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## NARRATIVE OF A SPIRIT

WHO ENTERED SPIRIT-LIFE  
AT THE AGE OF THREE MONTHS.

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### CHAPTER IV.

I am impressed to give you a more minute account of the manner in which I acquired a knowledge of some branches which many persons suppose belong entirely to earth. My first experience in this direction, was at a school where small children were assembled. I had observed that at times when persons were engaged in singing, they held up books before them, and evidently seemed to obtain some aid from them. I could see the lines and figures in them, but I did not know what they meant.

I observed the little children with whom I was in the habit of playing, gathering up their books in the morning, to take with them, as they left their homes. It seemed to me that some of the books must be much more attractive than others, though they all looked alike to me; but I could see that some children took greater care of them, and had no difficulty in finding them, and always seemed pleased when they were looking into them; while others lost their books, and always seemed dull and discontented when they were looking at them. I had frequently made morning visits, and when the children gathered their books and left their homes, I would go elsewhere.

One morning I felt inclined to follow some little children to whom I was strongly attracted. We soon met a large company of them who were engaged in a very lively play, running about and enjoying themselves very much, around a large building somewhat like the church. Soon a small bell was rung, and they all hastened into the building, and were seated on small benches, all of one height; and I felt very sadly to see some of the little ones sitting with their feet some inches above the floor, and endeavoring to reach the desks in front of them, to lean on them. I watched the whole scene with interest. The teacher read something from a large book; I did not know what it was, as I could not understand her, and I did not see a single child in the school who did, or I might have got it from their minds.

This over, each child took out a book, and now I began to understand what they were at, as they began to spell words, the sounds of which were familiar to me; and although I could only find two of the children in that large school of more than thirty, in whose minds I could read clearly, these evidently understood that certain signs represented certain sounds. The next thing was for me to learn the forms of these signs; this I did very readily, through some of the smaller children, who were just beginning to call the names of the alphabet. I was much interested in this, not only on account of what I learned, but because it brought me into closer relation to these children than I had ever been before. Thus was laid the foundation of a system of education, which, during ten years I have pursued, mingling with children of various ages and conditions, and, like the little bee, gathering more or less honey from every flower. Once initiated, there was but little difficulty in finding the road to knowledge, though a long one, I think it was easier to me than to most of earth's children. This I wish distinctly understood, that I never received an idea from any one without rendering them a full compensation for it; and if mankind only knew how much of this interchange there is, they would seek to attract to themselves as much as possible. The difference between those children who learn with ease everything they attempt, and those who are dull and stupid, lies more in their mediumship than in anything else.

In this manner I acquired a knowledge of letters and figures, so essential to the study of reading and mathematics, and other branches, all of which were so attractive to me, that I was often held back by my association with the children of earth, for I could obtain a clearer and more distinct idea of any subject, if I received it just as soon as it had been clearly accepted by an earth mind.

I have been told that the recent improvement in schools, in many sections of this country, has had a wide-spread and lasting influence upon spirits. I know that there are portions of the earth to which I felt no attraction, because there were so few children whose minds were being trained. We are especially interested in Lyceums and lectures to children, illustrated by pictures, and objects which impress the mind through the eyes, while the teacher operates through the ears. The volume of Nature presents here a vast and beautiful field in which you may labor with success to yourselves, your pupils, and to hosts of invisibles who are ever seeking to obtain knowledge.

Although I am deeply interested in this, and much pleased to be able to give you this narrative of my experience, I am impressed that, for the present, it must be brought to a close, as you will have more important labors to perform.

My guides say that before I offer to you my benediction for your kind labors for me, I may be permitted to recite to you the experience of two little girls who have recently been attracted to you, partly through my influence, but mainly through your own fitness for the labors which you are so nobly performing in the great drama of life.

Some months since, while I was engaged in presenting my story to you, there were two children brought near us, and I felt deep sympathy with and for them. I learned that they had come here the present year—that they passed from earth within a few hours of each other; they were aged four and seven years—the younger having passed on first. The other was soon enabled to join her sister. The disease of which they died was of a very malignant character, which, as it separated its victims from their physical forms, left their spiritual bodies in a very weak condition.

I saw that they were not only much less able to move than I was at their age, but that at times they suffered real pain, though those who had them in charge, and who were very kind to them, could render them insensible to this pain. But the main difficulty was to get them out of this condition and start them on the road of progress as they should go.

I am told that all premature deaths have this effect; and that one of the principal labors in spirit-life is to remove the obstacles from the new-born spirit, so that it may go on its way rejoicing; not only is this an important labor for spirits, but you who still dwell in the form have a very interesting and important labor to perform in this direction, as we shall see. I saw these children around you several times before my attention was called to them. They were in the care of a circle or band of spirits, and a relative whom they called aunt, mother, that you recognize as Minnie, was the nearest and most intimate associate and friend they had here. She visited you several times without them, but I could see that her main object was to make arrangements for bringing them to you. I did not know that there would have been any difficulty, and should have said they could come to you at once, as I did, for I was just as much a stranger to you when I first came, as they were; but I saw there was hesitation on the part of your friends here.

Some time after this, as you were alone at night, I saw them bring these children to you. The effect was to make you quite sick at the time. You were aware that it was spirit-influence, but were not fully conscious what was going on. This was repeated every night for a week. I could see that you suffered considerable pain, and that the children looked much more comfortable. One morning the elder child came to you, and said:

"We are very happy now, and our mother and father will be very happy, too, when they know that we have come to you. I cannot say much to you now, but my aunt will help me, or I should be afraid to talk to you. You have been very kind to me, and I only mean to say that I am mostly afraid of big men. I feel just like a little timid bird, and I want to get away from strangers; and, like the little birds, I can fly, and nothing hurts me. There is plenty of room for everybody here, and we do not have any trouble about it; and if we don't like anybody, we just go away. Oh, I am so glad to come and talk with you! I want to tell you everything I can about our new home here with the angels. I was not at all afraid to come here; I wanted to come, for I thought little sister would get lost without me."

The only thing that made me feel sorry about it was, that mamma and papa felt so badly; and when I saw how much mamma cried and worried about her little darlings that were right in her lap and around her all the time, I was disappointed; because I knew mamma used to see the little folks here just as I did before I came, and I thought she would feel just so about us, and be very glad to see us; but I find it makes her feel very badly because we cannot be with her just as we were. I knew aunt before I left the form, though she came here before I was born. I passed away from earth so easily, that I thought mamma and all my friends were sinking away from me, and I was standing right still with my little sister and the friends here. Aunt said to me when I was very much troubled about mamma, "My darling, it is all right that your mamma should feel so about you; you would not get along here so well if she did not. She loves you very much, and do not wish to make you feel unhappy; but if she did not feel badly about your passing on into this sphere, you would not be able to do what will be the best thing for you. It is right that you should be separated for a time, and it can be done in this way with less suffering to both of you than in any other. This separation is necessary in order that you may grow strong and be able to help her and others. If she had not felt thus distressed when you came to her, but had inspired you with the same feelings she had while you were in the body, you would be held by her in a sphere that would not be the most appropriate either for you or her."

We lingered about our earth-home, and played just as we had been in the habit of doing. Our friend wanted us to go away, but we did not feel inclined to do this. Then they brought some nice little children to play with us, and we were delighted with them. After a time they told us that if we would play any longer we must go with these children, as it was necessary they should go home, and this induced us to go away for the first time. When we returned, we saw that mamma was feeling rather better; but as soon as we came near she began to feel sadly again. When I found how much mamma wanted to be with us, and to have us back with her, I always wished I was with her again in the form, and then I looked at my darling little sister, and thought that she could not get along here without me, and I told mamma this.

As a child I did not know as much about the future or the events that were coming to me as those who were older and had had more experience. I had no fear of death, as I see many persons have, because I had never been taught to dread it. I had been told that those who died went to the spirit-land, which was not far away, and they could come back whenever they desired; and I had seen many spirits as happy as we were, and I thought they were just as real as anybody. It was for me to realize that when I did come back, though I could see and realize many things just as I did when I was in the form, I should not be seen and recognized by my friends in the same manner as I had been. This was a disappointment to me, and reconciled me somewhat to going away.

I want you to understand about this going away. Aunt told us that if we wanted to be good and happy children, and grow more beautiful, we must go to different places, and come un-

der various kinds of influence, so as to call out and develop all our faculties." She said that "parents on earth who understand the law of education, place their children under different teachers, and often send them away from home for a time, in order that they may have other associations and influences around them."

I had never seen my aunt, except as a spirit; but she knew me from my birth, and I soon learned to love her very much, for my young heart yearned for some one to love and confide in, and I was very glad she was here, and so were papa and mamma, that we were not thrown among strangers in a strange land, but came to a beautiful home, where we found many loving friends to welcome us.

When we went away with these children, aunt went with us, and they took us to a place where there were a large number of children assembled with some older persons who were their teachers. They were going through some exercises, which attracted us very much. At first we supposed they were playing without any order; but we soon discovered that there was a beautiful system of order without any apparent restraint, and each teacher governed his or her group in accordance with this.

After this we visited a beautiful garden, where there were a great many flowers and birds, and there we met the little girl who has been giving you this narrative, and we heard your friend here giving her lessons.

The places of instruction here are all very free, not only to the pupils, but to all who feel attracted to them. We visited a number of these, but were not initiated into any of them, though we learned something from each of them.

About this time I began to be afraid that I should be separated from my little sister. Seeing my thought before I had given utterance to it, aunt said, "My dear, you need have no fear of being separated from that darling one; you will go together just as long as you desire, and whenever you are separated, it will be because each of you find some one to attract you for a time more strongly. I wish you to know that there are to be no more painful separations here such as are common on earth. Your lessons here, at present, will be the same; and if she does not understand them as well as you do, you will be able to explain them better than any one else, and in doing this you will be learning."

The next morning a spirit friend said, "You know that the disease by which these little ones passed on to spirit-life so suddenly is one of the most terrible scourges, often permeating with its poisonous influence the entire body, so that even when the spirit remains in the body it presents most distressing cases of disease and suffering, but you were not aware that it effects the spiritual physical body in such a manner as to hold it in a condition which not only interferes with its progress but may cause much suffering here. The physical systems of these children are in this condition now, and the most prompt and efficient means of relieving them is to bring them into close rapport with some finely organized and strongly magnetic person still in the form."

The proposition was made to bring these children to you. We knew how it would affect you; we counted the cost and selected the time, and though you have suffered we have succeeded to our entire satisfaction. We are now about to conclude that portion of our labors that will be of a painful character. Then taking up the elder child I placed it close to me, with its head in contact with mine. This produced quite a severe pain for a few minutes which passed from the point of contact through the entire body. This, however, soon passed off, and the child fell into a sound sleep. When she was removed and the other brought in contact with the other side of my head, I felt them just as distinctly as I have ever felt any living person. Passing through similar conditions with like effects upon both, she was also removed, and in a few minutes all the unpleasant symptoms were removed and I felt better than I had for several days. Soon the little ones came to me with smiling countenances and more serene feelings than they had had before. The elder child said:

"Doctor, I thought very often I would like to tell papa and mamma just what we were doing, but I was not strong enough to do it. My friends here were so good and kind that they took me to them. We were both sick and did not know what could be done for us. We did not know what ailed us here. We supposed every one felt so when they came here, but they tell us now that it is different with each individual and that we suffered much more because we had that disease. When they said you could cure us, we wanted to go right to you; but they told us we must wait, for it would be very difficult and painful for you, and they must arrange all the matters so as to accomplish the end desired without hurting you any more than they could help. I said, 'Don't let us go at all, if it pains him.' But they knew better, and have made all the arrangements, and now they have told you all about it, and sister and I feel really well. I never knew how to control a medium so well before; some one always had to do it for me; but now I can do something for myself, and that makes me very happy. Little children can throw an influence upon sensitive mediums, and sometimes say to them what they desire to communicate, but in most cases they require the assistance of older persons to fix the impression clearly upon the mind of the medium. If I could have talked to my mamma without any difficulty, I should have had more to say to her than I had when I lived on earth with her. I felt very timid when I first came here; I was afraid of every one that I had not seen, and there were but few of these—and mostly little folks like myself. But we were much better off than most children who come here, because we had both seen some of the spirits. Many little children come here without knowing anybody at all, and they

are so afraid that they run and hide themselves. Oh, it is terrible! I have seen some little children that have made me feel very sad indeed. They did not know anybody, and could only go to little children like themselves who did not know much and, consequently could not tell them what to do or how to get along. I was drawn to persons on earth who love little children, and I could not have come to you if it had not been for this.

I don't want you to think that we were in real pain all the time since we came here; we had some feelings of distress and were not able to move about as freely as most of the children whom we saw around us here, but, being ignorant of the cause, we supposed this was the common lot of all who came here. Our friends here know better, and they told us that we should pass through a change somewhat like death, though it would not be so great to me; this change was more painful than death, because I was more conscious. I remember suffering very much in the commencement of my sickness, but I have no recollection of my feelings for sometime before I passed away and awoke to consciousness in this life. My sister did not suffer here so much as she did when she died.

They say that this change was the throwing off of a very considerable amount of matter, but not so much as was thrown off when we left our bodies. I can scarcely describe the pains we had here, I think they were very similar to those I had in the body.

They desire me now to tell you what I saw of the preparations made for bringing about the result to which we have alluded. First, they arranged a circle of six persons, whose magnetism would act upon you so as to produce a condition which would give them power to use you as a means by which to remove our magnetically diseased conditions, and place us in a better state for progression. This circle consisted of three persons of each sex—your friend E., Doctor A., and an Indian, whom we call Petonk, who is the most powerfully magnetic man you have about. The others were A., my Aunt, and an Indian maiden, Lima. E. was director and selected the time and conditions, and for ten days this circle was with you all the time, throwing their combined influence upon you. When I saw that it gave you pain, as I said before, I wanted them to stop at once. You may wonder how I knew it gave you pain, as you made no complaint, but my sister and myself were drawn very closely to you, and we could not go away. We had considerable pain and complained, as we did not know what it meant. Thus, night after night we were with you, and we were very much pleased when E. said that the last painful effort would soon be over. Aunt took me in her arms, and I fell asleep, and when I awakened I seemed to be in a new world. I have never been half so happy before; everything seemed to shine with new beauty, and I felt so happy and full of love that I wanted to go and tell everybody. I was free, oh, how free; and I bounded forth with an ecstasy of joy. I did not see what they did with my sister, but she came to me very soon, looking very bright and happy, and then I knew that she, too, had been baptized in a living stream of pure magnetic love that had burned out of our systems the dross of earth that disease had fastened so firmly upon us. No earthly mind can realize the transport of joy that thrills our souls as we float calmly and serenely around our friends on earth and in the spheres.

How beautiful is the unfolding law of progression! Gradually the soul's capacity grows to meet the demand of this. The spirit who had given the first part of this now returned and said:

I feel glad to have had this lesson, and I hope it will be found useful to many. Before closing my narrative I desire to present a few facts to you. It has been supposed that spirits who pass into spirit-life as I did, without any external knowledge of the condition of earth, would not realize many of the temptations which belong to that life. It is a fact that not only the peculiar elements which go to form human character, but many of the peculiarities and tendencies which follow us through life, are impressed upon the child prior to birth and consciousness. Thus I have seen inebriates in spirit-life who did not live many months on earth, and who had no knowledge of any such thing there. I do not mean by this that we drink intoxicating liquors; but this is only an effect of peculiar mental and physical conditions which are as really manifested here as on earth. So I believe all the experiences of earth are in some measure realized here, for humanity is a unit, and the germinal faculties that usually begin their career on earth are all to be unfolded here, and there are many points that I would be glad at some future time to present to you, and all who will investigate them; but I am again reminded that it is time to close my story.

In taking leave of you I feel more than ever the poverty of language to express the feelings of deep and lasting gratitude that burns upon the altar of my soul, for the privilege I have had of presenting to the world, through you, the thoughts which are here embodied. I think one situated as I have been, needs this peculiar experience more than those who have had a two-fold experience, that of earth and this life. I feel now that I have had some compensation for the loss of the former condition, and for this I am indebted to you, and the only compensation I can give you in return, is my most hearty thanks and a pledge to labor with you in whatever sphere I may, for the elevation of humanity. And when in the rolling cycles you shall come to be as I am, a dweller of these spheres, you will be enabled to rejoice in a retrospect of your past life, that you were willing to be the humble amanuensis of those who could only speak their little word in the great oratoria of creation, through you. God bless you! Go on in your labors, and thousands on earth and in the spheres will rejoice with you in the coming of that glorious day, when the true knowledge of the inner world shall spread over the whole earth, even as the waters cover the sea.

## Original Essays.

### PROFANE SWEARING.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

"Thou shalt not swear."

Profane swearing is the language of the baser faculties of man's nature. If we should imagine a person so constituted as to be entirely controlled by passion, we should at once infer that his language would be oaths, just as we should infer that the language of the moral and intellectual man would be refined. Such is the beautiful harmony in nature; there is always correspondence. The ideas suggested by the baser organs seek a corresponding garb, and that garb is the slang of the race course, the prize ring, the gambling hell, the bar room, and the den of infamy; while the thoughts suggested by the nobler faculties clothe themselves in the chaste energy of prose, the rhythm of music, the charms of poetry.

Thus, profanity may be defined as the expression of the passions. There is no spirituality, or beauty, or intellect in it. Oaths are gross, explosive epithets, distilling a venom more poignant than the arrow tipped with distilled venom. There are oaths which snarl like the wolf, roar like the lion, and hiss like the serpent. Unlike the shaft of the savage, however, the oath pointed at others always wounds its author. Its poison returns to fester in his own veins, and corrupt the fountains of his existence. The volley of hate which he hurls at something outside of himself, only makes himself more hateful to all eyes. It reveals itself in an iron visage, marred by the lines of sin and misanthropy, and eyes through which look a demon instead of an angel of light. It recoils back on him, chasing away from him the beauty of innocence, the tenderness of love, the attraction which insensibly draws to him the spirits of the upright and noble in the leagues of friendship.

An oath rings from the swearer's lips. What does it herald? A knowledge of his weakness; his lack of self-control; a turbulent spirit, yielding itself to the polluting fury, anger, and rebelling against God by disregarding his commands. The balanced mind swears not; it is the unbalanced, the ungoverned, the undisciplined. The pure heart may listen by the hour to the slang of the street, and feel no desire to imitate. They will be shocked, sickened, and consequently not led into the same immoral habit. But day by day he who swears grows more abandoned. The voice of conscience grows more hushed, until he hears it only in dreams of purer days. He passes off oaths as the real coinage of his heart, the most forcible utterances of manly energy and resolution, and ceases to hear the voice of the accusing angel who would lead him on to learn holier lessons.

I said that profanity recoils on its author. An occurrence illustrating this fact, comes up to me. A startling murder had been committed in New York, and the perpetrators eluded the utmost vigilance of the police. A celebrated detective was employed, but even his sagacity and foresight were inadequate. After a protracted and fruitless investigation, the search was abandoned, when, passing a hotel, he heard a terrific oath hurled at a waiter. He was shocked by the blasphemy. "A man," thought he, "who can use such language must have a black heart." He paused and listened. Oath succeeded oath, for it seemed that the waiter did not expedite his movements sufficiently to suit the impatient blasphemer, who, after a time, stepped out on a balcony.

He was a young man, one who might have been a glorious specimen of manhood, had not his face been scarred and seamed by the disfiguring touch of sin and crime. When he saw the detective, he endeavored to elude his observation, which the officer perceiving, caused him to arrest him at once, on suspicion—a suspicion that was at first aroused by his remarkable profanity, and which led to a train of circumstances which revealed to a certainty, that he was the heretofore veiled murderer.

So it is always. We do not hear the noble and good man—the meek Christian—swear. We might as reasonably expect poison in a golden head of grain in place of the kernel. The man possessing the spirit of Christ, too well loves his brother man to heap curses upon him, and too well his Creator to take his name in vain. It is from the opposite characters that we expect profanity. The impure heart pours it out as the slough pours from its stagnant ooze the green and slimy water.

There are those who make apologies for swearing by saying that it only falls from the lips, and in no way affects the heart. They will tell you there are men shockingly profane, who are kind neighbors and good citizens. They are said to have been unfortunate in their associations, and to have imbibed rude modes of expression; but let us not delude ourselves, nor by the plausibility of the premises learn toleration to such sin. Are we sure that, even in exceptional instances, profanity is not from the heart. Is man a parrot? a reiterating machine? Words are the representatives of ideas, and when used by the mind, stand forth as concreted thought. By them we judge the man. He who embodies his thoughts in oaths must abide the judgment.

There are certain men who style themselves reformers, who, in a measure, tolerate profanity. They mildly call it the use of emphatic language—words thrown in to strengthen sentences. This is wholly untrue. An oath rather weakens than strengthens a sentence. By repetition it loses its meaning, and becomes but an expletive thrown in at random—a stray arrow aimed at no particular mark. If the conversation of the profane could be written out, how much stronger, not to say better, it would read if all the oaths were stricken out. If you doubt it, try the experiment and satisfy yourself. The sincerity of a man is at once distrusted who constantly calls on God to witness



his truthfulness, mingles his words with the harsh sounds of condemnation. There are words enough to express the most emphatic idea, and the use of oaths not only degrades the author, but pains the hearer.

The sense of mankind is against profanity; it has no supporters, for even the most reckless acknowledge its folly and uselessness.

The ancient heathen nations saw its degradation and wickedness, and despised those who dishonored their divinities. The pure code of the Hebrew condemned it most emphatically.

In ancient times men invoked the Deity with uplifted hands, to witness the truth of their statements. The usual expressions were, "As the Lord of Hosts liveth." "God is my witness." "Behold, before God, I lie not." It was considered an assertion of sincerity, and of the most binding character. If it was disregarded, it was followed by severe punishment. No one should swear rashly or unnecessarily; but if need be, he in this manner testified to his truth. The commandment reads, "Thou shalt swear the Lord liveth in truth, in judgment and in righteousness;" "Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him, and shalt swear by his name."

The origin of swearing is thus clearly defined. The primary use of it was for good, and not evil; but evil natures began to appropriate the use to themselves, and of course it became perverted to wicked ends. So it is written in the New Testament, "Above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by the heavens, neither by the earth, neither by any oath, but let your communications be yea, yea; nay, nay."

The profane blasphemes his moral nature. He learns his oaths; at first they have a sharp, well-defined meaning to him, for they are, in a measure, imitations of the solemn invocative asserting the sincerity of the speaker. By constant use they get to represent a multitude of ideas, and at length his ideas become as confused as his words. He ignores the noble use of language, and in the end it ignores him.

You who uttered an oath an hour ago, and are now reading these pages, pause and think. Did you ever receive any benefit from a profane oath? When you hear them ring out from your lips—the lips your mother has kissed so often when prattling to her in childhood, and bade never to swear because it was sinful—have you not felt condemned? Do you wish your children to grow up profane? Would it not shock and pain you to hear them use such language as you yield yourself to? You would like them to be as you are, and with crimson face, say, "It is naughty to swear. God does not love little children who swear." When the innocent eyes are upturned to your own, with the question, "Does not papa swear?" a humiliating sense of degradation will come upon you, and a sharp pain, that you have convinced the little creature of your imperfection, and that you have failed to be a correct example for his certain imitation. You wish—every parent wishes the same—to have your children grow to maturity moral and respected. With you rests the result. Become Christlike, and you are certain of excellence. No oaths blackened his pure vocabulary. But how touching and beautiful is the simplicity of his language, shadowing forth a perfect soul, overflowing with infinite wisdom and infinite love to every race and nation.

We should all strive after perfection, however futile may be our endeavors; and when we are so far successful that passion is completely under the control of morality and religion, no oath will be coined on the tongue for utterance, for the passions, which always coin such things, will have lost their power.

Children will imitate your example, good or bad. They have aptly been called, "little pitchers with great ears." They gather and use indiscriminately everything which comes in their way. How eagerly they catch an oath and how often repeat it. They do so by imitation now. Soon they will use it as a diabolical representation of a diabolical idea. Guard your utterances. By-and-by they will be converted into a character which will owe to you either happiness or anguish, as it is good or bad, through all time.

There is another mode of profanity little recognized. It is the unuttered oath, framed in the mind, but which the sentinel, Pride, will not allow to pass the lips. Morally there is little difference in these modes, only that the latter affects solely the profane. The conquest over the baser self is not complete until no bad thoughts array themselves in oaths. It is often said, "No one can govern his thoughts;" but that assertion is not true. The mind can dwell on but one thing at once, and it can be placed on instructive and pleasant topics, noble and attractive characters, until all will come to be a part of itself, and evil be rooted out.

"Why do men swear?" Because in oaths they vent their unutterable madness at their conditions and relations! Profanity brought not about their degradation; it is but the language of that degradation, and although it binds a suffering incubus about their souls, even heaven must pity, and not blame.

## EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT INTERPOSITION IN THE ART OF PAINTING.

BY C. D. GRISWOLD.

I have been much interested of late in looking over the histories of the art of painting in past ages, in the discovery that direct spirit agency has been frequently recognized by artists—that, in fact, painting is often a pure inspiration, in which the artist is but the instrument.

The most remarkable of the artists of this class was William Blake, who lived in London, England, in the early part of the present century. He was bred a designer and engraver, and as soon as he became proficient in his art, he devoted much of his time to sketching and engraving spiritual visions, which he had been accustomed to see from his boyhood. That he over went through a pupilage in painting I do not learn, but that he painted pictures and likenesses of deceased persons, his biographer fully confirms. His sitters who came to him in spirit-form were no ordinary personages, as they included King David and William Wallace. He claimed to hold frequent conversations with Homer, Milton, Dante, Chaucer, and many others. By many he was regarded as a wild enthusiast, while others considered him mad. Always punctual and trustworthy, he was enabled to get work sufficient to sustain himself and wife in a very humble way; but either from prejudice against him, or a disinclination to take work—that he might devote his time to his own works—he remained poor always, and in his declining years was provided for by a few friends. Not only as an artist was he inspired, but he was gifted as a poet of no ordinary merit, as it has at last been discovered, now that appreciation can do him no good. Many of his engravings of spiritual scenes were accompanied with letter-press pages of explanatory verse; but the public knew so little of the world of spirits, that it was neither appreciated nor understood.

Taking one of his pieces to Fuselli, the Pres-

ident of the Royal Academy of Art, the eminent painter said to him: "Well, Blake, I suppose somebody has told you this is very fine!" "Yes," answered he, with the utmost simplicity, "the Virgin Mary came and told me that it was very beautiful—what do you think of that?" "Why, nothing," replied, the President, "only that I do not think her ladyship has immaculate taste." This same Fuselli claimed that he never painted a picture until he first saw it perfectly presented before his vision, and that he could never but attempt to represent the beauty of the pictures thus presented to him.

In one thing Blake was peculiarly happy. His wife, whom he married almost at first sight, worshipped him, and thoroughly believed in him from first to last. His biographer says of him, that, "for relating his first vision, when he was but eight or ten years old, he barely escaped a thrashing from his honest father for telling such a 'lie'." For similar 'lies' all through his life he was treated as a candidate for an insane asylum; and it was with such a 'lie' on his lips he quitted earth on the 12th of August, 1827. "He said he was going to that country he had all his life wished to see." "Just before he died, his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven." "His mortal part," continues the biographer, "was interred in Bunhill Fields, in an unpurchased common grave, and the spirit of the great and good man, freed from the tabernacle that had been its dwelling for nearly seventy years, became the associate of angels with whom his sight and soul had been familiar from childhood to old age."

Murillo, the great Spanish painter, who lived about two hundred years ago, claimed for art the aid of divine inspiration. His works, more than any other I have seen, bear evidence of spirit interposition. His Madonnas are generally represented in a halo of golden light, very like the surroundings of certain spirits described to me years ago, before I had ever seen a picture of this class, at least so far as I could recollect. When I first saw a colored print of his "Immaculate Conception," I was struck with the similarity it bore to the description of "Mary the Mother of Jesus," as described in the "Messages of John Quincy Adams," page 291, and also of scenes in the higher spheres I had often had described to me by one whose vision was opened upon the world of divine life.

As we come down to the present time the pathway is more thickly strewn with these gems of the angel artists. Among all the pictures I have seen, purporting to be painted by direct or partial spirit-power, there are none that represent so nearly the style and mode of execution which characterized the paintings of William Blake, as the spirit-scene, "The Portico of the Sage," by Hudson Tuttle. Those who value pictures for the ideas they represent, cannot fail to appreciate the merits of this admirable attempt to portray, on canvas, the scenes of the celestial world. To one acquainted with Mr. Tuttle, the evidence of spirit interposition is more apparent, than to those who conceive him a man of leisure, roaming in the fields of imagination—of poetry and speculative philosophy—instead of the industrious, hard-working farmer that he is.

Cleveland, Ohio, 1864.

[Mr. Tuttle's picture, alluded to by our correspondent, will soon be on exhibition at this office.]—ED. BANNER OF LIGHT.

## THE TRUE STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

All that has been taught by astronomers as to the construction of the universe is false, because they have assumed that all the space outside of the earth is open and unbounded by any possible firmament. Indeed, it may be said that there really is such infinite space. But this is said as an assumption, and clung to as an assumption, to the destruction of all beauty and sublimity in the idea of the heavens above us. I say the idea, for the reality has not suffered at all. It still expands, a dome surpassing all human architecture; serene and glorious as an air-bubble, but firm as the everlasting hills.

How did this mistake arise? Because man does not see from God's standpoint. In other words, the structure of the universe is not to be ascertained by scientific investigation, but is the proper subject of revelation; and as such I claim to have discovered it.

The solar system, then, is a series of concentric spheres, of which the earth is one, and the sky is another. There are other spheres within the earth, and others above the sky. They are hollow, and their solid parts in about the proportion of an egg shell in thickness, as compared with the egg; perhaps less. The spheres, or rather their crusts, are about from twenty-five to fifty miles thick, and composed of matter similar to that which forms the geological strata of the earth. I beg you to understand me, that I am talking about realities, not unrealities—a sky above us, composed of solid material, like the crust of the earth—not a fog-and-moonshine sphere. The under side of it—the concave vault—is lined with an ocean of water; and in this the sun and stars are seen reflected from the atmosphere of the earth. Each sphere—those above the sky, and those below the earth—has a similar ocean for its visible firmament, the water which lines the under side of the earth's crust being the sky of the world below it. The sun of each sphere is the light of its own atmosphere, focalized in the concave of the sky.

The sun of modern scientific astronomy is an ill-contrived heater, and would disgrace, as an invention, the patentee of a modern coal-stove; because not more than a millionth part of its rays reach any planet, and that millionth might as well be manufactured where it is wanted. Why is it shot down ninety-five millions of miles? But there is not enough light and heat even after all this ado; for the planets, whose "orbits" are outside of us, are very scantily supplied, and they are by far the largest and most important. Little Mercury is burnt up. Saturn is a ball of ice, or ought to be. In fact, it is a miserable arrangement generally. One would think that Nature's journeymen had made the Solar System, and not made it well, it imitates common sense so abominably.

But why, it may be asked, is all this fault-finding? Must we not take it as we find it? I have found it years ago, and am trying to show it to the reader. These things have been concealed many thousands of years. There is a brief statement of it in the ancient book called Genesis, which is mainly correct, as far as it goes.

But how can this system be reconciled with the known facts of astronomy? I will take the most obvious case at once, and show that it can be so reconciled, and if so, those not so difficult may be supposed to be not conclusive against the system. The sun, they say, is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and there can be no opaque sphere between us and it. But this estimate of the distance of the sun may be a fallacy. It is founded

on the supposition that the sun is a fixed, material object, and that two observers, in different localities, see the same sun. Whereas, I claim that it is a meteor, like the rainbow, and that two spectators see two different suns, perhaps thousands of miles apart. The rainbow is a sort of very diffused sun; and if its colors could be brought to a focus, as the prismatic colors in a burning-glass can, it would form a brilliant point of white light, so like the sun that it might deceive the very elect. The apparent location of the focalized point of light in the sky, called the sun, is governed by optical laws, and they will be discovered; and in the investigation of them, the truth of this system may be demonstrated. Also, if islands can be discovered in the sky, that will help the cause. There are some indications of them in the Antarctic heavens. They are called the coal-sacks. If there are much greater improvements in the telescope, data will be found which will establish the existence of a solid firmament.

If the sun is, as I suppose, the light of our atmosphere focalized in the concave ocean above us, it would indeed have a shifting location with reference to spectators at different points. If any concave reflector in a lighted room be observed, it will be found to have a bright point, but this point of light will be found to occupy different parts of the concave, as the observer shifts his position. The sun is such a point of concentrated light in the sky, and that light originates in our atmosphere, and is merely focalized and reflected according to optical laws, and first becomes visible to us after being so reflected. The same reasoning applies to the stars.

The planets are the representative lights of the concentric spheres; for the light of each sphere pervades the rest, the solid crusts of the earth, the sky, &c., forming but a partial obstruction to it. Those "within our orbit" being the images of those below us (between us and the centre of the earth). Those "outside of our orbit" being those above the sky. The light of these is diffused through our atmosphere. Our own peculiar light is so strong that it overpowers this; but when this is temporarily obscured, then it appears. The planets that we see are perfect images of the globes they represent. The sun is an image of the earth; the fixed stars, of creations past or future.

The moon is the central fluid, and still chaotic nucleus of the Solar System. It is at the centre of that system, and, of course, of the earth, and of each of the spheres; and being at the centre, at each revolution on its axis, it throws its reflected light all around the circumference of the sky, and therefore "completes its revolution around the earth in the same time that it revolves on its own axis." (See modern astronomy everywhere.) It may be objected that it is impossible that the light of this central moon could penetrate up through the crust of the earth. It is only necessary, to make this possible, that the crust of the earth should be transparent in this respect, though opaque in all others. Opaque, indeed, to secondary light, but not so to the primary—to us invisible—principle.

The spheres are continually growing from the centre outwards. The earth was once in the position of the moon. The moon will be in the position of the earth. When the outside sphere has fulfilled its destiny, it is dissolved. The one next to it then becomes the outside one. The earth will be this. Each one in turn occupies the position of all that preceded it. When the outside sphere is dissolved, a new one forms itself at the centre; and this process is going on through all time.

Oscego, N. Y., 1864.

## Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we do really 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 state."  
—(LIZON HUNT.)

## LUCY'S VISIT TO HER AUNT; OR, THE EFFECT OF THE MAY-BES.

If there was anything that made Mrs. Pringle proud, it was her china. She had beautiful sets for tea, and for dinner, and for breakfast, with bright, golden bands, and she kept them very safely in a large closet and very seldom used them. Perhaps she thought such treasures helped her to be good; very certain it is she would have been very unhappy without them, after having once possessed them. She never passed a shop where china was displayed that she did not look longingly upon it, and sigh to add more to her collection.

There lived with Mrs. Pringle only one servant, who took very good care of everything and especially of the china which was wiped and dusted often, and placed in admirable order on the well-arranged shelves. A niece of Mrs. Pringle had lately come to visit her—Lucy Tilton, a happy, merry girl, who loved to run in the fields, and hunt hen's eggs in the barn, and jump on the hay, and pick checkerberries in the spring, and butter-nuts in the autumn. A glad, happy life she lived at her home in the country. If she had any trouble it did not stay long, for she did not mean to do wrong, and when she made mistakes she was readily forgiven by her loving father and mother.

When Mrs. Pringle sent an invitation to her to come to the city and make her a visit, Lucy thought it the happiest thing that could happen to her. She had heard so much of her aunt's fine house, and especially of her fine china, that she was sure it must be almost like going to heaven to go and visit her.

"Now, Lucy," said her mother, as she fitted her off for the long talked-of visit, "I know you will be a good and kind child, and do the very best you can; and you must not run as if you were in the fields, but walk quite like a lady, and you must be very sure and not touch one of your aunt's things, for they are not like our common ones, and are only meant to look at; and, let me say, if any thing should happen, if you should be so unlucky as to injure anything, don't try to hide it, and don't forget, Lucy, be very careful—that's a nice child." And thus with a hearty kiss Lucy left her mother for the first time. She would no doubt have felt quite sad at this leaving her beloved home, had she not been thinking so much of what pleasure she was going to find in the city of which she had heard so much.

For a few days all her anticipations were realized. There was enough to see to occupy her time, and she was never weary of looking from the windows and watching the passers-by. It seemed to her as if there must be some great gathering to which every one was hurrying, so fast did they walk, and so many new faces did she see each hour. But after a time she became quite tired of looking from the windows, and would have felt glad to have been out in the fields instead of in the fine parlors of her aunt

who, having done what she could to amuse her for a few days, now left her to care for herself.

Lucy remembered what her mother had told her, and had not once run over the nice carpets, but had walked quite like a lady, and neither had she touched any of the ornaments, but had contented herself with looking at all the fine things. One afternoon while her aunt was taking her nap, Lucy was left in the parlor alone. She had gazed until she was weary at the passers-by, and had wondered the hundredth time what the little images were doing that sat on the mantle, and why the great pictures looked so dark, and the great vases had such strange figures on them. "Oh, if I had something to do!" she said to herself; "how doleful the city is how much rather I would be out in the woods hunting squirrels' nests. I could run as fast as the squirrels themselves; just so." And away she ran around the centre table till her heart felt quite merry. All at once she remembered what her mother had told her, that she must not run in her aunt's nice parlor, and to atone for her forgetfulness she sat quite still in an arm-chair for as long as a minute; but to sit still after once having felt the joy of motion, seemed impossible.

"Now I remember," said she to herself, "perfectly well what my mother told me—every word, and I am sure she did not say that I must not run in some room. Now here is a nice room—a very nice room I have no doubt—just off the parlor here; suppose I should look in and see how nice a place it is—perhaps it is just right to run in, and may be Aunt Pringle had it made purposely for little girls, and forgot to tell me about it. Here's the key in the door, and that shows that I can open it if I please. Let me see—how does it turn? Oh, that's it! how it snaps! what a nice key! We don't have locks on our doors at home—I wonder why. I guess it is because there's nobody that needs to be locked out, or nothing that needs to be locked in."

All this time Lucy did not really open the door. Something seemed to tell her that it was not quite right, that she was meddling with what she had no right to, and so she kept saying to herself, "may be Aunt Pringle would just as soon have me go as not; may be she expected me to unlock the door; may be there's nothing in there."

These may-bes are very dangerous to little girls and boys; as soon as one begins to say may be, you may look out for mischief. Girls and boys, as well as older people, know very well that if they once begin to let in wrong with a may be it's right, that the wrong is sure to keep coming in more and more, like the camel into the tent. Lucy knew very well that she was doing what her mother would not like, and what her aunt did not expect her to do; but the temptation was very strong, and she did not flee from it. Once, after she had opened the door a little crack, she paused and said, "Oh, if I had a doll to play with I would n't do anything else. I wonder why Aunt Pringle don't take me out and let me buy a doll with the money father gave me. Let me see: I'll have a doll with curls and a high back-comb, just like that picture over there; and she shall have a blue dress and coral necklace, and such elegant shoes! Oh, I wish I had it! but then I haven't, and may be Aunt Pringle thought that I would n't care if I looked in here."

With this last may be Lucy opened wide the door and stepped quite boldly into the room. It was a small room which at first seemed quite empty, and Lucy felt a little ashamed of the curiosity that had led her to do a foolish thing; but on raising her eyes to one side, she saw behind glass doors the elegant china of which she had heard so much. Oh, how fine it looked with its snowy white surface and its golden bands! Besides, there were pieces painted in gay colors—all kinds of flowers and insects and fantastic figures were represented. There were cups with mottoes and with curious figures of men and women, and vases with men and women painted on them in fantastic dresses, like the picture of John Chinaman in Lucy's geography. She remembered no longer that she was trespassing on forbidden ground; she only thought of what was to be seen.

"Oh," said she, "I must see that vase nearer, of course I must! and here's a nice place to step up so that I can unfasten the glass door. Oh, how easily it opens! just as if it was made for a little girl to open. May be it was. How much better they look close to! I wonder why Aunt Pringle don't use them; how nice they would look on a table. Let me see: here's this beautiful bowl—I'll just set it down there, and call it I'm going to eat bread and milk out of it; and here's this beauty of a vase! Oh, if I could just take it down and see what's on the other side—of course no one can see without taking it down. What a goosey I am—here it is! What a funny man, and how his eyes look, and his hair is all shaven off his crown! Oh, dear! and what is he doing with that great umbrella that looks just like a toad-stool? I can't see very well—guess I'll get down and carry it where there is more light;" but she forgot to step carefully, and gave a spring as if she had just found a squirrel's nest up in the decayed limb of a tree and was in a hurry to get some beechnuts to put close by, so as to see him run out and carry them in and hide them. She gave a good leap, and came down, not on her feet, but hands first, and the vase was shattered in many pieces.

When Lucy saw what she had done she sat very still a moment, and then began to cry most piteously; all the folly and wrong of her act came before her; she had never been half as miserable before. What should she do? This question kept coming up before her. She knew very well that there was but one way to do, that could be called a right way, and that was to obey her mother, and not try to hide her fault, but to go directly and confess what she had done; but Lucy had grown timid by allowing herself to listen to the *perhaps* and *maybes*, and so she began again to be tempted.

"Oh, dear! dear! I wish I was at home," she said. "I wish I'd never come to see Aunt Pringle; but she asked me, I did n't ask to come, and she should n't have left the key in the door, then I could n't have got in. Who knows if she will ever miss the vase? She doesn't care here often; I've never seen her since I came. If I pick up the pieces all nice and hide them I wonder if she'll know. There's such a cupboard full, of course she won't miss one thing; and what good does it do her, I'd like to know—standing there all the time? It might just as well be broken. Perhaps she won't care at all; may be she'd just as soon it would be broken as not. I'll pick up all the pieces, at any rate."

She gathered up the front of her dress, and put every bit that she could see into it, and went out into the parlor, and closed the door of the room behind her. But now what could she do with the pieces? At first she thought she would put them in the grate behind the screen, but some of the smaller ones fell through; these she picked up again, and then went to a basket that stood in one corner of the room, but she felt quite sure that her aunt would go there the first thing; then she looked at one of the tall vases on the mantle shelf, but if she should chance to break that, too, then she would be worse off than ever. Every

place she thought of seemed to her would be the very first place that her aunt would go to. The wrong that she had been doing had so effected her spirit, that she now thought only of concealing it. Sorrow for the wrong seemed for a time to have left her, and one evil admitted into her spirit had so opened the way for others, that she kept adding to the wrong, and was every moment acting a lie. Lucy would not have told a lie for anything, but she was acting one, which was just as bad.

At last she ran up stairs to the room she occupied, and opened her trunk and put the pieces in. Even with this she was not satisfied, but thought, "What if Aunt Pringle should come up and look into my trunk for something?" Thus she made her Aunt Pringle's eyes all-seeing. She did not think that even then the dear angel that watched over her was grieving at the wrong she had done, and begging her to do right by going directly to her aunt and telling her of her foolish curiosity and its consequences. Lucy was bearing in herself a dreadful punishment already; a terrible fear had entered her heart, and there was no room left for joy. She ran back into the parlor, fearing her aunt would come in and miss her, and then she began to cry bitterly, thinking of what she had done; then she remembered that if she cried, her eyes would be red and swollen, and her aunt would wonder what was the matter; so she tried to stop crying and look out of the window, but nothing seemed pleasant to her; there was a great cloud on her spirit that darkened everything.

Soon she heard her aunt's step, but it was not a pleasant sound to her. She wondered why she came so soon, and wished she had stayed in her room. As her aunt saw her face, so different from the one that usually met her, she said:

"Why, little cousin! is she homesick? Well, I'm a poor hand to care for children; I forget that they want to be amused. What can I do? Oh, I remember: I was thinking I would show you my china. There is nothing I am so fond of as beautiful china. I love every piece I have, and I don't know what I should do if I should lose any. I never let any one touch it but Bridget, who is as careful as I am. Come, and I will show you how nicely she keeps them."

"I don't want to," said Lucy.

"Don't want to? Well, that's very odd! Just see here," and she opened the door and exposed the room that Lucy was only too familiar with.

"Oh, no, no," said Lucy; "I don't want to see. I hate china!"

"What a child!" said her aunt; "why, when I was your age, I even saved all the broken pieces I could find. Well, if you do n't want to, I must do something else to amuse you, for I see you are half homesick. Let us go out and buy the doll you talked of."

Lucy felt such a relief as she saw her close the door that had opened so great a sorrow to her, that she almost smiled, and ran up stairs quickly to get her bonnet.

Once in the street she hoped to forget her troubles; but the trouble was all in herself, and so she could not put it from her. Nothing could take it away but doing right. Nothing amused her much, and she only half heard what her aunt said to her. The whole world seemed like a different place to her from what it had ever seemed before. Why was she not glad in the sunshine? Because there was no sunshine in her heart. Why did not the merry voices of the children seem pleasant to her? Because there was a mournful dirge singing in her spirit. Why did not the gay shops interest her? Because her mind was occupied by its own unpleasant memories. Thus it is ever: that which is gay and beautiful and glad, must be responded to in ourselves by our own happiness of spirit.

At last they came in their walk to a window filled with elegant china. Mrs. Pringle paused there of course, and stood in admiration of the beautiful objects before her.

Lucy's heart beat rapidly, and her eyes filled with tears. Was everything, she thought, to bring that dreadful vase to her mind, and keep it there? In looking over the beautiful articles before her, she saw one pair precisely like the one she had broken. Her aunt saw it also.

"I do declare," said she "if there is n't a pair of vases just like my beauty at home. Those up there, Lucy. Aren't they beauties? There is nothing I think more of than that vase, and I did n't suppose there was another in the whole city like it. But come, we must hurry to find a doll for you, and when I get home, I'll show you my vase, and you shall see that it is exactly like those."

"I don't want a doll," said Lucy. "I wish I had the vases instead."

"What a child!" said her aunt; "an hour ago you did n't like china, and now you are willing to give up your long talked of doll for those vases! But they cost dear, as much as ten dollars. Why, mine alone was six dollars, and you have n't but two, have you? for your doll, and all the candy you may want. What a dear, good father you have to give you so much money!"

At the mention of her father's name, and the thought of her home, Lucy began to cry piteously; so that her aunt, thinking she was really ill, yielded to her desire to go home. All the way there Lucy was thinking of her dear mother, and how loving she was, and how tenderly she cared for her, and how she trusted her, and believed she would be a good girl at all times and in all places. A little prayer arose in her soul, and gave her the first gleam of comfort—it was a wish to lay her head upon her mother's lap, and tell her all her troubles.

When she reached her aunt's home, she went directly to her own room and opened her trunk. There lay the fragments of the vase, and seeing them made her cry again. "Will nobody tell me what to do?" she thought; then she remembered her mother's words, "Don't try to hide a fault." Then she thought of what she had told her: that there was always something in her spirit that would tell her what to do if she would only listen, and she tried to listen, but it was not easy to follow what it said. She knew she should never feel happy until she had told of the wrong she had done, and made the best amends in her power. "But how mean aunt will think me!" came into her mind. *Maybe* she will not forgive me; *maybe* she will never find me out if I do n't tell; *maybe* sometime, if I get rich enough, I can buy the vases and give her both. These thoughts made her very miserable again, and she began to cry piteously. At last the better ones began to speak again louder than ever, "Never try to hide a fault!"

Lucy was not a coward in her heart. She could climb the tallest trees without trembling, and she was not afraid of the darkness, or to be alone; and, after a time, as the better thoughts came into her mind, she determined to do right at all hazards. She gathered up all the pieces of the vase in her handkerchief, and then, for the first time, a little smile passed over her face; it was like sunshine that glances through the dark clouds, and it almost always tells of a bright day coming. She ran quickly down stairs, and went directly to her aunt. She found her sitting, looking at the bright embers in the grate



"See," said she to Lucy, "I had a little flower made, it looks so social; and I thought perhaps it would seem more home-like and pleasant to you."

"Nothing seems pleasant to me," said Lucy; "for look here!" and she opened the fragments of the vase.

"What have you done, child? Oh, my beauty!—my vase—broken it? Oh, how could you? Why, Lucy, I would rather you had—"

"At this Lucy began to cry bitterly.

"Oh, child, do not cry. I just happened to think that there's another just like it that I can buy as well as not. How lucky! and I can have a pair of them now."

"And you'll take my money that I was going to buy a doll with," said Lucy; "and I have some more at home laid up for Christmas, won't you? and then I shall be so happy! I was very, very naughty to touch your things, when my mother bade me not; and then to try and hide it was worse than all. I felt as if a great big lie was right in me; but now I've got it out, and if you'll please let me write to my mother to-night, and tell her all about it, and ask her to send me my Christmas money, then I shall be oh, so glad!"

Lucy had indeed taken the lie out of her spirit, and felt like another being. There was gladness for her now, instead of the dreadful fear. The dangerous maybes had left her, and, instead, had come pleasant thoughts of right. How changed everything seemed now! The sorrow and meanness had left her spirit, and everything seemed full of beauty and goodness. She wrote her letter home, and received her money, and was made very happy in seeing her aunt purchase the vase with it, and also the other with money of her own.

When Lucy went home and told her mother all about it, and what she thought and felt, and of the maybes and perhappes, her mother told her:

"Remember this: there is always a right thing to do and a wrong, and all the maybes and perhappes that you can think of will never make wrong right. Some day I will tell you a story of the family of maybes and perhappes; but now think of this: doing right makes you feel always satisfied with yourself—doing wrong and hiding it, puts a meanness into your spirit that nothing can take away but the doing of right."

Written for the Banner of Light.

### A BOUQUET FOR PSYCHE.

By DAVID H. SHAFER.

Once, in the Spring-time blooming, I roamed the woodland shade,  
Where meadows, fields and gardens their floral gems displayed,  
With dew-drops decorated, like diamonds sparkling bright,  
While sapphires, rubies, emeralds glowed in the clear sunlight.

Fair Nature ne'er so lovely seemed as on that charming day,  
When I went forth to gather flowers to form a choice bouquet;  
Where'er my footsteps led me, my eyes with rapture gazed  
Upon the lovely pencilling that Nature's hand had raised.

I sought the sweet Carnation, (1) whose fragrance filled the air,  
The Clematis (2) so beautiful, and delicately fair;  
Blue Violets (3) and Myrtle (4) and Rose (4) with sweet perfume,  
Made e'en the scene more beautiful with their delightful bloom.

One darling flower gave me delight—the dear Forget-Me-Not (5)  
That here and there bloomed out in smiles, as in a sacred spot;  
Chaste Lemon-blossoms (6) and Frankincense (7) each glorified the earth,

While Blue-Bells (8) White Chrysanthemums (9) expressed exalted worth.  
The Camellia Japonica (10) and the fair Colandine (11)  
Ambrosias (12) and White Roses (13) and the Red Columbine (14)  
And Moss Rose Buds (15) and Gilliflowers (16) and the sweet-scented Balm (17)

With Crown Imperial (18) all conspired my sight and soul to charm.  
The Lilac (19) and Cape Jasmine (20) were grateful to my sight;  
On the lovely Coropsis (21) I gazed with fond delight;

The Lily of the Valley (22) and the fragrant Mignonette (23)  
While the Dock (24) taught me a lesson that I never shall forget.

The Daily Rose (25) the Iris (26) the Garden Daisy (27) too,  
The Snow-Drop (28) and the Hawthorne (29) and Heart's-Ease (30) gammed with dew;  
The delicious Honeysuckle (31) and the Heliotrope (32) so fair,  
Shed forth their scented treasures on the circumambient air.

The Monthly Rose (33) her loveliness each opening day displayed;  
The Lily (34) with her richest sweets in virgin white arrayed;  
The Apple-Blossoms (35) fragrance enriched the atmosphere,  
While the Oak (36) in glossy foliage stood superlatively fair.

I beheld with admiration the Magnolia's (37) towering form,  
And the charming little Cowslip (38) that smiles amid the storm.

Thus I wandered on unconscious of the silent passing hours,  
When I found that I had gathered a harvest of sweet flowers.

Oh, I love ye, darling flowers! for the thoughts that ye reveal,  
For ye weave a garland round me, a wreath with magic spell;  
My soul is so delighted with your enchanting powers,  
That I could live forever in your heaven-painted bowers.

With tendrils of the Vines (39) I bind this choice and rare bouquet,  
While from this soul-inspiring spot I turn myself away;  
And when the evening shades of life shall rest my laboring sight,  
The Pride of the Prairie (40) will say a sweet "Good-night."

Cincinnati, O., October, 1864.

(1) Woman's pure love. (2) Mental beauty. (3) Retiring modesty. (4) Love. (5) True love. (6) Fidelity in love. (7) Fidelity in love. (8) Constancy. (9) Truth. (10) Pretending excellence. (11) Love to come. (12) Love returned. (13) I am worthy of you. (14) Anxious trembling. (15) Confidence of love. (16) Bonds of affection. (17) Sympathy. (18) Joy. (19) Confidence. (20) Transport of joy. (21) Always cheerful. (22) Return of happiness. (23) The qualities of a true mind. (24) Surpass your charms. (25) Patience. (26) Aspire to your smiles. (27) Have a message for you. (28) Share your sorrows. (29) Hope controlling. (30) Hope called. (31) Cherished remembrance. (32) Unconscious and devoted. (33) Devoted attachment. (34) Unconscious and devoted. (35) Sweetness and purity of soul. (36) Preference. (37) Not act honored above all. (38) Love of Nature. (39) You are my divinity. (40) Immortal union. (41) Let me amid Nature's beauties.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### A SPIRIT-PORTRAIT.

Father, thankst oh, not for joys  
The world can give, the world can give,  
But for this testimonial voice  
That they still live, that they still live;  
The shout from earth, the shout from heaven,  
The joyous thrill, the joyous thrill,  
That tell me all my little seven  
Are living still, are living still.

Look on this picture—"earth to earth  
And dust to dust" was wept in vain;  
Let flow again your tides of mirth—  
Take heart again, take heart again.  
The world shall crumble piece by piece,  
Temple by temple, name by name,  
Whilst shining centres still increase  
Their living flame, their living flame.

Oh, dash away the doubt, the fear,  
Impassioned hearts, impassioned hearts,  
Arise! in God's attire appear  
Out from your mean and sordid marts—  
Out to the blazing front of day  
Where heaven's light, where heaven's light  
Shall purge all human dross away  
From human sight, from human sight.

Oh, FATHER, thankst—the Past revives,  
And now flow back the golden years,  
Freighted with all the loving lives  
We drenched with tears, we drenched with tears—  
Drenched with the rain of hearts that bled,  
In buried days, in buried days,  
Ere yet we knew the living dead,  
Might meet our gaze, might meet our gaze.

Look on this picture: "dust to dust"  
Was wept in vain, was wept in vain;  
Just overhead they live, and just  
The same again, the same again.  
Oh, FATHER, thankst! but not for joys  
The world can give, the world can give;  
Thanks, for this testimonial voice  
That they still live, that they still live.

New Orleans, La.

### The Lecture Room.

Lecture on Death and the Spirit-World.  
By Mrs. S. Brotherton, while in a Trance  
Condition, to a party of Private Friends,  
in Pontiac, Mich., Jan. 20, 1864.

(Reported for the Banner of Light, by Thomas Paul Niblett.)

Friends—Possibly you are not aware of the condition in which I find the organism through which I address you this evening. And you who are not acquainted with the philosophy of spirit-intercourse can form but a vague idea of the difficulty of intelligently conveying to your understanding—through that organism—the solemn and important truths which I am here to speak of, and which are so distorted by religious teachers, as to have become in every household a terror, and consequently a source of sorrow and woe, instead of a blessing.

There is no subject of more importance to the soul than "Death." Man is ever being taught that "Death is his final end; that it forever severs his connection with Earth; and that while living here he has no connection with those loved ones—his nearest and dearest ones—whom death has removed from his physical presence.

In looking over the condition of man on earth; his reception of superstitious teachings, and numerous other artificial surroundings, we are not astonished that he regards death as an enemy, and sorrows after absent ones, whom, according to the teachings of the so-called Christian religion, he may never behold again.

But we who have quitted earth—released by death from the thralldom of superstition—and now enjoy the freedom of the spirit-world, rejoice that we can sing a new song, that we are living where angels dwell.

Oh, my dear friends, how we of the spirit-world will rejoice when man walks in wisdom's ways; when his mind is freed from the shackles of priestly bigotry, and know, by inspiration, that Death is in accordance with Divine Law—is the friend of man, and not his enemy—coming in kindness to remove the mortal coil, and permit the soul to ascend heavenward to claim its birthright, to be clothed in loveliness, forever to roam in the sweet fields of the spirit-land, united to beloved friends, and join with the angels in the Grand Choir of Heaven, and in the light of one Eternal day, who chant the praises of the Ever-Living God for man's deliverance from ignorance and superstition.

Could the inhabitants of earth see and understand as we of the spirit-world know and comprehend, that that which is termed death, is in reality the second birth; that "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit," they would no longer "mourn in dust and ashes," for the flood-gates of tears and sorrows would be forever closed, and new hopes and aspirations would up in the soul; love would gush forth like a fountain from its long pent-up depths; and the crowning work of his Creator, would walk the earth a new creature, no more the slave of creeds and dogmas, but the heir of immortality, born to an inheritance of eternal joy and gladness.

Oh that men were free! Oh that they could view this heavenly land of ours and with us live on for endless ages, progressing higher and higher; being on angelic food at the table of our Heavenly Father! Oh, that we could speak to man as he could understand the priceless pleasures of the bright spheres above! unfold to his ever busy mind the glories which he is destined to attain; bring to him the rich perfumes of heaven's Elysian fields, the glittering gems from our crystal fountains, and the lovely sounds of Peace and Good Will, fallen with the dew of heaven, in the midst of which we live and are happy; where still new and hitherto unknown glories, unveil themselves, inviting our glorified spirits to higher knowledge.

And thus, instead of hungering and thirsting after unrighteousness, and spending their time in getting wealth and hoarding it, men would realize that it is not all of life to live on earth, nor all of death to die; for men are responsible and accountable beings. Oh that men would give heed to the truths which, even in their low and enslaved condition, are ever intruding and presenting themselves. Truth looks upon man and claims him as part of the Divine Being, but he is a slave to fanaticism and man-worship, without a particle of pure, vitalizing religion, having, it may be, a visionary hope of some far-off heaven, with no substantial prospect of a world to come, and no enjoyment of a heaven within.

While speaking of death, we are reminded that while on your earth we stood by the sick couch of loved ones. We remember, too, the bursting heart and the anguish of mind when gazing on the vacant chair, and at the voiceless, senseless form. But oh! how deceitful was that change to us! Dead only as regarded the human form; but in fact alive in a new and never-ending existence. A few hours passed in unconsciousness, the exterior form became passive, and the freed spirit crossed the "river of death," then that freed one realized that death was not that enemy that should frighten the soul, but a deliverer, come to escort the willing spirit to its home in the spheres, there to be surrounded by beloved friends and angels, whom, though unknown, have hovered near in all their earthly life, as guardian spirits. Thus the spiritually developed man is not afraid of the approach of Death.

When we consider how inseparable is the immortal soul of man from its Creator, we wonder not that angels wept at the ignorance of men generally, and at the blindness and fanaticism of the self-constituted religious teachers, particularly those who teach the nineteenth century's most learned theologians have failed to find the great principles of the immortal soul.

When will you realize, oh sons and daughters of earth, that death, which you have been taught to regard as a bitter thing—the tearing asunder of hearts and affections—is but the first unfolding of the science of life? Every man is an individualized being, revolving on his own axis. Every

creature and thing created must bow to that inexorable law, or angelic Death. It is in perfect harmony with Divine Law.

Man has been taught a false religion, and has credulously accepted the teaching. Buried and walled around by bigotry, creeds, systems, and intolerance, he does not dare even to think for himself if he would. So we find him at this advanced age of scientific enlightenment, thickly enveloped in darkness and superstition. The inhabitants of the spirit-world look with sorrow upon both the past and the present history of man's degraded condition, morally and intellectually. But it is with joy they visit their kindred on the earth, hoping thereby to assist them in throwing off the mantle of ignorance, so they can progress upward and onward. Could you look at death as it really is, and learn the great lesson of life—learn to live—you would see bright angels coming to meet you, to invite you to walk with them in their sphere of holiness and gladness. Yes, man is of Divine origin and, has been so trained in ignorance that to his fellow-man he is incomprehensible.

To promote the happiness of mankind, God has supplied the earth with everything his temporal wants require, yet he is not satisfied with this munificence, for we see within him the spirit of inquiry—a desire for something higher. Creeds are being brought to the bar of rational criticism, and opinions are freely passed upon their merits and demerits. Thus man is beginning to soar upward. Oh that he would continue to mount on the wings of love. What a revolution will be created in his soul when his spiritual vision is unfolded. Instead of relentless war raging from continent to continent, causing the earth to drink in the blood of its victims—a revolution for ignorance—men would live in homage to Truth and Wisdom, and identified, accountable beings would learn to love as the angels do. Love would then flow from soul to soul, and peace reign supreme.

Many prayers have gone up to the Christian's God for Peace. Prophets and seers have foretold that when war is no more, "the Lion and the Lamb will lie down together." When that glorious day shall dawn upon the down-trodden sons and daughters of earth, then there will go up a great shout of joy that will ring through the arches of heaven, and will be taken up and echoed by angels throughout the celestial world. And so sure as man exists, so sure will that time come. The day-star is rising. Man has lived under the Christian dispensation eighteen hundred years, and has been looking for the promised Messiah, and yet to him the promises and prophecies recorded in what he has been taught to reverence as the word of life, "The Word of God." He has bent his knee, and reposed his faith in the lowly Nazarine, instead of learning to know himself; finding out that there exists within himself a spark of Divinity which can ignite itself only at the torch of truth. Instead of searching out the hidden meanings that lofty one's mission and teachings, man has placed a blind trust in teachers equally blind as himself. But glad tidings are now being revealed to men, and the stone so often spoken of as being cut out of the mountain without hands, is rolling onward, and will ever continue its revolutions for the salvation of man and the glory of God.

The question is often asked, "What and where is heaven?" The time is fast approaching when men universally will cease asking that question. You have ever been taught that heaven is a great and glorious city, accessible only to the few elect. That it is a material city, with gates of gold, and palaces and halls and embellishments and sculpture and architecture, excelling earthly art and adornment; that God sits on a great white throne, surrounded by his earthly favorites, and an earthly monarch, with his likes and dislikes, chooses whom he will to be near him, and thrusting from him into everlasting burning, unnumbered millions of the human family.

But we tell you, friends, that the spirit-home is a bright summer-land, where all are free, with one God over all, and offering increasing opportunities for those who enter to reach the highest heaven. Angels roam the ever beautiful fields, and repose amidst the flowers. It has expansive strands, and delightful shores, rolling and undulating toward the great Ocean of Life. But no tongue of angel nor pen of poet can describe the matchless glories of our spirit-home. You mortals on earth may boast of fertile lands, your coasts, your rivers, your seas, your emerald isles, your various-hued forests, and beautiful flowers and carpets of verdure; you may even stretch your feeble imaginations to their utmost limits, and after all, you have but a faint picture, when compared with the beauties of spirit-land. Were we to drop around your heads a wreath of flowers selected from the unnumbered varieties which ever bloom in perfection in spirit-land, the comparison with your choicest of earth-flowers would be equal to the contrast of darkness with light. In this beautiful world we roam and roam, listening to the music of the spheres, and the voices of our souls ever making new discoveries, which add to the harmony that presides here, where all unite in praises to the one Eternal God.

Every intelligent being who passes into spirit-life is a worker in their own sphere. But there are tens of thousands who think they have, by their professions and adherence to creeds, "washed their hands white as the snow of the Lamb;" they will claim their condition different from what they expected. And many are still waiting in the delusion that the angel Gabriel will sound his trumpet when the time has come for them to enter heaven and enjoy it! Waiting, too, for the resurrection of that earthly body long since gone to its mother earth, and, in many instances it may be, dissolved ages ago into its several elements. Oh sorrowful delusion! Did the first coming of Christ accomplish for man what he himself expected? Has it accomplished even a shadow of what Christ hoped it would? No, not he was disappointed. Those we have referred to in the spirit-world, as well as those on earth, who believe in the same delusion, will find themselves subject to disappointment. Yet they will not see the necessity of coming out from that monstrous delusion. If there is one beautiful feature in spirit-life, more striking than another, it is that which envelops the astonished and entraptured soul, when, having quitted the physical body, it first awakens to new and real life. Fear not, therefore, the slavery that so tenaciously holds the earthly body, but throw off the shackles of superstition, of fear, and like an uncaged bird, mount high on the wings of faith, and enter at once the happy sphere accorded to him who has entered in the fields of Wisdom. Then, and not till then, will you be free.

### THE TRYSTING TREE.

By KARL DRURY.

Over a waste of sea  
Silver-furrowed by the moon,  
A voice is calling me  
From the stilly trysting-tree,  
Where the cricket chirrups lone.

Two ghostly arms are flung  
Out in the shining night;  
Two ghostly hands are wrung,  
And a dismal dirge is sung  
That thrills me with a fright.

Her spotless garments trail  
Like the cerements of the dead;  
And over her brow so pale  
Thin droops downward in the dead  
Tangled tresses from her head.

There is yearning in her cry  
That is come, by despair,  
And she beckons me to fly,  
With a shuddering sort of sigh,  
To her lonely region there.

Oh! theft of purity,  
Committed long ago,  
What hast thou brought to me  
By the stilly trysting-tree,  
Where the waters ebb and flow?

Oh! soul-engulfing wrong,  
When I leapt within thy deep,  
What voices shrill and strong  
Didst thou raise in gloomy song  
To steal away my sleep?

No hand can cleanse the stain  
Of her blood upon my life;  
Or ease to rest again  
The serpent-stinging pain,  
Or calm the inward strife.

Forever o'er the sea  
My guilt shall bid me fly;  
And a voice shall call to me  
From the stilly trysting-tree,  
And a ghostly bosom sigh.

### Correspondence.

#### Things and Scenes in New York.

Again I presume upon your time and patience, Mr. Editor, for a fireside chat, but I have so much to say I hardly know where to begin. As we have all been the recipients of A. J. Davis's inspirations, which have thrilled with joy ineffable every fibre of our being, awakening within our inmost soul new aspirations and high resolves, it may not be amiss to speak of him, for he has long been public property, and is too wise to notice unkindly any remarks that may be made of him, for he has but to lean on his "Magic Staff," if the world jostles him too closely. It did my soul good to grasp his fraternal hand, and hear from his own lips the living inspirations of fraternizing principles. His deep reasoning, and calm, dignified deportment wins admiration and respect from those who listen to him. Who that has ever attended the "Children's Lyceum," and "Moral Police Fraternity" would doubt for one moment the utility and propriety of such organization.

Mary E., his good wife (or angel of the house, as he calls her), presides with queenly modesty and grace over the Lyceum, exciting an influence worthy of example. I look upon them as angels of mercy, not only to the children of New York, but all over our continent, where, from their exemplary movement, Lyceums will spring up. The object seems not to be to enforce creeds and dogmas, but to build up the physical by healthy exercises, such as gymnastics, marching, etc., etc., and to ask such questions as are calculated to call out the faculties of the mind into healthful action. The marching is grand. Mrs. Davis, leading with her star spangled banner, is followed by persons of ages ranging from four to eighty years.

The Moral Police Fraternities are needed throughout our continent. Its objects, which are a combination of efforts to remove sorrow and suffering, by supplying the sick and destitute with food and clothing, and by kindly words of sympathy and encouragement make them feel that they are children of the same Father-God and Mother-Nature—all striving for and nearing the love-lit sphere of the summer-land.

But this one band of philanthropists cannot reach one-hundredth part of the miserably poor in New York. When I meet the poor, emaciated figures, with a puny infant clasped closely to their bosoms, clad in worn and tattered garments, drawn tightly around their forms, to shut out the cold autumnal winds, with tearful eyes and hands extended for a few pennies to buy a loaf of bread, I then wish I had hold of Gabriel's trumpet, with lungs inflated by the breezes of heaven, so I could send it until it reached the consciousness of the whole world, warming and melting into love and sympathy the iceberg hearts which now turn away so haughtily from scenes of sorrow and distress. Then we should hear no more from their lips such words as I heard fall from the lips of a matron a short time since, when a poor, forlorn mother asked for a small pittance. She turned to me and said, "Beggars have no business on this boat, and she has no business to be out this cold day with that sick babe."

I could but simply remark: "It may be her only means of keeping soul and body together." "Well, she's no business to be poor; there's money enough in the world!" "But all have not the faculty to obtain it," I replied, "and we may not now divine the cause which made her poor."

Al! if those befouled, stay-laced, wasp-waisted, trailing-skirted women would but turn their eyes within and learn their own poverty and wretchedness, and commune awhile with their own souls, they would, like one of old, inquire, "What shall I do to be saved?" and then from an overflowing fount of love, the answer would come: "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you;" and forthwith they would set about ransacking their garrets and closets for the cast-off clothing which had become unfashionable, such as shawls, hoods, saques, stockings, shoes and numerous other unmentionable articles which would contribute to keep many shivering forms from freezing this winter. It will not only cause them to feel better, but greater and nobler, and angels would bless them. Let us remember that only as we become angels of mercy to those less fortunate than ourselves, can we become worthy a place with the pure and good in the summer-land.

During my stay here I have visited the hospital where some three hundred soldiers are slowly recovering from wounds and bruises. There I beheld many pitiable sights. There was one young man with both hands gone; another with both feet missing; and nearly all had lost a leg or an arm. A lady visitor remarked to one soldier, "You lost your limb in a glorious cause!" "Ah," said he, "give me my limb and you may have all the glory." One poor, sick boy whom the physician had given up to die, as I approached his cot with words of love and sympathy, remarked, with tearful eyes, "Oh how you remind me of my mother! If I could only get home I should get well!"

From such scenes of sorrow and distress I turn my thoughts to the invisible world for strength to endure all the seeming ills of earth, and I receive the response within my soul. That all who thus nobly sacrifice their lives to establish peace and liberty upon the earth, and bring about a new era wherein righteousness shall triumph over despotism and wrongs, are, in one sense, saviours. Then who shall say that they will not receive crowns of glory in the spheres of Infinitude, where our loved ones are only gone a little while before—not lost, but treasured in heaven.

Mrs. F. A. LOGAN.

New York City, Oct. 10th, 1864.

#### "Nature Versus Drugs."

Your correspondent, Bro. Higgins, has reiterated the teachings of Dr. Trall, in regard to the action of drugs or medicines on the system. Dr. Trall has done much good; I honor him for the stand he has taken on reform questions, which are agitating the unrevivified minds of our people. Dr. Trall, or Mr. Higgins, I will say as I am replying to him generally, but wish to speak of principles, (not of men) particularly. Mr. Higgins says: "Now briefly, the truth is, medicines do not act on the system at all, chemically or otherwise, but it is the system which acts on the medicine and expels it, using up the vitality and exhausting the strength of the patient."

Using poisons indiscriminately and ignorantly, has done and is doing a vast amount of mischief beyond a doubt, and the science of medicine and its application to the cure of the sick, is a profound mystery so far as the general teachings on the subject goes, Mr. Higgins included; but to say that medicines "do not" act on the human system seems to be about as absurd as to say that fire does not act on fuel when it is being consumed.

Mr. Higgins assumes that he has really found the "truth," but fails to tell us why it is the truth. His truth may be like Minister Dickey's god, who was a Devil to Charles Burleigh: Why? Simply because Mr. Dickey's god upheld the cursed institution of slavery. If medicine does not act "chem-

ically or otherwise" on the system, I do not see what sets the system at work to expel it. If there is no action, there can be no cause of motion, consequently the system remains quiet.

Does not dead matter act on dead matter, both chemically and otherwise? Does not alkali act on acid and change the whole nature of the compound? And would not alkali taken into the stomach neutralize acid found there? Does Mr. Higgins pretend to say that chloroform breathed into the system, to utter prostration, does not "act on the system" chemically or otherwise? It is simply absurd in science. He might as well say the system could not be killed by chloroform. When a person takes an emetic, according to Mr. Higgins, the system makes such an effort that the contents of the stomach are dislodged. Why does the stomach so act? Simply because an enemy was acting on it chemically or otherwise; just as a spring will react when acted upon.

S. MARSHALL.

#### Elkhart, Ind., and Vicinity.

This is the headquarters of Spiritualism for Northern Indiana, and the home of Hon. M. F. Shney, member of the State Legislature, and one of our national committee of thirteen. It has long been a stop-over station for our speakers, and kept up meetings and an interest in the religious reforms of the day, as well as in the political. It has an enterprising and intelligent population, in which Spiritualism has a leading position, pressed forward and made stronger by recent efforts of unscrupulous zeal by the Methodists to crush it out. The town is situated on the bank of the St. Joseph river, at the junction of two other streams, making excellent water powers, long since partially improved, and also on the M. & N. R. railroad, at the junction of the old and air-line tracks from Toledo to Chicago. The soil is excellent for farming purposes, being too sandy for mud, and too heavy for dust, and peculiarly fitted for winter wheat and potatoes, the latter being more extensively raised and shipped from here than at any point I visit in the West, and is a very profitable crop in good seasons. Fruit also, but not peaches, does well, and apples are usually very abundant.

Goshen, ten miles distant on the air-line road, is the county seat, and has a large and far less intelligent population. Our speakers often go there, and speak in the court house, as I have done this and former years; but if on Spiritualism, to very few, for whiskey has a much stronger attractive power there. However, as the town has swung over to the loyal side in politics, I have some hope for Spiritualism.

Six miles north of Elkhart is the State line of Michigan, and the magnificent farms of Mr. Geo. Redfield, whose name you will find in yours and other lists of supporters of Spiritualism. I have just returned from my annual visit to his home-farm, seven miles from that town, and in Adams, Mich.; soil much like that nearer the river. Mr. R. is one of the largest owners of improved lands in Michigan, and few men in the State have made as much improvement as he has. His home-farm has over eight hundred acres under improvement, the roads lined with shade trees, most of them saved from original stock, making shade and wind-breakers for travelers and crops; has over four miles of Osage Orange fence, taking the place of rails and boards; has now about three hundred acres of fine looking wheat in the ground, and harvested about two hundred and fifty acres this year, which yielded an average of twenty-five bushels to the acre. Last year his orchards yielded more than he could secure and ship; this year very few apples were raised in this section; corn, too, was light, owing to want of rain, which also cut short feed and stock. Mr. R. has large herds sheep and other stock, and every sign and source of rural, agricultural and domestic prosperity, and it is ever a treat to me to visit his capacious and comfortable home in the grove of fruit and forest trees that surround it, and especially at this October season, when the variegated foliage of the oak, the maple, the hickory, the locust, and the fruit and evergreen trees add beauty and variety to the canopy and carpet around the dwelling. Mr. R. is one of many active, enterprising and successful intellects, who early found the rich country of the West with immense resources undeveloped, and took hold of the plow themselves, or the lines, and have developed fortunes, and are now clear of the entanglements of poverty and religion, and enjoying the fruits of their labors and our blessed spiritual philosophy, but under whose roofs willful ignorance, persistent idleness and bigoted superstition find no home or protection.

I have been often rejoiced in my late travels in the West to find the large number of Spiritualists in the front ranks of enterprise, intelligence and wealth, and leading minds in politics and the great improvements of the age, and I am sure the time has come for a concerted and cooperative effort to rescue our schools from the death-grasp of sectarian bigotry, but I also know this cannot be effected through a central or national religious organization, for they have no confidence in such, or the honesty of such as would be selected to control it. We must set out with specific objects, and begin by either purchasing or building colleges and academies, and keeping out sectarian control and teaching—science, philosophy and nature based authority, and the habits of an education—and let the heathen classes and Christian fables go to the "tomb of the Capulets," or the more modern tomb of Calvinism. Who will move in the right direction for a reform college? We wait to see and hear.

Elkhart, Ind.

WARREN CHASE.

#### Spiritualism in Des Moines, Iowa.

The cause of Spiritualism in Des Moines is quietly progressing, under the weekly lectures of Bro. J. L. Potter, in the trance state. At the call of the friends here, he came from New Hampshire in July last, and has officiated for us since, to our great gratification and full satisfaction. His lectures are full of pathos, replete with irrefutable reasonings, truly eloquent, and melting error before them as snow before a genial sun. Though a young man in point of years, in the trance state he handles all subjects chosen or suggested in a manner evincing superior wisdom and enlarged experiences. Many, it will be found, having a wide fame in the lecturing field, do not surpass, if indeed they equal, Bro. Potter as a trance speaker. In connection with our regular lectures, we have a Lyceum meeting at half-past six p. m. each Sunday, at which some selected subject is discussed, in fifteen minute speeches, by all who desire to participate. These are exciting a good degree of interest, and promise well for the cause of progress. As at the lectures, so at the Lyceums, Bro. Potter is the leading spirit, and his dissertations upon the different subjects are replete with interest and instruction.

The passage of Bro. Edwin Hall from our midst to the Summer-Land in September last was a very blow upon us, as his kind heart and ready pen were always interested in the cause. Bro. Hall was a true friend of progress.

Bro. Potter will enlarge his field of labor in the West, if desired by the friends to do so, and we can assure them that truth will not suffer in his hands, nor they be without gratification and profit. Give Bro. Potter a wide field, friends, that his light may not be hid under a bushel.

B. N. KINYON.

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 30, 1864.



poor of our city will need much aid. Applications to us for bread-tickets are more numerous than formerly, and our *Poor Fund* is nearly exhausted in consequence. Those feeling so disposed should be happy to have coöperate with us in keeping so laudable an enterprise in successful operation. The piteous stories the poor create on account of woe and want, who apply to us for food, are enough to make the soul sick, and we feel it to be a duty we owe our common humanity to aid them to the extent of our means.















