just claim and even savages in their most crude and barbarous state, to the blash? Again we ask, where is humanity's progress among civilized nations, to say nothing about Christians of the nineteenth century? Who is holding on to old landmarks? Are they not only fifty years, or more, but eighteen hundred years behind the age?

Where do we find the Jewish Theocracy? It may be argued that the Jews never recognized Jesus as the Messiah, but Moses is their law-giver in Israel, in him they trust. But their believing or disbelieving in the Messiah does not alter the truth nor diminish his. How is it with the Jews? Do they keep the "law" in the letter and in the spirit? Do they not commit uncleanliness, according to Moses, their own law-giver? See Leviticus xv: 18. And is not uncleanliness one of the fruits of the flesh? And does not this place their Theocracy under the God of this world? What else can we make of it? Where is humanity's progress among the Jews? Are they not still holding on to old landmarks to the law? What has just claim and even savages in their most crude and barbarous state, to the blash? Again we ask, where is humanity's progress among civilized nations, to say nothing about Christians of the nineteenth century? Who is holding on to old landmarks? Are they not only fifty years, or more, but eighteen hundred years behind the age?

instead of self-pleasing and self-justification; Honesty, instead of deception and double-dealing; Integrity, instead of ill-will and lawlessness. "Against which there is no law." "Fruits" are exhibited among the Shakers, in a greater or less degree, and have been for nearly half a century, and this is all the evidence that any body of people are required to give to prove their Theocracy to have emanated from the God of Heaven, which is recognized by them to be the highest and holiest form of Government on earth, because it is based upon simple obedience to a superior and higher law. Therefore it may be said, and to them, that they are the most successful, radical and moral Reformers of the age, without regard to the extinction of the race.

"When Doctors disagree." If they use drug poisons for remedies, reject them entirely; but do not throw their physic to the dogs, it may kill them; but throw it into the stove, or dig a hole in the ground and bury it, and then take the "law" and Hygiene, and live in strict accordance with physiological law, and our word for it, you will live the longer.

You ask, "Can God pardon the effects of a moral transgression any more than he can a physical one?" Ans. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." It is the irrevocable decree of God, that whoever transgresses law, both moral and physical, and whoever violates law must suffer the penalty of that law, whether it be moral or physical, and no vicarious atonement, or pardon, can avail anything, until he who transgresses ceases to transgress, and learns to live in obedience to the laws of his being, and thus forgives himself, and then, God, who is greater, can pardon more abundantly; as it is written, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Again we invite you to come and see us, and we will expound unto you the way of God more perfectly." I am, as ever, thy friend,
JAS. S. PRESCOTT.

YPRILANTI, MICH., June 29th, 1864.
Elder James S. Prescott, Cleveland, Ohio:

MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND—Your communication of May 29th was gladly received and carefully read. I could have answered you long before this, but the excessive demand for physical labor seemed to prevent. Please accept my thanks for the full, earnest and able manner in which my questions are answered.

You may believe me to be a Reformer in all that is sacred in the subjects of Politics, Medicine and Religion, and use the word "Reformer" to better effect, nor drink spirituous liquors, nor swear, nor pray. Most respectfully yours,
EDMUND YOUNG.

NICODEMIANS AND THOMASIANS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In the gospels we find the types of almost every human character or spiritual condition that we can possibly meet with in life. Amongst the disciples themselves what a variety of representative natures! We have Peter, the impetuous, ready in his zeal, but utterly incapable of any trial; the first to fall, the first to repent of his failure; and drawing from his better experience a grave strength that is admirable. We have in Matthew, the taxgatherer turned Spiritualist, and martyr for the truth; John the loving, simple soul, caring little for the chopped straw of mere dogmas, placing all merit in the love which is conferred on him the most sublime and prophetic visions of any of the apostles. We have Paul the leaved persecutor converted by miracle into the teacher of the natives. Philip, who had walked for years with the Godhead and did not know it, yet made capable, by the same power, of the flight of the eagle. We have the doubting Thomas, the doubter, and Judas the black sheep of the flock, the traitor of all traitors. We have in the counsellors of a whole nation one Gamaliel giving the counsel of true wisdom; and we have Nicodemus, who, though he was drawn toward Christ, only ventured to approach him by night. We have the sons of Zebedee, who desire to have granted to them, as the price of their discipleship, to sit on the right hand of Christ in heaven!

Who cannot point to men of our own day who are the exact followers of one or other of these representative men? In many cases they are not individually, but whole classes. How perfect is the coincidence of these classes! We have the Pharisees, the scribes, and the lawyers, who draw daughters, by incessant arts, from their mothers, and bring contempt on their Church by such despicable conduct, and those zealots to whom our Saviour said, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one jot or tittle to be added to the law, and ye will not do the weight of the child of hell that yourselves."

I have frequently drawn attention to the disciples of Nicodemus of our day, and have dubbed them Nicodemians, a name which is likely to adhere to a very numerous body. Who does not know amongst his acquaintance, sometimes no fewer than a hundred, who are distinguished by the name of Nicodemians, and who would not for the world be distinguished by the name of Nicodemians? They love the truth, but certainly not with a deep and perfect love, for "perfect love casteth out fear," and fear is their great tyrant. These persons love Christ, no doubt, and expect him to acknowledge them in his kingdom, though they have not acknowledged him here. They are willing to forego his explicit promises, "Whosoever is ashamed of me and of my word in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." They would draw near to the persecuted truth, only they do not "draw near." They would know the truth, but they do not wish to be distinguished by its martyrs, but that they have no fancy for martyrdom.

They forget the inevitable conditions of discipleship: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." They cannot follow Christ, or Christ's truth, who are not prepared like him, to be despised and rejected of men. None can do this but the truly wise and heaven-illumined, who remember the grand condition of apostleship. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose (or is willing to lose) his life for my sake, the same shall save it." The true disciple knows that the blood of martyrdom is the seed which is inseparably bound up with persecutions; "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel, but he shall receive a hundred-fold more in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life."—Mark x: 29. But the Nicodemian, who would like to have the hundred-fold, does not like the price at which that is to be purchased, and he comes to Christ by candlelight; and, no doubt, he will receive a candlelight reward.

The Nicodemians would not look on the present persecuted truth of the gospel, the manifestation of the world and the life of ministering spirit, if it were only not persecuted; he would be very valiant if there was no danger of ridicule from friends, and loss from other quarters. He would be a rose-leaved hero; a martyr amid the very flames, if they were but the flames of a general fire, and applauding thousands. But these were not the martyrs and heroes of other days. We look back on times when Christianity was rudely persecuted, and those who believed in it did not believe under a cloak, or in the chamber with blinds drawn and doors locked. They stood and heard the sarcasms of the streets, the bloody rattle of soldiers, the supplicating of hungry wild beasts, and the agonizing in the like experiments. From age to age those terrors and others were renewed, and the believers met them not as skulkers, but as men:

"Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious tide."

Who is the man who has not been denuded with the blood of martyrdom? Who has not been in the prison, and the stake have not done their dreadful work on the hoary head, the tender woman, and the tender child; and these have stood like the rockers in their firmness; mothers have come forth into the place of execution, not to say, "adieu your father, children, and escape the horrors of this death," but to say, "adieu, and bid them suffer and die like him who died for them." Glorious days! glorious men, mothers and children! Europe had such days and such people at the Reformation; England and Scotland had such

days, the days of Smithfield, of the iron boot, and the braze cow; the days of Quakerism and Wesleyism; the days of un-daunted hearts, and hideous dungeons, and branding with hot irons, and of ransacked houses, and dragging through horse-pounds, and pelting with mud and stones. Those days are gone; but is the man who believes in the truth that the brave and frequently died for? Or, were there a vapor which has exhaled? No; here is the truth, the ancient imperishable truth, but where are the men? Here is the grand old truth come forth on the wings of heaven, and with the words and in-gings of God, through his spirit, begins crying down with this foul and deadly heresy, which has broken up the union with heaven, and spread a thick veil over the entrance to the region of souls, and declared that man has nothing better to live for than making railroads and building steam engines, and poring into the properties of matter. Down with the materialist, which broods over the naturalist in his forest round, over the cruelest of the chemist; and has spread a thick cloud over the pulpits of the Church and Dissent. Down with the demon philosophy, which is on all sides sapping the foundations of historic truth in the Scripture, which would give us gospel maxims, and the good of the world, who himself is 'the truth and the life.' Down with that which is physical machinery which would sift out the wheat and feed you on the chaff. It is no longer a question whether you shall have religion, but whether you shall have souls; whether there be a Christ, but whether there is or ever has been a greater? The philosophy of the day has triumphed over these faiths already in millions, and its profoundest researches are leading you to—Nothingness."

Such is the proclamation from the inner regions of the universe, carried by myriad spirit-voices through all civilized lands; and what is the result? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become feeble and degenerate? Have we effeminized in our silken slippers, and on our smoothly-gliding carriages? The ancient truth of God is being again in this shape and for this need—but where are the heroic men and women? Where are the days of Godlike martyrdom? Has the earth lost its steel and snow? Have the nations become

Lycium Hall Meetings.

Sunday afternoon, Feb. 26th, the theme of the discourse, through the inspiration of Miss Lizzie Doten, was "The Angel's Token" or "The Arrow Sharpened with Love," in which it was shown that all afflictions and sorrows which come to the human family, were arrows sharpened with love and intended for good.

In the evening the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, to listen to a somewhat novel procedure. It had been previously announced that a question would be discussed by two spirits, pupils of a third spirit who would act as umpire, and decide on the merits of the discussion; all the parties to speak through the mediumship of Miss Doten. The question discussed was, "Which is the safest guide for mortal man—Nature or Religion?" The disputants occupied fifteen minutes at a time, each speaking twice. The first spirit who took possession of the medium was the teacher, who gave his name as "Philo" and made a few explanatory remarks in regard to the debate and the debaters. Then giving way, "Felix" took control of the medium, and commenced the discussion by arguing for "Nature" in a manner that exhibited a fair share of ability, till his time was up; when "Vortas" took control and spoke earnestly in behalf of "Religion." It was evident he had the advantage of the other, by being able to take hold of his weakest points; and the audience began to show some interest in the debate. When "Felix" turned again he seemed to gain the advantage; and the interest in the audience also increased. After both had made their closing argument, "Philo" resumed control and briefly criticized the discussion, and decided that although they both had maintained their positions with ability and candor yet neither had gained his point; for they had argued from extremes. A harmonious blending of Nature and Religion would be the safest guide for mortal man. In elaborating this point an instructive lesson was drawn, which, in connection with the discussion, can but do good to some of the attentive listeners.

A similar discussion is to take place again soon, through the same medium, so the controlling intelligence announced.

A. E. Newton--The Freedmen.

The Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Daily Union, in alluding to "remarkable characters in Government employment" in Washington, speaks of our friend and fellow townsman as follows: "A. E. Newton, of Massachusetts, printer, editor, and lecturer on Spiritualism, is a \$1200 clerk in the Quarter Masters Department. He has been at the head of the volunteer teaching of the Evening Colored Schools of Washington, and is now sought by some of the Northern States to take the superintendency of the Freedmen's Relief and Educational Organization, at a salary in lieu of his present situation in the War Department. He is a very fit man for the place. I have heard from him the most thoughtful, best digested, and instructive and inspiring lecture I ever heard from any of the school of lecturers."

I also had the pleasure of hearing him read a paper to a private audience, on the personality of Deity; a production surpassed by no philosopher that I know of in breadth and depth, in the completeness of all its parts, and in the logical precision and conclusiveness by which all his deductions, one by one, were obtained.

We fully endorse the above estimate of Bro. Newton's abilities, and his peculiar fitness for the position of Superintendent of the Freedmen's Relief and Educational Organization, for we believe him to be thoroughly conscientious and honest in everything he undertakes, and think no person more capable for that position could be found. If the directors are wise men, they will endeavor to secure his valuable services.

Spiritualists at Work.

We observe by a notice in the Missouri Patriot that our friends, Messrs. E. Hovey and W. H. McAdams, are holding Spiritual Circles at Springfield, Mo., in order to give investigators in that vicinity a chance to witness the wonderful phenomena of the nineteenth century. They state in their card, that as they desire all may have an opportunity to witness the phenomena and satisfy themselves of their nature and origin, they advise that circles be formed in private families, inviting one or two of the many media now being developed to sit in these circles, where, in the quiet of a small and private circle, manifestations of a much more satisfactory nature may be expected, and where each may investigate the subject for themselves. Meanwhile they would state for the benefit of all who, in candor and sincerity, wish to investigate a subject now engrossing the attention of more than fifteen millions of our American citizens, as well as of many millions more throughout the civilized world, that whenever, in their judgment, the manifestations given them warrant a public exhibition, the proper steps will be taken to give to all those tangible and uncontrovertible evidences of the continued existence of life after the metamorphosis called death, that have so frequently been given them.

Dr. L. K. Cooney in the West.

This zealous worker is doing a lasting good to the people of the West, in spreading the gospel of Spiritualism, by lecturing and circulating spiritual publications. In a brief note to us, remitting \$70 and an order for a hundred more books, he says, "I have just left Hannibal, Mo., with the friends there in good cheer. I cannot go to Kansas at present. Mrs. Dr. Wilhelm is expected to visit Hannibal soon. She will find a hearty welcome. There are noble souls at Hannibal. God bless them for their kindness to me. I expect to return there in the Fall. I was permitted to be the instrument of doing much good there by healing the sick."

Mr. Foster's Seances.

Multitudes of people are continually thronging Mr. Foster's rooms, No. 6 Suffolk Place; and it is not in the least surprising to us that they do. What mortal does not desire to communicate with his or her friends in the life immortal, now that the chasm has been bridged, allowing them to return? Mr. F. is simply an instrument in the hands of the higher powers, through whose instrumentality great good is being vouchsafed to earth's people; therefore he will be sustained against all opposition until his mission is fully completed.

Annie Lord Chamberlain.

In compliance with the earnest solicitations of friends in Providence, R. I., who were desirous to witness the extraordinary physical manifestations through the mediumship of Mrs. Chamberlain, she consented to spend eight or ten days in that place. Her circles will be resumed again at her rooms in this city next week.

L. Judd Pardee in Washington.

A correspondent informs us that Brother Pardee's lecture on Sunday evening, Feb. 26th, before the Spiritualists of Washington, on the "Origin and Mission of Evil," was listened to with great attention by an appreciative audience.

An Original Story.

We take pleasure in announcing to our numerous readers everywhere that we shall commence the publication of a SERIAL STORY in the First Number of our next Volume, to be continued in subsequent issues until completed, entitled--

KATIE MALVOURNEY

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Those who wish to secure the whole of this Fine Story, by one of our very best writers, should send in their orders at once, as our next issue completes the present volume of the BANNER.

New Publications

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MARCH. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, Publishers. This number is of more interest than usual. The papers on Edward Everett and Miss Landon will command especial attention. The entire contents are as follows:--The Story of a Year--I; The Frozen Harbor; At Andersonville; Dr. Johns, II.; Ancient Mining on the Shores of Lake Superior; To a Post on his Birthday; Needle and Garden--III.; Memories of Authors: Miss Landon; Our Oldest Friend; Edward Everett; Notes of a Planter--II.; The Chimney Corner--III.; The Popular Lecture; The Hour of Victory; The Causes of Foreign Enmity to the United States; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS for March. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co., 274 Canal street.

This monthly is quietly working its way to public attention, and improving on each successive issue. The reader will find some noble thoughts in the following named articles in the number for this month: New Belief and Old Opinion, by Rev. Edward C. Towne; Humanity and the Redemptive Agencies, by C. D. B. Mills; Twice Smitten, (Poetry), by Phoebe Cary; The Last Great of Unitarianism; A Modern Bill against Comets; Herbert Spencer, by T. W. Higginson; Spirits out of Prison, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham; Clothes, by R. T. Hallcock; Baby Annie, (Poetry), by George S. Burleigh; The Kinder-Garten, by Mrs. Louise Pollock; The Constitutional Amendment; Literary Notices.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Twelve times a year this old friend visits us, and each time is welcomed more cordially. Its last visit brought us as charming a bouquet of "Forest Leaves" as nature ever produced. Reader, buy it and examine its entire contents, and you will find something which will more than remunerate you for the outlay. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it.

Exposed for two Shillings.

The Museum Aquarium is a good place to angle for gudgeons and tadpoles, and Von Vleck is now employed in this capacity by the great Phineas, at the Minister's Theatre, where all the amusements are said to be approved by the Moral Reform Society, and all the people are supposed to be piously inclined. Just now the people of the black coat and white cravat persuasion are being entertained with the "deeply interesting and exciting exposé of Spiritualism" and the manner of conducting "the great imposture." As Von Vleck can boast of some experience in "the imposture" business, it is quite likely he may be able to show the proficiency that results from natural proclivities and long practice.

When a man is fairly dead and buried in respect to his principles and his influence, he may very properly seek an engagement at the New York theatre of all saints and moralists. Why should he not be exhibited with the dead lions, buffaloes, buzzards, kangaroos and glue-pigs? Von Vleck having been decently flayed a dozen times or more with the sword of the spirits or some meaner weapon, we may expect to find his effigy duplicated in any complete zoological collection.

Barnum certainly shows remarkable enterprise in securing all the dead and living novelties. The last one comes before us rather rough-shod, but he promises to draw nearly as much as the celebrated woolly horse. To give dignity to the whole performance, the dancing giraffe, the trained monkeys, and the great gas-blower will all appear in conjunction with Dr. Von Vleck. The "What is it" is expected to follow the Doctor and his spiritual "cat let out of the bag." S. B. B.

Finding their "Affinities."

It must be bracing to those Spiritualists who have been shamed or disheartened into flat denial or utter neglect of the glorious and inestimable truths of Spiritualism, to read Miss Hardinge's communication in the Banner of the 26th. To timid and sensitive natures that article will be as a triple coat of steel; while to those who have wrung it from her, may it be as inexorable as that law which follows the waters of a broken dyke. It is high time that "Spiritualism" should have a definition in the minds of the people. There is nothing in true Spiritualism--the Spiritualism of Jesus Christ--at which our common natures should long rebel; it would be a paradox in nature if it were so. I never yet conversed with the man or woman, were they never so bigoted, to whom I had an opportunity of explaining that Spiritualism, with me, meant the existence of as natural, positive and scientific proofs of continued life and individuality out of the body, as is presented in any of the actual sciences; and that the true way to ascertain the blessings which this startling fact may bring, is to listen to the still small voice within, which will never fail to draw us nearer to the Triune God, (Mercy, Love and Truth), and gradually unfold to us the glories of our God-like inheritance--I say, I have never explained my Spiritualism to the most prejudiced, in this light, when I was not listened to patiently at least, often with a flushed cheek and kindling eye, and very often with the exclamation, "I wish I could believe as you do!" I never couple it with domestic difficulties, rum or tobacco, or "women riding astride," etc.; and when I am forced to come within the reach of those who cannot move one step without the aid of a hobby, and I quote them, "the truth shall make you free," and try to explain to them how I understand that promise, I fear I often fall than succeed. For most of the odium attached to Spiritualism it can thank its "friends."

But there is a better time coming; already there is a thorough awakening among Spiritualists upon this subject. The day is about past, I think, when the mother of one family shall take the father of another, or any one else, just because they choose, and be contented and supported by any Spiritualist whose claim to that title is better than that of a "dead rabbit" to a Christian. Truly yours, PATRICK WELCH. New York, Feb. 23, 1895.

Peter Wade.

I am Peter Wade, sir. I was killed last night in Tom Kelly's saloon, in the Bowery, New York; Tom Quinn killed me. There's no rest of going through a great long law suit to find out who committed the murder, for I can come back and tell myself, What's the day, sir? [Thursday, the second of March.] Yes, sir; so I thought. On the first day of March--Wednesday--I was stabbed, and died before morning, and I ain't buried yet. I can come back and tell my own story, and I want Tom Quinn to come up to one of these places where it's understood that dead folks can talk. I'll show him who owed the ten dollars--he or I. I was n't drunk, sir, nor crazy. I was a rough, I know. Soon as I found I was free, I come back. March 2.

The above message was received at our circle on Thursday last, and is published at once, at the request of the spirit.

The Boston Conference.

At the next meeting of the Spiritualists Conference, on Thursday evening, March 9th, at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield street, the following question will be discussed: "Is it safe for man to be governed by his natural appetites and passions, restrained and controlled by his reason and conscience?"

L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Box 3577, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 469 West Lake street.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

1. We have several communications on hand, on various subjects which we should print, were the MSS. suitably prepared for the press. The writers request us to "correct them." This we have not the time to do.

2. Those of our patrons whose term of subscription expires with the present volume, had better renew at once, if they desire to keep their files perfect.

3. We were under obligations to Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this city, for the original MSS. of the beautiful Poems that have recently appeared in this paper, given through the inspiration of Miss Lizzie Doten at Lycium Hall.

In the notice of Dr. Griswold's painting, "The Descent of the Angels," it was stated that the small photographs were twenty-five cents. It should have been seventy-five cents.

Circulate the Books on Spiritualism, friends. Circulate the Spiritual papers. Circulate the pamphlets. The more we circulate the documents, the more rapidly will the already great spiritual army swell its numbers. Do not letter by the way.

The Spiritualists of Dover, Maine, wish to engage the services of H. P. Fairfield for the month of July. Mr. F. is therefore requested to inform A. K. P. Gray, of the above place, where a letter will reach him.

The new enrollment bill declares that any officer who musters in a deserter or insane person, or a person in a state of intoxication, knowing them to be such, shall be dishonorably dismissed from the service.

GOVERNMENT LANDS.--The United States owns upward of 1,000,000,000 acres of public lands susceptible of cultivation. They own at least 2,000,000 acres of gold and silver bearing lands. The arable lands are worth at least \$1,200,000,000 and the mineral lands are worth at least \$8,000,000,000, making together a total of \$9,200,000,000.

To love and to labor is the sum of living; and yet too many think they five who neither labor nor love.

The Jews would not set their foot upon a piece of paper lest the name of God might be written upon it. Take care, lest you set your foot upon him.

A wag, attempting to quiz the Irish depot tender, inquired, "Has the railroad got in?" "One ind has," was the prompt reply.

The Cloak of Religion is to be known sometimes by the fine nap it has during sermon time.

Mr. Gurney, a rich Englishman, lately died, leaving twenty million dollars worth of property. He left twenty-five thousand dollars in charitable bequests and the rest goes to rich relatives.

Photography is to nature what street organs are to music.

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I do n't know," she said, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

Cardinal Wiseman is dead.

The New York Independent advocates female suffrage. It thinks the war has prepared the people to consider this question favorably. A contemporary suggests that the reform should begin with the Churches, which do not yet allow their women to vote--very few permit them to speak, even.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken, is like a sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desirest to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.--Quarles.

Richard Frothingham, Esq., the historian, has dissolved his connection with the Boston Post. His retirement from the arduous duties of Journalism will give him leisure for more congenial studies.

When you walk out to take the air, take your belt with you.

GROWING OLD.

Unless you are growing wise and good. "I can't respect you for growing old; 'Tis a path you would fain avoid if you could, 'And it means growing ugly, suspicious and cold."

The income of Le Grand Lockwood, of Norwalk, Ct., is \$500,000. Morris W. Ketchum, of Westport, returns \$350,000.

He is a brave man who dares to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

Love is not preserved by gifts and sacrifices, whose influence soon disappears, but by words and looks of love.

The Banner of Light fraternity have seen pale-browed poverty asking work and bread; seen little children and old men bowed grayward by reason of hunger. They have erected an altar where the blessed gospel of "bread for the poor" is preached by out-giving. To this altar, the more fortunate gather with their free-will offerings, wherewith to minister to the breadless.--The Progressive Age.

How about those "some twenty recanting Lynn Spiritualists," friend Orlis? When Jimmie went to school, she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular? "Because it's so very singular they do n't get married."

Rev. Dr. Cook, Principal of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, says the Methodists of this country have, for the last twenty years, established on the average one school in four months, at an average endowment of \$40,000, making sixty schools in that time at a cost of \$2,400,000.

Though there were not enough righteous people in Sodom to save the city, there was nevertheless a pretty good lot.

Nobody likes to be found fault with, but most everybody likes to find fault.

Dr. K., the Unitarian minister at Plymouth, Mass., once supplied the pulpit of brother Whittemore, the Orthodox preacher in the little village of Clintonville, a Bostonian present, asked, one of the congregation how he liked the doctor. "Oh, well enough," said he, "but we don't believe in but one God." "Well, well," answered the Bostonian, "that's all right, one God is enough for Clintonville; they do n't have but three in Boston."

Senator Wilson's bill to make free the families of colored soldiers will give liberty to some 40,000 or 50,000 women and children, many of whom are in Kentucky.

Carlyle says that each man carries under his coat a "private theatre," whereon is acted a greater drama than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON OLGANS.--And so, Isaac, you've been to see Lincoln and Hamlin's Cabinet organ? They say it has an aromatic smell that's not like anybody else's, and is even better than the night blowing serious. I hope you did n't hear the one that has the penal base. It's strange good people can patronize these baner sort o' things. And you heard the sympathy of A. Miner, did you? For my part I should rily like to hear that. He was our next door neighbor, and my Paul used to say that Adolphus Miner had n't a morsel of sympathy for anybody, and people generally did n't think he had; but, in me! times change, and now it seems he's got some, and had it set into music.--Boston Post.

Ball's statue of Washington is at the Ames Works, Chicopee, ready for casting. When completed, it will probably be erected in a prominent position on the Boston Common, or in the Public Garden.

We clip the following from the Liverpool Daily Post of Feb. 13th. What does it mean?

"Oh! ye ministers of the Omnipotent, who are to blame if your schools and churches are deserted by the hungry masses whose elevation to the dignity of manhood it is your sacred privilege to promote and perfect, ponder this question and take a hint: make education, whether religious or secular, attractive, not repellent, by its surroundings."

Compositors sometimes make authors say curious things. For instance, we find the following "correction" in the World's Crisis: "In the paragraph alluding to compression of the feet, instead of 'ingrown toe nails,' it reads 'ringworm toe nails,' etc."

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.]

A. C., PHILADELPHIA, Pa.--\$5.00 received.

TO OURECATARRH.--What is the Catarrh? It is a defluxion or increased secretion of mucus from the membranes of the nose, fauces and bronchiae, with fever, sneezing, cough, tight, lassitude, and loss of appetite, and sometimes an entire loss of taste, called a cold. An Epileptic Catarrh is called Influenza a chronic affection of the mucus membrane of the nostrils and fauces. To cure above, add to half a pint of cold water ten drops of Dr. T. B. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Oiler; take some of the mixture in your hand and sniff it up your nose, until it comes out of your mouth, be thorough, and use of snuff, and sometimes an entire loss of taste, called a cold. It may take six months to cure, but a decided improvement will be observed in thirty days. For sale everywhere.

B. T. BARBITT, SOLE AGENT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK.

Hilton's Insoluble Cement. For wood, leather, crockery, and other substances, is the best and most economical that the housekeeper can have. It is in a liquid form, and is applied with a brush, and dries to a solid substance completely. Two-ounce bottle, with brush (family package) 25 cents each. Sold everywhere.

W. C. HOBBS, Sole Agent, Providence, R. I. On receipt of 50 cents, a family package will be sent by mail. Feb. 11--3m

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

REMOVAL.--Mrs. E. N. CLARK, Physician, No. 13 South Street, Boston, next door to Lewis House. Mrs. C. has removed from Lawrence, Mass., where, during a practice of over sixteen years, she met with unparalleled success. She gives the most successful practice, both male and female, especially to Female Diseases and Obstetrics.

Ladies wishing to place themselves under her care during confinement can be accommodated with large airy rooms with kind attention and in a superior location. She will be happy to receive calls from her friends and patients at any time in the day.

LADIES WHO ARE AFFLICTED WITH Diseases peculiar to their sex, should lose no time, but go instantly and consult with the Senior Doctor STEARNS, through his medium, MRS. THAYER, at No. 10 Tremont Row, up stairs.

His remedies for diseases of woman and children need not one trial to insure their acceptance as the best in use, whatever they may be prescribed for. Remember the number--10 TREMONT ROW. Office hours from 10 o'clock A. M. to 7 P. M. daily. March 11.

MRS. LIZZIE WETHERSHE, Healing Medium. Office, 10 Tremont Row, Boston. Hours from 9 till 11 A. M., and 2 till 5 P. M. No medicines given. March 11.

POEMS FOR REFORMERS. BY WILLIAM DENTON. SECOND EDITION.

TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS, who are laboring to remove the evils that afflict Humanity, and speed the time when men shall form one brotherly family, the wife and follow-laborer, these verses are dedicated by their friend and fellow-laborer.

CONTENTS: I may not be a Poet; The Freeman's Resolution; Truth and Error; To the true Reformer; The Freeman's Reply; No; Labor; The Coming Day; Revolution; What I once Thought; The Devil is Dead; Blind Workers; The World is Young; The Woman's Plight; The Cause of our Plight; The Song of the "I'll be true for Humanity's sake; Be Thyself; Man, Woman and Priest; Langensland; What I ask for; The Advent of Freedom; The Right of Grumblers; The Ideal; The Ideal; The On-coming Eden of Glory; Thoughts; The Future Day; Liberty's Star; Appeal to America; The Anthem of the Free; On being asked to take the Oath of Alliance; Slavery; Wreck of Humanity; The True Light; The South's Past and Present; Comfort for the Mourner; My Friend; The Maid; The Answer to the "Let's Sing; Beauty; Winter is Dead; The Seasons; Future Life; Hope for All; Advice to a Friend; To the Sun; William and Henry; The Song of the Future; The Song of the Future; To E. M. F.; To Hannah C. L.; Lines to Lizzy; Winter; Caxton and the Collier; Sunday Sabbath; Bible Story in Verse.

Price 25 cents. Postage 10 cents. For sale at this office. March 6.

JAMES B. NEWTON, M. D., THE HEALER!

CHICAGO FOR THIRTY DAYS FROM MARCH 6th. FREE TO ALL.

"Without Money and without Price" Dr. NEWTON has the "gift of healing" by touch, or touching any article of clothing of the sick who may be at any distance, and has cured over three thousand in a single day. 11--March 4.

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 secretions--thus equalizing the Nervous Fluid throughout the system. It produces a delicious sense of repose, calms the excited mind; quiets the throbbing muscles and twinges nerves, and repairs the waste of the vital force. IT CANNOT BE OVERESTIMATED in value, either for the nervous mind or herb. IT IS ALWAYS SAFE, AND ALWAYS BENEFICIAL. Sold by BELLA MARSH, 41 Bromfield street, Boston, and by all respectable druggists. 11--Dec. 11.

THE NEW BOOK.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE, Author of "Cudjoo's Cave," "Neighbor Jackwood," &c.

THE THREE SCOUTS!

TENTH THOUSAND! ALREADY IN PRESS.

ALREADY AHEAD OF "CUDJOO'S CAVE" FOR THE SAME TIME AFTER PUBLICATION.

WAR FICTION. Mr. Trowbridge's new story, "The Three Scouts," is the best novel of the war we have yet read. It is full of adventure and interest--(The Philadelphia Press, J. W. Forney's well known paper.

Trowbridge's New War Story, "The Three Scouts," has already passed its tenth thousand, and promises to have a larger sale than "Cudjoo's Cave." It is certainly an improvement on the popular book. The passages of description are vivid and bright, and the narrative rapid, and the presentation of the characters close to nature and life. It is impossible to open the volume at any page without being struck by the quick and powerful animation of the story.--(Boston Transcript).

THE NEW BOOK, "THE THREE SCOUTS." Our young people will be greatly interested in the books of this author. We welcome with a keen delight their old friend, Mr. Trowbridge, in this, his last work.

The scene is laid in the West, and the entire story is connected with that dangerous department of military service termed "scouting," but really involving the office and duty of a spy. The whole work is full of stirring adventures, which keep the interest unflaggingly to the very end. The moral impression which the book must leave upon the young is most excellent. Its periodical will tend to make our American youth more loyal and patriotic, cultivate them a sense of honor in character, and enforce a true, manly liberality and sympathy, by the success which came to these "scouts" heroes through his practice, aided by the living picture of the reverse side in the history of the miserable "Cave" Crumplets. Our youth should read it for it will amply repay our older readers for an evening sitting around their fireside. Get it, and let your family hear it, as an evening pastime and lesson--a grand success.

THE THREE SCOUTS. The New Bedford Mercury, speaking of this new work, just published by J. T. Trowbridge, (of which the first thousand has been issued,) says: "This is in its nature a work of fiction, founded upon incidents in the war in the Southwest; and yet no more marvelous than would be the simple narrative of history. It is thrilling and interesting, and the same author, and brings before the reader the hardships and hardships of the noble fellows who do the hazardous work of scouts."

It is a sort of a sequel to "Cudjoo's Cave," and "Neighbor Jackwood." Intensely interesting.--(Exchange).

Although it is really a \$2.25 book, on account of the great sales made before publication, it is put at the low price of \$1.75.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, THE FAMOUS CUDJOO'S CAVE, - - - - - \$2.00.

TRAVELER'S EDITION, - - - - - \$1.50.

SECRETARY CHASE (now Chief Justice of the United States) said of this book:--"Cudjoo's Cave" I could not help reading. It interested and impressed me profoundly."

ALSO, BY THE SAME AUTHOR, NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD, - - - - - \$2.00. MARTIN MERRIVALE, - - - - - \$2.00.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM. OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY. BY GEORGE STEARNS. "The Truth shall make you free."

PART I.--What the Church has had to do with Jesus. PART II.--What Jesus had to do with Christianity. PART III.--What Jesus had to do with the Church of Jesus.

The author of the above work, after stating the pretensions and character of the modern Christian Church, proceeds to argue that the Church of Jesus was not, and never intended to be, such a Church as is claimed by its worshippers, and that the system of doctrine and of ecclesiasticalism, commonly called Christianity, did not originate with him, but with Paul and later writers; hence that the common supposition, that Jesus was the founder of the existing Church, her ordinances and doctrine, is a stupendous mistake of Christendom. He further argues that Jesus himself taught rational and truthful doctrines; but that his disciples, though sincere and honest men, yet lacked ability fully to comprehend his teaching, and hence could record only their own imperfect apprehensions of his meaning; that he was a pre-eminently exemplary man, and a medium of Celestial Revelations and Angelic Influences; and that the leading characteristics of his doctrine were--one God the Father of all Goodness--Nature the Method of Divine Providence--and Heaven the Fruit of Virtue.

"The author displays much ability, research, insight and ingenuity in maintaining these positions; and we think he justifies the more important part of his beyond refutation."--A. E. Newton, in the N. E. Spiritualist.

"We think the author has succeeded in establishing a very important point."--Herald of Progress.

Price \$1; postage 20 cents. For sale at this office. July 9.

A FRESH LOT, JUST RECEIVED FROM THE WINDY.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

CONTENTS: The Princess; A Vision of Royalty in the Spheres. The Homecoming; or, the Spirit of the Past. The Picture; or, the Life and Times of Mrs. Hannah Morrison, sometimes styled the Witch of Blackwood.

Life: A Fragment. Margaret Inflex, or a Narrative concerning a Haunted Man. The Witch of Blackwood. The Phantom Mother; or, the Story of a Recluse. Haunted Houses. No. 1--The Picture; or, the Life and Times of Mrs. Hannah Morrison, sometimes styled the Witch of Blackwood. Christmas Stories. No. 1--The Stranger Guest--An Incident founded on Fact. Christmas Stories. No. 2--Fath; or, Mary Macdonald. The Wildfire Club: A Tale founded on Fact.

Price \$1.25; postage 20 cents. For sale at this office. Oct. 15.

IN PRESS, AND WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED, A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS, ENTITLED,

"VOICES OF THE MORNING."

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.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the character of their life on earth to the beyond—whether for good or evil.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the character of their life on earth to the beyond—whether for good or evil.

Invocation. Infinite Jehovah, from the sacred cathedral of human life we would pay thee the immortal homage of the soul.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now in readiness to briefly consider inquiries from correspondents of the audience.

CHAIRMAN.—H. H. of Waukegan, Ill., sends the following questions to be answered at our circle: Q. 1st.—Where do the summer birds of our climate—the robin, bluebird, wren, thrush, &c.—find their winter quarters?

Q. 2nd.—Far above the region of vapor clouds float a light, fleecy order of cloudlets known as "skiffs." Are they meteoric matter, the expelled gaseous exhalations rising from marshes and pools, the tracings from rotting vegetation, together with the various earthy salts and minerals, usually held in solution by water, such as sulphur, lime, magnesia, arsenic, nitre, iron, &c., which pass off with evaporation, but never return with rain?

Q. 3rd.—Is it true that spirits retain what are called the animal faculties. Through your eyes was said, in substance, that the lowest level of the intellect is a faculty, then a desire—hence one or the other must be mistaken. Please explain.

Q. 4th.—The faculties or powers of soul or spirit must of necessity be retained, else it loses its individuality, becomes a nonentity. It matters not where that spirit soars, whether to the highest heaven of mind, or the lowest hell of matter, it retains its individual faculties all the same.

Q. 5th.—It would seem, sometimes, from the extensive use he makes of his animal propensities. However, we should rather determine that man was governed by reason—not that which you call instinct, which belongs to the animal, or that which may be called instinct, if you please; but a something that is peculiar to the human intellect.

Q. 6th.—The difference is in degree only. Instinct and reason are of the same family. Q. 7th.—In Luke, fourteenth chapter, twenty-sixth verse, Christ is made to say, "If any man come to me and hate not his father, mother, wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

Hiram Fales. I am Hiram Fales, sir, of the 2d Missouri. I mean to say, sir, that I was born in Tennessee, I mean to say, sir, that I was born in Tennessee, I mean to say, sir, that I was born in Tennessee.

Invocation. Oh God, in the midst of the dim mysteries of life, thy children are ever asking for light, more light. They are ever looking forward to that future that will ever remain a future to them, hoping, vainly hoping that it may reveal to them those mysteries that the past and the present have failed to reveal.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to briefly consider inquiries from correspondents of the audience.

CHAIRMAN.—J. W. White, of Clifton, Illinois, writes: "In the year 1847 our Government sent a delegation to Chili to make observations on the phenomenon of the zodiacal light."

Q. 1st.—I have experienced some very strange sensations since death. The desire to return has possessed me with such terrible force that I have forgotten everything else in my intense desire to return and tell my experience as a spirit, insignificant and brief though it may be.

Q. 2nd.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 3rd.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 4th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 5th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 6th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

James Lyle. I am not in the habit of thrusting myself in where I might be pretty sure I'm not wanted; but the truth is, I'm very desirous of sending some word from this place, or any other where I might get the chance, to those I've left at home.

Invocation. Oh God, in the midst of the dim mysteries of life, thy children are ever asking for light, more light. They are ever looking forward to that future that will ever remain a future to them, hoping, vainly hoping that it may reveal to them those mysteries that the past and the present have failed to reveal.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to briefly consider inquiries from correspondents of the audience.

CHAIRMAN.—J. W. White, of Clifton, Illinois, writes: "In the year 1847 our Government sent a delegation to Chili to make observations on the phenomenon of the zodiacal light."

Q. 1st.—I have experienced some very strange sensations since death. The desire to return has possessed me with such terrible force that I have forgotten everything else in my intense desire to return and tell my experience as a spirit, insignificant and brief though it may be.

Q. 2nd.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 3rd.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 4th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 5th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 6th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Cassius Emmons. I'm from the place, sir, where they make wooden nutmegs, to occupy the next bunk to the gentleman that's just left.

Invocation. Oh God, in the midst of the dim mysteries of life, thy children are ever asking for light, more light. They are ever looking forward to that future that will ever remain a future to them, hoping, vainly hoping that it may reveal to them those mysteries that the past and the present have failed to reveal.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to briefly consider inquiries from correspondents of the audience.

CHAIRMAN.—J. W. White, of Clifton, Illinois, writes: "In the year 1847 our Government sent a delegation to Chili to make observations on the phenomenon of the zodiacal light."

Q. 1st.—I have experienced some very strange sensations since death. The desire to return has possessed me with such terrible force that I have forgotten everything else in my intense desire to return and tell my experience as a spirit, insignificant and brief though it may be.

Q. 2nd.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 3rd.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 4th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 5th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 6th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Captain Bean. (Giving his hand to Captain Fred Pope, who sat near the medium and shaking him heartily by the hand) Captain Pope, how do you do? I'm meet you? Oh God how strange! What does it mean?

Invocation. Oh God, in the midst of the dim mysteries of life, thy children are ever asking for light, more light. They are ever looking forward to that future that will ever remain a future to them, hoping, vainly hoping that it may reveal to them those mysteries that the past and the present have failed to reveal.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to briefly consider inquiries from correspondents of the audience.

CHAIRMAN.—J. W. White, of Clifton, Illinois, writes: "In the year 1847 our Government sent a delegation to Chili to make observations on the phenomenon of the zodiacal light."

Q. 1st.—I have experienced some very strange sensations since death. The desire to return has possessed me with such terrible force that I have forgotten everything else in my intense desire to return and tell my experience as a spirit, insignificant and brief though it may be.

Q. 2nd.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 3rd.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 4th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 5th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Q. 6th.—I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as possible, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

Vertical text on the right margin, including names and dates, possibly a list of contributors or a sidebar.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and Jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.
Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;

When a man looks through a tear in his own eye,
It is often a lens which reveals what no telescope,
however skillfully constructed, could do.

UNDER THE LEAVES.
Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blest foreknowledge
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

Oh, prophet souls, with lips of bloom,
Outvying in their beauty
The pearls of time's ocean shells,
Ye teach me Faith and Duty.

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With Love's divine foreknowledge
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers growing.

Aim to raise your children to a high standard,
Do not sink to childlikeness yourself.

SPRING AND AGE.
The birds sing in their leafy bowers,
And brooks make music on their way;
I, too, feel Spring's genial power,

Sing, bird and brook! mine is to-day,
And I, like thee, would welcome Spring—
Would like a joyous infant play,

Unmindful of time's rapid wing,
With flowers once more would crown my hair,
Before I go to wander where
No bird to me will sing!

A man should study ever to keep cool; he makes
his inferiors his superiors by heat.

BLESSED IS THE GIVER.
Give! as the morning that flows out of Heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is given;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;

Life is short, but there is always time for courtesy.

THE JOURNEY OF HUMAN LIFE. AN ALLEGORY.

There opens before me a vision. In the distance
stands a grand and lofty mountain, beautiful and
symmetrical in its form and outline, extending
away into the heavens, until its peak is lost to
my vision in the dim and shadowy vapors of the
far-off ether.

And were now seen floating over the valley and
all around the mountain. And I walked again
among the little children in this most delightful
valley, to which I was very strongly attracted,
not only as a beautiful place, but on account of
the many innocent and smiling faces that were
there.

Now I was in more intimate associations with
these, and I saw that many of them were not able
even to enter upon the journey up the mountain.
These were beautiful, but they were weak and
feint, and my sympathies began to be awakened
for them.

There was nothing in this part of the mountain
that was necessarily painful or difficult to travel
over; but the trouble was that many were not
willing to do their own part of the labor. Hence,
the strong trampled upon the weak, and there was
much oppression and wrong, and many of the travelers
groaned under the weight of their burdens.

The chief cause of these evils was the unwillingness
on the part of the people to occupy the
position, in relation to their fellow-man, which
God and Nature designated them to. While I
was thus witnessing illustrations on the business
plane, I saw that there were other relations—that
of the religious nature, for instance.

It was astonishing to see how many accepted
this absurd notion, and were mean enough to be
willing to be saved by another, without doing anything
themselves. I saw many of these people go
into the cave, but not feeling willing to go in, I
left them. There was a class whom these persons
denounced as Infidels, mostly because they
could not or would not accept these propositions
and forms of belief.

As I passed on I noticed many who were bewildered,
and could not readily discern the true way.
In most cases they could see and comprehend
the road over which they had passed better
than that on which they were then traveling.

As I passed up beyond the middle region of the
mountain, where the chief struggles and labors
were going on, I saw that both the paths and the
travelers were fewer and less varied. There
were many here who had brought with them
immense loads of what they called treasures, and
were struggling hard to get these up the mountain.

I followed my friend and his companion far up
the mountain, and they seemed almost alone.
One by one those around them had passed from
their sight, and mine also. They had moved on
harmoniously together, and though bending under
the weight of years, they were still happy, and
cheered each other on their way; and their spirits
were fresh and free, and the warm and true love
that had been ever in their souls, bound them
still more closely together as they neared the
summit of the mountain; the end of their journey
to the Summer-Land.

The guides now said to me:
"Brother, there are other scenes for thee to witness.
Let us go down to the valley again."

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,
I saw that many of those who had been so
strongly attracted to the valley, and who had
been so happy in its midst, were now looking
up at the mountain with a look of longing and
yearning.

even into the valley where the children were
playing, all things seemed bright and beautiful
on life's journey; even its lights and shadows
were full of compensation, blessed and holy
compensation. The sick, the lame, the halt, and
the blind, and the sin-burdened, each and all found
their own beautiful and just compensation. And
with these feelings we came to a spot where the
light of the inner world was so bright and intense
that it swallowed up everything else, and in
a glorious transfiguration we stood for a time,
walking and talking with the angels. And then
I perceived that without the least pain or sorrow
or regret each of my companions laid aside their
material vestments, and became like unto the
angels; and though I was still in the form, I was
filled with joy, for I had tasted of heaven. Now
my good guides said unto me, "Brother, this lesson
is not for thee alone. Give it to the world."

Summary of Domestic Events in February.

- Feb. 1. Congress passed a vote of thanks to Gen. Sherman.
The Illinois Legislature ratifies the anti-slavery amendment to the United States Constitution.
John S. Rock, Esq., a colored lawyer, admitted to practice at the bar of the United States Supreme Court.

- 10. The President lays before Congress the proceedings in the peace conference.
13. Senator Hicks of Maryland died in Washington, D. C.
16. Nevada, the youngest State, ratified the amendment.
17. Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, entered by the Union forces.
18. Charleston, S. C., occupied by the Union forces, and the stars and stripes hoisted over the city and Fort Sumter.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

- Miss Lizzie Dotter will speak in Boston during March.
Mrs. Emma Hardison has returned from California, and lectures in Philadelphia during February and March.
Mrs. Cora L. Y. Hatch will lecture in Meadville, Pa., during March.
Mrs. Agusta A. Currier will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during March.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

A Journal of Romance, Literature and General Intelligence; also an Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.
Published weekly at 188 Washington street, Boston, Mass., by WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH, and CHARLES H. COLEMAN.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE:
Per Year, \$1.00
Six Months, .50
Single Copies, 10 cents.

W. T. Munn will lecture on Spiritualism anywhere in the country within a reasonable distance; Address, Gloucester, N. Y.
J. W. Swann, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y., will give a course of lectures on Spiritualism at accessible places.
G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls in the Eastern States.
Mrs. Sarah L. Hutchinson, South Hardwick, Vt., Mass., will give a course of lectures on Spiritualism.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont, (opposite head of School street), every Sunday, commencing on the 12th inst., at 2 o'clock.
Boston Spiritualists' Conference will meet every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. Allen, 277 State street, Boston.
The Spiritualists of Lowell will hold their meetings at Grand Temple, 654 Washington street.

W. T. Munn will lecture on Spiritualism anywhere in the country within a reasonable distance; Address, Gloucester, N. Y.
J. W. Swann, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y., will give a course of lectures on Spiritualism at accessible places.
G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls in the Eastern States.