

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.

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Written for the Banner of Light. KATIE MALVOURNEY

IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

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

The simplest incidents of life assume an importance and interest, when connected with certain individuals. The great law of attraction is not confined to the individual, but extends to their actions, and we learn to link the one to the other.

INTRODUCTION.

If the blue hills of free Scotland stamp their influence upon the bonnie people of that fair land—no less in their staid and deliberate character than in the joyous and lightsome natures that are so common there, and the more sober and practical character of the children of what Cowper calls

"England, dear England, my own native land," flows not less from the stern and practical impress which that land has made upon her sturdy people—the Green Isle has done more to make a character for her numerous and far-spreading family than either of these.

With vast sections of her country poor in soil, meagre in all the comforts of life, but profuse in her population, little Ireland—a spot scarcely to be discerned upon the map of the world—has sent forth a peculiar race of people, whose lineaments and character may be traced in almost every nation of the globe; a people the most elastic of all the families of men, springing up and flourishing under difficulties that would crush to earth others; exhibiting their native characteristics of buoyancy, and cheerful and often refined wit, and a faith in themselves and their religion, such as we find nowhere else.

An incident, related by a Modern traveler, will illustrate some points in the character of the inhabitants of the prominent divisions of Great Britain and Ireland.

A gentleman, looking at the towering steeple of St. Paul's in London, on a blustering day, accosted a Scotchman, whom he recognized by his Highland plaid. "My good friend," he said, "what will you take to stand on the top of St. Paul's for an hour?" Stepping back and forward a few paces, and placing his hand upon his forehead in meditation, he replied by asking the question, "What would you give me, sir?" Soon after, seeing a representative of John Bull, he put a similar question to him. Without the least hesitation he responded: "Ten pounds, sir!" In a few minutes a rough, uncultivated son of Erin came along, and was addressed as follows: "Patrick, what would you take to stand upon the top of St. Paul's for an hour, this morning?" Instantly Pat replied, "Shure, and it's after taking a bad cold I should be."

That the climate, soil and meteorological conditions of every country stamp more or less clearly their peculiar influences upon its people, cannot be doubted; and observation has clearly pointed to the fact, that the western shores of the Old Continent are marked by an intensity of character differing widely from that presented in its more interior and eastern provinces. A singular fact has marked the history of human progress and civilization; that mankind has only advanced with rapid strides as he has moved toward the setting sun, while those nations who have remained fixed permanently in the land of their fathers, as the Chinese, or have attempted eastward emigration, have either stood still or fallen back in the scale of civilization.

CHAPTER I. Birth and Parentage.

Katie Malvourney was the daughter of Dennis and Bridget Malvourney, very honest people, who had lived many years in a small cottage, near to the beautiful mansion and grounds of Lord Dunderery, for whom they had labored. They were poor in everything save their native wit and buoyancy of character that spring so spontaneously from the lowest and rudest conditions of life in this wonderful country, and in that other wealth so common among earth's poor—God's richest gift to many a loving nation—a family of nine beautiful bright-eyed little children.

The struggle had often been very hard to find food for all these, yet amid the severest trials there was joy in the father's eye and glee in that mother's heart when they could listen to the sweet music of their little ones. Katie was the last gift in this line, there being already five buxom boys and three girls, who shared, with beautiful and loving equality, the board of Dennis Malvourney and his loving wife. It is a peculiar fate to be the last child, in so large a circle, linking hands with the first born, who, with each new comer, has given away some of his rights, though not without a rich compensation. In the warmer love of added affection. Often the last love-lit falls, in its young child-heart, not yet expanded, to know that each new love, like camp fires, not only warms those who build them, but lights the way through life's dark journey, and then may easily be led to look upon the new comer as an intruder.

This was a happy family, amid toil and poverty, and almost starvation, and for sixteen years they had enjoyed almost uninterrupted sunshine of affection. It was only necessary for a shrewd observer to look into the eyes and faces of the little ones who played so joyously around that hut from morn till night, to know that true and deep and pure had been the spirit of conjugal and parental affection that flowed so constantly through

the hearts of these rude, uncultivated people. Did you ever reflect that every thought that lives within your mind is daggered and typed both there and around you? And have you thought what a fearful responsibility it is to send out into the world living and moving thoughts, either of order, harmony and beauty, or of discord and rude jarring elements, that in our children may add to the sum of human virtue and happiness, or stir up the turbid waters of humanity, and carry wrangling and poison into the interior nature, where purity and love alone should ever dwell?

When the father first looked upon this last bright gift of heaven, he smiled, and said to his loved companion:

"There, darling, God has given you all you wanted. You said we should have nine; and sure they have all come, and we have kept them, too, every one."

And now the flame of love, which had ever burned so brightly, grew stronger than ever. Never, in all those long and weary years, had that father's heart for a moment faltered in its affection for the loved one; and though trials more severe than fall to the common lot of mortals were theirs, in their fierce struggles against poverty and want, not one word had ever passed between them, thrown from a battery loaded with unkindness. Never, amid all their discouragements, was either disposed to see that aught which the other had done had anything to do with bringing their trials upon them, and hence they not only avoided blame and censure of each other, but shared, in a most beautiful manner, their cares and trials, as well as their joys, which were thus much increased.

CHAPTER II. First Decade.

A year passed on. The other children had been bright and attractive, but somehow, everybody thought that little Katie was the brightest and sweetest of all the family. This must have been so, for even the little ones around her felt it, and almost worshiped her. No jealous feeling ever rose up to mar this beautiful thought, and by common consent she was crowned queen of the household—a fearful position—but we shall see how nobly little Katie wore her honors and filled her station in life.

In the great world of humanity there is a nobility to which we voluntarily accord respect, and which wears its honors with so much ease and grace as to disarm all rude criticism or censure. One would as soon think of questioning the beauty of Nature's wild flowers, as the right of these to be just what they are. Already this queenly dignity was manifest in the young and beautiful child, who was just beginning to slip her mother-tongue, and give an indescribable beauty and quaintness to a language that would otherwise seem harsh and rude. The sweet innocence of childhood not only relieves the mistakes they make, but actually gives a charm of beauty to that which would be an error not to be pardoned in others.

We have said Katie was a very beautiful child. She had large, dark and peculiarly expressive eyes, flowing ringlets of hair that had been quite light, but was now assuming a darker hue; and she illustrated, in a striking manner, the saying, "That a thing of beauty is a joy forever." It is pleasant to know that the love of the beautiful is not only universal, but also one of the most refining influences which operates in man to raise him to a higher condition. Poetry and music, painting and sculpture, and the ever-varying and infinitable beauty of Nature are continually working in man, and, like the dew of heaven and the glorious sunlight, they are silently, but no less effectually tending to lift him to a higher plane.

"During the first four years of the life of our little maiden, though we have scarcely anything to record, not a day passed in which there was not some beautiful lessons springing out of the central spot that her life marked on the broad plane of humanity; and though the pen is mightier than the sword, and its records are forever linking the past and the present in a beautiful chain to which the future is to be attached, still the recorded events of any era are but as a drop in the ocean of Time—a grain of sand upon its vast beach, which, though they may be more conspicuous because the pen has recorded them, they were not more influential than untold millions of events that seem to the superficial observer like

"May a flower that's born to bloom unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The unrecorded events are no less realities; for beautiful thoughts live not alone in memory, but floating o'er the air of time, they fall upon the human soul, and clothe it with freshness and beauty.

The love-nature seems to be peculiarly developed in such children in their joyous spring-time, before the summer's heats and winter's blasts have come upon them, to scourge and wither the fine flowing tendrils of affection which grow out so spontaneously in every direction from such natures.

when compared with the abundant facilities that exist so generally to-day, was like a little spring, rising away up among the hills, scarcely to be discovered, but soon marking its way by the rich verdure that outlines its meandering course, till its crystal waters, sparkling in freshness and beauty, invite the weary traveler to refresh himself on the journey of life.

Oh, ye who live where fountains of learning are continually pouring out their living streams, even compelling you to drink before the thirst has come, how little can you understand the nature of those precious draughts that are seized upon by the hungering and thirsting souls where such fountains are not opened, and where every tiny drop of the waters of knowledge is prized as an unspeakable treasure and blessing.

Limited as was the education of this family, it was substantial in its character, and diffused to all with an equal and unsparring hand. Each child became a teacher, and every new acquisition of knowledge was spread before the family to be examined and appreciated by each. During the first decade of Katie's life, she was the channel through which most of this learning came to the family; yet so modest was she, and pure, that the truths that were filtered through her nature were beautifully adapted to all the rest, and without any affectation she rejoiced in being the medium through which so much good and substantial happiness came. Through her influence all the other children learned to read and write, and the field of literature, so utterly uncomprehensible to the uneducated mind, and so poorly appreciated by those who have long lived within its broad enclosure, was thus opened to this family so as to place them upon a new plane of life.

CHAPTER III. Extension of Labors—The Slogans.

They had lived very much alone and separated from those who occupied similar conditions in society; but this acquisition, instead of separating them more widely from these, awakened in all of them—especially in the mind of little Katie—a desire to benefit their neighbors by diffusing some elements of knowledge among those who had been less favored in this direction. So happy had been her home missionary labors, that all were pleased when she proposed extending them to this class of their neighbors. The family felt and hoped that the same loving and gentle nature that had been so complete a protection to her, would continue with her in her new field of labors; and it did, though she was often chilled by the scenes which she was compelled to witness in her visits among these rude people. Sensitive natures often suffer more severely from seeing wrong in others than the actors of the wrong themselves. Still this suffering is an atonement, and aids them in escaping from wrong conditions, making the sensitive the saviour.

It was her delight, after these rambles among her scholars, as she called them, to dwell upon all the pleasant and attractive traits which she had discovered, and draw instructive lessons from these for the family. Her mother, with a keen, intuitive sense, perceived that she often had something on her mind that she did not relate to them. This was the case, particularly with one family which she frequently visited. Taking a private opportunity, her mother inquired particularly about these feelings.

"Ah," said Katie, "I have a great work to do with John Slogan and his family, and I want you to help me. Mrs. Slogan has a very irritable temper, and when John comes home and finds that she has been abusing the children, and she is unkind to him, he sometimes abuses her, and at others he goes away; and, mother, he has been in the habit of drinking, and then he neglects his work and abuses all the family; and both he and Mrs. Slogan use bad words before the children, and they are very indifferent about learning anything. Oh, mother, it makes my heart sick to think of it; there is Mary and her four little brothers. I wonder that God ever gave children to such people; and then I think that if they had not these they would be still worse, and do more harm to society. So I try to make the children be good, and see if they cannot do something for their parents—Mother, I have talked a great deal to little Mary, their only daughter and eldest child, and sometimes she seems very much interested in me, and then I hope to be able to do something for them. Yesterday, when I was there, she said she wished I would come to see her father and mother and talk with them; for, said she, 'I know you could do them good, and make us all happier.' So I said I would come over early next Sunday morning. Oh, how badly I feel about it, for fear I shall not know what to say to them."

No diplomat charged with an embassy involving the interests of nations, the fate of millions, ever felt a more solemn weight of responsibility than did our young Miss just entering her teens in the fulfillment of this important, self-imposed duty. A thousand times she planned what she would say and how she would deliver her message; sometimes feeling that she had it all right, and would certainly succeed. Then a new train of thought would come, and another plan be suggested. Every one noticed that something ailed Katie, but no one but her mother knew what it was.

What an experience it is to have such a labor, and to have three long days to plan it in; but the car of time moves onward with a steady and unwavering pace, and all events that are to come, either trivial or important, will find their appropriated place, and that often before we are ready for them.

Strong and surging were the waves of impulse in her soul, as the mighty task loomed up before her in all its greatness and importance. Sometimes she was almost tempted to speak to her brothers and sisters about the weight that laid on her soul; then something seemed to say to her, "It is too sacred; it is thy mission." She was

very certain that if she had not confided it to her mother, she could never have gone through with the fierce struggle which it had cost her; but having gone thus far, she held it sacred to herself.

A violent thunder-storm occurred on Saturday night. The beating rain, as it fell in torrents upon their humble cottage, had no very soothing influence upon the conflict within the bosom of our young maiden.

She rose early on Sunday morning. The sun was shining with uncommon clearness. The grass and foliage, and even the air, seemed to be washed very clean. It was such a morning as a little child once remarked to his mother, seemed like "a new day." After embracing her mother, and receiving a blessing from her, both in words and in the deeper feeling which words cannot express, Katie set forth on her mission. She had not gone more than half way to Mr. Slogan's house, when she saw her friend Mary coming. We beg our reader's pardon for not having introduced her more formally, and will do it now.

Mary was the eldest daughter of the Slogans, and quite a bright girl of fifteen; naturally a good girl, but she had not sufficient moral strength to live above the discordant influences which had been so constant around her for the last ten years. She had not lost the natural and innate love of goodness which marks childhood, and hence she was strongly attracted to Katie, and joined with her heartily in this mission. She was, at times, very much troubled with her condition, but lacked the moral courage to rise above her surroundings.

As they walked along toward the house, Mary informed her friend that her father had come home the evening before very much intoxicated, and that her mother and he were quarrelling when she retired, and that her father had not made his appearance this morning. That her mother seemed in a very quiet mood, and looked rather unwell when she left her. She had not spoken of Katie's engagement to come there, as it was deemed best by both that it should be a surprise; and when Mary's mother wondered at her being dressed so early, she diverted her mind by saying that it was such a bright and pleasant morning, she thought it would be nice to take a walk.

Neither of the girls were in any hurry to reach the house, so they walked around for half an hour. At length, mustering all the courage they could, they entered. John had just come down into the kitchen, apparently in rather a surly mood.

There were two rooms on the first floor of the house, and the door being open between them, they soon discovered that he did not feel very amiable. Mary went out and informed him that her friend Katie was in the room.

There are times in the transition stages of intoxication, in which the better nature begins to have the ascendancy over the exhausted passions. It was so with John this morning, and despite of his bad habits, there always was a love and tenderness for his Mary which, had she fully appreciated, might have been used to great advantage. But human life presents a continued succession of lost opportunities, of unprofitable moments that may never be recalled.

We have said that Katie had laid out various plans, but not one of these could she remember as Mary brought her father into the room to see her friend, as she supposed. He was just in a condition to be merry, and was delighted with the beautiful visitor who smiled so pleasantly as he spoke to her. He began by thanking her for her efforts to teach his children, "For," said he, "learning is wittles and drink, bordin' and lodgin'," as the fellow said of good feller when he was layin' in the gutter drunk; thus unwittingly introducing the very subject which Katie desired to speak upon. Said she:

"I do not think you ought to compare learning, which is food for the mind, to that which is not food for the body, but very injurious. There is a similarity between the food for the mind and that for the body. Man has a spiritual nature and an intellectual nature, as well as a physical body, each of which requires its appropriate food and exercise. Only last week I was conversing with Father Dunlery, and he confessed that I had given him a new idea, when I said that benevolence, veneration and conscientiousness were appropriate exercises of the spiritual, and as we practiced these, not only a desire for spiritual food was produced, but we were placed in a condition to receive the spiritual food that flows from sources around and above us; while on the mental plane all the various branches of intellectual labor and pursuits were the proper exercise for this part of man's nature, and not only placed it in a condition to receive, but also brought to it its appropriate food; and for the body the proper labors and duties of life furnish such exercise as is calculated to maintain all the functions in a healthy condition; while around us, in this beautiful world, God hath given us an abundance of good and wholesome food, which, if our labors be properly directed, we shall be able to gather for ourselves and receive in an appropriate manner."

Turning to Mary, she said:

"I do not know what came over me that day. Instead of listening to our good priest, I was compelled to talk in this way to him, and singularly enough, too, he begged me to go on and say all that I had to. And afterwards he told mother that I was the most wonderful little preacher he had ever met."

By this time Mr. Slogan had become deeply interested, and the influences which had clouded his intellect—which was rather above the common order of his class—were fast passing away.

His wife, who had been engaged in preparing their morning meal, now entered the room, and with a pleasant courtesy, invited Katie to accompany them to breakfast. As they passed into the other room, she felt that she had put her hand to the plow and would not turn back.

After partaking of a simple meal, they returned to the room. Mr. Slogan had become deeply interested in the conversation. Mary and her mother remained a few minutes, putting away the breakfast things, when all the family came into the room and sat down.

"I was speaking to your husband," said Katie, to Mrs. Slogan, "about the different kinds of food which the spirit, the mind and the body requires." And here she repeated what she had said to Father Dunlery, and to them; and then going on, she said:

"I perceive that while there is good and wholesome food, entirely adequate for the wants of the spiritual nature, in true religion, which flows from the exercise of the faculties to which I have alluded, I still perceive that there is none, and over has been, a great amount of bigotry, deception and falsehood under the garb and profession of religion, which, while it stimulates and intoxicates the soul for a time, always leaves it in a worse condition. If the religious teachers, instead of administering these exciting draughts, would confine their labors to the dissemination of practical religion, and the general cultivation of man's faculties, there would be a change among mankind."

Then on the intellectual plane I perceive that there is a vast amount of stimulating and exciting literature without any substantial basis of nourishment or food in it, which only fascinates the mind and leads it away from that which is real and proper food. I know of instances in which young persons have become so excited by the perusal of this light and stimulating literature, that they were really unhappy, having no inclination to take that which is substantial food for the mind, calculated to build it up and strengthen it for the labors and duties of life. Indeed, you may find all the different classes of stimulants in this department. There is that which is comparable to wine, slightly stimulating, and from this every grade up to the most concentrated stimulus represented by alcoholic spirits.

I have sometimes thought that the beautiful parables of our Lord were gentle stimulants, like wine administered by a wise and judicious physician for sick souls. And there is, doubtless, much among the light literature which abounds in our day, that, when properly administered, acts in this way. But, like those who take stimulants for the body, we are too apt to become lost to our real condition and feel a constant desire for medicine—one of the worst conditions of disease which I can conceive of.

I heard an anecdote the other day, which I did not understand at the time. Now I perceive its meaning. A person was speaking about moderate drinkers, and remarked that they reminded him of a sign that he had seen upon a board as he passed along the shore of the ocean; it was to this effect: "Whenever the water is four feet above this sign, it is not safe to pass along this road."

"Go on, little preacher," said Mr. Slogan, evidently awakening to a new train of thought by the course which the conversation had taken. All were now deeply absorbed. Katie warmed up for the occasion, and grew even more beautiful than ever. She continued:

"The mass of mankind to-day are on the physical plane, and hence the most common violations are on that. Men, either from supposed necessity, habit or desire, partake of very improper food and drink, as well as of suitable kinds, at improper times, and their physical systems suffer the penalties for these violations, either immediately or in accumulated force in the future; for Nature keeps with some a cash account, while to others she seems to give credit; but her debts are never canceled or atoned for, except by the full payment."

Looking into John's face with a penetrating gaze, she saw intuitively that he was getting a tolerably correct understanding of her thoughts; and, further, she saw that with a charity that is very common, he was looking around to see how many he could find to whom this lesson would apply. She saw, too, that he had succeeded, and remarked to him:

"Mr. Slogan, to whom do you think this will apply?"

"Well," said he, "if I must tell you, I have been thinking of my two young masters. During the last two years they have been brought home many times in a very bad way, after their feasting and carousing; and I can see plainly that they are growing older very fast."

This was a very keen thrust at our little missionary. In the first place she saw that the blow aimed at John had not failed of its mark. It was quite evident from his manner of throwing it off, that the ball had grazed him, and he had received a slight wound. But the keener thrust was in the allusion to the sons of Lord Dunderery. Katie felt under so many obligations to their sisters, and already had there been hints between Miss Selinda, the youngest of these, only about two years the senior of Katie, and herself in reference to the habits of these brothers. For a moment she seemed a little embarrassed; and, while she gathers her scattered thoughts, let us introduce to our readers Lord Dunderery and his family, whose splendid mansion and grounds were the central point of the scene of our story.

CHAPTER IV. The Dundererys.

Lord Dunderery had formed an alliance with a Scottish family of nobility, the Aylesfords. Lady Dunderery was a person of great refinement and dignity of character, and their marriage was more happy than is ordinarily the case with persons in their station of life. They had seven children, two sons and five daughters. Their eldest son, John Michael Dunderery, was the second child, and

102607

very different from all the other children. He had rather a coarse, harsh nature, and very early in life was disposed, as he said, "to cast off the restraint of post-coital government," preferring the association of rude boys, even of the lower orders of society, than that of his sisters and the young ladies who visited them—a course well calculated to increase the coarse and rude disposition which was natural to him.

The other son, Robert Edgar Athlone Dunderery, was twelve years younger than John, having three sisters and a brother older than himself. He was of a delicate, nervous temperament, rather negative, with a masculine refinement which differs very much from that of true, womanly nature. His negative character made him assume very much the condition of his associates; and as he spent most of his early life with his sisters and their companions—his brother being absent at school several years—he grew up a very loving and lovely boy.

How little do we realize the value of the associations which children have. We mean not the temporary and transient influences of an hour or a day, but the constant dropping which we know wears away the hardest rock. It is a calamity, both to the individual and to humanity, to bring up one child alone, without others to share its pleasures and sorrows, to bring out the fiercer and better nature, and curb and restrain the almost universal selfish feeling that leads to arbitrary and tyrannical power. In no one thing, perhaps, has the curse of American slavery blighted its victims more than in this, that instead of curbing this natural tendency to arbitrary and unjust tyranny, it often places young persons in situations calculated to foster and cherish it in its most bitter and irresponsible forms.

Before returning to our young missionary and her hearers, let us introduce to you two of the young ladies who will figure in this history. The second daughter of Lord Dunderery, Margaret Anna, or Maggy Ann, as she was commonly called, was the one who first discovered little Katie, and who was the means of introducing the other members of the family to her, and at times bringing her to their mansion. She was different from all the other children. She had a true Irish heart, than which there glows no warmer in any human breast. The milk of human kindness that flows through the warm and loving breast of the true Irish nature is the most loving and attractive that we find anywhere. But we shall make her acquaintance more fully hereafter.

The youngest daughter, Selinda Maria, usually called Lind, was by far the smartest child of the family, and was not a whit behind the most witty of the natives of the Green Isle, whose native wit is proverbial. We shall also hear of her in the sequel.

CHAPTER V.

The Interview at Slogan's—Continued.

Having recovered from the momentary embarrassment which she had been thrown into by Mr. Slogan's charitable application of her remarks, turning them in a very different direction from that in which she had intended they should go, Katie resumed:

"It is very natural that we should see faults in others, even though we are treading similar paths ourselves. There is a wisdom in this; for if we occupy our proper relations and feelings toward each other, we shall not only see wherein our brother walks in error, but shall be better able to minister to his needs, and in turn receive that which is calculated to remove our own weaknesses and shortcomings. What the world most needs, my friends, is this true and loving harmony between man and man, which disarms of all hatred and prejudice, and opens the way for a full and free intercourse. Every one has felt at times that there was some friend whose kindly word of caution and love has carried with it more weight and influence than the most eloquent preaching or forceful denunciation that the world has ever known."

Seemingly to lose sight of herself, as all true saviours and apostles must, she said:

"Mr. Slogan, I have seen little innocent children preaching sermons that went right home to the heart of the coldest and most remorseless criminal. I know a man of this character, who said to me the other day, 'I remember very well that when I stood high in society in the early part of my career in crime, that a little girl only three years of age, invariably called me a thief, which I knew to be the truth, though if I had asserted it myself, it would scarcely have been credited at that time, such was my standing in society. Oh,' said he, 'if I had only taken the warning that was given me through that child, I might have been a very different man.' These gentle rebukes from children leave no poisoned arrow to fester in the wounds of corruption in the human heart, but only a gentle puncture, that will give relief by permitting the pent-up humors to flow out freely. Little children," said she, looking at the bright sparkling eyes of Mary and the other children, who had become intensely interested in her simple story, "little children are God's blessed ministers of purity and love to those parents who may have failed in their duty to them and also to the world."

The interest of all had grown intense. There was not a dry eye in that little room, and they drew closer around Katie. She proceeded:

"In my visits to various families, how I have rejoiced to see the loving influence of little children lighting and warming the hearts of all around them, and giving a sanctity and purity to the home circle which cannot be found when this does not exist. Sad indeed have been my feelings, on the other hand, when I have witnessed coldness and indifference on the part of children, produced by the harshness and unkindness which they have received from those who should have been their natural protectors and guardians; and who, when they have asked for a fish, have given them a scorpion, and when they have desired bread, have given them a stone. How cold and barren of all the true comforts of life was such a home."

Thus the morning hours sped away. Katie made several unsuccessful attempts to go, but some new question or turn of thought held her spell-bound. At length, summoning courage, she started, and the whole family followed, determined to go at least part way home with her, and Mary was very desirous of going all the way; but Katie positively declined this, as she felt that it would be better for the family to remain together, while so good a feeling was with them. For it seemed to her, as well as to them, as if they were on a Mount of Transfiguration, and the angels of peace and concord were so clearly visible to them that they were ready to build tabernacles for them.

Time and eternity alone can fully reveal the results of this labor. A pebble had been dropped into the lake of humanity, and its widening circles will never cease to move onward till they have reached the furthest shores of eternity.

Katie's mother was very anxious for her return; but when she saw her with a sweet smile on her countenance, all her fears were banished.

[To be continued.]

Children's Department.

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR, MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND TOM.

CHAPTER III.

When the warm days of spring had come, a party was agreed upon to Spring Brook, to see whether the cowslips and the violets were in blossom. Mr. Tom was to carry Susie in his arms, for she grew every day more pale and delicate, and Marianna was to lead Willie; and they were to take bread and apples that they might not be hungry. The sunshine was so bright, that Marianna wondered if it felt glad and happy, as it seemed to dance on the fresh green leaves and the little tufts of creeping grass. Willie thought of everything good and beautiful, and bright joy-beams danced in his eyes, and Susie had a sweet smile on her face.

When they had reached the side of the hill, they turned into a little path that wound through the woods, and soon came in sight of the laughing, frolicking brook.

"Oh, how splendid!" said Marianna. "Let me get down and walk," said Susie. "Hurray! hurrah!" said Willie.

"This is beautiful Spring Brook," said Mr. Tom. "I always think of it as a dear friend, who can tell me many beautiful things. Now listen, all of you, and hear it. Does it not say that life is very beautiful, and God very near, and heaven very close to the heart?"

"I don't hear that," said Willie. "It sounds very much to me as if it said, 'Come catch my fishes. Come jump on my rocks. Come splash in me and have a good time.'"

"Oh no," said Marianna. "I think it says, 'See the flowers and the sunshine, and the trees and the blue sky. I shall catch them all and run away with them if you are not careful.'"

"I hear it say, 'Come, come, come,'" said Susie; "there is a beautiful place way, way down there. I'll show you where. Come, little girl; folks do not feel tired down there."

"So we all hear," said Mr. Tom, "just what our spirits repeat. I am glad that the brook has voices for each of you. When we can hear it repeat words, there is something in our hearts that is pure and holy. But come, let us look for flowers. The one that finds the first flower shall make a wish that the rest shall fulfill, if it be possible."

And now there was a busy time, and sharp eyes hunted among the leaves and gleeful voices shouted, but all the flowers seemed to have hidden themselves.

"What is this big brown thing on this twig?" said Susie. "How funny it looks."

"Oh I am glad you have found that," said Mr. Tom. "That is a chrysalis. Just look at it; see its wings and its dark brown case. Last year that was a worm, crawling about on the earth and on the leaves. When it had lived thus long enough, it made itself this case, and wrapped itself all up to lie still and quiet all winter."

"And will it crawl out again this summer?" said Susie.

"Yes, it will burst its shell or hard case by-and-by, and come forth, but not as a worm; it will be a beautiful butterfly."

"Why," said Willie, "is that the way God makes butterflies?"

"Is it not a beautiful way? Only think! the ugly looking worms, that you do not like to touch, will become beautiful insects with delicate wings, and fly over the sweet flowers, and gather honey, and dance in the bright sunshine."

"Oh how nice!" said Susie. "I suppose the worm was tired, and wanted to sleep; but I guess it did not expect to wake up with shining wings, and to be able to dance about on the flowers."

"That is the way it is with the body when it has done its work," said Mr. Tom. "It is only a casket from which the spirit is to spring forth more beautiful. When we die, it is like the worm that folds itself up, but we shall burst from our caskets and be angels."

"That is what I dreamed," said Susie. "I thought I grew more and more tired, till I could not breathe, I was so tired; and then I went to sleep, and waked up, feeling like a bird in a beautiful garden. And felt just as happy as the sunshine; and when I moved I seemed to fly, but I had no wings."

"Dear Susie," said Mr. Tom, "perhaps it will be just so."

"And will you wind yourself up in a casket, too, and then burst forth like a butterfly?" said Susie. "I don't think I want to go where you do not."

"Yes," said Mr. Tom, "in time we shall all be tired, and lay our bodies down, and wake up into sunshine and beauty. Is not that beautiful? You must not feel gloomy when you see the body dead, more than you feel sorry to see this chrysalis; but you must think what a beautiful spirit has burst forth into gladness. But come, we have not found our first flower yet."

"They all went to hunting violets again, and after a time they came to a little bend in the brook, and there they were—blue violets—peeping up among the green leaves, and looking tenderly to the bending sky, as if the earth were speaking in them a holy prayer. How much of heaven seemed to lie in their tiny petals! How sweetly they seemed to tell of love and goodness! The children saw them at once, and picked handsomely."

"I wonder why they blossomed here first?" said Willie.

"Oh I know!" said Marianna. "The sun lies warm here a little while in the morning, and whispers to them, and tells them that spring has come, and that if they are good violets they must jump up and let little boys and girls see them. Oh I wish I was like the sunshine, and could do all sorts of beautiful things."

"We can, all of us," said Mr. Tom. "We can't make real cowslips spring up, and violets and daisies, but there are beautiful flowers of happiness and love that we can make blossom. Here is little Susie, who is so patient all the time, she is so tired and weak; I think of violets when I see her smile, and of the blue sky and shining stars when I look into her eyes. And here is Willie, when he is good he is like the golden cowslips, and his words are like the voices of spring; and Marianna can give forth beautiful buds and blossoms when the sun of love shines brightly in her heart."

"Oh we have not wished," said Willie. "We all found the violets together, so we must each wish."

"I wish," said Susie, "that we could all sit down here in the sunshine, and that Mr. Tom would tell us a story."

"So do I," "So do I," said Marianna and Willie.

They fixed a snug place for Susie on their shawls, and Willie and Marianna found some smooth rocks; and the brook sang to them, and the sun shone on them, and the warm air whispered in the tall pines, and the fresh leaves quivered, and the clear sky smiled, and Mr. Tom began:

"So I am to tell a story. Stories are of no use unless they teach something, and as I do not wish to talk without doing some good, I must tell you a story that you can think about."

When I was a boy I had many foolish ideas. Because my father was rich, I thought I was better than other boys whose fathers were poor; because I had nice clothes, I felt myself quite superior to those boys that had not such good garments. I was in danger of becoming quite proud and heartless. I was losing the love in my heart every day; because if we have love, we must love what is lovely in others, and that can never be garments and fine things to look at, but something in the spirit. I remember I had just received the gift of a fine cap from a fond aunt, and I was very proud of it, and wished to wear it everywhere. I was not willing to take it off even in a room, but wished to put it on my head and keep it there continually.

About this time there came to see us a cousin of mine, a boy a little younger than myself. He was a fine, noble looking boy, but as his parents were dead, and no one seemed to care much for him, his dress was neglected, and he never looked what I called stylish. His pantaloons had been patched, his jacket was covered with spots and much worn, his shoes were often unlaced, and his whole appearance was of a friendless, little fellow, who needed to be loved and taught better, and to have some kind person to care for him. His name was Benjamin, but we all called him Bennie. I was glad to have a boy to play with, but best of all, I was pleased to have some one to show off my fine things to. I put on my cap, and invited him to take a walk with me; and I held my head high, and flourished my feet, that I might show off my handsome boots.

Bennie was very patient, and was quite willing to admire me; but sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and his lip would quiver, and he would look up to the sky as if he expected some good thing to come to him from thence; but I never thought that he was grieved at my conduct, or that he would gladly have learned how to make himself look trim and nice. I remember my mother asked me one day if I did not wish to give cousin Bennie some of my clothes. Now I was not altogether selfish, and would gladly have made him happy; but I fancied that I should show to better advantage if he looked shabby, so I petulently said, "No; I wish all my things myself." My mother was too indulgent to oppose me, and so Bennie was left to wear his old clothes until my father could go to town and get him some and have them made.

Meanwhile I continued to put on my various suits, sometimes appearing in blue and sometimes in grey, and always inviting Bennie to go out with me, that I might exhibit myself to him. One day he said to me, while his gentle blue eye was moist with a tear:

"Will you not go to the woods to-day? I want to see if there are not some violets up, or if there may be some spring-beauties. I think my mother wants some."

"Why, your mother is dead!" said I.

"Oh, no," said he; "she isn't dead; she has only gone to heaven, and she gives violets there; so I shall pick her some, and then she'll make it all bright round me, so people won't see my clothes any more."

"Why, Bennie," said I, "who told you she would?"

"Oh, I saw it all when I dreamed. I dreamed I was a daisy, and you was a tulip; but the sun loved us both, and said, 'Come, I will clothe you;' and so it put on daisy clothes over me, and tulip clothes on you, and I didn't like mine. I thought they were not grand enough; so the sun said: 'I'll put something into you, way down deep, that shall be just as beautiful as that which I give to the tulip.' Then I said, 'When?' And the sun said, 'When the flowers bloom, and you gather them for your mother.' So I keep wishing the flowers would bloom, and will you please go and show me where they are?"

I feel almost ashamed to tell you what I did, but it may have a lesson for you. I took Bennie where I knew there were no flowers, for somehow I felt that what he said was true, and that if the flowers were found he would have his wish. We wandered all about, and I took him on to the hills and over cold, rough fields, and the wind blew chill and harsh, and no flower was to be found.

Oh, how grieved Bennie looked! I saw him look down to his old clothes, and then up to the sky, and then his eye looked so sad, as he turned to me, that I felt grieved for him; but I had a selfish covering to my heart that I determined not to tear off, and so we went home.

That night Bennie was taken very sick; he moaned and turned in his sleep so that he woke me many times. In the morning he had a high fever, and they all said he had taken cold out in the damp, cold fields, and they chid me for taking him. I felt so sad and ashamed, that I said not a word. They said he had lost his reason, and perhaps would die. He kept calling me dear tulip, and asking when the sun would come to give the daisy something beautiful. Then he called for violets to send to his mamma, so she could know that the flowers had come, and tell God that he wanted his new dress. When the sunlight fell in the room he started with delight, and said, "There, there he's coming; he'll put it in—way down here—putting his hand on his heart."

They all looked grieved to hear him talk thus, but I understood it all. I knew he was thinking of his dream. I wished I could help him; I felt so sorry to see him suffer. I thought no more of my clothes, but only of his getting well again. At last I thought, Why don't God help him? What does he want poor Bennie's sick for? And then I remembered that it was I who had made him sick, and I said, "Why will not God let me make him well? Oh, I wish he would; and I kept wishing and asking all the time. When I went near Bennie he only said, 'Oh, Tulips, yes; but where are the violets?' So I thought perhaps it would do him good to see some violets, and I ran out softly as fast as I could to the spot where I knew the violets grew and blossomed earliest. I found them looking as beautiful as those, with their soft petals turned toward the earth, as if telling it some beautiful story of God's love. I think nothing before ever looked so lovely to me. I kneeled down to pick them, and my heart lost its selfish covering. I lifted my eye up to the sunlight, and said:

"Oh, dear God, if you will only love me and make Bennie well, I'll give him my beautiful cap and all my things. Dear angels, put something beautiful into my heart way down deep, and let it cure Bennie."

Then I picked handsomely of the sweet violets, and ran home. I crept softly into Bennie's room, and no one was there. I climbed on to the bed and showed him the violets, and scattered them all over him. He only said, "Oh, they've come!"

Then I laid down beside him, and hugged him up close to me, and in a moment we were fast asleep. It was the first time he had slept since his illness. We slept long and sweetly, and no one disturbed us; and when we awoke, Bennie was so much better that they said he would soon be well. I felt sure that God and the angels had heard my prayer, and had let me cure Bennie.

I felt, too, that something beautiful had come into my heart, and I loved Bennie more and more every day. He was a loving, noble boy, and as soon as he was well enough, and was dressed in some of my clothes, which I insisted on giving him, he never needed to be told to tie his shoestrings, or to brush his hair; he kept himself as neat as a daisy, and he looked as good and as happy as the sunshine.

I was never vain of my clothes after that, for I always thought how selfish had been my heart, and how unkind my conduct to Bennie, in spite of my nice cap and my suit of blue or grey. I always remembered the lesson of Bennie's dream, and that if the daisy and the tulip could have something beautiful alike way down in their flower cups, so little children could have beautiful, loving hearts in any clothes, and that we should love better than all things to feel the beauty and goodness of the spirit."

"That's the reason," said Susie, "that you always said that clothes were just like the leaves of the tree, but that goodness was like the sunshine that made the leaves beautiful."

Willie looked down to his brown-checked apron, and Marianna to her patched dress, and then to Susie's nice merino, and said:

"But I always thought people would love me better if I could dress nicely."

"But if you have not the sunshine within," said Mr. Tom, "no one will care for your garments. But see, the sun is going lower and lower, and Susie must not feel the chill air. Let us bid the brook good-by, and take home our violets to remember in them how beautiful is love and goodness."

[To be continued.]

Answer to Transposition No. 2.

Transpose a spot one of the sweetest spots, You'll find flowers pass their sunniest hours in pots.

Transpose again, and then one plainly sees That tops appear on all the forest trees.

Transpose once more, and it will plainly show That restive horses stop—as others do.

And yet again, and you will see that most, When left, have strong attachment to a post.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

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

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

THIRD SECTION.

Woman to be Man's Redeemer.

The Kingdom of Heaven will never come on Earth through the post-natal reformation of mankind, but only through the natal formation of Character, according to the rational standard of human perfection. The notion of re-generation is wholly utopian, except as synonymous with the work of self-culture, which is too gradual to be completed within the transient term of human life. Moreover, few are known to engage in this all-important work, for the sole reason that the many are abnormally generated. Therefore the Age of Virtue is not to evolve till mankind are collectively well-born. The principal agent of this coming event in the Gospel of Human Destiny, must be WOMAN.

I trust I have dwelt long enough on the fallings of Ignorance and perpetrations of Depravity, to satisfy an earnest inquiry in this direction, and to induce the conclusion that these are the only formidable impediments to human progress. There is no other way to convert the world, to ameliorate the sufferings or promote the welfare of mankind, and therefore no other real work for reformers, but to remove these obstructions to human growth. The question how to remove them, is now fairly in order.

I must request the reader to recollect the position assumed with argument in the preceding paper—that Individuality is born of Society; and this in connection with my previous deduction, that Society is the product of individual developments; which propositions, when united, constitute a paradox of the same pitch as that eggs produce chickens and chickens eggs. Mind the fact, that chickens do not produce their parent eggs, but only their namesakes; so neither do individuals produce their parent society, but always its like. Where, then, shall the work of reformation begin, and how shall Ignorance and Depravity ever be rooted out?

I answer: it must begin with individuals; because, in the first place, there is no such thing as a reformation of society which is not essentially a reformation of the personal components thereof; and because, in the second place, the work of personal reformation is subjective—a work of self-discipline and self-culture. Society must furnish the motives, indeed, as I have taken special pains to discover by previous argument; but these are suggested by every social condition, and to well-constituted minds are quite as effective when springing from bad as from good society. Therefore, to the end of education, which is verily "the chief end of Man," it matters less to what social conditions one is born than with what character of conformation of brain. Jesus was as great and good at Nazareth as he would have been at Jerusalem; and Socrates was wiser before the Christian Era than many scholars of the nineteenth century. It has been remarked of John Quincy Adams that, regarding his early development of mind, he seems to have had no boyhood. "He behaves like a man," was the proud testimony of his father in writing to the lady's mother, when she and son were on their way to Europe in 1778, the former as a member of the first legation of the American Congress, and the latter as a learner in the school of diplomacy before entering his teens. And this was not so much because of his youthful attainments, as the fact that he was something of a man when his fellows of age were boys—was really born with more manliness than most men attain in their lifetime! Doubtless his eminent character was greatly owing to the superior agencies of his post-natal education; but only with a short-sighted induction can it be imparted to those exclusively. The older Adams was inspired with a great truth, especially great for the religious disabilities of Reason in his day, when he wrote that "human nature, with all its infirmities and depravity, is still capable of great things. It is capable of attaining to degrees of wisdom and of

goodness which we have reason to believe appear responsible in the attainment of superior intelligence." But he seems to have mistaken somewhat the rationale of human excellence, or rather, with the majority of educational reformers, to have overlooked the essential primordial part thereof; the method of casting out devils; that is by youthful discipline and culture, ignoring still the eligible truth that children may, and ought to, be born without a devil. This I infer from his continuation of the subject, wherein he says:

"Education makes a greater difference between man and man, than Nature has made between man and brute. The virtues and powers to which men may be trained, by early education and discipline, are truly sublime and astonishing."

These thoughts occur in a letter to the worthy mother of John Quincy Adams, whom the anxious father counsels in another paragraph, as follows:

"It should be your care, therefore, and mine; to elevate the minds of our children, and exalt their courage; to accelerate and assist their industry and activity; to excite in them an habitual constancy of means, abhorrence of injustice and inhumanity; and an ambition to excel in every capacity, faculty and virtue. If we suffer their minds to grovel and creep in infancy, they will grovel and creep all their lives."

All this is said apparently with no conception that a groveling disposition is commonly innate, and without a question as to whether it may be superseded with hereditary aspiration. And again, at a later day, when the education of "Johnny" was realized, the same father wrote to the same mother, saying: "It is proper that I should apprise you that the President has it in contemplation to send your son to Holland," etc.; upon which the biographer of the younger, but no less illustrious Adams, remarks: "Your son" is the phrase by which the father meant to convey his own sense of how large a part the mother had in training that son." But I venture the opinion that her fitness for a prior function and her fidelity in it, constituted her better claim to the compliment. Success in maternity was the harbinger of her triumph in the nursery. I endorse the quoted sentiments of the great American statesman, nevertheless, to which I only wish to add, that no person can be well educated, in the present sphere of human life, who is not first well born.

It is very nearly self-evident that character is either inherited or acquired, or rather that it is both natal and educational. Though this distinction is commonly smothered by the terms good and bad breeding, yet it is clearly recognized in speaking of what nature has done for some whose personal culture has been apparently neglected. I say apparently, because this is an illusion of observation. An example of such designation never comes of chance, nor can consist with else than some default of the pre-natal agencies of development. Character is puny never so much because the work of education is neglected as because that of generation is indifferently performed. For generation and education are correlative, as antecedent and consequent. The former would be abortive without the latter; but the latter, without the former, were impossible. Thus generation plans the work of education, this being the complement of that. This view of the subject substantiates the position of O. S. Fowler in his treatise on "Love and Parentage," wherein he insists without quite discovering wherefore, that in the formation of character "education is something, but parentage is everything. The former only increases or diminishes, while the latter DYES IN THE WOOL," and thereby exerts an almost infinitely more powerful influence on character than all other influences whatever. * * * It is the great sower of humanity. If it sows tears, humanity reaps depravity—reaps the whirlwind when it sows the wind, while its good seed bears fruit to the glory of God in the highest happiness of His creatures, here and hereafter; for parentage determines our characters in this life, and they affect our condition in that which is to come. Parentage alone can lay the axe of reform at the root of the tree of all sin, and replant again those trees of Eden which shall bring forth fruit for the salvation of the world! Nor can that corrupt and bitter stream of human depravity and woe now bearing on its dark waters the imperfections, the sinfulness, of the miseries of most mankind, be purified and sweetened, except at its fountain-head. There it may be—will be, if at all. Morality may weep in anguish; Christianity may pray; and philanthropy may labor; but comparatively in vain, until parentage takes up the work of human reform and perfection." And I am constrained to add to the momentous truth thus nervously expressed, that Parentage will take up the super-eminent task here assigned to it; but only when, and in proportion as, its myriad agents are made to see and feel how directly and fully they are responsible for all that mankind enjoy or suffer.

I have said that parents are the virtual makers of their children; and this is truly a more expressive sense than that in which I have also maintained that All is the maker of Each, notwithstanding the superlative fact of Divine Creation. God works by natural means—in Each, as well as through All, creating by social agencies and educating by both social and self-aid. It is yet more nicely conceived that the agency of All in creating Each is pivoted by the parentive function; whereas the agency of All in educating Each is pivoted by the personal organism of its subject. But to see wherein the work of education differs most widely from that of generation, it is first to be discerned that the one is voluntary and the other involuntary, at least so far as concerns the subject of it; for the process of generation is not as spontaneous as vegetation itself, as it probably is—if it be in any respect subordinate to will. It must be the will of parentage, and not that of its offspring; every soul in embryo being unconscious until the work of its generation is complete. Then, when the personal organism is fully born, the power of volition is awakened; and then, just when and where the process of generation terminates, that of education begins, and can not be fore, since the central conduit principle thereof is voluntary action. Thus the agent and subject of education are one, whereas those of generation are as distinct as parent and child.

But not to be misled by this shaly term in metaphysics, one must be aware that voluntary action represents an exceedingly lubricious thought. Every child, as well as man or woman, may be said to have a will of its own, only with the understanding that will is the inward working of the personal organism, and that this is a virtual discretament of parental character, not self-made in any case, but procreated, or made for its possessor. It is precisely for this reason that the flaws of generation are hardly to be removed by education. Nay, since will, the pivotal agent of education, being also the expression of hereditary character or issue of natal impulses, especially in every new-born soul, is free to act only in harmony therewith, the deductive truth is, that EDUCATION HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH REVISING THE WORK OF GENERATION—can not re-form any pre-natal formation, nor originate any element of character, but only mature the personality of its subject in exact ac-

* * * See the fifteenth paper.

cordance with the pattern which generation has projected. This deduction is well sustained by concurring biographical facts and physiological science, which constitute the more tangible, and to most minds the only appreciable, evidence of its truth. Reversing the mode of reasoning employed above, and arguing from purely external premises, it follows with redoubled certainty, that education does not construct character, by effacing any of its hereditary traits, or producing any that are known either to be naturally wanting or to have had no pre-natal suggestion.

[To be continued.]

HAVE WE A SPIRITUALISM, OR IS IT A PHILOSOPHY?

BY C. D. GRISWOLD, M. D.

The world of mind is in earnest in the pursuit of light and knowledge of man's ultimate destiny. The Church of Christianity has gone back from the fire and spirit of the age of Reformation, when human souls were electrified with the Gospel which claimed that salvation was free to all who would seek it through Christ. This was a liberty from the bondage of Papacy which we can hardly realize to-day. This was the Doctrine of Luther; and to thousands of souls it came like a radiance from heaven, lifting the impenetrable darkness with which the Catholic Church had enshrouded the world. The Christian Church, in which man had anchored his hopes, had gone back, we say, from the spirit of those days, into a cold, dead formalism which was unsatisfying, when Spiritualism came. At first the world was to some degree startled with the phenomena of the electric batteries of heaven, and many were made to exclaim, "The days of our liberation from the bondage of ignorance are at hand."

This far Spiritualism has wrought out but little for humanity. The spirit of Spiritualism has not yet to any great degree been reached. Scarcely had the first rays of Heaven's wisdom dawned upon the earth, ere eager minds set themselves to work to anticipate the heavenly teachers, and unfold a theory of progression, or a system of philosophy, which was to be all-sufficient for the world's needs; and then, as though afraid that they would not be recognized as the only lights in the world, they set themselves to work straightway to discourage direct communication with the angel-world as a mode of gaining knowledge unworthy of man. Such lights have gone out into utterable darkness in many instances, while others still shine barely sufficient to reveal the word "philosophy," which the waiting mass of human minds see only as a system without God, without soul, and without life—a flimsy fabric, wrought out by ingenious brains, which gathers glittering thoughts as the web gathers the dewdrops, and which vanish with the full light of truth upon them, as the dew distills under the first rays of the morning sun into insensate vapor. This is not the ultimate of Spiritualism, nor is it the realization of the hopes mankind invested in it.

Upon the low horizon we sometimes see the gathering signs of the coming tempest while yet all is calm and serene; then upheaves the massive, dark clouds; next follows the vivid lightning's flash, the thunders of which as they roll athwart the sky make the earth tremble; and man looks on, awe-stricken. By-and-by the tempest has passed over, the sun comes out with increased brilliancy, and the earth, washed by the shower, looks brighter and fairer, and the air is purer and better. Such is the course of progress in the moral world. An age passes in which man is enslaved by an imperial tyranny; revolution frees it; and then comes perhaps a religious despotism; from these bonds humanity breaks loose, and falls into stagnation over the glut of material prosperity. Out of this benumbing state of worse than dissipation, the human soul is now seeking to rise through revolution and revelation. Has the way been made clear to us? Is any great reformation visible in the works of Spiritualism? Has the world yet witnessed the vivid flashes of immortal truth, from which it steps in its old career of developing antagonism, and turns, awe-stricken, to look out a new path of peace and good will to all mankind? No! Thus far we have been fed mostly with milk suited only to the stomachs of babes and sucklings, and which has nauseated so many that it is already condemned by the enlightened world as unfit food for the mind of man. There are exceptions. Spiritualism has not always fallen upon stony ground, nor in shallow places. There are souls in which the fires of spiritual truth burn with fervor and glowing zeal; but the philosophers (?) have done much to stop the spreading flame, and it is smothered for the time, to break out with greater power in the future. Philosophy is fatal to the warm, glowing love-fires of true religion, which is the soul of Spiritualism.

Love, the divine emotion of the soul, the inspiring element, alone can raise humanity from the conflict of the elements he has gathered around him. There was something sublime in the love and devotion of the early Christians; they believed Christ to be the only spirit who could guide them to eternal happiness. However much of error they embraced, no doubt their aspirations drew from him an inspiration which gave them peace. How much more have we to love! Who has not dear ones in the spirit-spheres, whose inspirations may be equally consoling? Spirit-communication is the only way by which mankind will ever rise, spiritually. The heavens are full of angels, and angels are full of love, ready to bestow it upon all who ask in love. To ask is necessary to receive. Jesus of Nazareth so loved humanity that he sacrificed his life in his efforts to elevate the spiritual condition of his race. He comes to the world now, with his angels, on the same blessed errand of mercy; and yet Spiritualists continue to crucify him in spirit, as did the Jews in the body. "They know not what they do." The most glorious, the most heavenly, inspiration that ever descended upon man, has come from the spirit of Jesus, an inspiration that clothed the earth in glory, and gave it an atmosphere of love from which the soul drank in the most blessed peace and happiness, of which the world knoweth not. They who deride such views of Jesus have but experienced the winter of Spiritualism. In the frigid atmosphere of cold, intellectual philosophy many Spiritualists dwell to-day; they impart not one genial ray of spring, and, much less, the warm sunshine of midsummer love, neither do they yield the golden fruits of autumn. We cannot realize that which we know not. I speak of that which I do know, and there are many witnesses. Will not Spiritualists try to set the world behind them, and look upward with earnest hearts for the glorious realities of Spiritualism, which our angel loved ones would so gladly bestow upon us, that we may feel that we are indeed the sons of God, and that our lives may be the reflection of His love and goodness?

Cleveland, Ohio.

Why is a blacksmith like a safe steed? Because one is a horse-shoer and the other is a sure horse.

HOW TO NONE BUT GOD.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

Turn thy face to the sunshine! Let nothing cast thee down, While Truth upon thy forehead, Beams blazing like a crown. Look up! nor fear nor falter, Though a monarch press the sod— Soar upward like an eagle, And bow to none but God!

Crings not to Wealth's proud children, Though robed in garments fine— Give not an inch the pathway, Is there not more than this; Let thy stern eye confront them, Bearer of life or hod, Onward and upward, ever— Bow thou to none but God!

Look up! be brave and steadfast, Press onward to thy goal; Art thou not the possessor Of an immortal soul? Soul bought by throes of anguish, In the garden where He trod! Soul, costly as a monarch's; Bow thou to none but God!

Shall thy cheek flush with crimson Before the world-called great? Wilt thou fawn meekly, humbly To that thy heart must hate? Wilt thou bow to the oppressor With courtly beck and nod? No! stand like some strong mountain, And bow to none but God!

Onward! let slanders' arrows Pass by in silent scorn; Let malice die in darkness, It was in darkness born; Let falsehood perish writhing, 'Neath Truth's unsparring rod, She is the best avenger; Bow thou to none but God!

Onward! and plant thy harvest, What'er the world may say; No serpent's hiss beguile thee— A moment from thy way, If the way be very humble, O'er which thy feet have trod, Go on, with soul unbending, And bow to none but God!

No, never, while thy bosom Has a heart-throb within, Let thy free tongue be silent When the rich and mighty sin. Look up! nor fear nor falter, Though a monarch press the sod; He is but man, weak, erring; Bow thou to none but God!

The Spirit-World.

A GLIMPSE OF SPIRIT-LIFE.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ANNE LINCOLN.

Look from the boundaries of the eternal region, and behold the gorgeous scenes in the grand panorama of life. The deep curtains of darkness long have shaded heaven, and dimmed the sun of truth, but angel-hands have raised the shadowy folds, and the gleam of light and life is penetrating in rays of glorified splendor through the earth. To the aspiring soul its increasing brightness comes in golden lustres from the expanse of heaven. Constellations of wisdom are set to illumine the wearisome ways of life, and enlighten mortals to a clear unfoldment of the state of their existence, and exalt them to a conception of the immensity of space that is inhabited by God's children.

Heaven is the light of earth, the higher life of glory and brightness, where all correspondences of Nature are etherealized to a higher state of perfection. In the walks of faith and duty, and earnest devotion to God, mortals possess the glories of heaven while yet inhabitants of the mundane sphere. The towering heights of joy are pictured before them, the warm glow of the summer life is beaming upon them, and the clear streams from the fount of Purity are cleansing their souls from all impurities, and not one star of glory is invisible to them.

Heaven opens to us as a garden of beauty and promise, where fadeless flowers are waiting their sweetness through the arbors of love; where souls are connected by the shining links of affinity, and the pearl of love is set in endearing relations in the bosom of its own heaven; where the coronation of life is diademed with sparkling gems from the ocean of Affection, commemorating joyous reminiscences of the past. And as the darker shades of memory come fleeting, contrasting the spiritual with the material life, these glories are enhanced. Heaven is where the friendly intercourse of earth is reciprocated and perfected; where the pure and good are living in the bright effulgence of the divine attributes and endowments of the Creator. And from these bright spheres they are progressed to a refined condition, descend to the earth-plane as exemplars, and there hold communion with all classes—exalting all heavenward, vivifying strong emotions within the human soul to hold intercourse with spirits from higher planes—and bring them to a realization of the true way of progression.

Those of distinguished name and fame are no higher in heaven than those who pursue the humble walks of life, only as their goodness and purity glorifies and beautifies their condition to mount a plane where heaven radiates the soul with holiness.

As correctly as I am able to measure time by earth's changes, ten years have elapsed since I left the form, to dwell a spirit in the eternal regions. The word death, to me, simply expresses the thought home. It is the open door that leads to that long home, where we meet the departed and await the coming of loved ones, and where separation is nevermore. This change awakens us to a true realization of immortal life, and throws light over the problems of all theological superstitions. Death is a glorious transition to life, an awakening from night to a dawning day of spirituality. Only through this seeming mysterious change do we find the entrance to the other world. And the first confirmation mortal needs is, to know the particulars respecting the entrance there. And first, we must prove that the recognition of friends does exist in the spiritual, as in the material state.

In the change called death, the spirit is deprived of none of the beautiful emotions and pleasant memories of the soul, but is clear to realize all its developments while in the form. All the holy endowments and ties of affection are unchangeable. Then reason holds that true happiness cannot exist, if all the beautiful ties of recognition are cut off in the disembodied state.

Every spirit bears its identity. The spirit is the individual, and through the spiritual attributes of mortal we identify their personality. The light of the soul beams from their eyes, so the emotions of the soul are made practical through the physical organization, and thus we recognize the individuality of mortal. Then when the spirit stands forth, unveiled from materiality, shall we with clear spiritual discernment fail to recognize those we know on earth? If, then, we prove the recognition of friends in the spiritual world, truly communion and intercourse must follow. If the same relationship exists among spirits as in earth-life, and they are governed by the law of

attraction there; as here, then every spirit, embodied or disembodied, holds its power of attraction, and therefore spiritual intercourse must exist.

I see, a happy family in a home of unbroken joys. Children are reared in hope; beauty, like a blossom from heaven, is developing those budding spirits that are encased in mortality, when suddenly death comes in their midst, and plucks the fairest and loveliest from the little flock. These beaming eyes are bedimmed by death's glassy film, and the body sinks into dissolution. In the closing life of that earthly existence think you there is no ray of joyous hope existing in the bosom of other members of that beloved group? Look at those sorrowing ones, bowing beneath their suppressed grief at parting with one so dear. Would not the joy of holding spirit-communication with the departed bring a solacing influence to the hearts of the bereaved? Would it not be a blessed comfort to know that angels spread their wings of light over them, and return in truth-revealing blessedness?

Again, what joy is awakened to know of their entrance into another sphere of life? Think you they pass on unnoticed, as weary wanderers, seeking a place of rest among the clouds? Ah, no; there are myriads of happy spirits awaiting them; they are expected and greeted by those joyous spirits who have gone before. There is glory and interest in receiving one to the spirit-world; and the same interchange of communication takes place at the recognition of affectionate ones in the world of spirits, as among the members of a happy family at the reception of one who had long been absent from home in earth-life. The two worlds are ruled by the same laws, and glorified by the divine presence of the Almighty. The inhabitants of the spiritual world never cease to feel a deep interest in the affairs of earth. For it is their mission, by God's command, to attract the lower upward.

As the angels feel an interest in the children of earth, by natural attraction mortals feel the same interest in the future state. The more the spirits labor for the development of mankind, the higher the aspirations of mortals, and though they cannot see heaven in all its glories, yet its beauties are revealed by the inhabitants of the celestial world. As spirits enter the spiritual world, their experience of the change varies, according to the conditions of the mind.

I see a soft cloud resting in a golden sea of light; its soft folds are opening, and in its crimson bosom lies one in a dreamless sleep. Nature is sweetly changing her night-robe for the lovelight array of morning; and that awakening soul, like a coming star, endowed with attractions, is mingling with trusting hearts, and erects a beautiful shrine that is towering up in proportion to his progression. On earth he was well developed, and his spiritual perceptions were open to the truths of the future life.

Truth is already mirrored in his soul, and he has spiritually grown to a condition of progress. In his lessons of wisdom, he finds heaven a beautiful correspondence of all he has experienced in earth-life. And beautiful glimpses of the mysterious are opening to him. He has entered the eternal home with aspirations clustering around his soul, and is in a condition to unfold all the budding leaves of his intellect. His hopes are like evergreens clinging around the portals of heaven. Spiritual influences surround him like a mystic circle of light. He is recipient of all that is beautiful. As his closing life was peaceful, he awakes like an opening flower in the morn of a new existence. His cloudlike drapery is bejeweled with deeds of benevolence and goodness, like rich treasures of earth laid up in heaven.

I see another cloudlike form entering the spirit-world, bearing a different character in life. He seems devoid of the love-gem of goodness, is unprincipled and selfish, not one spark of benevolence shone for the human race. His spirit in earth-life was hidden by a coarse organization, and his life seemed clouded by crime and follies. Born into a sinful world in unharmonious circumstances, his moral and intellectual faculties had not been developed; thus he tossed over the rising and falling waves of life, and crossed the ocean that divides the terrestrial from the celestial.

He enters as the child of God, and comes to us a brother. Do angels cease to feel an interest in his spiritual destiny? None are so low but an angel of goodness attends them, and the unheeded voice of a blessed guardian that called to him in earth-life is now powerful, for there are no conflicting elements to break the sound. But in his condition the future hangs like a great mystery, and his intellect is not developed to comprehend the divine glories of the life eternal. His mind is as small, in comparison to the former spirit, as the river to the ocean.

What a lesson he must learn ere he knows what constitutes happiness, or realizes that his heaven is what he makes it. Here is a mission for an angel—to teach such duties as shall harmoniously develop the ignorant one, to unfold his faculties to the grand order that rules the kingdom of happiness, to instill the love-principle into his soul, and shed a halo of heaven's own purity into his life. Entering into this connection, living in the sunshine of angelic influences, he is attracted upward. His condition is not an infliction of punishment, or hell; it is a natural condition, for he is what circumstances made him, and not entirely responsible for his character, only as far as his intuition is developed to unfold his reasoning powers to a comprehension of right and wrong. He enjoys as much correspondingly as the higher spirit, for he is a recipient of all he can appreciate, or that his condition is capable of enjoying.

The life-glow of heaven unfolds his spirit; he gazes up and sees the world above decked with stars of golden light, and feels there is a better home above. He sees the river of life, sparkling with the gems of paradise, where emerald shores are glittering in diamond sands. On the bosom of this pure water are snowy-sailed skiffs, radiant with the bright beaming faces of angels, gliding sweetly and peacefully onward.

He was content while in blindness and ignorance he lived; but now he yearns, for a thought that angels might drop one little gem of light is sacredly treasured, one tiny blossom from their garland, that from it he a lesson might learn; and now he gains what he lost.

Memory comes fresh in the time of meditation and reflection, and as the thought of past errors comes back, it produces a feeling of wretchedness and misery. And only can the spirit feel that they have atoned for it by seeking those whom they have distressed or affronted by their conduct, seeking forgiveness by attending them and rendering some service to them. Not by word, but by deed, can we clear our conscience from wrongs and injustice we may have committed. Then our feelings are reconsecrated, and the sun of happiness rises in a clear firmament.

COMMUNION AMONG THE ANGELS.

Sitting in a recess of clustering vines, where fadeless flowers are blooming, where love lights the holy scenes; are a group of spirits, arrayed in white vestments, with crowns of dazzling brightness upon their heads, leaning together in affection, holding sweet converse.

They discourse upon the mysteries that are over-ruled by wisdom, and truths that are emanating from love. They hold intercourse upon various subjects, and oftentimes refer back to scenes and changes that occurred in earth-life. They gather past gems from the ocean of life; the endowments of friendship, and the more sacred relationships of their earth-lives are often discussed. Husbands and wives meet in that blessed retreat to know each other better, and if the holy affinities of union do not exist, they are not compelled to continue a relationship so unpleasant to both, for every home in heaven is made joyful. Cheerful spirits are living in the summer-world, and exulting in the warm rays of true love.

Oh, the delightful emotions that are experienced when the earthly existence has gone down like a setting sun, freeing spirits from the bondage that fettered them to a sorrowful union. And when freed, what a glorious life of eternity dawns upon them. All the once hidden joys flash upon them in splendor and loveliness. The bright pearl of happiness is like a lovely flower blooming in the heart of a pure love, with no jarring thoughts to disturb their peacefulness, no mismatched unions, but conjugal love is shown in beautiful deeds of devotion to one another. Many dwell in groups, ever appreciative of each other's kindness, and never murmur a word to blast the perfect bliss of their spiritual existence. Sometimes we find a lone one, content in his retirement and seclusion from all.

In a mossy hillside I saw a granite grotto. The door was wrought with bars across. I thought some mystery dwelt therein. That view reminded me of earth's darkness; for spirits in the celestial spheres wear no chains around their souls, and bar no doors against the beauties of Nature. I shook the bars, and tremblingly stood, watching to see what shadow might appear. The bars fell, the door opened, and from beneath that stony arch a proud, haughty form appeared. I said, "Man of the world, why rest you here? The world is beautiful; come to a better home." He said, "Talk not of the world. Its crystal homes of splendor have no charm for me, and cannot attract me from solitude. The sunlight rays are dark to me, and the stars look down with their cold pale light to drive me back; this mossy hillside, starred with flowers, mocks me with its sweetness; all these outer scenes haunt my homesick spirit; and with a deep moan he added, "Let me rest in solitude."

I said, "Brother, I bring sympathy to you, and would release you from a dungeon's gloom. Come from this loveless haunt, for heaven is full of joy." He beckoned me in. The coral seats were covered with mossy age. The grey walls were hung with pictures from the artist's soul, yet all were as one figure portrayed. He took his brush, and pointing at the pictures said, "These are the products from the deep recesses of a devoted spirit, and my love for that beautiful one is as inexhaustible as the ocean of eternity. My soul is enchained there; my aspirations are fettered; I cannot soar higher; I stay in seclusion, and await her coming." I thought, if we are so united in our devotion, then is one spirit responsible for the retrograde of another spirit's progression. His ideal being an inhabitant of earth, occupying a low plane, attracted him to her sphere, fettering his aspirations, blighting his hopes, and retrograding his progression. Here I found a duty to perform, to attract him to his proper sphere, that he might attract his earthly friend upward, and progress himself, opening a double mission before me in spirit-life. I labored in this silent haunt until I led him out. The blue heavens above him revealed their beauty, a glistening light of silver rays gleamed through his dark soul. He sighed and said, "The world is beautiful. I will awake from my slumbering life; I will paint Nature's morning in silver glow, with dew-gemmed beauties sparkling on every plane; I will portray my ideal in higher colors, and enweath her brow in the pearls of purity, and in her soul I will implant lofty aspirations, and her heart will echo in devotion; I will descend on a Godlike mission of duty, and shed truth in her soul's path."

In a beautiful retreat 'neath silver-leaved trees, where music zephyrs are sighing soft and low, I see the graces kneeling in the tinted shades of a heavenly sphere. A bow of light is formed above them; their soaring spirits arise and watch the light of attraction, and follow on to earthly scenes. Here a circle is formed, awaiting the influence of these three: the first spirit comes as the Goddess of Love, laden with white roses, dropping thoughts, as buds from heaven, in the hearts of all. Another comes as the Angel of Light, encircled in a ring of golden rays, breathing light from the intelligence of the wisdom spheres. The other comes as a Spirit of Truth and Beauty; a thorn of diamonds rests upon her head, and she brings a casket of dazzling gems. Thus, Beauty attracts, Light unfolds the aspirations, while Love fills the soul with bliss.

The angel unfolds her mantle of light, and closely enfolds in its vapory influence one of the circle, who falls into a mesmeric slumber, away by the power of the spirit who takes possession of the organism, by desire, or will-power. The angel leans her head upon the head of the sleeper, and her thoughts are imparted through the channel of the entranced organism. The spirit of the sleeper sometimes lingers near, being conscious of all that transpires; at other times roaming away, as it often does in a natural sleep.

The tiny thread that connects the spirit to the body, is held by the power or will of the controlling spirit; and the absent spirit is naturally attracted back by the desire of the controlling intelligence—returning to the natural body as awakening from a sweet sleep—and when semi-conscious, as awakening from a beautiful dream, after having wandered in the dream-world, and in reality experienced a glimpse of heaven.

I see another circle above. In the spirit-world, where summer smiles and gentle breezes fan the blushing roses; where the communion of breathing thoughts comes from higher minds; a pedestal, covered with folds of starry drapery fringed with light, with a wreath of laurels bordering the shrine; messenger birds are flitting from soul to soul, with joy-flowers wreathed around their wings. Bright beams of angel light, spreading rosy shades, reflect three kneeling forms within the circle. Their counsels flow like gemmed drops from those wisdom souls. All is silent, and a holy influence pervades, when a sage arises, saying:

"Life rolls on, the sun fulfills his mission; the rolling clouds, are never still; the waving ocean rises and falls with nature's motion; the trees are reaching; the flowers awaking in beauty, and even the tiny blades of grass are peering heavenward. Then shall the soul stand still? Go yonder on the desert-plain, and meet barren minds; show them your beautiful oasis, that they may learn the lessons of nature's mysteries. Seek enshrouded souls who are companionless, and minister unto them, that their existence may be more pleasant, and less burdensome. Reveal to them the holy views of thy Creator, and advance the progress of immortality. You are all ordained to fulfill this mission that is designed by the Almighty; and every good thought advanced to the lowly, will become an additional virtue in your existence."

We wandered on to the lone desert, and met one whose soul was filled with professed religion; he was in search of his Church of Uniformity. His mind was soaring to the pulpit, for in earth-life he occupied that place. Had he unfolded in his teaching, what truths and knowledge his capacity opened to him, he would not have been responsible for the errors and superstitions he inculcated, for in the darkest cloud of ignorance a glimmer of light is seen. Yet it is not for us to judge our fellow man. We called to him, in brotherly affection, but as we did not belong to his society, he coldly bowed and passed on. His desire—like all in spirit-life—was granted; and he saw a church towering up before him, its spire reaching into the dim clouds above. He entered, and solemnly wended his way to the pulpit, and there awaited his congregation. To his sad disappointment, no one came. He wondered at this, when the thought occurred to him that the bell had not pealed. Being very much excited, and seeing no one to perform that duty, he rushed down and rang the bell; but the chime, so clear to him, reached no ear save his own. Again he waited; but, lo! to his surprise, he was still alone. He became weary of waiting, and descended from the pulpit. As he stepped down, it fell. He hurriedly passed out of the church, only to see it crumble to a mass of ruins. He gazed at us in bewildered amazement. We told him the laws of religious freedom prevailed; that God liveth everywhere, and no church-walls, or creeds, could change the divine principles that extended throughout the spheres; and that he must free his enslaved mind from the errors of a false doctrine, and undo the wrongs he had taught in ignorance, into which he had led his followers. For only through the principles of divine love and truth, can an honest heart find its way to heaven.

He came out from his ministerial dignity, and listened to us. He said: "Those who live in Jesus and lean on a Saviour's love, shall be saved." We said: "Jesus had a human existence, and, as a man, experienced the trials and sufferings of purification. The Christ-like principle with which he was endowed, is a true preparation for every soul to enter heaven. From heaven none are excluded; yet through the dark rays of error and superstition, the road seems as endless as the steps of progression; that he must raise every effort, and struggle to free himself from the creeds that fettered him. And when heaven's own sun of truth had risen to light his way, he must go in holiness and charity to his misguided brethren, that his soul might find peace at last. For airy temples fall, and creeds are as the wind; we feel its breeze, realize its effects; but see it not." The seed was sown, and he caught a glimpse of heaven.

A SPIRIT-VOICE TO ENSLAVED MINDS.

To those who are subservient to creeds and formal religion, preachers and supposed reformers, let a voice be heard through the telegraph of heaven's pure love.

"Let no man reign over the human mind, for each soul must be governed by the convictions of its own conscience, and guided by the intuitions of its own spirit. All formal religions of sectarianism are transitory, unsubstantial, and a retrograde to the true way of progression. Only in freedom of the mind can divine truth find its way, and the light of heaven shine into their prisoned souls, to shed a gleam of truth over delusion and bigotry. Then can humanity bask in the freedom of God's love, and see the foregleams of future revealings. Mortal! follow the footprints of liberty, consult your highest convictions of right, and bow to none save your Creator.

Look to ministering spirits in higher spheres for aid; to those whose experience has taught them that the idle fortune-telling of religion is a mere speculation pertaining to the earth sphere. Heaven's messengers will strive to unfold the secret recesses of your soul; when you are weak and lowly, they would strengthen you in the divine faith of your Creator; when you have fallen, and are an outcast in the eyes of the world, they lovingly lift you up; when the wild, fearful beatings of adversity oppress you, they spread their silver wings to shield you; when distracted with bodily pain, they shed a soothing influence around you, and strengthen you to bear it; and when, in the perils of temptation and imminent danger, they would save you. Yet only when the soul expands in liberty and love, are they powerful to fulfill the will of the Divine One.

Then break the fetters that shackle the soul; come forth in freedom from the Church, that blinds you from beholding glimpses of the glorified work of God. Form a circle of friendship and love, where the rich and poor may mingle together as one family, and be no longer divided by the pews of distinction, or overruled by priesthood. Then shall human souls be free from the shadows of ignorance and superstition, and journey up the beautiful hillside of progression, gathering spiritual flowers of truth, that are fresh with God's love, and wet with the sweet dew of angel's sympathy. And when in freedom on the mountain's summit, look back and see the churches crumble and fall, one by one. Then will the charms of false doctrine and ceremony be broken. Then will souls aspire to the golden arches of heaven, and pass on to that love-lit world to worship in celestial glades of beauty, without money and without price; where the high and the low, the rich and the poor, mingle their voices in silver cadence, and their soul-notes of love will swell in harmonial praises to God."

Of Speakers and Writers.

Under the above title, in the Banner of March 4th, we notice this inquiry, "Why do not the millions of Spiritualists in this country support their best speakers and writers, as the Christian sects do?" Allow us to answer.

The human spirit is immortal and inalienable. It does not die, nor can it be bought or sold by a hireling priesthood, as has been taught by "Christian sects." We have no occasion to hire men or women to coin thought. We commune with the friends across the mystic river freely, without the darkening shades of scrip or greenbacks. The knowledge thus obtained is fresh and well adapted to our wants; is as gentle as the dew, and as refreshing as the balmy sunlight of morning.

We feel no occasion to acknowledge claims upon our time or purse by any who may arrogate to themselves a superiority of talents, or as mediators between God and us, as do the "Churches." The most threatening danger to the progress of our happy religion is the great and constant effort to make it popular, "as the Christian sects do." We have been instructed—thanks to the angel-world—not by loud declaimers, but by still and gentle whispers from the other side of the mystic river; not in the popular cathedrals, but in the wooded mountains, and the silent chambers of rest from our daily toil; not by applause of the popular and haughty, but by associations with the lowly and despised, have we learned lessons of wisdom and charity. Instruction from these sources makes us better, purer and happier. We have paid liberally for far-fetched Gospel teachings, but they do not serve our aspiring soul-desires. Often we have been fed by the lowly in our midst, that have been neglected, and perhaps treated with contempt by those who arrogate to themselves a superiority of talent.

Thank God, and the angel-world, for the communion across the mystic river, and those who have had experience in both the mundane and supermundane spheres of life, can commiserate and instruct us, if we should be denied the privilege of hearing and paying a hireling priesthood under the acceptable name of reformer. D. TARRANT.

Our Washington Letter.

GATHERING OF VISITORS - MEDIUMS - MEETINGS IN FEBRUARY AND MARCH - DR. FAHNER - MRS. HYZER.

Rarely, if ever, has this national city been so crowded with company, commotion and confusion, consequent upon the closing of the Thirty-eighth Congress, and the re-inauguration of President Lincoln, as has characterized it for the past few weeks.

Through the generous and bountiful hospitality of Major Chorprenning and his lady - favorable mention of whom has heretofore appeared in these columns - their house naturally seemed to be regarded as the headquarters of the Spiritualists of this city, at least in a social sense; for here might have been seen, almost any evening for several weeks past, some of the most noted mediums in the land.

During the month of February, our desk was occupied by three different speakers. The first Sunday by Miss Nettie Colburn; the second (owing to the sudden indisposition of the lady engaged, whose illness was not known to the Committee until the hour of meeting) by Thos. Gales Forster, who, with only five minutes' notice, ascended the platform, and spoke upwards of an hour, with all his accustomed power of thought and felicity of expression; and the remaining two Sundays by L. Judd Pardee.

I never hear him speak, or even read his published articles without being powerfully impressed with his intellectual resources, as well as experiencing a stimulating effect on my spiritual senses; and I know of many who confess to the same, though they very often disagree with his views - while I seldom do.

With illuminated mental, practical and spiritual insight, his endorsement of an old and popular truth, either by a fresh perception or a new application of it, frequently produces all the charm of novelty, if not originality. Indeed, by the peculiar structure of his mind he is original. Possessing a strongly marked individuality, whatever of the facts, forms and forces of universal nature are perceived, tested and comprehended by him, must necessarily partake of this individuality.

During March, we have Mrs. F. O. Hyzer inspiring us by her inspirations. Distinguished for beauty of thought, poetical imagery, and sustained rhetorical flights, she favorably ranks with our very best, and ablest speakers, whether male or female. I notice that her lectures, taken as a whole, have increased in symmetry of character and sequence, are more connected and logical than since she was last with us.

On the occasion of her first lecture, her demonstrations as an improvisatrice were of the most satisfactory nature. The subject of her lecture, "The Dependence, or Relation of Art and Science to Christianity," was chosen by a skeptical committee from the audience, and from the masterly manner in which she treated it, she won for herself the heartiest applause of the entire audience.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life.

Through Patience and Suffering.

Not by easy and pleasant stages do we arrive at great excellence and exaltation, but by disappointment and suffering. We beat our heads against the bars of what seems to us a cage, thinking that we can break through conditions and circumstances as if all things lay within reach of our will and our power.

Were we to choose our own lot in life, there is little doubt that each one of us would select a bed of down to lie upon; there would be nothing like trouble and anxiety for us; doubts and disappointments would never cross our thresholds; the necessity for exertion, and even for the use of our faculties at all, would be taken away; and none but violet and purple clouds would be hung about our skies.

Before the Spring there must be Winter. It is anything but a promising season to the superficial and hasty sight, but to one who can penetrate below the surface of appearances to the mysterious and busy alchemy which is going on out of sight, it is as full of wonders and delights as any other season of the four.

Short-sighted mortals indeed! How very little have we yet learned about the wise arrangements of Providence, as beautiful in bleak December as in sunny, odoriferous June! The June and the October are the children of December and January. We could not have the former, with all that indescribable wealth of beauty which they give us unasked, but for the secret and subtle operations which go on in the bosom of the earth during the winter.

This remarkable fact in nature is not more strange, however, nor any more to be admired, than that other and kindred fact which is to be discovered in the organization of human souls. We must have our winters, if we would produce the beauties and glories of our summers. The order is none the less admirable, too, because we sit down and repine over it, when we should joyfully accept it.

The plowshare must needs pass over every field, before the husbandman can cast in his seed. Rootlets and all manner of tender plants must be torn with a power which seems ruthless, and all the daisies and violets, and the long stretch of green grass must be overturned and buried out of sight, before newer and finer and more vigorous growths will start again. It is so, too, in our own experience. We must part with a great many things which we have longesteemed not only lovely and beautiful, but absolutely necessary to our existence, in order that we may have better things in the future.

We hope none of our readers will fail to peruse the story which we have commenced in this number of the Banner, written by Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, for we think they will become very much interested in it. They are already acquainted with the spiritual and philosophical style of the author, and may safely rely upon this story as being something worthy of their attention.

the heart, and obedience and humility take its place. There must be heard no murmurings, no replinings, no syllables of disaffection or discontent. We must run gladly to meet our lot, content to know that the very best or the very worst which the world has to give is not lasting, and resting in the great central belief that all things concur to the highest nobility of the soul, and to its undeniable happiness.

The Davenport Outrage.

It is a mortifying fact to know that the editors of many of the daily papers of this country catch up and publish everything they possibly can against the Spiritual Phenomena which is spreading so rapidly all over the world; while they remain studiously silent in reference to the startling facts demonstrated in its favor continually in their midst. But thus it is.

Many of the American journals republished from the Liverpool papers *ex parte* accounts of the outrage perpetrated there the 15th of February last upon the Davenport Brothers; but when the facts were given in the spiritual papers, and subsequently in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, no correction was made; but the impression is still left upon the minds of their readers that the Davenports were "served just right."

We hope they will have the manliness to publish what the *Post* subsequently gave, after ascertaining all the facts. It characterizes the proceedings at the Davenport meeting in Liverpool as a "ruffianly outrage;" and it quotes the letter of a correspondent of the *Leeds Times*, in which, speaking of the Davenports, the writer says: "The flesh on their wrists is torn, jagged, and bruised in the most brutal manner." In this connection the *London Spiritual Magazine* very appropriately asks: "Is this what Liverpool calls 'investigation?'"

The Northwestern Sanitary Fair.

The people of the Northwestern States have made an appeal to their fellow-citizens of the other States for aid in organizing a Fair, to be held in the city of Chicago on the 30th day of May next, for the benefit of the soldiers. There is every evidence that it will prove a great occasion in all respects. The immediate object of the Fair is to provide increased supplies and accommodations for the Sanitary Commission, and the Soldiers' Home and Rest. So many soldiers are returning home in a battered condition, and so large a stream of sanitary supplies must be kept going to hospitals and regiments, that it is found necessary to call for renewed assistance. The resources thus far made to the call are numerous and generous. The churches of Chicago have appointed lady committees to interest themselves in the several departments of the Fair, and on behalf of the Spiritualists of the city, we are happy to observe the name of Mrs. J. S. Fuller, who will not fail to do her part well and thoroughly. The Fair will continue several days, and contributions of every kind are solicited by the Managing Committee on behalf of the objects it has in view. The President of the Executive Committee is Thos. B. Bryan, and E. W. Blatchford is the Recording Secretary and Treasurer.

South American Affairs.

A war is raging with great violence between the Empire of Brazil and the Republic of Uruguay. There has been trouble between these two poorly matched powers for a year or two, but open war broke out last August. Paraguay offers to come to the assistance of her sister republic with ten thousand men, which step will probably be the means of drawing into the quarrel the entire Argentine Confederation. The object of Brazil in this movement seems to be for her aggrandizement as much as anything else, having thrust herself into a quarrel to which she is not a rightful party. There was a rebellion in Uruguay, of which Flores was the leader, and it still. Brazil pretended that some of her subjects were deprived of their rights by the rebels, and demanded redress of the regular Government; but the latter, of course, was in no condition to answer to the call then, and so Brazil went into the fight on the side of the rebels themselves, of whose wrongs she had complained! She is ready to help those who actually committed the mischief. At last accounts, the rebels and Brazilians had captured the city of Paysandu, and were marching across the country to invest Montevideo, which Brazil had also threatened with her naval forces.

Peace Called For.

Now that the rebellion promises to go under so rapidly, it is urged by some papers that the President ought to issue another proclamation, calling on the people of the South to abandon an experiment which promises to lead to fatal results, and to take their stand on the side of Union. The Tribune, for example, says that, while it believes that a true Peace is in human probability not far off, "its advent may be hastened by wise and prompt action on the part of our Government." And it suggests that, "if the President should issue a brief and lucid Proclamation, appealing to the Southern People not to protract a struggle which has become hopeless, and stating distinctly the terms on which they may be once more at peace with their country, we believe that there need and would be little further bloodshed."

The Sanitary Condition of New York.

Some of the clergymen of New York have been preaching sermons of late, in regard to the sanitary needs of that city. The Rev. Dr. McCintock said that London was three times as large as New York, and greatly inferior in natural advantages; yet London was more healthy than New York. If New York had the death rate of London, it would have ten thousand less deaths in the year than it has. About five hundred thousand of its population were living in tenement houses, while there were twenty thousand of them living in cellars. Such facts, if not seasonably attended to, would bring a terrible retribution. Various reformatory suggestions were made by the different preachers.

Our New Story.

We hope none of our readers will fail to peruse the story which we have commenced in this number of the Banner, written by Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, for we think they will become very much interested in it. They are already acquainted with the spiritual and philosophical style of the author, and may safely rely upon this story as being something worthy of their attention.

Albany, N. Y.

In Albany, N. Y., Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, so our friend Andrews informs us, is lecturing before the Society of Spiritualists; to large audiences.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by ELIZABETH DOTEN, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.)

A Spiritual Poem.

An able discourse was delivered through Miss Lizzie Doten, Sunday evening, March 12th, at Lyceum Hall, in this city, on "The Present Position of Jesus," at the close of which the controlling intelligence changed, and the following fine poem, composed in spirit-life, giving a graphic description of the spirit's departure hence to the life immortal, was spoken by Miss Doten, and reported by Dr. H. F. Gardner for the Banner of Light, entitled:

OUTWARD BOUND.

It was midnight dark, when I launched my bark On a wild, tempestuous sea; The lightning flashed, and the white waves dashed Like steeds from the rein set free.

I had left behind, the faithful and kind, The gentle and true of heart; Oh God above! from their clinging love, It was hard, it was hard to part.

I had heard the call which must come to all, And I felt, by my quickened breath, I must leave that shore, to return no more, For the name of that sea was Death.

Like the brooding wing of some grewsome thing, The darkness around me spread; The wild winds roared, and the tempest poured Their fury upon my head.

When an arm, as white as the opal bright, Was firmly around me cast, And a well known voice made my heart rejoice - 'Twas my mother dear, spake those words of cheer;

Whom I met with a glad surprise, For I thought she slept where the willows wept, Till the day when the dead shall rise. I had passed away from my form of clay, But not to a distant sphere;

I had weathered the storm, but my mortal form, Like a wreck in my presence lay; They said I was dead, when my spirit fled, And with weeping they turned away.

I was with her there, and with tender care, I folded her close to my breast, Till the heart's wild throbb, and the bursting sob, Were silenced and soothed to rest.

A bridge leads o'er from the heavenly shore, Where the happy spirits pass, And the Angels that stand with the harp in the hand, On the "sea, as it were, of glass," Play so soft and clear, that the human ear, And the spirits who love the Lord, Can catch the sound through the space profound, And join in the sweet accord.

Oh what is death? 'tis a fleeting breath - A simple, but blessed change - 'Tis rending a chain, that the soul may gain A higher and broader range. Unbounded space is its dwelling-place, Where no human foot hath trod, But everywhere doth it feel the care, And the changeless love of God.

Oh then! though you weep when your loved ones sleep, When the rose on the cheek grows pale, Yet their forms of light, yet concealed from sight, Are only behind the veil. With their faces fair, and their shining hair, With blossoms of beauty crowned, They will also stand, with a helping hand, When you shall be Outward Bound.

Sheridan's March.

The little cavalry officer, Phil Sheridan, is doing wonderful things to the west of Richmond. He has marched across the Blue Ridge from Staunton to Charlottesville, and from that point down to the James River and within fifteen miles of Lynchburg. All the railroad bridges on his way have been destroyed, besides the locks, dams, and embankments of the James River Canal, were destroyed by him as he proceeded. The rebels in Richmond were in great consternation about his proceedings, fearing that he would entirely shut off their supplies from Lynchburg. The probability is that there is great danger of his doing so. In that case, the Danville road is his sole reliance; and that is threatened by the still further advance of Sheridan, as well as by the movements of Grant and Sherman.

To Newsdealers Everywhere.

Gentlemen, by keeping a full supply of the BANNER OF LIGHT on your counters the coming year, you will not only benefit yourselves peculiarly, but us. Complaints have reached us the past year from various quarters, that those who desire to purchase the paper of the dealers, cannot get a copy two days after publication. This should not be. Our paper is in demand by all classes, and the newsdealers ought always to fully supply customers. We hope and trust they will, hereafter, in order that all concerned may be mutually benefited.

A Good Idea.

It has recently been suggested that the Spiritualists of Boston should have a hall of their own wherein to worship. Lyceum Hall, we understand, cannot be had next season; as it has been leased to other parties. It will therefore become necessary to engage some other hall. Why not have one of our own? Surely there are wealthy Spiritualists enough in Boston and vicinity to carry such a laudable scheme into effect at once. Who will take the initiative?

Clarke vs. Emerson.

We have just issued in pamphlet form "A Review of a Lecture by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, on the Religious Philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson," being a discourse delivered by Miss Lizzie Doten, under spirit influence, in Lyceum Hall, on Sunday evening, March 5th.

The discourse by Mr. Clarke was delivered in the Hollis street Church, a few weeks since, on which occasion he assailed the statements of Mr. Emerson - made in his recent lecture before the Parker Fraternity - and put forth some of the prominent theological tenets of the Unitarian Church. So well was this address received, that Gov. Andrew, Secretary Warner, Franklin Haven, and many other prominent citizens, made a public request for its repetition, which request was complied with. It was afterwards printed in the Boston Traveller.

The spirits desired to reply to Mr. C.'s discourse, and on the evening mentioned above, did so most effectually, completely demolishing Mr. Clarke's position, as the public will see upon perusing the lecture. The pamphlet also contains the beautiful original hymn given at the close of the address.

A Young Preacher.

Charles A. Hayden, who made his first appearance as a lecturer on Spiritualism, in Maine, a few years since, while in his teens, has been speaking in this State of late, with marked success. The Haverhill Publisher of March 11th, says: "This young lecturer, of whom the public have heard much during the past week, spoke at Music Hall last Sunday afternoon, and evening, and also speaks at the same place the remaining Sundays in the month. He commenced his lecturing career at the early age of eighteen, some five years since, and few would expect to hear from one presenting so quiet and unassuming an appearance such eloquent language, and forcible and logical arguments as come from his lips. The topics of his lectures last Sunday, were, 'The Inspiration of Ancient and Modern Times,' and 'The Advance of Mind and Ideas,' both of which were treated with an ability that would have done credit to an old student in theology; surprising and delightful all who listened to him. Ordinarily the speaker is of a reserved and quiet demeanor, and exhibits none of that animation and energy which characterizes him while delivering his lectures. There was a large audience present on both occasions, who listened with the greatest interest to the close."

The Allen Boy Medium in Portland.

We learn by the Portland Evening Courier that the spiritual manifestations given in that city, on Saturday evening, the 11th inst., through the instrumentality of Master Henry B. Allen, the youthful medium, were very satisfactory. After giving a full description of the *modus operandi* of the spirits, the editor says:

"After re-arranging the apparatus, a rope was produced, the boy's hands tied, and while both his hands rested on our left arm as before and the end of the rope carefully held by Mr. Lincoln, of the Press, the manifestations were again produced, hands shaken, and the performances ended by throwing the screen over, upsetting the chairs, scattering the musical instruments over a space of ten feet, after which we distinctly felt a hand at the back of the chair in which we sat, with which raps were made. During all this time both the boy's hands were on our left arm, and we are perfectly satisfied that he had no physical agency in producing the startling manifestations, witnessed by all the company and felt by us. What did produce them is a question we leave others to solve for themselves."

Mexico.

Napoleon has promptly and positively denied having anything to do with Sonora and Sinaloa, which were reported to have been ceded to him by Maximilian. The Imperialist Army have recently achieved some very important successes over the Liberals, and captured the city of Oajaca, after one day's siege, with its garrison of five thousand men and large munitions of war. This victory is believed to have put an end to the resistance of the natives in central and southern Mexico. Juarez, the President of Mexico, has collected his forces at Chihuahua, one of the northern States, where he awaits the approach of the invader. But Maximilian, now holds all the seaports, and is thus able to cut him off from foreign aid. On the surface it looks as if Maximilian were about to establish himself in the country.

Arming the Slaves.

The bill to arm the slaves of the South has recently passed the rebel Congress, after having first failed to receive the vote requisite to make it a law. It was passed at last by the vote of Senator Hunter, of Virginia, who is President of the Senate. He still opposed the bill, though he gave his vote for it, in obedience to the positive instructions of the Virginia Legislature. The Cotton States were angry with Virginia for thus forcing the passage of a bill which took their property away from them, and are disposed to rebel against it. But it is not probable that the question of arming their slaves will give them any practical trouble. The whole matter will soon be taken out of their hands by Grant and Sherman.

Spiritual Convention in England.

We have just received a letter of invitation to attend a Convention of Progressive Friends, announced to take place at Darlington, England, in July next. The Convention will afford a rare opportunity for a grand social gathering of the friends and advocates of our Heaven-born Philosophy, and the seekers after knowledge in regard to inter-communication between this and the world of spirits. If any of the Spiritualists of America would like to be present, they should address Mr. John Hodge, as above, on or before the first of June.

Prospectus of the Banner.

We send the Prospectus of the BANNER OF LIGHT to our friends, this week, and earnestly solicit their aid in circulating it and endeavoring to obtain new subscribers. We strive to make our paper worthy the patronage of every Spiritualist in the land, and ought to have a subscription list of a hundred thousand; instead of ten thus enabling us to spread the light and truth of our heaven-born SPIRITUALISM to all parts of the globe.

The Pulpit on Health.

The clergy in New York are getting up an understanding among themselves that they shall preach stated sermons every Sunday on Health, professedly for the poorer classes who do not, because they cannot pay any attention to sanitary laws. The motive is a philanthropic one, and should commend itself to general favor. If we were all of us more thoughtful about our health, we should stand in much less need of sermons.

Physical Manifestations.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain has resumed her musical circles at her rooms in the Banner building. She met with great success during her recent visit to Providence.

Message Department.

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

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

Invocation.

Our Father, Infinite Spirit of Light, thou who art the glory of the morning sun and evening shade, thou who art the voice of ocean and the silence of the valley, thou who art everywhere present yet nowhere understood, thou who art our Father, our Mother, our everlasting hope—to thee, to thy most sacred shrine, we bring our thoughts this hour, praying that they may be clothed with holy deeds, that shall make the soul grow strong and great and glorious; that shall bring it nearer to thee, teach it more of thee; that shall lift it above time, and open to its vision eternity. Oh Father and Mother, there are those present who mourn the loss of loved ones. Dear ones have been sacrificed upon the altar of strife, of human discord. They are almost lost in darkness, and turn this way and that, asking for light. Oh God of Wisdom, send, we beseech of thee, an especial messenger of divine mercy to such. Show them that their loved ones are not dead, nor gone; neither do they slumber; that they love them still; that the grave has no power over them, for they are children of the Infinite Father. Oh, thou whose blessings are everywhere around us, even in the shadow as in the sunbeam, we know thou hast no need that we praise thee, that we bring offerings of love to thee; and yet thou hast so fashioned us, that to praise thee is a part of our divine nature; to worship thee is a something altogether natural to our being, and therefore we must continue to adore thee. Our Father, as the sunlight falls lovingly upon the earth, calling forth all its hidden treasures, so thy love falls upon our spirits, and calls from thence all our powers, and turns our feet toward the right. Father, thy children are perpetually asking for something better, greater. And this is well; for thy blessing attends our every step. Thou art casting no shadows upon our pathway; all is full of sunbeams; all full of light; all pointing to the great and glorious future, wherein we shall know thee better, therefore be able to serve thee more perfectly. Jan. 31.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider inquiries from correspondents or the audience.

"I wonder, sometimes, if the souls that have down, Return to the immurers again. And I ask for a sign from the trackless unknown, Where millions have questioned in vain."

CHAIRMAN.—The above is an extract from a short poem entitled "My Mother is Near," by James G. Clark. Our correspondent would be pleased to have the intelligence answer the question that millions have asked, in so explicit a manner that the commonest mind may understand.

ANS.—The extract from the poem seems to say, Do my friends live after death? and do they visit those they have left on earth, after they have left the earth-plane? That is a fact that has been demonstrated to many millions of minds. It is a something that has been proven in all ages, that the soul lives after death. We know that it can return and manifest its presence under favorable circumstances. We also know that it must remain in silence, so far as some souls are concerned, for an indefinite length of time. We cannot tell why this is so—why some are permitted to recognize the presence of loved ones in spirit, and others are not. We know there are days of tempest, and days of sunshine; but in reality the ways and wherefores of such things we are unable to determine.

Q.—It has been said, by the spirits of this circle, that God is a Principle, is our Father and Mother; that spirits never had a beginning. Now if this be truth, how can God be our Father? It seems to the inquirer, according to this teaching, that God and man are co-extensive as to duration.

A.—That which has had a beginning must have an ending; that which is capable of being created is capable also of being destroyed. Now we have affirmed many times, and in all sincerity, that the soul or immortal part never had a beginning, for it is co-existent, we believe, with the Divine Mind. In a certain sense, we may say with truth it has been born of God; and yet in a certain other sense, we may say it never was born—always has existed, and has only changed states, forms or degrees, passed from one cycle of time to eternity.

Q.—If God be a principle, what good is there in addressing prayers to it or him? Can a principle answer prayer?

A.—So far as the terms are considered, there is no use whatever, except the mere forms of expression. Now prayer becomes of use only in this way: inasmuch as it lifts the mental portion of your being above the things of material life, it puts you in a new atmosphere, opens the door to things spiritual and divine. Therefore it is good to pray. It matters not whether you address a principle or a personality; indeed, it is not necessary that you address any one. Only turn your thoughts beyond things that are sordid and material; lift them by the great stairway of prayer above the common standard, and you have accomplished all that man can accomplish.

Q.—If the universe is governed by the law of necessity, what can prayer accomplish?

A.—It is doubtless a necessity that we pray. We may think that we can pray, or not, as we please; but how do we know that beyond ourselves there is not a power propelling us on to prayer, we cannot resist? We are inclined to think this is so. The same law of necessity that governs in other things, in our opinion governs in prayer.

Q.—Do the spirits from this earth ever meet spirits who have lived on other planets? If so, do they resemble us in nature?

A.—It is true that the inhabitants of other planets do sometimes meet and do mingle with the inhabitants of this earth; but they do not resemble the inhabitants of the earth-plane, either in form, or in their mental acquirements.

Q.—Are they inferior or superior to those of earth? A.—Some of them are very far superior to the inhabitants of the earth-plane; some are very much inferior.

Q.—At the change called death, when emerging from the body, does the soul possess form? A.—Yes; and it retains the semblance of the physical form until it shall be called to pass clearly beyond the boundaries of physical life.

Q.—What do you recognize as the boundaries of physical life? A.—Until the attraction between itself and its old earthly tabernacle is entirely dissolved.

Q.—Are there as many spiritual forms as there are human beings on the earth? A.—Yes.

Q.—And do they vary as much as human beings? A.—Yes. The spirit, after it has passed through the change called death, passes through all subsequent changes very rapidly. And yet, throughout all, it retains its own individuality; it is surrounded by its own atmospheric life—is, to all intents and purposes, itself still.

Q.—Does never a necessity arise for a spirit to come back and clothe itself in material garments? A.—Yes.

Q.—Is there, then, such a thing as the transmigration of souls? A.—Yes, in the largest sense.

Q.—Is the inner principle, or life of the soul, the same in all human beings? A.—We believe it is.

Q.—Whence originate the differences of capacity and power of the soul in individuals? A.—It is unfolded in all differently. But when it is resolved back to its primary sense, it is the same in all; it cannot be otherwise.

Q.—How can soul be defined if it is a part of God? A.—Very well; then you may say soul is God. It is quite as proper as any other definition.

Q.—Does soul ever lose its individuality? A.—We have told you it never would.

Q.—Do you make any distinction between mind and soul? A.—We believe mind to be the mirror in which soul reflects its power.

Q.—What is the standard to determine what a perfect organism is? A.—Properly speaking, there are no perfect physical organisms. There have been such, but at the present time you certainly cannot find any.

Q.—Please mention an instance of a perfect organism? A.—Perfection, in the truest sense, means a something that cannot be improved—a something outside of the law of progress. Now we shall be obliged to ignore the term, unless we use it according to its common acceptation, which is a something very good—a something that answers all the demands of human life according to human sense. It has been said—and with a great deal of truth we believe—that some of those persons who figure largely in sacred history were possessed of perfect organisms. So far as perfection can go through human life, we believe this to be true—that they did dwell in perfect organisms, therefore their manifestations are so far perfect. But do not understand us as believing in perfection.

Q.—What must be done to elevate the race that comes after us? A.—Live naturally, which is to live Godly. Make yourself acquainted with the laws of your physical body and the laws of your spiritual body.

Q.—How are imperfect physical bodies to produce perfect physical ones? A.—That is like producing something out of nothing.

Q.—Then the human race can never be improved? A.—That is an assertion without a foundation. To say that the human race could not be improved because the present generation is imperfect, would be totally wrong. The soul certainly cannot manifest itself in all its power, all its divine glory, through physical life; that would be an impossibility. When you consider that the soul in itself is possessed of all power, you certainly would not expect it to manifest itself perfectly through the human body.

Q.—Do you believe that the present Anglo-Saxon race in New England will ever be improved physically? A.—Certainly we do. We should do them great injustice if we did not, seeing that they are making such strenuous efforts.

Q.—We refer to physical improvement. A.—And so do we. All improvements come by slow degrees—so slow that the most careful observer can hardly detect the movement. It needs some one to stand outside of human life, to see this. We are able to see that you are making very great progress in such matters, and we daily thank heaven for it in your behalf. Jan. 31.

Robert Johnson.

I have hope by coming here that I may be able to transmit some thoughts to my friends on the earth.

After serving a short time in the Confederate army—now, pardon me, sir, I am no enemy, if I did serve there—I was taken sick, and in order to free myself from the impending draft, I left the country in company with my brother and sister. I was, as I called myself, an exile, in Montreal.

My mother, and other dear friends remained at the South, finding it almost impossible to get away. Since my death my mother has succeeded, through the kindness of one General Butler, on your side, in reaching Canada. But when she arrived I had gone.

I have visited many places with the hope of reaching her, of all others, only in vain; but the boys in the spirit-world, who have always been successful, tell me there is no reason why I may not succeed in my undertaking, as they have.

I died in early summer, in 1864. I would have my mother know that my last thoughts were of them; and when I was passing on, I tried to say to my friends, to give mother all my letters, all my papers. I was unable to give what I wished to. By the kindness of a friend my unspoken wishes have been carried out, I see; and I thank that dear friend, and shall be glad to speak with him.

I am Robert Johnson, son of Robert and Annie Johnson. Now if you will direct my letter to Mrs. Annie Johnson, Montreal, Canada East, I shall be very, very thankful to you.

I hope my friends will avail themselves of the usual means in assisting the disembodied to return and communicate its thoughts to those who still remain. Farewell, sir. Jan. 31.

Major Alfred Carragan.

Say that Major Alfred Carragan remembers his friends, and will soon try to make personal communication to them. Jan. 31.

Aleck Guy.

I am Aleck Guy, sir, of the 27th South Carolina, a rebel, as you please. I'm anxious of sending some word home. Now if you was in my place and I was in yours, I should do just the best I could for you.

I was but nineteen years of age. I have left parents and many friends, who are very sad because I have died. I was killed at Petersburg. Now I never heard anything about this coming back, but I'll do the best I can. I'll ask them to do what other folks do, to let me come and talk to them.

The watch, sword and pistol, I see, has been sent home, and I thank Andy for that. He said he would see that those things were sent home, and he has; and when he comes on the other side, I'll try to show him around. [Andy Johnson?] No, sir, not Andy Johnson, but another Andy of a little darker skin. He was a favorite servant of my father's, that followed me on to the battle-field, sir.

Now I don't know, sir, where to ask you to direct for me—really, I don't know, because I don't know about getting it through. Ah, I tell you, I've hit on just what I'll do. Some of the boys that used to tell the others that when we died we should all be back here talking, of course know about your way of transacting business at this place, and I do not. But I want them to send my letter through. They can do it, to Stanton, South Carolina, or send to my uncle in Montgomery; either one it will be sure to get the rounds. My uncle's name is Alexander Guy, and he's got a pistol manufactory there; so he's known.

Well, when I was in good case I weighed from a hundred and fifteen to a hundred and twenty pounds. Rather small, you see. I was in height about five feet two inches, hair just about the color of yours, very dark brown; blue eyes—what you call fair complexion. Good-day, sir. Jan. 31.

Julia French.

My name was Julia French. I was born in South Boston; died in Chicago, of lung fever. I was twelve years and thirteen days old.

My father's name was Abraham, my mother's Julia. My father is—he's a sutler in the army. He was my home when I died. He's come home since, and gone again; and wished if anybody could come back, that I would.

I was there when he asked mother to hang my hat and things away, where he could not see them every time he came into the house; but I could not let him know it. If he and mother will go somewhere where folks can speak this way, I shall come to them and tell them all about where I've been, who I've seen, and a great many things. Jan. 31.

Michael Mahan.

I am Michael Mahan, sir; died in Florence two days ago. Was kept prisoner for the last eight or nine months. I've been carted round from place to place, till I finally brought up at Florence. I was sick when I went there—was wounded and sick when I was taken there.

I am here to ask Mr. Donovan if he'll be good enough to look to the settling of me affairs, and give me wife and children that that belongs to them, that entrusted to him when I went away, with interest. He'll know about it. He does not know I'm dead, and is waiting for me orders. Maybe he'll think I'm dead, and it's no matter; but then, I'll have me say, after all.

I come about me family; they're in New York, sir. [City?] Yes, sir. I left them in Carleton place. [Does Mr. Donovan reside there, too?] No, sir, he's up town. Mr. Donovan reads all the papers, but somehow or other, he's not knowing to me death. He knows I was taken prisoner—was carried to Richmond. Well, I was taken from there down to Florence. That's a fashion the rebs have of carting their prisoners from place to place. I do not know why it is, but they're carting you around the whole time.

Now, sir, they're looking for news for exchange of me. Somehow, they're looking for me in this way. Ah, I'm just as well off, or will be as soon as I get straightened out. I'm a little crooked just now.

I hear them Yankee boys in the quarters down there, talking about this spiritual business. They'd preach some of the grandest sermons there you ever heard, and they'd tell you all about the spirit-world, and they'd tell all about this place, too. I knew very well where the place was, they pictured it out so clearly. [That aided you in coming here.] Oh yes, sir; I did not know anything about it before I heard them talk of it.

I'm from the 63d, Company E. Ah, well, I tell you what it is, I'd like to go down South and spake to the boys what know about these things. Oh, would n't they throw up their hats with joy. I can't do that, but I'll send me respects to the boys, if I can't do anything else.

Well, here I am, free, and I suppose a long way off from the spot I left me old shell of a body in. Do you know where they pile up bodies when they die? Well, I'll show you. There's a long passage-way leading out from the prison, and what they call the dead-house, where they keep the coffins. Well, in this 'ere passage-way there's a little bunks on either side, and just room for one person to pass. They chuck them in, and wait for 'em to come round to take 'em to the dead-house. Sometimes they have a big pile of them. When a fellow dies down there, just as soon as he's still, he gets chucked out there. Ah, it's a pretty tough place. Yes, sir, you'd not like to stay there over night. I'm thinking. Good-day, to you, sir. Jan. 31.

Invocation.

Infinite Father, Loving Mother, thou who hast seen the end from the beginning, thou who holdst nations and individuals in thy control, and leadest them by the hand of wisdom, thou who art the same in all ages, thou who never forgets thy children; we turn to thee this hour with souls overflowing with thanksgiving and joy; for if ever there was a time when thy children should praise thee, when there was cause for joy, for utterance of thanksgiving, that time is the present. Oh, we praise thee that the nation has given birth to the child of freedom, and to-day its mother holds this new-born babe to her many thousand hearts, and looks up to thee with thanksgiving and joy. Therefore it is we mingle our praises with the praises of ten thousand hearts that are going up to thee on the wings of gladness this hour. Ay, even the sunlight-to-day seems to look more joyous than that of other times. Even the little birds seem to chant now songs, and all things seem more bright and joyous because America has donned her new robes; now that she has cast off her filthy garments of slavery and human oppression, and has clothed herself in her fair garments of freedom. Oh thou Master of Life, we know that thou doest all things well, and though the nation has been lifted to its present position through human weakness, yet that which has been so dearly bought, will be the greater prize; that for which the nation has sacrificed its nearest and dearest, will be the most valued. Surely it will hold to its heart as most precious this child of freedom. Father, Spirit, thank thee for all these great conditions of this atmosphere, filling it with light and glory, and calling the nations, one after another, nearer to thee. We praise thee for these lights, for they are like stars at midnight, guiding the traveler

homeward, and heavenward. Oh, our Father, if there was any one gift more than another we would ask for these children, it would be that they would march steadily onward toward those perfect peace, more perfect justice, more perfect freedom. Oh, grant that their motto may ever be: "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee. Even though a cross beareth me up, all my song shall be, nearer, my God, nearer to thee." Feb. 2.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—You are now at liberty to present inquiries, either from correspondents or the audience.

Q.—It is thought by many that the soul of man can be dimmed by crime or willful sin; but if the soul of man is an emanation from Deity and is a part of God, how can it be? A.—The soul can no more be contaminated or affected in any manner so far as itself, as an essence, is concerned, than it can be affected by fire or water. You may drown the body but you cannot the soul. You may burn the body, but you cannot the soul. You may freeze the body, but you cannot the soul. So far as your external individuality is concerned, the soul may become contaminated, may become debased, may seem to fall in the way of life; but, in reality, the soul does not fall. It never falls, never is degraded. It can never become in any sense contaminated by its contact with the things of time.

Q.—Why did Christ say that we must pray to the Father in his name? A.—That we cannot tell. Perhaps he had a special motive in speaking thus, provided he did speak thus. We have no positive evidence that he did speak thus. But assuming that he did, we are not sure that he had any special motive in so speaking.

Q.—How do you reconcile God's progressing with his perfection? A.—Well, so far as God can be comprehended, the Infinite by the finite mind, he does progress; and yet, standing above, could we go so with his infinite comprehension, we should say he cannot progress because he is perfect and ever has been.

Q.—If the soul is not affected by living in the body, what is it accountable to? A.—The soul is affected in manifestation, but, so far as itself, as a positive power, is concerned, or divine essence is concerned, is not affected by living in the body. But in its manifestations it is affected by living in the body, and according to the pressure of surrounding circumstances. The soul is accountable to itself alone; there is no tribunal that is not within itself. No man has a right to judge you nor me. We each and all have a judgment seat of our own.

Q.—If God does not progress, and soul is a part of God, from what necessity comes progression with man? A.—Well, it seems to be a necessity from the fact that it is, and we contend that all things are from necessity. Nature holds no superfluities in her hands—makes use of none.

Q.—Why is it that some spirits find it so much more difficult to return than others? A.—Well, your mediums are like or may be likened unto revolving lights; are perpetually emitting various degrees or kinds of atmospheric life. Now the disembodied spirit, if it returns at all, must have an atmosphere; it cannot exist without it; and if it come back here manifesting, I must have an atmosphere suited to my necessities; else I cannot exist here and make manifestations. Now, then, the disembodied who returns is obliged to take advantage of the condition of whatever medium it may wish to use. For instance, if I wish to speak here, I can do so only by virtue of stern law governing in these manifestations. If the atmosphere is what I demand as an individual spirit, I can enter it, and stay long enough to manifest to friends in earth-life. There are very few physical bodies that are capable of emitting or throwing off all degrees of atmospheric life, therefore it is that many spirits are prohibited from returning and communicating with friends, simply because they have no atmosphere in which to live.

Q.—You have given an explanation of this on the atmospheric side; will you give one now on the earth side? A.—We do not know that we understand you. The one comprehends the other. What we should say of one, we would say of the other.

Q.—Do not those persons who die in good health return more quickly than those who have a lingering illness? A.—Yes, because they are generally possessed of stronger tendencies or attractions earthward. For instance: if you pass on without suffering, when you find yourself an inhabitant of the spirit-world you are possessed of a desire to return; but if you pass through the fiery furnace of suffering here, you will very naturally dread to come again in that atmosphere.

Q.—Are not many spirits unwilling to return because of that fear? A.—Many, thousands.

Q.—Is the capacity to enjoy music a spiritual or material capacity? A.—It is a spiritual capacity; and greatly enhanced by the freedom of the spirit.

Q.—Whence do disembodied spirits derive their musical impressions? A.—Music is an element found in Nature. It is a part of the soul's kingdom of heaven. It is not obliged to take with it its love for music from the earth plane, by no means, for the music of earth is but jargon compared with that of the spirit-land.

Q.—Another mode of expression is, then, that the spirit ear is open, the spirit eye also? A.—Certainly. Without the power of spirit the physical ear could not hear, the physical eye could not see, surely; then that should prove to you the power is not in the body, but in the spirit, and you should remember that the spirit suffers no loss by death except the body. It retains all its faculties, and has others added to it.

Q.—I would inquire whether the intelligence can control any other than the present medium? A.—Yes.

Q.—Whether you could control two mediums separate from one another, at one and the same time? A.—Yes, but one would be a personal, positive control, the other a psychological control.

Q.—Supposing the second one was in China, the other in this room, could you control both at the same time? A.—Certainly.

Q.—Is the spirit's control limited as to number, or can it control any number of organisms at the same time? A.—Yes, as many as are capable of being controlled by that intelligence; but there could be but one individual, personal, positive control; all others must be psychological controls.

Q.—How would you discriminate it from the positive control? A.—Well, we certainly could do this; you might not be able to.

Q.—How discriminate between the explanation of the two controls? A.—I should say, where I was in person as an

entity, a positive power, there I controlled individual spirits; but where I exercised thought-power, the psychology of my own an individual, the control would be psychological one. For instance: A preacher in the pulpit, of a Sabbath, and sees there a yacant place, not by counting the audience, not simply because he does not care them, but because he is unable to spirituate them. He sends out his thought and it returns again to himself, finds no place. But if those auditors are seated him at the time he sends out his thought, he feels that it has been received, that is no need of its returning to him.

Q.—Does not spirit occupy a position in the body, and impress it? A.—No; in the case in question the spirit is absorbed in the physical body control.

Q.—Do spirits which, while in the body, a certain course of study, pursue that course potentially after going to the spirit-world? For example, does the spirit of Sir Isaac Newton continue its investigation of the laws of gravitation and Natural Philosophy in the spirit world? A.—They certainly do pursue the course best adapted to themselves, so long as the best course to them. But when they come satiated with one course of study, at liberty to leave it and pursue another. Franklin may not always be found tending the lightning-rod, or pursuing his scientific investigations in that direction. It is possible weary of it, and turn his course in some way. But, under all circumstances the soul is free to exercise its own tastes. It is not by poverty, by any human restrictions, in the largest sense of the term freedom.

Amos Blagden.

I was a member sir, of the 7th Michigan Cavalry I. I was taken prisoner in August about two weeks since, in Salisbury, North Carolina. I am not feeling very pleasant some people; I do not know as I can be pleasant. The fact is, I received pretty hard treatment, and a have n't forgot it.

I have a brother that's somewhere in the quarters, too. He was taken prisoner at the same time. He was in Richmond at last. I should like to get some way of talking with him if I could. I have a sister at home among friends. Mr. Eldridge, who was in company with me, was a kind of a Spiritualist. He come out occasionally, when he could, and us spiritual sermons, as he called them. Some idea about it. I've got a good many I want to say to the folks, but I didn't see anybody here, and I do not know who first. [Where do your friends reside?] They are in Carrollton, Michigan.

I'm from the great West, though I was there. [You'd better give your sister's name.] Olive. [Your brother's, also.] Thomas name is Amos. [Have you given your name?] No, sir; Blagden—Amos Blagden.

I'm kind of well, stranger, I did n't see any one. I'm not used to speaking away. [You want to ask your friends to a chance to speak with them at home, stranger, that's what I want. I'm a little exactly used to these things; rather nervous. [We'll tell them for you.] I'd like to tell the folks that I've gone to the spirit-land. I was n't sorry to go. I'd been a since I was taken prisoner. I did n't chance of getting exchanged, and was glad they'd better not feel bad about me, for they ought off, and if Tom has got any—I'm try to see if he's got anything of a show getting away, and help him. He was stronger than I, and could stand me knocks. [He did n't get treated as bad as you.] No; and I feel a little ugly about must try to get over it. I've tried to get but the more I try the uglier I feel. I over it, stranger. [We hope you'll feel I hope I shall; I feel bad enough, I can Well, you'll tell the folks I come, you [Certainly.]

Samuel Gilbert Doane.

Good-day, sir. I have many friends am anxious of reaching through this communication, with your permission. A to ask, sir, is there reason for me to hope thoughts can be forwarded through to ton? [Yes.] Well, will you be kind e say that Samuel Gilbert Doane comes queating an interview with his friend South?

I was killed at Fort Fisher. [You've a short time in your new life, then?] time, sir; I scarcely know how to make privileges offered me in this way. I know little about it when here; heard of it, as of many other things, but had no interest. But I fell without a struggle, was not consequently had no fear about returning to me had no terrors, so I suppose that's why I return here so soon. Then I have dear friends here so attached to, and had I the wealth of the world in my possession this moment, I would give it all for an hour with those I love. I assure you, sir, I this is a great blessing. One can hardly ate at first that it is so great, but as we selves of it, it becomes real to us.

I have, sir, a half-brother here on your shore; may I not hope that my message reach him? [You may, we think.] I would. He is somewhere in the West-land. I think he is engaged in some business. I have the impression it is business. There was a slight rupture him and me some eight or nine years since that time there has been little communication between us. His name is Thompson—Alvin Thompson. His father in the spirit says he is in St. Louis. He is quite anxious direct to him at that place he will receive.

Well, sir, I would like that my brother my daughters Elizabeth and Amelia, my bert, my wife, and all who were so near to me; endeavor to furnish a body like it may come and speak through it to them is a sadness comes over my spirit when that I might speak with those dear ones, joy sacred communion with them, if it for the skeleton of prejudice, that is in the hold of too many, I fear.

I hear, sir, that you are ringing out your joy and gratitude over the birth of a new age to style the new-born child of liberty for one am very glad of it, although, I have felt it when on the earth, I should feel different about it from what I do, will bring you joy, it will bring joy to of all Southern people who love the not suppose that people at the South are slavery because they admire it, for they do not. It is their all, and when you you take their wealth from them, they have n't the source of wealth, slavery is their chief source of wealth, make beggars of them if you remove it.

