

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XVIII.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR, }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 10.

Literary Department.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by WILLIAM WATTS & CO., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

DREAM-LIFE:

A STORY OF THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY CORA WILBURN.

Author of "Agnes, the Step-Mother; or, The Castle of the Sea," "Daisy's Dream; or, The Power of Conscience," "Cecilia Wayne; or, Will and Destiny," "The Minister of the Disciples of Life," "Felicity's Story; or, Crime and Redemption," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.

The King of the Air.

"There dwells on earth a monster, who is known
By the crushed hearts his subtle arrows strike;
He spares not worth upon the mightiest throne,
And scatters poison-bloom on all alike."

Born of world-evil, his demon-stroke
That warfare wages with eternal Truth;
That with leagued malice, ere mischief ripe,
Points the world-dagger at the heart of youth,
And with a death-knell smites the life."

Have you not, one and all, at some season of life, bent like awing reeds beneath the shivered mists of Calumny? Have you not felt how impotent were moral consciousness and innate approval against the howling storm of conventional animadversion? Have you not gone to rest in the sweet fellowship of innocence and serenity as regards your moral conduct, and yet have you not deluged your pillow with the burning tears that unjust accusations called forth? Who of earth's purest and best has escaped the assaults of this society-guarded monster?

Well, at the time I wrote of, I was no spiritual philosopher, and, therefore, I could not substitute equality for indignation; nor had I studied so fully as I have since, the three beautiful gospel of Cheerfulness, that, looking over to the sunny side of all things, like my dog-philosopher Fido, seeks and finds, and basks in the one ray of sunshine in the darkened room.

Now, most indulgent, and, as I hope, interested reader, please do not jump at conclusions that dub me a *harmonious philosopher*; for in all honesty and humility (not humiliation), I must acknowledge that I am no such philosopher. I strive for the attainment of Harmony; but in a world yet filled with all manner of discord, with conflicts within and without, I am not Harmonical; and, to tell the truth, I have yet to see the man and woman that is, though my own den, exclusively owned husband comes the nearest to it out of the mass of humanity. My pet idea of being or becoming a philosopher while on this sublimity sphere, vanished totally with the disasters of this week; for, after having fallen out of a lumber-wagon by the help of my duplex skirt (plain English, steel springs of my hoop); after inking my second best alpacas dress; after Fido took my veil and rent it into fragments, as did loyal hands unto the rebel flag; after the cat munched in my nest, trim little hat, in the effort to domicile herself within; and Caddie Green broke my darling white and blue real China vase; after all this, beside many sundry burnings, wettings, scaldings, and breakages innumerable, all crowded into the short space of one unlucky week that commenced the month with a Friday, I came to the conclusion, from the effect upon my speech and temper, that I was many billions of leagues distant from philosophic calm and harmonious non-contention; that I was a simple, plain, unpretending *Spiritualist*, and neither more nor less.

Dear me! how my tongue of ink runs on! and now I have to go back almost a quarter of a century, and rake up old sorrows for self-discipline and others' edification! How on, ye most ungentle Western breeze! I seek refuge from your marrow-penetrating coldness in the balmy zephyrs of the Tropical world, evoked of memory.

A whisper here and a whisper there, finally swelled into a storm of voices, mostly of women, who, in semi-guarded phrase, and with significant looks and gestures, accused me of a variety of imprudences, such as walking out arm-in-arm with a gentleman who was neither my father, husband, or brother; then my English independence of speech and action; my omission to call in the doctors when my grandmother was taken ill; my composed demeanor at the funeral; her burial in unconsecrated ground; the almost forgotten fact of my engagement to Ernest Lavalliere; the frequent visits of Arthur Halliwell, his sudden departure, and as the months sped on, no signs of his return—all furnished the hungry gossips with food for comment, addition and scandal. Even in that land of proverbially loose morals, I, who had so carefully, as I thought, guarded against even the appearance of wrong, lived to behold myself shunned, or addressed with that contemptuous ploy and Pharisaic assumption of superior virtue, that galls deeper than the most pointed insult. Lamented and retaliated with all the fiery vehemence of my untamed nature, and thus adding fuel to the raging fire, and gained still more enemies. I even heard the rumor that accused me of causing my grandmother's death, that I might possess her property! And the pure relation that existed between Arthur and myself was distorted into one of those shameful alliances, that, according to our false codes of honor, do not lower the world's estimate of man, while it brands with eternal infamy the blighted name of woman! And thus I stood, alone and defenseless, braving the adverse tide, and yet not all hopeless, for a few still sustained me, and the lady who lived with me gave me every evidence of unchanged friendship and confidence then. How often, with clasped hands and streaming tears, I have sat in the chamber whence my dear one's spirit fled to the eternal shores, supplicating for one token of her immortal love, and implored in vain!

now that my perturbed mental condition rendered impossible the manifestations I desired. And so the months sped on. As I would not leave the house endeared to me by so many memories, the Señora Ferrero agreed to live with me, and when her husband returned from his coasting voyages, he, too, abode beneath my roof, and I paid all expenses.

Permit me here once more to digress from the narrative portion of my story, to present for your reflection a few thoughts upon the Philosophy of Life.

That there are spiritual correspondences to all external forms, no investigator of spiritual truth can deny. Thus, all the faculties that are called into exercise by circumstances have for their object the attainment of the spiritual excellence of which by earthly, daily use, they are the exponents. For instance, you may rebel against the economy enforced by straitened means, that is so totally at variance with your lavishly generous nature. But in learning the uses of foresight, prudence, the care of little things, you learn to look spiritually ahead, and are calmly expectant of the chances of life, prepared for change and trial, and for the sudden transmutations of good and evil fortune. You learn the precious value of caution, that "cauteth not its pearls before swine"; the great lesson of adaptability to time, place and persons; the right season for argument; the fitting hour for the appeal of reason and affection; the best and nearest way to the heart; the most convincing method of proving to the skeptical and the bigoted the superiority of the spiritual faith, all this is gleaned with the hard tasks of outward striving. Economy of speech, of concision, most of all of severe judgment, is needed by us all. Sublimity are the soul-lessons taught by poverty; mightily spiritualizing is the ministry of sorrow.

Our earthly duties are inseparably linked with our spiritual advancement. To guard against extremes, is at present our greatest obligation. To rescue the generous soul from the headlong plunges of extravagance, and to guard economy from degenerating into penuriousness; to feel and cultivate the righteous indignation that wars with wrong, yet is forgiving to the individual; to be at once fearless and brave as lions, in the promulgation of truth, yet gentle as the household dove in minor matters that affect no principle; to be "wise as serpents" in the choice of fitting opportunities; to be no ranting, demolishing, vituperative, universal fault-finder of a reformer, but to work calmly on in the self-prescribed path, not cast down by opposition, nor elated into intoxication by success; to glean from every field of duty the fruits of heavenly compensation; to seek and find in every bitter draught of life the one honey drop of use that sweetens and reconciles unto all ill; to live steadfastly, purely, sanctifying all earthly enjoyment by divine purposes—this is the philosophy of Spiritualism, this is bringing the kingdom of heaven to earth.

And though we fall sadly in the attainment of our own ideal-self, let us not be discouraged, but ever aim high, and we shall ultimately win the goal.

In the past days I write of, I was thoughtless of the morrow; I was careless of the value of that universal passport, money; I trusted too often the interior monitions, and I trusted recklessly in those channels in which deception had not taught me wisdom.

Though not mentally attracted to the Señora Ferrero, I liked her graceful manners, and that she took from me the burden of all household cares, and the calculation of expenses. Her husband related stories of his adventures by sea and land, that savored strongly of the pirate and the brigand's exploits. The servants were retained, and the new mistress, with elegant nonchalance and sweetly determined air, introduced a far more luxurious style of living than that indulged in by my most provident grandmother, and to it all I quietly assented. As in a magnetic trance, bound to some will beside my own, I continued to live aimlessly for months, bearing with assumed haughty indifference the scornful glances, the whispered insinuations, making no effort to fly my prison, but forming desperate resolves, that if Arthur Halliwell returned, to marry him at once, and silence the voices of calumny. With an eager-ness akin to love, I watched every incoming mail, hoping, praying, and yet unaccountably shrinking from his return. But he never came.

Succeeding the long apathy, came a yearning for the Northern skies, the glories of the winter-time. Oh, once again to behold the descending snow, to look upon the fairy tracery of the frost! A homesick longing robbed me of sleep and appetite. The tropical glow of sky and earth had lost for me its charm. Hands and voices beckoned me across the sea.

But I was to go thence as Eve from Paradise—with God's blessing, that man's ignorance has perverted to a curse—with the mandate of labor laid upon my indolent hands and life. How this was brought about was very simple. It was one of those commonplace occurrences that neither curdle the blood nor excite the aroused feelings of the populace. In short, I loaned my little all to my fair-seeing friends, without receipt or acknowledgment upon paper, and I lost it. Spare me again the details; it is a bitterly humiliating task to narrate such instances of human selfishness and cruelty.

Some time before the revelation of their true character, my self-constituted guardians discharged the faithful servants that had loved those I mourned. By the newly installed ones I was treated with a disregard that made my proud heart overflow in words of bitterest remonstrances and retaliation. I was humbled in by adverse surroundings; the powers of evil were permitted to work my seeming harm.

Have you ever fallen from the summit of independence to the drear and wintry valleys of poverty? Have you felt the full force of the great contrast, in the withdrawal of nearly all the

amenities and courtesies that graced the former life? Have friends passed by without recognition, and the very ones you have ministered unto in the palmy days of prosperity—have they, too, curled the lip and with averted eye passed on? I have endured the ordeal; and yet the regal strength of womanhood, all untried, as it was sustained me. I felt crowned and sceptered with immortal gifts, as in the days gone by.

"My dear Señora, will you not have a nice delicate, little lunch brought in? It is such a pleasure to wait on the Señora, beautiful as an opening rose!"

This from the obsequious Isidora, the lady's waiting-maid, an extra, who had been hired at my expense.

The "opening rose" was a woman of forty, not with the delicate skin and spiritually youthful appearance of some favored ones of Nature, but with sallow complexion and features devoid almost of expression. Only the large, brilliant, fierce, black eyes gave a character of pride and fiery temper; and the jet-black hair was arranged with taste; her attire was faultless.

"Bring me some guava jelly and a cup of chocolate and some fresh cake," commanded the lady in an imperious voice.

"In a moment, I will stir the chocolate myself, so as first to suit the Señora's taste. How beautiful that rose-colored robe is! The Señora looks like a veritable angel like a young girl of eighteen. I swear it by the holy Virgin Mother!"

And in a simulated, ecstasy of admiration the miserable flatterer left the room.

"The hypocrite and fool!" I said aloud and indignantly.

Madam Ferrero jumped up in a huff.

"What do you mean by insulting my servants? Madam Santissima! It is all envy and jealousy and malice and perversity! Nobody with such an under lip as that can be good! May all the holy saints preserve us from such an awful temper! But it is no wonder in one that has never been baptized; the devil has never been driven out! Saint Barbara defend us! Are you going to strike me?"

I stood before her with uplifted hand, but not, as the coward feared, to strike her.

"I exact respect from your servants, madam, and I will not listen to their fulsome flattery! And I want you to let me have enough money to pay my passage to the North!"

A harsh, hoarse, and somewhat shrill voice, that she had not ten dollars in the house, that her husband had been unfortunate in business, and that I was an ungrateful creature, followed; all ending with a rain of tears, just as the woman entered with the tray.

"There!" exclaimed the mulatto, with angry and contemptuous glances at me, "the Señora is so agitated and worried she cannot enjoy her luncheon! And I will do the chocolate with my own hands, and brought in a taste of the new preserve; do, dear, darling lady! What a shame it is that you must be so annoyed in your own house!"

I took the tray from the woman's hand. I cowed her into astonished submission by my tone of authority. I told her that it was I who paid the expenses of that household; that, in future, when she served refreshments to one mistress it was her duty to serve the other also. Then, in presence of the pampered servant, I demanded of Señora Ferrero the money I had loaned her. Amazement at what she termed my audacity held her silent; she motioned Isidora from the room; then she turned upon me with the violence of a fury. She ate no luncheon that day.

But from that hour a systematic course of torture was resolved upon, and I was laid upon the mental rack. My want of personal attractions, hints, dark and terrible with regard to the flying calumnies abroad; allusions to my heretical religion, all that was calculated to wound, was displayed with a fiendish delight, in which the husband, during the intervals between his voyages, joined, not with words but with a silent encouragement.

At last, to the world's wonder, he sold his sloop and entered into partnership with a hotel-keeper; and the Señora arrayed herself in new and costly silks; and preparation were made to establish themselves at the hotel. A grudging invitation, such as is held out to dependents, was extended to me. With an assumption of generosity that almost drove me mad, they bought my furniture at half its worth; and thus thus obtained enabled me to put in executing my long formed project. I kept Maravilla's guitar, and some few relics of better days. I kept Fido, the dog my gentle step-mother had loved. I had a few choice trinkets hidden from the rapacious gaze of my persecutors. On the day that witnessed their removal to the new home I embarked for the United States, filled with most romantically hopeful visions of the great republic, the life of freedom and equality.

And the parting bars shed over my grandmother and Maravilla's grave, I said, with the inextinguishable joy of youth:

"I go to meet a freer life; to dwell within a brighter atmosphere."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Ethics of Toil.

"Work—work!"

From my chime to chime,

Work—work—work!

As priests work for crime!

Band argument and seam,

Seam argument and band,

Till the heart is a brain benumbed,

As well the weary hand."

HOOD'S "SONG OF THE SHIRT."

It is a backache with which the novels and the dramas of day abound; it is presented to the public eye in continued recurrence, in our newspaper columns—the sad story of woman's unremunerated toil! Most eloquent pens are enlisted in the cause! Labor against Oppression. The voices of reformers are raised in protest; may God and angels aid the humbled work!

I served a long and weary apprenticeship to toil. With but a few dollars in my possession I landed on these shores, and entered upon a series of experiences that, for the time, completely enthralled me with life. I learned the vast difference that existed between the Ideal and the Actual.

From the dream-life of the Tropics to the performance of life's drudgeries; from exemption of material cares to the ever-recurring thought of the morrow; from the independent appropriation of time to the hard tasks imposed of necessity, I could hardly realize the change. How often have I wildly hoped it all a dream, from which I should awaken to the careless ease of my home-days, cheered by the presence of the beloved.

The dream of Equality faded before the stern realization of the fact, that intellect and refinement, unsustained by gold, cannot, even upon this soil of freedom, take its rightful place. The monopoly of power, equisigns to unequal employment, and to labor beyond the strength, many an aspiring spirit, poet-heart and artist-soul.

Labor is a priceless boon, whereby the earth is spiritualized, and the advancement of humanity secured. And all work is noble, when rightly directed to holy uses, and cheerfully performed.

"Who sweeps a room according to God's law,
Makes that, and the action, fine."

But while there are thousands who prefer the physical labor to the mental toll, who work with brave sheaves and hearty good will in the fields, at the loom, bench and anvil, there are others so constituted, that for them such employment is punishment; for God has made them students, discoverers, laborers in the unseen fields of action. In some there blends harmoniously the desire and power to accomplish both; as there are women perfect housekeepers and sweetest singers of the Beautiful. But let us not complain when this desirable blending is not; let us honor human nature for whatever revelations of the Divine it gives us; not exacting too much.

Love and kindness, aided by experience, will do more to render practical the visionary ones we assail so cruelly, than will all the denunciations we hurl at their lack of worldly wisdom.

I write in self and universal extenuation; for a superabundance of charity is not one of the faults of the times.

False views of education, the intolerance of parents and guardians, added to the pressure of circumstances, have the contemporary man into the busy turmoil of trade. He is unfitted for the place, and falls; therefore he is deemed incompetent, shiftless, indolent; and is always behind his competitors. Put him where he belongs, and the unsuccessful man of business may startle you with his achievements.

Do not endeavor to cramp the spirit that delights in forms and formalities of beauty; that is receptive to the spiritual delights of colors, sounds, impressions; that cannot be measured by the yard-stick, or limited by the ticking of the clock. In the mutual thwarting of natures that differ widely, only discord is eliminated, in place of the delightful harmony that should result from the respect tendered to one another's gifts.

The housemaid who sweeps our rooms and makes our beds, if she performs those duties well, will give evidence of the neatness, order, and love of beauty, that are a part and parcel of spiritual faculties, of upward tendencies of the soul. Let us not affect to despise her because she cannot comprehend Tennyson or Emerson; but rather in fraternal help lead her on, combining earthly labor with higher uses, and teaching her the value of her own resources.

The hand that falls, with sturdy strokes, the forest trees; that builds our railroads; that externalizes the conceptions of mind, may, in the future, with the same hardy strokes of strength, the same energy and perseverance, conquer resisting Error, and fell the giant forms of Wrong.

The dreamer, sitting listlessly with idle hands, may evoke a thought so great, that it shall thrill the souls of millions, and inspire with a zeal fresh from heaven, the toiling, seeking ones of earth. To imbue with love for all God's attributes, Beauty, Wisdom, Love; should be our mission to our fellow-men.

I became companion to a wealthy lady from the Cuban Isle; a post I ignorantly deemed to signify that of an equal. How my pride and sensitiveness quivered from the wounds her dainty hands and supercilious lips inflicted! What torrents of resentful tears flowed into the troubled ocean of my altered life! The worshiped child of too indulgent parents, the pet of a lifetime, ordered about by an ignorant, vain, purse-proud woman; compelled to eat my meals alone, or hard with the servants in the kitchen; subjected to all the whims and caprices of an imperious temper! My duties were not arduous, but they were humiliating, because of the exaction imposed, and the spirit in which they were performed. I waited on the lady, rode and walked with her, but was never brought into notice when she met her friends. I interpreted her imperfect English; helped her in the lavish expenditure of her money while shopping; read Spanish books to her, and kept the fire replenished in her room, in the cool autumn days. This was in the Empire City; and on its crowded streets, and many objects of attraction, as well as on the beauties of the surrounding scenery, I gazed with a delight that for the time relieved me from the burden of my cares.

But ere many months I left that first trial of dependence, for the lady's haughty insolence had reached a point no longer to be endured. As is usual with persons of my temperament, I gave the widow Dolores Mancheco "a piece of my mind," and sallied forth from my gilded prison, a homeless stranger in the wide city.

An old woman, who had occasionally called in with fruit and fancy ware, was my only friend in this emergency. She took me to her wretched, but cleanly attic home, and there, in search for a new situation, I spent two weary weeks.

I had brought with me a good stock of summer

clothing, but the winter cold was upon the earth, and summer-nurtured as I had been so long, I shivered; for my wages had sufficed only for the purchase of the most necessary winter articles. I had no fur, or warm cloak of cloth or velvet, to shield me from the cold.

I next served behind a counter, there learning another phase of human character. I saw into all the little meanness of trade; the flitting of the saleswomen disgusted me; the airs and haughty graces of the bedizened ladies, aroused my contempt and ire; the studied indifference and rudeness manifested toward poor customers, made me deeply my employer. In short, I could not give satisfaction, and in a few weeks was discharged. What to do? The question in all its perplexity has presented itself to so many situated as I was. I was not fitted for a governess, I could not become a school teacher; my knowledge of languages was imperfect, my education incomplete. Nothing was left but that first and last resource, the needle. Little did I know what tortures it could inflict!

I went out sewing by the day; here again my lack of a complete knowledge of the art, was a hindrance in my way. I could not make dresses; so I sank to the level of a "plain seamstress," and my hours of labor extended from seven in the morning until ten at night.

All through the long and unaccustomed winter I stitched and stitched; and the close confinement told on health and spirits. I was never of a robust frame, but traveling, and living much within the healthful influence of the ocean, had braced my nerves, so that I could undergo a vast amount of fatigue; and I seldom knew a day's illness.

But the cruel and monotonous labor sent hot throbs of pain athwart my temples; arrested the healthy flow of the circulation; and the mental causes acting on the plastic physical, ultimately in prostration of the strength, in disturbance of the equilibrium between the forces of life. In spirit, I grew moody, irritable, morbidly sensitive, lacking in hope and trust; doubt and suspicion usurping the place of human charity and cheering relief. In physical correspondence to all this, I was nervous, startled by a word or look; oppressed with homesick longings; a veritable pain at my heart; subject to exhausting headaches, for which I could obtain neither relief nor sympathy.

Many of you may deem it easy "to do nothing else but sew." Let any one accustomed to household freedom and exercise, try it but for one day, for twelve hours; only giving time for the hasty meals between. You will retire at night with a woefully aching back, a wrist that feels lamed, cramped fingers, a throbbing head, perhaps dimmed sight. Ah, young lady! your time-beguiling crochet-work is not of this sort; your pretty fancy wovelets are companions, not hard taskmasters; you are not compelled to sit in one position so many hours for two shillings per day.

The winter passed; through snow and ice, and damps and rain, I sped at early morn, my form losing the roundness that it had gained in the Tropics; the last vestige of color departing from my cheeks. I heard those around me remark that I looked old and faded for my years. No wonder!

Spring came, and with its glories the resurrected hope that ever lies in wait in the most hopeless heart. I still strove on with hard toil, humiliation, the daily crucifixion of my ethereal tastes, my fastidious habits. Summer roses blossomed into fullness; Autumnal vintage blessed the earth; I caught gleams of nature's sylvan beauty, and still the drear reality pressed its dead weight on my every faculty. Winter snows again decked the city streets.

And thus four rounds of yearly seasons sped away, and my soul gladdened bitter experiences, and folding despairing hands, I asked "wherefore, oh my God?"

I wish to prove to you the fallacy of the belief, that the undeveloped love of first youth is necessarily the love of a life time. Not in the crushing out, or dormancy of the affections, is wisdom to be gained; but in their divinely lawful exercise, whereby the soul is strengthened in its ascending path.

I had deemed my heart closed forever to the invasion of love; when I found that I had half way trodden the steps that lead to its interior sanctuary. In one of the houses I spent many weeks in, telling at my needle, I met with a gentleman who almost realized my ideal of manhood. He was a talented artist, and stood high in the regard of the highest in the city, so I heard. He spoke to me with deference, treated me as an equal, and with bounds of joy my spirit acknowledged an equal soul.

Herein lies the great mistake; that we deem a partial affinity (paradox the word that abuse has rendered obnoxious), to be the complete conjugal relation; and hence so many disenchantments ensue. On certain planes of thought this unnamed one and I stood side by side; on others, we so widely diverged, that a soul union would have been impossible. Suffice it that this passing experience was hidden in the depths of secrecy; he never knew the state of my feelings toward him; and when I found that he loved another, I struggled with the half formed phantasy and overcame it. When I one day saw him reeling into the house with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes, and heard the tolling of his intoxicated fagot, I shed inward tears for him, and pitied his affianced bride. And I resolutely set my dream aside. Why did it come to me amid my life of forsaken toll, to mock me with its false gleam of reawakened love and happiness? Answer: to keep my heart from stagnation; to arouse to activity the powers of the soul, when affectional requirements, unresponded to in the one channel, were commissioned to overflow in love for humanity. I took a deeper insight into self; I became fitted for a better self-analysis. I took notice of the human woes and wants surrounding me. I became identified with life's greatest and minor interests.

Working and sleeping beneath stranger roofs, restrained in bodily freedom, yet soaring heavenward in mind; with changes of residence, but not of employment, with occasional rare sunny days of rest, thus passed four years of the life of Olive Sheldon, "the seamstress."

(To be continued in our next)

TO MY ABSENT FRIEND.

There are isles of founts and palms,
Redolent of bloom and balm,
To restore the spirit's calm,
Cherish and free.

Where the weary, wandering feet,
Find repose and coolness greet,
And the pulses softly beat,
Light and free.

Such a spirit-isle to me,
On life's dark and stormy sea,
Fraught with pearls of sympathy—
And delight,
Thou hast been. And so I bring
Water from Affection's spring,
Freshly o'er thy life to fling,
Pure and bright.

Summer birds have crossed the sea,
With the south winds warm and free.
Sad's the winter time to me—
Sad and drear.
But the spring will come again,
With her warm, refreshing rain;
Birds and roses in her train
Reappear.

May her breath thee to me bring,
Bloom upon my heart to fling,
Unto this fond hope I'll cling,
Nor repine;
For then thy presence, day and night,
Restores to me thy love and light,
Which from my heart returns more bright,
Friend of mine.

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, minds that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lemon Tree.)

(Original.)

TIT-FOR-TAT.

"I'll not bear it! No, never! I won't; I say I won't!" said George Lee, as he came rushing in to his father's office.

"What now, my boy?" said Mr. Lee.
"Oh, Ned tripped me up, and then pounded my head and ran, and I could not catch him; and he bruised my eye, and pulled my hair; but I'll beat him for it; if he is stronger than I, I'll get the better of him some way!"

"Was Ned in sport?" said his father.
"Sport? No; he's been threatening me for a week ever since—"

"Don't be afraid to tell, George. Ever since what?" asked Mr. Lee.

"Ever since I took his dog and shut him up, and tied his tail to his legs, and cut off the hair round his ears."

"Why did you persecute a poor, harmless dog?" asked Mr. Lee.

"Well, Ned was always plaguing me. He got my ball and hid it, and made me think it was over in the field, and I hunted and hunted, and then he laughed at me!"

"And you had done nothing to him before?" asked his father.

"Oh, not much," said George. "I only drove his father's cow down to the meadow, to make Ned hunt for it; and put some chalk eggs under his hen, and made him believe she was setting; but then he had hid my spelling-book at school, so that I could not get my lesson, and mislead."

"I suppose you could go on telling these tricks for a long time?" said Mr. Lee.

"Oh, yes," said George. "Ned and I have always been paying off. I get awful mad, till I think of some way to pay him off, and then I don't care. I'll do something to pay for this thrashing, though. I'll think of the meanest thing I can."

"I never knew of but one way to pay off such a debt, although I tried many other ways when I was a boy, and until I was a man," said Mr. Lee.

"Well, father, I wish you'd tell some first-rate way, for I can't think of anything just right."

"I'll first tell you a little history of my experience. When I was a boy, and any of the boys injured me in any way, I used to say, 'Tit-for-tat,' and do some injury to them. I was sure to find out some way to injure them, that was more annoying than the harm they had done me; so the boy, or boys, in order to be even with me, would try again to vex me. I got so into the habit of the 'Tit-for-tat' system, that when I became a man I thought it all right to return to others what they gave to me. For hard words I returned hard words; for ill-treatment I gave the same. I was always in trouble with some one."

You remember Uncle Jeff, the poor blind preacher that stopped here last spring? Well, I was having trouble with one of my neighbors, when he came to come to stop over night. Mr. Pritchard had left his bars down, and his cattle had run loose, and got into my garden. I was greatly annoyed, especially as they had trampled down some of my fine young fruit trees. 'Tit-for-tat,' said I; 'I will open the gate to his garden, and let all the stray cattle in, and I will do it at night when he will not know, and then he will see if he will learn to keep his cattle at home.'

Uncle Jeff listened quietly, and then said: 'If you will follow my advice I shall be very happy, because I am sure it will be the beginning of a new method of paying off those that injure you.'

I readily assented to do all the old man wished, for I was always ready to please him, and make him happy; it seemed so hard for him to be blind. 'You wait,' said he, 'until you find his gate open, and then you close it, and say, "Neighbor, I know how vexatious it is to have other people's cattle trespass upon one's premises, so I have carefully closed your gate, lest you should be annoyed, as I have been."'

'Well, Uncle Jeff,' said I, 'I have promised, so I will do as you say, but I think it a poor way.' It was not many hours before I had a chance to fulfill my promise; for some careless boys let his gates open, and I saw a half-dozen stray cows about entering. I hastened out and carefully closed the gate. Mr. Pritchard heard me, and came to the door. I said what Uncle Jeff had instructed me to say.

'Hem! hem!' said Mr. Pritchard, as if at a loss for words. 'Much obliged; yes, sir, very much. Perhaps it was my cattle that troubled you—very likely—cattle are so unruly; and now I think of it, I believe I saw you driving them out. Any damage done? If so, I'll settle. Now I think of it, I believe I saw that some of your pear trees were broken. Send up to my lot and get a half-dozen splendid varieties up there—Bartlett and Beeslee; perfectly welcome, neighbor; it's only right, you know. I'll send down some trees to you, and I'll take good care that my cattle don't injure them.'

Although Mr. Pritchard and I had always been in trouble before, we became the most accommodating of neighbors after this. He was always ready to oblige me, and never injured me in any way.

Uncle Jeff's plan worked so well with neighbor Pritchard that I thought I would try it further. I never lost an opportunity of experimenting, and if any one injured me I sought a chance to do him good. The result was, my neighbors became the most obliging and kind of people. I never have occasion to complain of them, and if Uncle Jeff had given me a fortune he could not have blessed me so much as by the good advice, which I fortunately profited by.

"But," said George, "all the boys would laugh at me, and call me a deacon, or a minister, or a quaker, if I was to say anything to them."

"You have only to speak in deeds, George," said Mr. Lee. "Watch your opportunity, and give Ned a good turn, and he will soon understand what it is for without any explanations."

The next day George was out at play, and Ned came also. Ned had put on his spring hat, and felt a little proud of it; but the wind was still cold and blustering, and a sudden gust took it from his head and landed it at George's feet. His first impulse was to give it a kick into a mud-puddle close by, but he remembered his father's advice, and picked it up and handed it to Ned. Ned looked as much surprised as if he had received a silver dollar from his hands. This was a very small affair, but it had some meaning to it.

In the course of the day Ned was out with an immense kite, which he had been at great trouble to make, to please his younger brothers. All the boys in the village were interested in seeing it sail through the air. It went grandly for a time, tugging away at the lengthening cord, and giving immense satisfaction. But all at once the wind took a sudden freak, and the kite veered and fell, and lodged in a high tree. No boy in the neighborhood was so expert a climber as George. At first the desire to pay off Ned was strong, and he was glad to see the kite where no one could get it; but in a moment more he thought this must be one of Uncle Jeff's golden opportunities. So he speedily climbed the long trunk of the tree, to the great admiration of the small boys who were looking on, and soon climbed up among the tall branches, and then with much care he freed the kite, and a propitious wind took it up, amid the shouts of the boys.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" went up from a score of voices. "Hurrah for George! Let's call him captain."

As soon as Ned had a chance, he said:

"You were a good fellow, George, to help about the kite. I expected you were going up in the tree to give it an extra rent. I did, though, and I should not have blamed you if you had. Tit-for-tat's the rule; but it works both ways, and I won't forget."

Ned was as good as his word. A little kindness and politeness brought a quick return, and these two boys found that a little good-will and a few expressions of it made a whole neighborhood of boys much less quarrelsome and far happier.

Letter to Children.

DEAR CHILDREN—It is a long time since I have written you a letter, and I begin to miss the pleasant words that the penny-post brought to me from loving hearts far away; so I intend to write to you one in a while, to remind you to write to me. I suppose you all have your little trials, and so you will know just how to feel for me when I tell you that I have been having some very hard ones; and I feel very much as I think the little birds must feel who start for the sunny South, at this season, and encounter a storm, and get beaten about, and their feathers all ruffled, and their wings tired, and grow faint and sick, and think the sun will never shine again. But it does come, for all that; and the storms pass, and the clouds hide themselves, and the soft winds blow tenderly. I do not mean to, for already I see the sunlight, and feel the gentle breath from the sunny summer-land.

I often wonder what I should do if I could not believe that the loving spirits were near, and watched tenderly to see that no trouble was greater than could be borne. I often wish I could live in a world so full of love and beauty, that life would seem like a beautiful summer's day; but do you suppose I should grow as good in such a world as in this, where there are a great many troubles and anxieties? I wish you would write to me and tell me what you think about it.

I wish to tell you about some of my new acquaintances, for I think perhaps you will learn something useful from what I shall tell you of them. I had a little girl come to live with me, who had a pretty face, and a pleasant voice, and gentle manners; yet there was something in the look of her eye that seemed not truthful. She could not cover it up with her smiles, or conceal it by her speech; there it was, everywhere she went. But we got on very well together, for I was sorry for her, and wished to do her good. I gave her books to read, and pictures to look at, and she was so industrious that her little busy fingers made a room look tidy in a short time.

But after a time little things began to disappear, and her eyes looked more downcast than ever. They looked as if they were afraid all the time. No matter how gently one spoke to her, she seemed anxious every moment. At last I asked about some missing pictures. She said she knew nothing of them; but her eyes told a story that her lips did not. Oh, how sorry I was, as I saw the great trouble lying down in her heart, and speaking out of her eyes, but which her lips denied. I wished I could let her know that what she had done was written on her spirit, and all her falsehoods could not hide it.

But only gentle words were given to her, yet she could not bear them, and all at once she left me, without even a good-bye, and I found some of the missing articles behind a picture frame, high up on the wall.

How much trouble she must have had in her spirit to do such a wrong, and how little pleasure she got. But what I wanted you to know was, that the wrong spoke from her face, though she tried to conceal it ever so much. She could hide lace and ribbon in a very secure place, but she had no power to hide what was on her spirit. "False, untruthful," was written on it, and nothing would cover it.

Thus it is with whatever wrong we do. That little girl thought she had done no wrong, and so she was ashamed to stay with me; but the great wrong was to herself, and she could not run away from that. If every child could understand that, it seems to me they would be as afraid of injuring their spirits as of cutting and bruising themselves. How strange should we think the child that should try to deform itself, by making great scars on the cheeks, or on the lips or brow; and yet every wrong that a child continues to do, is a greater deformity to the spirit.

Perhaps you think if you had a looking-glass for your spirit, you could tell better how you look. There is one way you can tell, just as well as if you could see yourself. When you feel quite happy and glad, and the sunshine of love seems to be pouring its golden light all through you, then you may think that your spirit is beautiful and without frowns or marks. May all that is good and blessed be near you, to make you grow more and more lovely in your spirit; and may we all let our trials be like teachers to us, and not like cruel masters.

LOVE M. WILLIS.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY BELLE DUSH.

There are no ills that patience may not conquer,
No trials that we may not learn to bear
With a serenity of mind betokening
The regal mind whose tallness is prayer.

There are no disappointments, griefs or losses,
To those whose will doth with the Father's run;
But all events will have for them such uses
As will be sweet to them as blessings won.

There are no perils that the valiant-hearted
Will fear to meet, if they but serve the right;
A noble purpose planted in the spirit
Doth give to every one the arm of might.

We need not fear, though hosts should rise against us,
If in the paths of duty we are found;
We shall be victors in the battle tempest,
Though to the cross our bleeding forms be bound.

It is the soul that triumphs, not the faggots,
That, burning, slay the martyrs at the stake;
From rack and dungeon oft have risen the spirits
That caused earth's tyrants on their thrones to shake.

Better by far it is to toil and struggle,
And bear life's burden o'er a thorny way,
Than to sit idly down where gilded pleasure
Holds her court and cheats her votaries gay.

Brighter the wealth of heart, the gifts of feeling,
Though worn and suffering, penury and toil,
Than all the diamonds in the mines that glisten,
And all the gold of California's soil.

We cheat ourselves when earthly treasures win us
From our allegiance to the cause of truth,
And sell our souls, "or make them aproned wait-ers"

To passions that but work us woe and ruth.

There are defeats that mar the plans we cherish,
Yet may be triumphs in the years to come,
And battle scars that we shall wear as trophies
Of victories won, when we have wandered home.

We see but dimly here God's will and purpose,
We are but children groping in the dark;
Through fogs of doubt our higher intuitions,
Seeking for truth, see now and then a spark.

This, magnified, distorted by the vapor
Of our own ignorance, we think the sun,
And straightway we proclaim, the "morning dawneth"

Truth's heralds have arisen, our task is done."

But we forget though truths we may discover,
And find a solar system in each spark,
That it will set, and leave us need for others,
Which we must seek, or wander in the dark.

Truth hath no boundaries, it is infinite,
Yet owns a glorious galaxy of stars,
That one by one arise, and from the heaven
Of brightest thought shine out like jewel spars.

With reverent awe and careful introspection,
We watch the rays that struggle through our night,
Yet never dream what myriad constellations
Of heaven-born truths ne'er greet our mental sight.

The wisest learn but little, though they wander
In quest of knowledge over all the earth;
The humblest child may puzzle and confound
Them—
A winged insect, or a floweret's birth.

Such thoughts have come to me at twilight musing,
And filled my soul with peace and humble trust,
Till in the keener sense of human weakness,
I feel more sure that all God's ways are just.

Then let me rest in this, nor murmur ever,
Nor wish to change one fraction of His will;
To every tempest in our spirit rising,
Let us in firmness whisper, "Peace, be still."

TO J. M. P.

The spiritual law for spirits, and the material law for doors. Now, is it not self-evident that the same material law governs the displacement of the particles in the door, whether a spirit or a projectile displaces them? If you claim any difference, so far as the door is concerned, then it is incumbent on you to show that difference; until you do so it is legitimate for me to show the fallacy of your position, by alluding to the well-known results that follow when a physical body displaces the particles. The burden of proof shall be upon you only in issues of your own making. You are a public teacher, and public; declared, in the communication that gave rise to this discussion, that the hypothesis under review "was in harmony with the deductive method, and what reason and logic was master of." You also declared your willingness to teach and be taught; hence I take the liberty of questioning you; and if, on the other hand, I can contribute in any way to the cause of truth or to the interest of the general reader, I, in turn, shall not object to being questioned. In my judgment, there are many gross assumptions in Spiritualism, and the special point we are considering has a bearing on all the various forms of physical manifestations.

I trust that every reader of the Banner will join me in the desire that all controversy may be manly, free, untrammelled by no disquieting expressions, and free from that bitter spirit which discussions not unfrequently engender.

Lawrence, Mass.

Dewdrop.

A wise counsellor is a fit object for a ruler, because, being wise, he acts biconcise. The teachings of example have great weight, but the precepts without the example are of little value.

Honor is due to the man who bequeaths his honesty to his children, for it does he train them to be his representatives. While he counsels he lives also his counsel and imparts the influence to them.

Charity seemeth like theros, shedding fragrance around that all may partake with itself. A just man will not triumph over a fallen enemy, but will treat him as a brother. If discord separate friends should not betray virtuous confidence once repaid. There is wisdom in prudence, but the belling of the foolish acts friends at variance.

As dew waters the earth it causes vegetation to spring forth into beauty; the spirit of love causes universal harmony and happiness.

Augusta, Oct., 1865.

ELIZA.

A French photographer made arrangements for descending to the bed of an ocean in a submarine vessel, provided with the electric light, for the purpose of making submarine photographs.

"Sir, you have broken your promise," said one gentleman to another. "O never mind, I can make another just as good."

Original Essay.

A CHAPTER ON PROGRESS.

BY S. C. CASE.

When we contemplate the changes which are constantly taking place in the world around us, how strongly are we impressed with the fact that all things are gradually progressing toward higher planes of existence.

A superficial glance at the subject may not lead to this conclusion; but upon closer examination into the various departments of Nature and life in general, one's mind will become imbued with this great fact of universal progression. As we look upon the earth, robed in all the beauties of Spring, let us allow reflection to carry us back through the ages that have fled, and in imagination we will see a chaotic world just condensed from the nebulous universe, or thrown from a central and larger body to move on through space and time in an orbit of its own.

Ages pass into oblivion, and in our mind's eye we behold the earth in its igneous state, while anon with interest we watch the crust which is gradually forming on its surface. Time rolls away; the surface hardens into rock, and after years we see it bearing the hardy moss and lichens, which, dying, dig their own graves by the elimination of an acid which eats into the rock, causing it to crumble away, forming soil for the next higher order of plant life. Thus, as time flies, the earth improves, developing in order higher and higher types of plant life to grow luxuriantly in the dark, poisonous atmosphere.

Anon, the turbid waters, doing their duty, bring forth loathsome creeping things to sport in their native element, or crawl and wallow on the primitive earth's surface. Still on roll the ages, and as they pass, the productions of earth become more elevated. The lower types of both plant and animal, having performed their mission, have sunk into oblivion, giving place to new and superior orders. Again, after cycles of years have flown, the mighty giants of the earth appear. Those impenetrable jungles and dark forests, which once towered aloft in primeval pride, have been laid low, and, by a law of Nature, now form our beds of coal. The earth will never see their like again.

Of the Mammoth and Mastodon we only know by the fossils they have left behind. We exhume the bones of the Megatherium, Palotherium, and Perodactyl, feeling glad such gigantic animals are among the things that were. Still other ages roll away, and a wondrous change is taking place on earth. All Nature seems to be preparing for the advent of some creature far superior to any which has yet appeared, making ready for some intelligence that can understand and appreciate; a being designed to have dominion and power over all previous creations, making them subservient to his will and pleasure. Nature, in preparation, sets her house in order. Flowers, more beautiful than any before seen, deck the meadow and hillside. Fruits of rarer quality and flavor are introduced. The salmon, trout and shad, newly created, sport in the now clear waters. The honey-bee may be seen flying from sweet to sweet, humming a song never heard before. Precious minerals and metals, long buried, are, by upheavals of the earth, now thrown to the surface, and many a gem, for the first time kissed by the sunlight, sparkles with radiance. Robing herself in beauty, Nature wonderfully awaits the advent. Those for whom she has been so long preparing, at length come—man and woman, the bridegroom and the bride step forth upon the stage of life, and God's highest creation on earth stands revealed. Oh man! oh woman! you may degrade yourselves, you may degrade one another, but in the eyes of surrounding Nature you have never been counted low; your elevation has always been acknowledged. You are the consummation of God's earthly work, and will you not endeavor to be worthy the lofty station? Thus from the beginning the earth has ever nodded cheerful assent to the soul-inspiring watchword—Progression.

Nor did this onward tendency stop at the creation of man. The earth is still undergoing changes which are gradually bringing it into a more exalted state.

According to the nebular hypothesis, comets are embryo worlds. Their orbits are very elliptical, but as they condense and pass through the various changes preparing them for life, their orbits become less elongated, approaching nearer and nearer to a circle. May not a circle be the orbit of a perfected planet? And until that time, is it unreasonable to suppose that the earth will continue to undergo modifications, bringing it to higher and still higher conditions, until at last the whole surface shall be a very Eden fitted for perfected humanity? We know the productions of earth are still going upward in the scale of excellence. "Vegetable and animal decay are constantly reëquilibrating its productiveness. Every year the soil is becoming more and more enriched; and a given portion of land, if manured only by the cast-off portions of its own productions, especially if the lights of chemistry and electricity be brought into requisition, will yet become richer and more productive, infinitely and forever."

And this improvement in soil will produce improvement in vegetable life, and through the vegetable both animals and man will become more exalted.

Now let us stop and inquire, What was man at the beginning of his career? The intelligent, thinking being he now is? Far from it. Why should he be an exception to the universal law of progression?

As in the order of Nature the four-footed beasts preceded the ape, so the ape preceded man. But this new creation—man—as contradistinguished from the animals below him, to a limited extent possesses all their powers, and the higher, more godly endowment of spiritual faculties besides, these placing him upon a distinct platform far above them all. At his creation, however, these distinctive faculties, whose organs lie in the top and front of the head, were dormant. Nor could they be aroused, except through the action of the lower faculties. Evolved into existence in harmony with all things around him, he was, necessarily, at the beginning, only a little in advance of the lower animals. Taught only by experience, without society, obliged to protect himself against savage beasts, extremes of climate, and to provide for physical wants from day to day, how was it possible to cultivate his higher nature? Progress was slow; but as in a measure the experience of the father descends as knowledge to the son, so the child can start at a higher point than that from which the parent began.

Thus, through many eons, vexations and defeats, mankind learned wisdom, and step by step arose from a barbarous state to higher conditions. Many of earth's children still remain on these planes, only those being above them whose ancestors have lived under favorable influences. Inhabitants of the Torrid and Frigid Zones progress very slowly; those of the Temperate zones having made any great advancement. In the Torrid Zone, the spontaneous and bountiful pro-

ductions of Nature supply man's physical wants, and little labor is required, consequently he is indolent; caring naught for the future, his higher faculties lie torpid. The Frigid Zones are far different, yet almost equally detrimental to improvement. The sun remaining for months below the horizon, deprives man of his genial rays of light and heat; he is, therefore, obliged to feed on fats, and drink oil to engender bodily warmth. Under such conditions, what physiologist would look in that direction for inhabitants of high culture?

Let us turn, then, to a Temperate climate, and there watch the rise and progress of the race. Individual suffering induced efforts to overcome that which caused pain. Mind was set in operation; inventions were begotten of necessity, and gradually children of Temperate Zones rose above the barbarous state. Up through the passionate and amative of their natures, step by step, they rose to the destructive. Man ever has and ever will continue to progress in the order of his phenological developments. Beginning with the lowest organs—those in the back part of the head—the gradually goes upward and forward. This is not merely a theory of the phenologist, but is a fact proved alike by Nature and history. Both show that "multiply upon the face of the earth" was one of the first ruling desires. And, as a general rule, you find it true to-day, that the lower and more inferior the parents, or species, the more numerous the progeny. For thousands of years the human race remained on the animal plane, and lived mainly for offspring and sodomy. The unbridled licentiousness of Babylon, and other cities of early time, bear testimony.

But, as time rolled on, the power of passion evidently diminished, and yielded way to Combativeness and Destructiveness—organs located higher up and further forward. War succeeded, first uniting it with Chivalry, and the world run mad, almost down to our own times, after martial glory. Those who have won battles, have been the earth's idols. Alimentsiveness—still further forward—united with War, and Bacchus revealed with Venus and Mars. Within the last three centuries a new divinity—a god of gold and goods—has become joint partner with Sensuality, War, and Feasting, and is fast usurping universal dominion. Wealth is now man's master passion. Its organ is located still higher up, and further forward.

But during the last fifty years, Constructiveness has ascended the throne, and is now ruling man in conjunction with Acquisitiveness, of which the wonderful acceleration in modern mechanical inventions, manufactures, and the like, furnish examples. Its organ is located still further forward and upward, and this shows that man is advancing toward that ascendancy of the intellectual and moral faculties which constitutes true happiness."

While it is true that the most enlightened portion of the Caucasian race have attained this height, it does not follow that there are not individuals—and they may be counted by thousands—who still live in the basement of their brains, and are on the plane of sensuality. Yet there are others, thank God, pioneers of the race, who have developed their higher organs, and gone up stairs to live, and in private and public are making known to the world the glory of the view from the windows, and the beauty of the interior chambers. They invite humanity to come up, and enjoy with them the enhancing loveliness of the scenery. Their souls, inspired and purified by the angelic atmosphere of those higher rooms, would fain have others breathe the ambient air.

Yes, mankind are marching upward and onward. Looking back over the history of humanity, we see the steps they have taken. In the progressive march the masses have ever kept together, while individuals have gone ahead or fallen in the rear. The many, being together on one plane, have always looked at things from the same standpoint; and in their judgment, all those who had views differing from their own were either perverted or defective. Surely, the majority must be right, and the minority wrong. "What everybody says must be so." Yet, my friends, is it not true that "it takes all kinds of people to make up the world"? The scale of both thought and action is run from the highest to the lowest note.

Pure thoughts and deeds of humanity, degrading thoughts and acts of inhumanity, make up the physical and mental employment of mankind. Godly and noble men are ahead of the race; demonic, lustful men are behind; the great army of humanity moves between and shoots both ways, deeming all out of place and in error who are not with them. They crucify Christ and take the life of a thief, believing both enemies of God and man. Not being up to the standpoint of Socrates, they could not understand him, and as his views and ideas differed from their own, they considered he must therefore be wrong. As he persisted in teaching his "devilish doctrines," they resolved he was a dangerous fellow, who ought not to live; so they put him to death with the same spirit in which they would doom a misanthrope. Stephen is stoned, and Jezebel thrown to the dogs; both by the masses are deemed worthy of death.

Oh, army of humanity! why do you not study the history of your race, and the laws of your God, as recorded in the "Book of Nature," that you may learn to distinguish who are in advance of you and who in your rear, that you may not continue to kill your teachers? Do you not know you have ever stoned the prophets of your own day, while you have raised up monuments to those of the past? Why will you not learn wisdom, and strive to find some standard by which to correctly judge who are above and who below you? Surely, history and experience have ever been demonstrating that you always believe those in error who have a different standpoint from your own. Mankind progresses, going from the low to the high, from high to higher, continually ascending on the spiral of progression, and at each step they move their standpoint. Hence those who are above the masses will some day be overtaken, their sentiments and acts repudiated, and at last a just decision made. Socrates and Galileo long ago received a vote of thanks, which came from this "second judgment." Every one who is in advance of the people is by them considered "dangerous," and "a worker of evil"; but in time there will surely be a rejudgment, when a just verdict will be rendered, while those who are in reality below the mass of mankind will never receive these laudative of applause, but as years roll on, their deeds will sink lower and still lower in the estimation of the world.

As with the race, so with individuals: each judges from his own standpoint, be it high or low, elevated or degraded. As some must be below and others above us in the scale, let us not be hasty to decide who are right and who are wrong, for as we are continually moving our own standpoint, the judgment of to-day may be materially altered a year hence. From this we perceive that a man who brags that he holds the same opinions to-day on a given subject that he held thirty years ago, virtually admits that, in this direction, at least, he has made no progress in thirty years. He who boasts of having voted a certain ticket all

O. S. Fowler's "Education Complete." Part II., p. 24.

his life, and that he intends to do, so till death, is surely not wise, for he may thus shut out many new truths. Would it not be more philosophical to say, "As fast as I understand facts of which I now know nothing, I will accept and use them?" If I find, a year hence, when I have become more enlightened on a certain point, that the opinions I now hold are erroneous, will it not be proper for me to acknowledge it, and act accordingly, even though I am called a "turn-coat"? Again, if I acted according to my highest convictions of right a year ago, and now, knowing more, think differently, should I blame myself and inflict self-torture because of my thinking as I then did? Nay; if you then did according to your highest ideal, do not now indulge in vain regrets, for the fact of your having changed your standpoint only shows that you have been progressing, and it is to be hoped you will have still higher ideas another year hence.

If, then, we do not condemn ourselves for doing as we then did, should we not be extremely cautious how we condemn others? May not they also be honest, and acting wisely, from their point of view. Had we been in their situations, might we not have done the same? Let us not hurl stones, but strive to elevate them, by giving those thoughts which led us to think and act differently. During the last hundred years man has made most wonderful improvement in social life. Look at the mighty vessels on the ocean, and engines of power on land, engaged in bearing products to different States, to foreign shores, and returning from thence loaded with the rich stores of their abundance. Canoes have given place to mighty steamers, the "patient ox" to locomotives. The horse is no more the faithful messenger employed to bear our thoughts, for we have substituted steam and lightning. The labor of human hands is gradually being lightened by discoveries in science and advancement in art. Brute force and mechanical power are made to do work previously done by human muscles. And as man improves, this desire to save his own time and labor will strengthen.

Think you we will always use this barbarous long-hand writing, and still more barbarous spelling? Just look for a moment at the manner in which we use letters to represent sounds. As an example, ask yourselves what o-u-g-h spells. Having decided, apply it to this couplet:

"Though the tough tough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I will pursue."

Nay, a far more simple, easy and systematic method of writing has already been discovered in Phonography, by which six hours' long-hand writing can be done in one—a system of which Thomas Benton once said, "Had this art been known forty years ago, it would have saved me twenty years of hard labor."

Phonetic is also a better system of printing than the Roman now in use. But whether or not we universally adopt this system of having a distinct character to represent each of the forty-three sounds of our language, one thing is certain: a shorter and less laborious method than the one now in use will surely be adopted, and that, too, ere many years. Neither will printers be forever compelled to set type by hand. Nay, thanks to the inventor, a goodly machine for doing this is already in use in New York City. Let us all heartily join in the chorus:

"God bless this land, and bless us all
With wisdom, we beseech,
And grant that soon we write and print
As fast as easy speech."

"What is best for man is sure to win in the long run," therefore let us labor and be not discouraged. Our present system of schools must, also, soon undergo a radical change. The army of progression will, ere long, leave the old camp, for the day of better things is dawning. It will take up the onward march, and only stop when the shades of evening begin to gather around. Then the soldiers will pitch their tents for another century, or till another dawn of a still brighter morning.

The movement is already being made by earnest, noble, far-seeing minds, to follow nature in the course of education. They look with astonishment on the amount of knowledge a child gains during the first five years of its life, and are striving to have schools introduce the same instructive method. In childhood its perceptive faculties are all beautifully brought into action, and observation is its governing trait.

Dr. Willbur says: "Observe the child as yet in its mother's arms. Its attention is attracted by some sound; it turns its head to see the object from which it proceeds; it reaches its hand for it that it may handle; it carries it to its tongue that it may taste; nor is it satisfied until it has brought every sense possible to bear on the sensible form and qualities of the object; and very likely pulls it to pieces, as if to discover what lies hidden within." Besides the vast amount of general intelligence concerning material things, we often see children not more than five years of age who are able to converse quite freely in two or three different languages. What lessons of mighty import may parents and teachers learn by observing children at their play. I once thought myself a tolerable successful teacher, but have found that a little child, unassisted, will gain more knowledge in one year than I can teach it in twelve months.

If we continued to progress during the remainder of our lives as rapidly as we have during the first half decade, what an incredible degree of attainment we shall reach! And we would so continue if we afterwards followed the course of nature as closely as does the child. And how pleasurable is such learning! The very fact of a child's desiring to learn, shows that it is not being correctly taught.

It is unnatural to force upon children secondary or book knowledge, ere they have acquired a good degree of primary or experimental knowledge. Books ought only to be used as *helps*; they should never take the place of observation. But, alas! it is too true at the present, that our teachers are more prone to see that their pupils recite well than they are to see that they understand what they recite. There is a tendency to teach them grammar, or how to speak correctly, ere they have given them *ideas*, or taught them how to observe correctly. There is a current running under our whole educational system which bears us on with a tendency to *show* rather than to *know*.

Is this the joyful, delightful process of nature? Let young children's dislike for books answer. Listen to the maxim of that great teacher, Pestalozzi: "The first object in education is to lead the child to observe with accuracy; the second, to express with correctness the result of his observation." This is following nature, and should be the foundation of the New (yet old) Educational System. That pupil who has been trained to observe closely and tell with clearness what he sees, may be said to be well educated, although he may never have been initiated into the mysteries of ancient Mythology, or taught the paradigms of Latin and Greek grammars.

The use of an education is to give us a greater share of happiness. Yet how many thousands are cast adrift on the "tumultuous ocean of life" with much school learning, who see no connection between the many facts in their possession and the attainment of a more perfect state of enjoyment.

There is reason for this; and one of the chief causes is: secondary knowledge has been most studiously taught, to the almost total neglect of primary instruction. Instead of being inducted into the study of nature, and thus aided in finding out the laws by which God governs his children, pupils have been made to pass their early years in graveyards, committing to memory thoughts and deeds of dead men. Instead of being taught the art of subduing nature to their liking, and thus enabling them to bring forth from her vast storehouse all those treasures which delight the eye, gratify the taste, clothe the body and make the whole man glad, with telescopic vision they have been peering through the gloom of the past, and their precious time has been spent in reading monumental hieroglyphics. Yes, a radical change in our educational system is necessary; a change based upon a correct knowledge of the child, and that which is most likely in after years to bring happiness.

Perhaps an extract from one of my unpublished poems, written two or three years since, (when in the habit of indulging the "poetic fancy") may not be inappropriate:

The preventive of evil in every land,
The one most effective, noble and grand,
Is found in the school where children and youth
Perceive the sweet wedding of all kinds of truth;
Where young minds behold with wondering surprise,
That the great Book of Nature, which all around lies,
Teaches them lessons of virtue and love,
Kindness below, adoration above.
The school-room, a term which too often conveys
Ideas of dreary, tiresome days,
No more means a prison where children do moan,
But a happy, instructive, intellectual home.
And that school is best, most productive of good,
Where knowledge is drawn from meadow and wood;
Where the great Book of Nature, with purity fraught,
Is spread to the view and carefully taught;
Every rose, bud and leaf is a line from on high,
The forest a lesson which brightens the eye,
The whole earth, a grand poem, which ever will be
Perused by the wise, the noble and free.
Our God is the Author, 'tis fresh from his pen,
Presented in love to the children of men.

Guided by that intelligence which this system alone brings, man has brought forth from the vegetable and animal world those rare specimens which so much conduce to his gratification. Guided by Nature, under his training, the little, hard, acid crab-apple of Europe has been developed into the noble Pippin, the princely Bellflower, and a thousand other varieties, which delight the palate and give us life. By cultivation, the pomologist has developed the juicy, delicious peach from a bitter, poisonous almond. The world of flowery beauty is almost wholly under the control of intelligent, scientific man. He stripes the tulip to his liking, and by cultivation transforms the simple wild rose into a bouquet of rarest beauty.

Nor is the animal creation less under his control. "He has remodeled the horse a hundred times to suit his convenience and pleasure. For heavy work at the plow or dray, he has added thickness to his bones and muscles, strength to his limbs and stoutness to his whole frame; for the carriage and saddle, he has imparted grace, symmetry, and a more delicately-molded form; for the sports of the turf, he has given lightness; length of limb and hound-like slenderness."

All other domestic animals in like manner may be remodeled to suit man's convenience. Verily, it is a truth in nature, that man hath "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth on the earth."

For many years our successful "business men" have been searching into the all potent laws which govern the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the result has been wonderful. When will "lovers of mankind" be as wise, and turn their attention to elevating the human race by teaching those fundamental principles which govern life?

Having thought and read much upon this subject, allow me to give what I have deduced as a general law: *Offspring take on those physical and mental characteristics influencing parents during the period of copulation; modified by after conditions of the mother. There are more truths in heaven and earth than are yet taught in books; let us look to Nature for instruction, for she is the best teacher.*

Changing the subject, let us continue: Concerning the best system of National Government, mankind has also much to learn. America has had some hard experience of late, but I fear she will suffer much more ere she learns that it is the "best policy" to do justice to all classes, under all circumstances, and that wrong doing is ever punished, whether the offender be an individual or a nation. She has read the history of empires, and might have escaped her last terrible trial had she learned from them the lesson that an *unjust law* is to a kingdom what a seed of disease is in the body of an individual; if not removed, it will, in time, cause much pain, and perhaps death. America should have learned that governments cannot with impunity disobey the laws of heaven. Having just removed the cause of one illness which well nigh proved her last, it is to be hoped she will profit by her experience.

But, oh my beloved country! as I behold you now in the pride of returning health, I still discern the germs of future sickness, which I fear you will not be wise enough to remove until you have again suffered. You are still inclined to oppress the lowly and heavy laden. Smiling on the powerful, you have no words of sympathy for the weak. Many cry to you for aid, but you make no response.

Children whom you might educate to be worthy citizens, are allowed to remain in ignorance, and the legitimate result is crime. You see the effect, and hold up your hands in horror, but do not look beyond to the cause. You expend dollars by the thousand in legislation and for building prisons, while hundreds would have been far more effective if laid out in erecting school-houses. You have yet to learn that *intelligence* is the proper foundation for a living republic.

You have yet to learn that *intelligence* should govern, and not station, not wealth, not color, not sex. When you have fully mastered these lessons, I fear my body will be moldering in the tomb. But learn them in time you must. I am and when I hear suffering humanity call to you for relief, for your heart is in the sky and you heed them not. Throughout the length and breadth of this land, from thousands of households there goes up to heaven a wail of sorrow from women in bondage; from women in worse than African slavery; women under the dominion of lustful tyranny. "Thousands have died in their misery and left their fate untold." Other thousands—poor souls—are even now dragging out a miserable existence; not daring to face the cold sneers of "public opinion," they live on in a relation where the priest bound them, feeling that every spark of true womanhood is gradually being extinguished. Knowing, too well, there is no appeal to human law for deliverance, the only hopes for relief in the speedy coming of the "white-robed messenger," that she may be borne to a higher clime, where passion rules not, and love reigns. While others—*free to their own souls*—with the fire of outraged purity flashing from the eye, boldly pro-

"Physical Perfection," by Dr. H. Jacques, p. 11.

claim against a system which makes woman a slave. She pleads not for mercy, she only asks for justice. She knows full well that "woman must be a subject or an equal, that there is no middle ground," and knowing this, she raises her voice for "equality of rights." Despoits may tremble where an effort for "liberty" is made, and bigots may sneer at the feeble voice, but God lends strength to those who use it in opposing tyranny; the feeble voice will become a tone of thunder in the land, and the weak effort a giant power, and man will be forced to render justice.

I look to our institutions of learning, but with rare, noble exceptions, I see not women among the students. Owing to her not being educated, she is hedged in on every side; her sphere of labor is therefore woefully limited, and because so limited the laborers are many, and the pay small. At last, seeing no other way for relief, in the early afternoon of the nineteenth century she raises her voice for freedom. Our forefathers marched to victory under a banner emblazoned with the words: "Taxation without representation is tyranny." To-day I see many, with slight forms, yet lofty intellects, rallying around that same standard, and I know they, too, will be victorious. Yes, my countrymen, there is surely a day rolling on toward us from the halls of the future, where a woman will step forth from her bondage, and standing side by side with man, shall by him be acknowledged as an equal. Oh, glorious time will that be for the human race; then human brute force shall have been conquered. In the language of Moore:

"Then shall the reign of mind begin on earth,
And starting fresh, as from a second birth,
Man, in the machine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing."

The progress of an individual from infancy to age is typical of the progress of mankind. The most enlightened portion of our race is still arriving at young manhood. The male element already smiles upon the female, the look of love is returned, and when the evening of the present century shall come, there will be a wedding, and God will be both the minister and witness. This will be a true soul-marriage, and only so because it will be a happy one. Hand in hand the bridegroom and the bride will go on together, freely conversing of all that is useful, pure, and elevating. Their higher natures quickened by the union, each will strive for the other's good, and they will live in harmony. Confiding in that pure love which holds the happiness of its mate above the happiness of self, there will be no discord. Learning at length, as they journey onward up the spiral of progression, that human law, when not in harmony with Divine law, is a mere rope of sand, or worse than useless, they will, at the close of life, be a "law unto themselves," and repose alone in the government of their Father.

Now let us for a moment glance at religion and its history. As before stated, at the beginning of man's career, his surroundings were not calculated to develop his higher nature. Gradually, however, experience brought wisdom, and this descended to children as knowledge. When mankind began to increase in numbers, they were not long in learning that some were strong and others weak; some daring and successful, others timid, and in need of guidance. The most powerful govern. Among animals, the strongest rules and leads the flock. It is the same with mankind; and thus arose the first form of government, and this, also, was the foundation of the first system of religion. The weak soon found that to win the regard of the strong, they must strive to please them, and ask favors humbly. When the powerful broke over the rights of the inferior, taking away his substance, or abusing his person, there was no redress, for, as in the animal world, might was law. The only resource was to acts of submission, begging for leniency. Animals manifest the same; let the mastiff approach a cur, and down drops the cur's index of pride, and it crouches as a sign of inferiority. Finding that humiliation and self-abasement, saved him from many sufferings, man, when beset by those powers which he could not overcome, thought to appease the cause by signs of submission and prostration. When buffeted by storms, oppressed by the elements, or torn by savage beasts, he sought relief by the same method which had gained favor in the eyes of his fellows. He "bowed himself to the ground," and appeared humble. This is the plane of fear; the lowest stage of worship. It has given rise to all those ideas concerning angry, jealous gods, and also to the various acts of prostration, humiliation and sacrifice, in order to gain their favor. The strong and healthy, as a natural consequence, suffered less than the afflicted, and were more successful in all their undertakings; hence, in time, they came to be regarded as special favorites of the gods, thus giving rise to those notions of the "elect," "chosen tribes," and so forth. As man progressed, his mind expanded, and he rose to higher planes of worship; himself giving form to his ideas of the gods in images of his own making. And these forms were grotesque and horrible at first, afterwards more refined and beautiful, according to the advancement of the artist, and those who worshipped. By these representations we can plainly see that a higher sentiment than that of fear gradually took possession of the mind, namely: a feeling of love. This, at first, was shown in making figures of those things which were useful, or in some way produced emotions of gratitude, as in making and worshipping images of the sun, or certain animals.

The Greeks were obviously much higher in the scale, and represented their deities as having human forms. The statues in marble embodying their ideas of these divinities, are even down to our own time, held as models of human beauty.

But in time the many gods of the Greeks gave way before a still more exalted conception. The perfections of all these gods were combined in one, and the imperfections and depravities in another. The good deity was far the most powerful, and created all things; and knew everything that was to happen through time and eternity. Yet, notwithstanding this, in an unlucky moment, he created (for reasons as yet unexplained by priests, and we presume, best known to himself) this "nightmare of nature," the "evil one," who was designed to prove such a powerful adversary. When man was introduced on earth, this "King of Shadows," ever on the alert, determined to have the greatest share for his own. By a skillful manoeuvre he changed his form, and, through winning words, accomplished his design—thus obtaining the whole human race. The greater deity, after several unsuccessful attempts to bring man back, and after pondering on the matter for about four thousand years, at last hit on a plan by which to rescue those unfortunate. To accomplish this a new divinity is introduced; who, by the way, is a son, having the remarkable peculiarity of being as old as his father. This son is sent to earth, and, by a miraculous conception, duly takes on the human form, and becomes the hero of the story. As is the case with all true lovers of humanity, he meets with a very cool reception. The people imagined he was another disciple of the "evil one," and plainly told him so, calling him a "prince of devils," "Belzebub," "lover of harlots," and many other hard names he did not deserve. To prove they were wrong, and that he was a higher mission, he performed several wonderful cures, is said to have walked upon the water, to have killed a fig-tree, and turned water into wine—(if he lived in these days, however, the priests would severely reprimand him for the last two acts.) Yet all this did not suffice to convince the masses there was any good in him. At one time, two prophets, who had long since died, were said to have appeared beside him, and a voice heard saying: "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." But this only confirmed the people that it was all "trickery," or, else the "work of the devil," so they indicted him, brought him to trial, and rendered a verdict of "guilty." He had been a "teacher of devilish doctrines," so they thought he ought not to live; and in those days, having the power to do so, they condemned him to suffer death. Some say he afterwards appeared to many. Then they began to think more seriously on the matter, and numbers believed in him.

But it seems that even this last plan of the good Deity did not work very well, for the "evil one" still continued to get the multitude, while only "here and there a traveler" went in the "straight and narrow way."

Yet much good was done, for this son afterward came to be worshipped; and as he was in the ideal realm, it allowed far greater scope to the imagination than the Greek religions, in order to endow him with those wondrous concentrated virtues worthy of only one idol God. Books were written concerning his miraculous powers; and after about two hundred years these, also, were held as sacred. A God in the human form; him crucified and placed in the ideal realm: this is the highest form of idolatry. Out of this some are even now stepping, and God alone receives their worship. *Not one jot or tittle of the spirit of pure Christianity will be lost, it is only the outward form, the husk, that will pass away.* As Christianity embodies in itself all that is truly virtuous in past systems, so the religion which is to follow will include within itself as a part, all the truths of Christianity.

The human race has ever been true to itself, and thus far has done full well. At every successive step man have arisen who have proclaimed to the world their highest conceptions of right, enduring the scorn and contempt of their fellows, and even death itself, in horrible forms, ere they would renounce that which they believed to be holy. Such men deserve our highest admiration. Being ahead of the times in which they lived, they have been condemned by the masses, but just as surely rejudged and adored by those who came after. Christ said: "A prophet is without honor in his own country," and full well he knew his teachings were unpopular with the people, and knew also that those who accepted and advocated them would be cast out of "good society"; that their enemies would mock, and their best friends turn away. Witness his words: "I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I if I be already kindled? Suppose ye that I come to give peace on earth? I tell you nay; but rather division." "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

Yet, he knew he was in advance of the people, and that his teachings would, therefore, in time, be received. This very fact, if nothing else, proves the onward tendency of our race.

"Truth, though crushed to earth, will rise again.
The eternal years of God are hers,
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

Man is finite; all his attributes are finite; hence, with him nothing can be absolute. With man, everything must be relative, because he cannot know all the effects of any one cause. Things may therefore seem to be evil when they are not. Nay, so sure as God evolved all things into being, so sure am I that "whatever is, is right" from God's standpoint; for He is infinite, and knows all the effects of every cause. It seems to me if any one admits the basis of this argument, namely, that man is finite, God infinite and the creator of all things, they must admit the truthfulness of the demonstration.

Let no man come to me and say: "Inasmuch as you have shown that with God whatever is, is right, you certainly ought not to object to my taking from you what spare Government stamps you may chance to have." Again I say what I have before written, *no one can judge from the standpoint of another.* From his own conception of right or wrong he must judge, and by that decision he will be made happy or miserable; for God's laws are not just, they will punish him if the judgment be not just from his standpoint, and they will reward him if it is. *Self-preservation, therefore, drives us to do our highest ideal of right, for how to make ourselves the most happy is the prime object which we are striving to attain.*

For fear that some who do not fully comprehend my meaning, will bring distress upon themselves by rushing for happiness into folly, allow me to state what I believe to be a universal law: *Pleasure, sought for herself alone, is never found; misery will surely follow in the train of effects.* This presupposes that "Every cause has more than one effect." Happiness being the aim of life, I will first state one or two principles, and then the general law by which it may be attained. It is a fact in natural philosophy that "Action and reaction are always equal." I believe this law applies throughout all nature, in morals as well as in physical life. If so, of what mighty importance to us is this principle. From it we deduce: *cause happiness to others and it will react, bringing the same amount back to yourself.* Remember, the soul lives on after the body has returned to its former elements. You may not perceive the reaction at the moment of doing a good deed, but it is set to your credit, and some time in God's providence, either here or hereafter, it will surely come. Christ expressed the same truth when he said, "Cast your bread upon the waters, it will be returned many days." So, likewise, the amount of misery you cause will some day be meted back to you. Hence, to fill your own cup of happiness to the brim, cause all the happiness you can to others, and as little misery.

I will state a second principle. We have a faculty of Benevolence, which causes us pain whenever we see others in distress. By this law of sympathy, it is utterly impossible for any human being to be perfectly happy so long as he knows that one single being in the universe is in agony. Hence, it is a duty to ourselves to strive for the elevation and happiness of all God's creatures.

The general law for happiness is: OBEY ALL THE LAWS OF GOD. And you can most readily obey them by first studying nature and thus finding out what they are.

Our race is just stepping out of boyhood, it will soon "put away many childish things," and among them the present religious systems of idolatry. Ere long we will develop into the "Religion of Manhood."

I endeavored to show that in education and government nature is the only perfect system, and

as true religion includes these within itself as a part, so I say in Religion:

"Come to Nature, let her be
The type of thy morality."
Believing as I do in regard to rewards and punishments, far be it from me to willingly mislead a single mortal; for if I guide them into error, and thus bring upon them suffering, some day I will surely be obliged to cancel the debt.
I have written this chapter only to engender thought, that I might thus conduce to the intelligence and happiness of my race.
Mistake me not: I prize not aught, however great or wise, if held not in subjection to God who rules the skies; To me all knowledge would be poor, all splendor would be dim,
All honors unsafe, all joys untrue, if not derived from Him."
Binghamton, N. Y., Sept., 1865.

MARION'S GRAVE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

In a graveyard near the Wye,
Where ripe, ruddy apples grow,
While the overarching sky
Sun-eyed smiled on all below,

Near an ivied, ancient wall,
Where a sapling's branches wave,
And the grasses green and tall,
Decorate my Marion's grave,

I, her pilgrim parent, stood,
After half a score of years,
And my mind in memory's mood,
Gave my eyes no ready tears.

All the past, since she was here,
In her body pure and frail—
All her gentle graces dear,
And her features thin and pale;

All my hopes and anxious fears,
Daily watchings and careings;
All her mother's painful tears
Mixed with Love's pure choicest blessings;

All—like lying spirits came,
From the sanctum of the years,
Whispering Marion's hallowed name,
And I shed no ready tears.

For I felt her presence blessing,
And her kisses as of old;
While the zephyrs sailed caressing,
And the grave was touched with gold.

Buried 'neath a tiny mound,
Where the rattle grasses wave,
And no tablet marks the ground,
There I found my cherub's grave.

And I loved the sacred scene,
Sanctified by all that's true,
Decked by Summer's luscious sheen—
Bathed in Morning's glistening dew.

And I stood beside her grave,
While the zephyrs toyed with flowers,
Where the emerald grasses wave,
And sweet music charms the hours;

Saying, "Marion! angel beauty!
Thou, my child, who knew no guile,
Gulst me in the ways of Duty,
Where no shameless sins defile."

Often in Life's weakest season,
When the lights of Duty waned,
And my soul was dead to Reason,
And my love of Truth was feigned,

I have felt thy angel hand
Stay my footsteps—Guardian Soul!
And my feet have trod the land
Leading toward Life's heavenward goal."

In a graveyard near the Wye,
Where the rattle grasses wave,
In a graveyard where the eye
Greets the verdure with surprise;

There I stood by Marion's grave,
Like a pilgrim at a shrine,
Where the soft green grasses wave,
With a feeling all divine.

Organization in Vineland, N. J.

The Spiritualists of Vineland began an organization on the 7th of May, 1864. Several liberal-minded people who were not Spiritualists joined in the movement, and on the 22d of the same month the organization was completed by the adoption of the corporate name of the FRIENDS OF PROGRESS, and the following articles of agreement as a Constitution:

2d. The object of this Society shall be to promote the interests of mankind, physically, morally, mentally, socially and religiously, by holding such public meetings for free discussion, lectures and sermons as will tend to promote progress and development.

3d. No person, on becoming a member of this Society, is expected to subscribe to any creed, but each member will be left to the free enjoyment and expression of his or her opinions, and will be alone responsible therefor.

4th. Any person who respects the right of private judgment and freedom of speech on all subjects of human interest, may become a member of this Society by contributing to its funds and signing its Constitution, provided that after its completion no person shall become a member without acceptance by ballot of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting of the Society.

5th. Any house or hall owned or controlled by this Society may be used for the discussion of any subject which concerns human interests, and no person or society shall be debarred the use thereof for opinion's sake.

The remainder of the articles relate to officers, business, amendments, etc., which, with resolutions subsequently passed, are in accordance with the liberal spirit of these articles.

The Society has already a subscription of nearly two thousand dollars, and is now building a hall, with brick walls, sixty by seventy-five feet, being the largest building for public meetings in the place. They have a fine location, presented by Mr. C. K. Landis, the enterprising proprietor of the place, and have carefully preserved the forest trees, so as to have good meetings outside the hall when desirable.

The enterprise, energy and liberality of this society is worthy of imitation, and I trust its success will be an encouragement to others to press forward the work of organizing and erecting halls where churches cannot be had for meetings; but in places where churches are vacant, or not used by other societies, and can be purchased or hired or used without either, it is usually better to occupy such good houses, good meetings, and good speakers and mediums will soon vacate the churches, for of course faith and belief will give way to knowledge, theories to demonstration, prophecies to fulfillment, and the speculations of the past to the realization of the present.

I find here many persons and families with whom I have formed acquaintance in other parts of the country, east, west, north and south. It seems to be, to a great extent, a settlement of enterprising and liberal-minded people, drawn here by the healthy and salubrious climate, the liberal policy of Mr. Landis, the adaptation of the soil to fruits and gardening, and the fact that in the organic laws and public sentiment, runs and rowdiness are excluded from public patronage or private protection, and idleness, bigotry and superstition are at a great discount. Speculation is tolerated, but not popular here. Industry and honesty are above par, and are already doing wonders in putting this town ahead of the other settlements of this State in politics, religion and morals, as well as in wealth, intelligence and the comforts of life.

WARREN CHASE.

Vineland, N. J., Nov. 10, 1865.

Letter from Emma Hardinge.

MANOR HOUSE,
1 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea,
London, England, Oct. 30, 1865.

Dear Friends of the Banner—To those who send a stray thought across the wide waste of waters that separate me from my ever remembered American friends, my long absence before the public, and absence from the columns of spiritualistic record, must form food for the conjecture that I am spiritually dead and buried. The contrast which my present life affords, to the rush of activity in which my American existence has been passed, must appear to those who trouble their heads about me, no confirmatory of this opinion, that, destitute as my pen at present is of interesting matter to communicate, I determined to employ it in the suggestive record that "I still live," and still love America, Americans and Spiritualism. Any service I can render by public address to either of these, my heart's loves, however, has been prevented by several causes, the first of which was a severe illness, which seized me a few days after my landing in England, and in the shape of violent cold, and partly rheumatic, partly nervous fever, confined me to the house for above five weeks; hence it was not till the beginning of the present month that I found myself in this Babylon, multiplied from the ancient by an hundred times, and made modern.

I intended to hire a suburban cottage near London, for my mother, and thus form a home for her. My first week in London, then, was spent in trying to find a suburb, but in vain. A friend who volunteered to assist me, commenced by placing me in the very heart of the city, and then bade me travel for fourteen miles east, west, north and south, and for every square yard of ground that was in London City, and covered densely with brick and mortar—always excepting the streets between walls of houses—he proposed to give me a handsome annual income a yard. As to rents, the description of a house agent, to whom amongst others I applied, will form an admirable compendium of the conditions under which rentals are to be calculated. "There are about four square miles of noblemen's palaces here; ditto, ditto, rich commoner's palaces; ditto, ditto, rich gentlemen's houses; an immense city of shops, a circuit of young London all round the city where tradesmen, merchants' clerks and well-to-do artisans live; odds and ends of corners everywhere, filled up with houses, where every grade of income lodge on different floors, and garrets and cellars at top and bottom, where the very poor family live in the centre of the room and let the corners; and in all classes of dwellings the rent takes generally from one to two-thirds of everybody's income." I could say a great deal more on the house question, but time, space, and the bitter memory of house hunting martyrdom, forbids. Suffice it to add, therefore, that we are established in furnished lodgings, for the winter, waiting "for something to turn up." I believe it is known to most of my personal friends, that the object of my journey to England was the settlement of private family business, which required my own and my mother's presence in the country; and I allude to this, to show why I could not before occupy myself as has been my custom solely with the dearer business of my life—the advocacy of the cause of Spiritualism.

Health being restored, however, house-hunting ended, and the wearisome details of business put in train, I am anxiously casting my eyes in the direction of the bright homes of the better land, whose gates I hope to enter on condition of informing earth's inhabitants of their locality. But, alas! thick as are the mists that surge up from the Thames, which flows opposite my window; leaden as are the skies through which the stars are drearily, wearily, faintly gleaming down upon me; and dark as are the heavy waves of air through which gloomy rains, blackened by London smoke, are falling, river, skies and air, are clear as a California summer morning, compared to the twilight which obscures the sun of Spiritualism to the eyes of bold Britons. I think, in all candor, much exaggeration of opinion exists, on the subject of the progress of this cause in Europe. In the same spirit, I believe that it has suffered greatly in the estimation of the public, from the peculiar representations that have been made of it through migratory American Spiritualists. These things, combined with local characteristics and incidental causes, have contributed so vastly to retard its progress, and misrepresent it before the public, that had I come as a Spiritualistic missionary, I should have deemed my close proximity to the Thames as affording myself, like countless multitudes, a safe and eternal retreat from utter despair, as the greatest boon I had yet experienced in England.

The real truth is, that very few people in England know anything about Spiritualism, except through public and most injurious representations of it. This favored few are warm-hearted, generous and earnest souls, but live miles apart, and therefore seldom meet; or, what is worse still, are separated by the stern law of caste; or, stranger yet, for Spiritualists, by strong differences of religious belief.

Then, again, there is no such thing here as a public rostrum. These English are not a lecture-going people; with truth writes an American divine. Public speaking, especially by ladies, is almost unknown, except in the Pulpit, Senate, or Lyceum.

As to lecturers on Spiritualism, question good, whole-souled, inspired Mr. Ferguson, and he will tell you of a dark upper chamber, and a pitiful handful of listeners to discourses that ought to have sounded their clarion notes through the length and breadth of London. Two other huge stumbling-blocks, I might say boulders, lying in the path of spiritual freedom, and therefore spiritual light here, are the habits of thinking through, instead of, of Church and State. How such habits paralyze the mind that must be somewhat ingenious to receive, and somewhat unprejudiced to believe in Spiritualism, I leave my readers to judge, by the repetition of two fragments of conversation which the highways and byways afforded me.

I was taking lunch in a little country inn, where another party besides my own were seated. Some courtesies and a pleasant conversation passed amongst us, when one host, who was waiting on us, by way of exalting the beauty of the scenery we were visiting, informed us that Her Gracious Majesty had recently been there, on which occasion he had had the honor of attending her. This announcement nearly threw one of the ladies present into an ecstasy of delight, "that she should sit in a room the Queen had been in!" "that she should be waited on by the Queen's waiter," &c., &c., &c. "Oh, that she could only do something, anything, no matter what, to serve Her Majesty!" "she would give her life for her," "and would not think anything in the wide world too much to do to serve the Queen."

I mildly suggested, as a means of composing this enthusiastic lady, that by the payment of taxes she had the extreme felicity of helping to support Her Most Gracious Majesty! and even now my very hair stands on end to remember the storm of indignation that broke on my devoted head at my presumption in daring to hint at this

most impertinent truth. I think the kind friends who escorted me, accustomed as they had become to my American manners, felt at this sacrilege, and were happy to smuggle me out of the loyal room.

Later in the day, my entertainer—himself a Spiritualist—was conversing with a highly educated lady on the prospect of his rejoicing his wife and six children who had passed on to spirit life. My friend was earnest in advocating his belief that he should join and recognize them. The lady insisted that he had no right to entertain any other hopes respecting them, than that they might be "sitting at the feet of Jesus." As a climax to the conversation, my friend declared his belief that he should "yet meet, ay, and shake hands with them all in spirit-land." "Shake hands!" screamed the lady. "Oh heavens! how dreadful! How do we know, and how dare we think about whether we have any hands at all!"

I drop the curtain on this touching picture, merely adding, that is one specimen, though neither a fair nor yet a universal one, of general opinion on the subject of Church and State. There are persons here, and that very many, too, who do not think it an honor too overwhelming to be spoken of, to pay taxes to support the Queen; others who do believe we shall have hands in heaven, ay, and employ them, too; many others who believe spirits communicate, and a few who strive bravely and effectively to put this truth before the people; but the difficulties in the way are gigantic, and almost incomprehensible in the difference that exist between the two nations of England and America; nevertheless, the time is almost come for me to try, and dark as are the skies and earth, weather and prospects, I shall "take the sword of the Lord and Gideon," and do my best. But let my American friends estimate, if they can, something of the difficulties of the position in which I am placed, before they raise their expectations of results from my efforts into any comparison with such efforts in America. There is no shade of parallel in any one respect between the two countries in regard to Spiritualism; and though England has made, and is making wonderful progress in magnificent buildings, intellectual, social, municipal, and even religious reforms; though she is piling up wonderful growth within herself, because the ocean barriers around her will not permit her to extend beyond her surging, water walls; yet she is slow to receive, slower still to believe, and slower than all to part with, when received, truth in any form, whether old or new; and as Spiritualism—alas! as I write a spasm of despair seizes me, and determines me to close with the opening assurance, that "I still live," and mean to try.

The results of my efforts shall be known hereafter. My first lectures will be on America. My last—perhaps in America; heaven and its bright ministers alone know, but here or there, it matters little, my heart and purposes are now, as ever, loyal to the truth. Dear America—loved America, and blessed Spiritualism.

EMMA HARDINGE.

Lyceum Herald not to be Published.

LETTER FROM A. J. DAVIS.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS, EVERYWHERE—I take this method to inform you that, for the present, at least, the "Lyceum Herald," devoted to Education and Philanthropy, will not be published.

Of the "prospective number," four thousand were mailed, postage paid, to as many names on the Herald of Progress subscription list; and four thousand more were sent to Conductors of different Lyceums for free distribution in the congregations and among the children; besides this, about six hundred copies have been distributed in cars, and wherever there seemed to be "a good opening," to get the attention of the thronging multitude.

The prospectus number has been one month circulating about in the wide world. During this time the mail has brought in a goodly list of letters from responsive friends residing in all parts of the country. Three-fourths of the correspondents enclosed ten cents for the proposed Herald, ten cents more for the tract "Death and the After Life," and frequently friends have kindly added something to help me in defraying the expenses of the first issue. (Here let me give notice that the "Tract" is not printed, owing to interposing circumstances, but will be sent to every one ordering it as soon as published.) But the aggregate of the sums received does not warrant the publication of another number of the little paper. And yet from the great interest expressed by our correspondents, we are led to infer that, in case the Herald were "a fixed fact," having a regular "local habitation" and a character established, it would be amply sustained by a large subscription list. But inasmuch as the Treasury of the "Moral Police Fraternity" is not replenished, and inasmuch as I am not personally rich enough in current funds to ensure this effort, it seems to be impossible to proceed any further in this direction; and, therefore, without disappointment or loss of courage, I hereby "right about face," and march, for a brief season, into the "lecturing field," hoping to be serviceable in that branch of industry.

I think Spiritualists are not yet fully awakened to the importance of Education—or, rather, perhaps, are not prepared for associative effort, in behalf of the young among them—and so it is not to be wondered at, that they tardily approach the "idea" of Children's Lyceums, and kindred works of philanthropy. They are fearful of Organization! And still more in fear of Leadership! Who can blame Spiritualists for this? They know that the world has been chained for ages to the dead weights of "Organization"; and they know that "ecclesiasticism" has led millions into "the ditch" of blinding authority and dogmatism; and once free, how can they be made to see, at once, that it has been the abuse, not the use of organizations, that has so direfully afflicted mankind. After a long, dreary journey on the planes of absolute individualism, the friends of Spiritual progress will sit down "together," and, with increased wisdom and loving kindness, they may discern nothing injurious to individual growth in simple, working organizations for educational and philanthropic purposes. In due season all these results will be attained.

After this, I trust no friends will enclose money in behalf of the proposed Herald. The tract entitled "Death and the After Life," will cost considerably more than the price named; but a copy will be sent to every person whose name and address we have obtained. Let the friends support the journals with which they are now so faithfully served. The "Banner of Light" is doing a world of good, and should be amply supported by the entire Spiritualistic public. A like support is due the new "Religio-Philosophical" publication, under the management of Hon. S. S. Jones, of Chicago. In these ample papers, the claims of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum" can be freely and fully advocated; in short, these excellent journals are equally open to the free discussion of every important question in philosophy, and to every branch of reform. Hence I am more than half of the opinion that the little Herald would have been "a fifth wheel to the coach," or, perhaps, an act of supererogation on the part of persons "too much" interested in the establishment of new methods of attracting and educating the young among us.

Mary joins me in kindest remembrances and fraternal greetings to all, everywhere.
Your brother,
A. J. DAVIS.
New York, Nov. 15, 1865.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This paper is issued to subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Great Work of Spiritualism.

The very follies connected with Spiritualism attest its great central power, as earthquakes and volcanoes prove the existence of the central fires of the globe. It is not given to mere negation to so move and unsettle the chronic opinions and prejudices of whole millions of men and women. The profoundest and most critical scholarship never so deeply exercised the intellect as the mass in such thorough agitation, never so unsettles the long-established habits of St. Custom, never so rapidly emancipates the heads and hearts of mankind from the tyranny of old opinions. It is given not to those who write about history, but to that power which moves men to act the great drama of life, to create history. Each of the six great historic forms of religion was originally a spontaneous Spiritualism, surging up against the barriers of ordinary life and thought. Modern Spiritualism is the seventh great revival of man's religious consciousness, and, like all its predecessors, is attended with the profoundest agitation, unsettle and submerge the old landmarks of thought, puts all things at risk, asks terrible questions of marriage, of parentage, of government, of society, of religions; asserts the highest virtue to be opposed both to theology and to law; compels us to re-examine the grounds of our faith in God—man and destiny, subverts all our social life, and things up into the light of day the smooth, elegant, but rotten machinery of the self-interest of the Church. It is a terrible rebuke to shame it makes men in earnest, for it kindles their souls at the fires of the morning stars. No wonder that a kind of frenzy takes hold of those freshly-kindled spirits, for numberless are the mockeries which under Christian guise, its light reveals. It kindled the flames in possession of Church and State, and immediately set on foot a crusade against each.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

So far as Spiritualism bears active relationship to the Churches, it is informing and impregnating them with a spirit which their merely mechanical limitations cannot withstand. They make a mistake if they think this spirit is to be combatted by them from without; it has entered into their organizations in spite of themselves, and they will soon find, if they have not found already, that the master is within the gates. If, then, they persist in their attempt to put him out, they are certain to meet their own death in the struggle. For it is sure death for a religious organization to seek to cast out the spirit from which it derives its very life. As a general rule, before ecclesiasticism begins this work, it manifests every symptom of having been struck with judicial blindness. The evidences are far too many to be disregarded, that there is a conflict raging between the elements of the Old and the New; and they upon whom this stone shall fall will be ground to powder.

The Church, as now constituted, has done its work. The old monks of the middle ages performed their allotted work, too, and did it well. No candid and intelligent person would presume to say that the Church has not been of the highest use in its day. That its day is indeed past, we need cite no further proof than the fact that it is now being openly abandoned of those who were recently loudest in their professions of loyalty. Nobody ventures to contradict the assertion that all generous, philanthropic, and truly progressive undertakings originate outside the Church—not within it. The body of anti-Church people embrace much more practical religiousness than that which is contained within its boundary lines. There seems to be a latent dislike to enter into such close relations with mere ecclesiastical power as the lives of previous generations have exemplified. The Church has lost its hold. All its efforts to regain it are vain, and will continue to be vain. It cannot hope ever to bear away as before. It goes down, as Romanism has gone down before it, and something better and broader is introduced to supplant it.

Nor ought there to be any bad or bitter feelings over this event. It does not occur so much because one class of men hate and another class hold fast to certain ecclesiastical or other arrangements, or because in any true sense one side are personal enemies to the other side. It is simply the outgrowth of thought and experience. It is the result of the conflict which is always and everywhere going on between the centrifugal and centripetal forces in life. It is the natural and inevitable end of positiveness and doubt, of assertion and contradiction, of faith and inquiry. So has the world ever made headway, and this is the surest method of progress of which we have any human knowledge. We do not deny that it is perfectly natural, because it is perfectly human, that individuals should lay it up as a personal wrong against those who have wrought to the unsettlement of their particular form of religious faith; but it is no less certain that in the end they will conceive a profound gratitude for the disturbing force directed against them, and fully realize the permanent advantage which is theirs.

In its day, therefore, the Church has done all it could. But its day draws to a close. Like all human institutions, it must advance or die. If it declines to become the recipient of the Christ spirit to the very highest limit and degree, it is made dumb to utter a complaint because some newer and later organization is formed that shall more properly usurp its place. It is monstrous, moreover, to assume that the soul of man is always to be satisfied with what the Past had to give it. It can exist only upon and among realities; and when forms cease to express those realities, they are dead forms and useless. We employ every kind of spiritual organization for strengthening and developing and inspiring the soul—not for the sake of the organization's self. No reasonable person, therefore, whose chief concern is for his own growth instead of the power of ecclesiasticism, can feel aggrieved because an instrument which ceased to be useful has been taken away. Such sorrow is the essence of superstition, and is a confession that the agency whose loss is deplored has been of but trifling service after all. The Jewish creed required pruning and lopping and altering. It was set aside by the Christian creed, which became powerful from the moment when it was first made the religion of the State. Since that eventful time, and through the long and weary history of its progress and decay, its work has been variable and inconstant, and a continental revolution was the result of an attempt so far to reform it as to make room within it for the advanced ideas of the age. And that reformation, in turn, is obstinately jealous of still newer truths which are presented to its attention

and combines to resist their introduction, with as much violence of spirit as was ever manifested by the old Catholics and Inquisitionists.

Christianity—under that distinctive name—having stopped, as Theodore Parker would say, at the half-way house, for the many good things that are so temptingly displayed there, its patrons and defenders must not allow themselves to become fault-finders if they discover that they are left behind to continue the journey when their convenience or necessity suggests. If they choose to rest themselves, they can feel no dissatisfaction with such as do not care to stop and rest with them. They certainly ought not to think that all of God's truth has been placed in their keeping, or that to them alone belongs the measuring of those means by whose aid the soul of man is stimulated to growth. Spiritualism comes as the grand religion, simple and silent, too, which meets the exact necessities of the soul. It is suited to the growth of man's intellect and spirit together. It is broad and liberal, not exclusive or over careful about itself. It kindles the flame which the creeds chill and quench. It inspires where the creeds have terrified; opens to the admission of light when they have shut up tightly for fear of the light; suggests to man that positive spiritual life is something more and better than a dumb and covering obedience; lifts up every human faculty to the level of its true capacity and character. This is the religion of and for the time. It gathers into its wide fold whole hordes of men and women, where ecclesiasticism falls utterly in enlisting either their sympathies or their attention.

The Spread of the Cholera.

It is not to be disguised that great anxiety is felt in all our American cities, especially along the coast, about the cholera. A steamship from a French port brought ninety-six cases into New York harbor, of which twenty odd proved fatal. There have been made great preparations in the city to defend themselves against the entrance of the plague, since this serious warning, and at last accounts it was reported that the public health was so much improved, by reason of cleanings and cleanings and stricter attention to sanitary laws, that no special fears were felt about its attaining a footing there this winter. It is, however, especially enjoined on the authorities and the public mind that the Spring will expose them to new and unknown dangers. Measures have been taken by the Boston authorities to preserve the highest degree of public cleanliness and health, and the most rigid quarantine of all incoming vessels from foreign shores is being observed.

The Governor of New Jersey has been in consultation with a branch of the General Government, to secure its aid in an effort to keep the quarantine rule as strict as possible along the coast of that State, and the Portland authorities are awake to the perils of the hour. As it is not yet settled whether the plague is contagious or infectious, it is considered to be both, and treated accordingly. Fumigation and isolation, therefore, are pursued as the only reliable methods for securing immunity, so far as known. It is believed by many that the seeds of the pestilence will certainly be planted on our soil during the winter, to break out on the approach of the warm spells of the opening Spring.

Changing a Language.

The Emperor of Russia has given orders that that portion of the Polish population in his dominions living outside of Poland proper, who are Catholics, and, therefore, continue to speak the Polish language wherever they are, shall forthwith abandon the use of that tongue and employ the Russian. It is given out, in this order, that religion is made a secret instrumentality to perpetuate the feeling of Polish nationality even within the Russian domain proper, and that the business must be stopped. If there are Catholics in Russia who are unwilling to change to the Orthodox Church of the Empire, then they must at least pursue their customary worship in a cultivated tongue. They are not to be permitted to cultivate a spirit of rebellion under cover of religious worship, enjoyed in a tongue which a disaffected population only speaks. Poor Poland is down-trodden indeed.

The Funeral of Lord Palmerston.

It was a grand affair. Half a million of people witnessed it. The Queen had counterbalanced the Premier's expressed wish in her request that his remains should be deposited in Westminster Abbey, and the streets of London through which the funeral pageant passed were packed with living observers, attracted by curiosity and respect. The deceased statesman was laid near the graves of Pitt and Fox, Canning and Chatham and Macaulay; ground soon thick with illustrious seed. The chief mourner threw a handful of diamond and gold rings into his grave, as a formal expression of the rich esteem in which his memory was held. The funeral exercises were exceedingly imposing. The nation seemed to forget all its differences and its selfish interests in uniting to pay respect to the statesman it had parted with while at the very top and crown of a long and successful career.

Spain and Chili.

Because Chili refused to help Spain along in its war on the sister State of Peru not long ago, Spain now demands a humiliating apology from Chili, and has proceeded to blockade Chilean ports for non-compliance. Evidently Spain gets her hint from France, and is trying to do as well in South America as Napoleon thinks he has done in Mexico. There are four Spanish war steamers to blockade over two thousand miles of coast—not enough to make the blockade worthy of respect. The President of Chili offers free trade to all foreign vessels, and it is likely that plenty will be found willing to run the risks of so slight a blockade. The Chilean Government has offered to borrow twenty millions of dollars, and the people are to a man in favor of repelling and resenting the impudent invasion.

The Fenian Business.

The scare in Canada over the Fenians is a bigger one than in England. They are in much doubt up there whether the Irish element of the British army is going to desert in a body, or the organized Irishmen from the United States are going to come across the line and take them all captive. If they raise a large body of soldiers for defence, the cost will crush them; if they stand still where they are, they expect to be captured bodily by aroused Fenians from this side. The excitement is also carried to a ridiculous extent in England and Ireland; the most inoffensive persons coming from this country are arrested and examined, as if they carried in their pockets masked batteries and rolled-up regiments. The Fenians will hardly take England this year, so our friends on the other side may rest easy.

To Spiritual Lecturers and Mediums.

We wish lecturers and mediums, who have not already done so, would send us one copy of their photograph pictures.

Spiritual Meetings in the Meletem.

These free meetings are again beginning to be appreciated, judging by the large audiences of late. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith had quite a full house on Sunday, Nov. 12th. Her discourses appeared to be acceptable to the listeners.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, a proposition was made to raise a sub-committee to look after a suitable spot of land on which to build, and to obtain a sufficient amount of pledged means as will secure the erection of a Spiritual Temple, for the accommodation of the meetings and the Children's Lyceum.

After very encouraging remarks from several gentlemen, the following named persons were selected for that committee: Messrs. Phineas E. Gay, Charles E. Jenkins, Geo. W. Smith, John Wetherbee, Daniel Farrar, William White, Jacob Edson, L. B. Wilson, A. B. Child, J. Pierce, Ammi Brown, and — Wilcox. This looks like a move in the right direction. It is high time the Spiritualists of Boston owned a place in which to hold their meetings in undisturbed harmony.

The Officers and Leaders of the Children's Lyceum also held a meeting last week, preparatory to entering upon their duties in the Lyceum.

The Davenports in Paris.

It will be seen by a letter from the Davenport Brothers, which we publish in another column, that they held a very successful séance at the Palace of St. Cloud, on Saturday, October 28th, in presence of the Emperor of the French, notwithstanding the London Court Journal positively averred they had left France for Germany. We publish below what the Court Journal now says of the Davenports, in order to show the reader how ridiculous the advocates of old theology can make themselves appear to all sensible persons, in their warfare against Spiritualism:

"The Brothers Davenport, after having been thrown into the Slough of Despond, and stoned while there by the heavy missiles thrown at them by the Paris press, have risen again to the surface, and have been admitted to a séance at St. Cloud. The Emperor's belief in Spiritualism is well known, and the Brothers Davenport were wise enough to bide in patience until His Majesty's return. The result of the séance has not yet been made public, but we find their courage sufficiently returned to enable them to announce a renewal of their sittings at reduced prices, giving thus a more extended field for criticism, and a fair opportunity of a renewed attack, unless sufficiently protected by the gendarmes, which, of course, they will be, to defy all violent demonstration on the part of the public."

The World's Fair for 1867.

Preparations are still being made in Paris for an exhibition of the World's Fair in 1867. The park which is to surround the central building is to be laid out in the English style, and will contain an international theatre, and a lawn where the games of all nations will be played. There will also be a lecture room, with a laboratory, for the use of any foreign savant who may have a new theory to propose. The exterior circle of the park will contain the agricultural exhibition, with model farms, domestic animals, and exhibitions of horticulture and pisciculture. There are to be twenty entrances, and it is proposed to establish a communication by railway between different parts. The hydraulic machines will be on the banks of the Seine.

The Currency.

As Congress is about to assemble, among the other matters talked of in connection with it is the very important one of the currency. The Secretary of the Treasury will make a request for authority to retire as much legal tender as in his discretion may be thought advisable, funding it with bonds bearing a less than six per cent. rate of interest, to be discretionary with him also. The general conviction is that a contraction of the currency ought to be begun without delay and persevered in steadily, though the process should be so gradual as not to unsettle business to any general extent, much less to create commercial confusion. That a plan of procedure based on this principle is what the Secretary intends to pursue, is plain from many circumstances.

Two Crops in One Season.

It is not every farmer who can boast of two crops of apples in one season, but one of our subscribers in Springfield, Mo., Mr. Samuel Slick, recently sent to our office by mail a small box containing a number of apples which he says are part of a second crop this year. These curiosities are rather larger than the crab-apple, and have the genuine apple flavor. Missouri is fast getting to be a desirable country to emigrate to, especially now that she has removed the dark pall of slavery which has hung over her ever since she became a State, retarding her growth and prosperity. The gradual influx of intelligent men and women from the free States, will soon enable her to take a stand among the foremost of the States.

Napoleon in Italy.

The Emperor of the French is proceeding with his promised work of removing the French troops from the Papal States and leaving them to themselves. It is expected that the people will shortly become uneasy under the yoke of the Pope, and demand to be incorporated with the Italian nation politically; if so, it will require all the self-control of which the Italian Legislature is possessed to refrain from mixing up open with matters which far-sighted politicians abroad, of the liberal school, too, think ought to be left to themselves. We are next to see if the Italians have really learned anything during their long and costly experience.

Charlestown Concert and Levee.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown will give an Old Folks' Concert and Levee, in City Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 21st. Grandville Baldwin's celebrated company of Old Folks will appear in a choice programme of ancient and modern songs, anthems, duets, solos, etc., dressed in their full costume, representing the last century. They will be assisted by Bond's Quadrille Band, furnishing music for the dancing, which will commence at 9 o'clock. Concert commences at 7. Tickets for the whole, 25 cents. The Charlestown friends will give similar entertainments every two weeks during the winter.

The Banner in Portland.

This paper can always be had in Portland, Me., of Joseph B. Hall, 174 Middle street, who also keeps for sale all other spiritual publications issued by us, or for which we are agents. Mr. H. is a firm Spiritualist, and we hope our friends in Maine will bestow their patronage upon him. Those who need cards, circulars, or fine printing, executed at short notice, should step into the Monitor Job Printing-Office and examine Bro. Hall's specimens before getting their work done elsewhere.

Important, if True.

The Brownsville Mexican Republican of the 7th inst. announces the capture of the city of Mexico by the Liberal forces.

Personal.

Cora L. V. Scott is at present lecturing at Washington, D. C., where she is creating great excitement and drawing large audiences, as a correspondent informs us. The cause of Spiritualism is moving on with renewed impetus in the capital of the nation.

N. Frank White lectured in Croton, New Jersey, Nov. 6th. A correspondent informs us that "his lectures stirred up quite a sensation in the stagnant pools of Orthodoxy."

Hon. Jacob Collamer, U. S. Senator from Vermont, died at his residence in Woodstock, Nov. 9th. His age was seventy-three.

Hon. Preston King, recently appointed Collector of Customs at the Port of New York, in a state of partial derangement jumped off the Hoboken ferry-boat, Nov. 6th, and was drowned. The cause of office and the pressure of applicants for place are said to be the cause of his derangement.

M. H. Houghton, the lecturer, will also give phrenological and psychometrical readings of character when requested to do so.

Mrs. Starr King and family have returned from California to this city.

John Ross Dix, a well known writer, died in Brooklyn, New York, recently, in very destitute circumstances.

F. W. Lincoln, Jr., has been renominated for Mayor of Boston.

Belle Bush's Poems.

We take from the National Union, of Cincinnati, the following allusions to Miss Bush's new volume of poems. Our readers will find in this number of the Banner an original poem from the pen of this gifted writer:

"This is a very neat and unpretending volume of poems, by one whose name is no doubt familiar to most of our citizens, they having seen it in connection with beautiful poems in the papers of this and neighboring cities. Belle Bush writes with a refreshing freedom in these days of forced versification, and that which she writes appeals to the heart and is characterized by depth of thought and intensity of feeling. She evidently writes because she can not very well help it, and yet she writes not without an object—each object being to cheer the desponding, give hope to the hopeless, and heal the wounds of the almost broken-hearted."

"To brothers, sisters, friends and neighbors all, who drop beneath the weight of sorrow's pall," she dedicates her little volume, and to such it can but prove a welcome visitor, for there are words of good cheer on its pages—words which, being spoken from the heart, cannot fail to reach the heart. The volume abounds in patriotic and outstirring poems, and should be in the library of every true lover of his country, and those who desire to keep alive the memory of those heroes who yielded up their lives on the battle-fields where they so nobly fought and fell."

Returned to New York.

Dr. Jas. A. Neal, who has been in this city for the past two months, practicing in the healing art, in which capacity he has performed many cures, has returned to New York again, and resumed his professional labors at 102 West 15th street. Previous to visiting this city the Doctor spent several months in Providence, R. I., curing there, also, many difficult cases. He is a gentleman of education, refinement and pleasing address, and we wish him the utmost success in the noble work in which he is engaged.

Charlestown Lyceum Exhibition.

The exhibition of the Children's Lyceum, in City Hall, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 14th, was a success. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The recitations, singing, silver-chain recitations, gymnastic exercises, marching, etc., were done with much credit to the scholars, considering the short length of time the school has been in operation. We are pleased to learn that the Lyceum is proving a complete success.

The Sick Treated by Letter.

As will be seen by his new card on the fifth page of the Banner, Dr. U. Clark now treats the sick by letter, besides adding a first-class surgical department to his Institute.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"A" original essay, entitled "A Chapter on Progress," from the pen of S. C. Case, Esq., printed in this number of the Banner, is worthy of perusal by all our readers, and we hope they will give it their attention.

By reference to A. J. Davis's letter in another column, it will be seen that he will not continue "The Lyceum Herald," in consequence of a lukewarmness among Spiritualists to sustain such a sheet. This is to be very much regretted, for we are fully of the opinion that a paper of this kind is much needed, and we do not know of more competent managers than Mr. and Mrs. Davis. We hope the idea will not be given up; but that the Herald will be resumed at no distant period.

We have received the last number of "The Good Samaritan and Domestic Physician," published monthly in Albany, N. Y., by E. Andrews, M. D. The paper upon which it is printed is manufactured from bamboo. In the copy before us we find the following:

"TO TOBACCO-CHEWERS AND LIQUOR-DRINKERS.—I send a means by mail to remove the desire for and to make tobacco-chewers loathe and despise the article forever. To any person addicted to strong liquor, and who does not wish to continue it, I can send by mail a harmless remedy that I never knew to fail, to eradicate the inclination for stimulating drinks. It is a sure and certain cure."

Temperance and anti-tobacco societies should add in dispensing the Doctor's medicines as extensively as possible, if he can cure people addicted to the use of tobacco and alcohol. It is the prevailing sin of the age—the practice of drinking as a beverage the vile, intoxicating mixtures sold to-day in every city, town and village of the land. It adds yearly to our almshouses and insane asylums thousands of poor creatures who would otherwise be respectable citizens.

THE ADDRESS OF SPIRITUALISTS TO THE WORLD.—In the last day's proceedings of the late National Convention of Spiritualists, which we print this week, will be found the address prepared by a committee from that body. It will be read with interest by all believers in the Spiritual Philosophy.

JUDGE TALMADGE.—An interesting communication from the spirit of N. P. Talmadge will be found in our message department this week.

Attention is called to the advertisement in another column of a new oil stove for the million. The Plymouth Book says, "Dear are increasing fast in our world. Six have been killed within a fortnight." The increase, however, appears to be all on the side of the killed. There are dears in this section we love too much to kill.

Mr. Hunt, in his lecture on common law, remarked "that a lady when she married, lost her identity, her distinctive character, and was like a dew-drop swallowed by a sunbeam."

"THE RIGHT WAY," is the title given to a publication in the form of a newspaper, sent forth by the indomitable George L. Stearns. Wm. M. Thayer, 224 Washington street, is agent. The editor says its essential design is not the circulation of news, but the excitement and communication of thought, especially upon the great questions which are now so deeply agitating the American mind. It is issued for free circulation, but clubs are solicited to send what means they can spare, to defray the expense of printing it.

Mrs. Colgrove, 34 Winter street, is an excellent clairvoyant.

When Mr. Jefferson was asked respecting his religion, his memorable answer was, "It is known to God and myself. Its evidence before the world is to be known in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

Upward of fourteen thousand animals are known to have been attacked by the plague since its first appearance in England, and of those nearly twelve thousand have died. The greatest losses have been in the districts near London.

Messrs. Bell & Dandy, the well known London publishers, have purchased the electrotype plates of Carleton's humorous little book, "Our Artist in Cuba, and intend to present it as a Christmas present to the English admirers of comic sketches.

MONTANA.—The territory of Montana, which was organized last year, lies west of Dakota and Nebraska, and runs up to the line of British America. It contains one hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles of land, an extent of country nearly four times as large as the State of New York. The eastern portion is watered by the Big Horn and Yellowstone rivers, and is well adapted to agricultural purposes. It is supposed to be rich in minerals, but has not been properly surveyed and is very little known.

"More than One Hundred Things Worth Knowing," is the title of a little handbook of valuable information for every man, woman and child. Sent free on receipt of one stamp for postage.

Counterfeit one dollar greenbacks are in circulation. They can be detected by their poor engraving and coarse paper.

It is estimated that ten thousand coolies are annually taken from India to foreign countries, and of this number, which is steadily increasing, at least one thousand die on the passage from insufficient accommodation.

We know and teach little, but the known is not the least true or precious because of the infinite unknown.—Channing.

A novel fashion in stockings is announced. It is to wear one stocking of one color and one of another color. Paris has sent forth this ridiculous device.

Coal is selling in Danville, Ill., for \$2.50 a ton, and in Boston for \$16.

It is estimated that in England one hundred thousand infants, less than a year old, die every year. In France the mortality is 154 per cent per annum in the first seven days after birth, and 120 in the second seven days.

Artemus Ward's new book of "Travels Among the Mormons and Indians," is stirring up a great dust among the English publishers, who are quarreling over their different rival editions, some of which have sold more than eighty thousand copies. Carleton's American edition contains the original comic illustrations, which the London editions do not.

The Roxbury (Mass.) Journal says the Little Corporal, the new child's paper, published in Chicago, Ill., by Alfred L. Sewall, "is the cleverest thing of its kind yet realized in America."

A RECIPE FOR COUNTERFEITING FOREIGN PERFUMES.—Take several gross of spurious labels, a quantity of bad spirits and coarse essential oils; mix and bottle the latter articles, and paste the former on the vials. Then sell the stuff (and the public) if you can. But you can't do much in that way while Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" has the command of every domestic market. Sold everywhere.

Blind Tom.

This wonderful "blind negro boy," who astonishes everybody who listens to the inimitable music which he effects from the piano, his favorite instrument, we regret to learn is about to leave us, to visit other Northern cities, previous to visiting Europe. Those who have had the pleasure to hear him, and to witness the remarkable "tests" to which he has been subjected, by members of the Musical Profession in this city, agree that he is the greatest living marvel, in the shape of a human being, that the age has yet produced. His audiences, which have been made up chiefly of ladies and gentlemen of fine musical tastes, have been held in almost breathless silence while he has performed, in his own inimitable style of excellence, some of his choicest pieces, several of which are his own compositions. His "RAIN STORM"—composed when he was only five years old—in which are most sublimely represented the falling rain, the blowing winds, and the rolling thunder; and his "BATTLE OF MANASSAS," composed soon after that event, in which are represented each of the contending armies laying home for the scene of conflict, their bands playing their favorite national airs; the braying of trumpets, preparatory to entering into the bloody engagement; the booming of cannons during the terrible encounter; and the retreat of the discomfited forces, are performed with the most grand effect upon his delighted auditors, who signify their pleasure by the most enthusiastic applause. His "IMITATION OF THE MUSIC-BOX" is a gem of the first water, and is always vociferously applauded. "GOTTSCHE'S LAST HOPE," "THALBERG'S SWISS HOME," and "THE MOCKING-BIRD," with variations, fill all who listen to them with delight. We can wish the residents in every city or town he may visit no greater pleasure than to be permitted to hear, at least once, this most remarkable boy. As Tom well says, in his own peculiar style, in his opening address to his audience, at each entertainment—and so will every one say who hears him—"Why is it that God should have given to one so humble as Tom, a poor, uncultivated negro boy, such musical genius and talent, is something which the human mind cannot comprehend." We sincerely hope that, whatever city or town he may visit, his concerts will be—as they richly deserve to be—largely patronized, especially by the lovers of music. Those, especially, who love the "SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY" should not fail to hear him; as he is, undoubtedly, the best "medium" extant. That the choicest musical spirits that ever dwelt in the human form have him in their keeping and control; no one can for a moment doubt who can appreciate the truth of our true relation to the spirit-life. Do not fail; if you shall ever have the opportunity, to hear "Blind Tom."

Richard Thayer.

Boston, Nov. 16, 1866.

Correspondence in Brief.

Note from Amanda Harthan.

As I am daily in receipt of letters from parties making inquiries where I may be found, or when I shall return East, I will answer through your columns, to the best of my ability, as it would be impossible for me to give each letter even a reply of two lines, with my present practice.

I came here on a visit to an old friend of my childhood, not expecting to remain but three days, and then go to Columbus to see Dr. Newton, to be relieved from the effects of a fall on the ice in Rochester, N. Y., during my practice there last winter. I found the Spiritualists here very anxious for me to remain and practice, if only a short time. Accordingly I returned, and commenced on Thursday, the 19th of October, advertising to remain until the 1st of November. I now find it impossible to leave here for the present. I have now one hundred and sixty patients. This number, according to one of the medical faculty's statements to me, is larger than all the patients of doctors here.

On leaving here, I shall proceed to Oswego, N. Y., where I have practiced twice with success. The Sabbath before leaving there the last time, I went, in company with Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Crawford and Mr. Collins Eaton, about seven miles to see a patient who had been sick three years, and for eighteen months had lost the use of her limbs. I succeeded in getting her so that she could both walk and run in half an hour after entering the house. This was one of my last cases, and only one treatment. I was urged to remain in Oswego, but I found that I was becoming too much exhausted, and needed rest; accordingly I took a Western trip to recuperate, visiting Chicago, Leamington, Joliet and Odell, Ill., Kalamazoo and Schoolcraft, Mich., and Cleveland, O., where I had the pleasure of attending, for the first time in eleven months, a lecture given through Mrs. Nellie L. Wilkie, a gifted inspirational speaker, and a great worker for the spiritual cause. After each lecture she described from one to two spirits whom she saw, and which were recognized by some of the audience. In most cases she gives the names. Akron, O., Nov. 8, 1865. AMANDA HARTMAN.

Appreciative.

MESSENGER OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—I hereby renew my subscription for light, that beautiful light which so purifies the soul, that, although shrouded in mortality, we can walk hand in hand with the dear ones who are only obscured from our mortal vision, and with whom we wish to enter change thought, and welcome, their welcome to our hearts and our homes, as in days of yore.

Mrs. J. E. CLARK.

Elkhart, Elkhart Co., Indiana.

Spirit-Picture.

I wish to inform all who would like to get a picture of their dear friends, to correspond with J. H. Fayette, Oswego, N. Y. I had him try to paint my boy, who died last April, and he, or some power through him, has succeeded in my satisfaction. The painting is recognized by the friends and foes of Spiritualism. I never had a picture of any kind of my boy, and Mr. Fayette was an entire stranger to me. Money cannot buy this painting. JAMES K. DEARLH.

North Potsdam, Nov. 5, 1865.

Business Matters.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Those who desire an eligible room in which to hold spiritual circles any evening during the week, can learn of one by applying at once to Mrs. Colgrove, 34 Winter street—room No. 11.

HINTS ON "PARLOR CHOCQUET," an in-door game for WINTER EVENINGS, neatly bound in cloth, will be sent to any address, after Oct. 2, 1865, on receipt of 30 cents.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, MEDIUM FOR ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.—Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$3.00 and sent by letter, will receive promptly. Address, P. O. Box 282, Chicago, Illinois.

HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM.—Mrs. H. B. Gillette, Healing and Developing Medium, can be found at the Banner of Light Building, Room No. 3, 138 Washington street, every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M.

Special Notices.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chlorine, or Mollipatch, (also Liverpat), and Lintol, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face than on the hands. The use of Perry's Mollipatch, or Freckles, will remove them without injury to the texture or color of the skin, and is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. Perry, who has made diseases of the skin a specialty, has discovered a remedy for these disfigurements, which is at once prompt, infallible and harmless.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Broadway, New York, and for sale by all druggists. Price, 25¢ per bottle.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Sold by all Druggists everywhere. 6m—Nov. 11.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. H. RABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, five pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Soap and Lye. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. H. RABBITT.

64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74 and 76 Washington street, New York. Oct. 16—1y

You are not required to lay down your life to save that of another. But if you can induce the victim of Cough, or any pulmonary disease, to use Allen's Lung Balm, you may be the means of saving that person's life, and that person would ever afterwards remember you with gratitude.

For sale by CARTER, BURST & CO., Boston, 2w—2v. 23.

INDISPENSABLE.—There are some simple remedies indispensable in every family. Among these, the experience of years assures us, should be recorded PERRY'S PAIN KILLER. For both internal and external application we have found it of great value, especially can we recommend it for Colds, Rheumatism, or fresh Wounds and Bruises.—Christian Era. 15—2w—Nov. 16.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Agents type, ten cents for the first, and seven cents for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

A NEW OIL STOVE!

Patented Sept. 11th, 1865.

THE Cheapest, most Efficient, and every way the most Complete Oil Stove for the MILLION!

Burns common kerosene or carbon oil as an open fire, without smoke, dirt, ash, or noise. It is so simple that any one can use it as perfectly as over live coals.

It is so simple that any one can use it as perfectly as over live coals. You can admirably.

All but one small part of this Stove can be made by any tin-smith, and the one small part can be made by any tin-smith.

A splendid opportunity is offered to men of energy and a little capital in selling.

MANUFACTURING AND COUNTY RIGHTS.

This is a better Stove than any "Union Oil Stove," or Stove more have been sold the past season than all other Oil Stoves together. Send for Circulars.

W. B. BILLINGS, Patentee, 206 Pearl St., New York. Nov. 25—1w

THE LIVING PRESENT

THE DEAD PAST!

OR: God made manifest and useful in living men and women as he was in Jesus. By J. H. WATSON, author of "The Empire of the Mind," "The Flower of the Mountain," "A Kiss for a Blow," "The Self-Abnegation," "Marriage and Divorcement," etc.

For sale at this and all other New York Offices. Nov. 25.

REMOVAL.—JAMES W. GREENWOOD, M.D., formerly Physician, has removed to Rooms No. 17, Tremont Temple, Boston. Office hours from 9 to 11, and 1 to 3 P. M. Nov. 25.

MRS. M. SMITH, Healing and Trance Medium, No. 128 Myrtle St., Philadelphia, Pa. Nov. 25.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS TRIUMPHANT!

The following remarkable letter from Mrs. M. L. C. Barclay, needs no comment:

Philadelphia, Pa., 109 N. 8th street, November 8, 1865.

DOCTOR SPENCE—I cannot tell you what my disease was. I had three physicians. None of them understood the case. All the medicines which they gave me had no more effect than cold water. One of our most skillful physicians pronounced it intermittent fever, and yet admitted that he had never seen a case like it. Another gave it as his opinion that my blood was very poor, and that I was threatened with paralysis. When I met Miss Hull, I was a great sufferer. She spoke to me of the Positive and Negative Powders; but I had taken so much medicine without receiving any benefit, that I had given up the idea of trying anything else. However, I kept trying worse and worse until last July, when a spirit came to me, and requested me to send for a box of the Positive and Negative Powders. As that time I had not the least faith in them. When I received them I was confined to my bed, too weak to help myself. I began taking them, and in two days I was able to go down stairs—have been getting better ever since, and am now enjoying my usual health. Yours, &c.

M. L. C. BARCLAY.

Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, being based upon the true science of disease and of medicine, are daily effecting cures which defy all other systems of treatment, and utterly confound the doctors.

Neuritis, Asthma, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Diarrhea, Chills and Fever, Fevers of all kinds, Painful Menstruation, Suppressed Menstruation, Falling of the Womb, Sleeplessness, General Debility, Enlargement and Inflammation of the Prostate Gland, Inflammation of the Bladder, and all other diseases rapidly yield to their magic influence.

We would say to the people of the West, where the Chills and Fever are now prevailing, that we are daily receiving letters informing us of the triumphant success of the Positive and Negative Powders in that disease.

See advertisement in another column.

Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box; \$5.00 for six. Office, 97 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

All letters and remittances should be addressed as follows:

Prof. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., General Delivery, New York City.

Nov. 25.

No matter with how much Auriferous and other magnetic matter the Positive and Negative Powders are mixed, they continue as efficacious as of old, and increase in worth every month.—Waterbury (N. Y.) Times.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1866.

IT is with pleasure we are able to announce a larger circulation for the "Home Magazine" during the year 1866 than in any previous year. It is a more heartily expressed approval, by subscribers and the press, of its long and character. During the next year we shall bring forth its pages a still more valuable and interesting. A BROADER SPIRIT, and a more earnest advocacy of All Things Pure and Noble.

As heretofore, our aim will be to produce

A Magazine for American Homes,

not too didactic and heavy, but cheerful, animated, and social—a friend, dropping in upon quiet hours, with something always pleasant and useful.

A new serial by MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, will be commenced in the January number, entitled:

"PETROLEUM."

The "Home Magazine" for 1866 will be enriched not only with the best articles the editors can produce, but will number among its contributors many of the best writers of the country.

THE LEADING WRITERS OF THE COUNTRY.

A Magazine, not simply a literary periodical. It takes higher ground, and seeks to make literature the handmaid of morality and religion, always teaching, whether by means of story, poem, or essay, that only by the Golden Rule can man live to any wise or good purpose. If you open your door to its visits, it will be

A TRUE FRIEND IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD.

As heretofore, it will be embellished with STEEL ENGRAVINGS. First Wood Cut Illustrations, MUSIC, FAVORABLE EXTRACTS OF DEAR AND FAMOUS CHARACTERS AND FAMOUS MEN, AND SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE, FOR MOTHERS, HEALTH, HOME CIRCLE, ETC., ETC.

YEARLY TERMS.—In Advance.

One copy, per annum, by mail, \$2.50

Three copies, " " " " " " 6.00

Five copies, and one to get up of club, " " 10.00

Nine copies, " " " " " " 15.00

A beautiful PREMIUM PLATE, entitled "THE CURSE OF BLOOD," will be mailed to each person who sends us a club of subscribers. It will also be mailed to each single subscriber from whom we receive \$2.50.

For \$2.50 we will send one copy each of HOME MAGAZINE and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for a year.

Address, T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 223 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION.

USE "SHULTZ'S WHITE LIQUID EXAMINE." The "Enamel" will remove the worst cases of tan, freckles, pimples, blotches, or eruptions, in from four to six days. It will remove all blemishes, and leave the complexion clear and transparent to the complexion, which is perfectly natural. Price, 25¢ per bottle. No trial is complete without it. Price by mail, seven cents. Sent by mail, 25¢.

Address, C. F. SHULTZ, 285 River St., Troy, N. Y. Nov. 25.

BEAUTY.—Auburn, Gold.

En, Flaxen, and Rikken. CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

CHAS. PROCTOR, the only one of Prof. DE REX'S FINEST LIP CHEVY.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who spoke through the instrumentality of the medium.

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 unimproved 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.

Mrs. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

Special Notice.

All questions propounded by the audience at our Free Public Circles must hereafter be in writing, to avoid confusion.

Invocation.

Holy angels, guide these mortals
O'er the mystic waves of time,
Open wide the shining portals,
Leading unto heights sublime;
Lift, oh lift the veil that hides them
From their loved ones, gone before!
Show them but their shining faces,
Waiting on the other shore. Oct. 12.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will consider the inquiries of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—H. R. P., of Roxbury, sends the following inquiries as one question:

Q.—The controlling intelligence knows some persons seven thousand years old. Will he please to give some of their names, men and women? describe their persons physiologically and phenologically, and give specimens of talks with them?

A.—That we could not do if we would, and we would not if we could.

Q.—Where did those seven thousand years' old people live on the earth? How much of art and science did they have? And when did the arts and sciences flourish most? before the days of Greece and Rome, or after? And what were some of the lost arts?

A.—We have answered that question in the former.

Q.—What was, and is the personal size and appearance of Jesus Christ? Where did he live, and what did he do, between his birth and baptism? Where is he now, or in these times what is he doing; and what was the baptism of the Holy Ghost?

A.—The questions are too complicated to be answered in the brief space of time we have at our control. Therefore we decline to answer them.

CHAIRMAN.—Shall I read them separately?

SPIRIT.—You can do so.

Q.—What was, and is the personal size and appearance of Jesus Christ?

A.—That we do not know.

Q.—Where did he live, and what did he do, between his birth and baptism?

A.—That we do not know.

Q.—Where is he now, or in these times what is he doing?

A.—That we do not know.

Q.—What was the baptism of the Holy Ghost?

A.—It might have been one thing, and might have been another. To one person it is the baptism of truth; to another, wisdom; to another, love. It differs according to the state of the individual.

CHAIRMAN.—A lady requests intelligence concerning the spirit of Alfred Richardson.

A.—If the lady will envelop that question, it will be answered.

A.—Will you explain the parable of the tares and wheat?

A.—We believe the parable of the tares and wheat may be compared to comparative good and evil. All evil is such only by comparison. These tares were said to have been sown by the Evil One. This we think is a mistake, for we do not recognize or perceive any such intelligence in all life. So, then, these tares must have been sown by an intelligent good. And these tares are to us but lesser good. Jesus ever taught those who followed after him, by signs and symbols, or parables, for he perceived he could better reach their human senses in that way. They were little children, and had need to be fed on food adapted to little children. If the same spirit you call Jesus were on the earth to-day, ministering through the physical to the necessities of those around him, in all probability he would not talk in parables; in all probability he would dress his language differently.

Q.—What was the good and evil ground he had reference to.

A.—It might have meant the soul that was ready to receive higher light, divine truths, that was more unfolded. The stony places might have been souls that rejected entirely that divine light that is striving to shine into all souls. Jesus wished to show his followers that there was an inner life, on which soul fed. But very few understand the spirit. You have been striving so long to understand the letter, ye have forgotten the spirit.

Q.—Do you think Jesus will ever come on earth in spirit, and preach and be heard by us, with our natural ears?

A.—We think he is here to-day preaching, just as much as he ever was, or ever will be.

Q.—Is spirit essentially different from matter?

A.—No.

Q.—Is it the difference of degrees that differ?

A.—Yes.

Q.—The amount of matter in the universe is always the same, is it not?

A.—We believe it is.

Q.—Do the changes of matter make any difference in the absolute amount of matter?

A.—No; we think not.

Q.—Do the changes of spirit make any difference in the absolute amount of spirit?

A.—No.

Q.—Are spirits who lived on the earth thousands of years ago, now living in some form or other on earth.

A.—It is possible they may be living on the earth, and they may not be.

Q.—What constitutes the process of individualization in human spirits?

A.—Human action. All act differently, therefore all are individualized differently. In other words, human action constitutes individuality; each one

revolving around one centre, yet all revolve differently; act and think differently.

Q.—Has every human spirit preëxisted?

A.—We believe it has.

Q.—When we pass from the form do we become cognizant of our preëxistence?

A.—That depends upon your spiritual condition at that time. Some have a clear and distinct remembrance of having passed through certain scenes of a preëxistence. Others have no remembrance of any life except their earth-life, save the forty, fifty, or sixty years passed on earth. We believe in time all will remember their preëxistence.

Q.—Does the degree of memory in regard to a preëxistence depend upon the purity of their life here?

A.—No, it does not depend upon that; but more upon their harmonious condition. Through the laws of harmony, they become as mirrors to themselves. In those mirrors are reflected their past lives. When water is still, you can see perhaps at the bottom. When it is turbulent, you cannot.

Q.—Does every immersion of the human spirit into form clarify it so as to become more harmonious?

A.—Yes, we believe it does. The process is very slow, however.

Q.—Do not these ideas harmonize with Brahminical ideas on the subject of a preëxistence?

A.—Certainly they do. On that subject the Brahmins are far more enlightened than the Americans, who boast so much of their intellect. They were an intuitive nation, and drank in these truths naturally.

Q.—Do spirits guard us at all times?

A.—It is to be supposed all have friends in the spirit-world who are attracted to you. In that sense they watch over you.

Q.—Have they power to keep us from harm?

A.—Sometimes.

Q.—Has one man a moral right to exercise authority or rule over another?

A.—No, not a moral right. The moral law gives every man the privilege of freedom.

Q.—Can one man attempt to punish others for what he considers to be crimes?

A.—Not if the moral law is the only law to be considered in the case.

Q.—It is the only law that should guide us, is it not?

A.—No; it may be, and doubtless is, the highest; but you have need of governing influences, of something intervening between your own state and the highest state. You may think you could do without civil laws, but you could not. You might find it easy, but there are thousands who could not.

Q.—Those who can, should they not?

A.—If they can. The majority always rules. These cases are in the minority.

Q.—It doesn't rule me.

A.—You may think not, but if you investigate you'll find they do.

Q.—One with truth is a majority, is it not?

A.—Not materially speaking. Suppose you should think it right to burn your neighbor's house?

Q.—That's not a supposable case.

A.—Oh, yes it is. Civil law would visit you with punishment.

Q.—Will there be a great political revolution within the next five years?

A.—No, not within the next five years. At least, we do not so think.

Q.—Do you think the war is ended?

A.—It may have ended, so far as the fighting with the sword and cannon is concerned, yet it has not ended. The same spirit lives to-day that you at the North have been trying to crush in the South. It is just as large as it ever was. It is only silenced by force of arms—not by right, but by might.

Q.—Do you think the public debt of the United States will be rejected or dropped off in the ensuing ten years?

A.—Neither.

Q.—Will it conduce to the general welfare of our country to take the life of Jefferson Davis?

A.—No; we think you should take him North, and keep him North. Educate him under Northern influences, so as to make him a freedom loving man. If you would do this, you would do what we think would be right.

Q.—Define what you mean by Northern influences?

A.—Those influences that love freedom better than slavery.

Q.—I can't see it.

A.—The people are growing into this belief; are growing very fast, too. You have made very rapid strides in that direction during the last five years. You will take still longer steps within the next five years.

Q.—What signs particularly indicate that?

A.—The change in the political aspects of the nation, and of individuals composing the nation. You are all, every one of you, politically changing, some in one direction, some in another. All are tending toward freedom.

Q.—How can it be true of those who take no part in political matters?

A.—They are in the minority, and therefore do not rule.

Q.—Legally in the minority, morally in the majority.

A.—It may be so.

Q.—Has he done his duty?

A.—No, we think not.

Q.—I am happy to be in the minority.

A.—They who truly love their country, will take an interest in their country's welfare. Instead of sitting idly at home, you should every one of you be found at the polls on every election day, voting for good men. If you stay at home, by-and-by, when you come to stand outside of human governments, you will see you have made a mistake.

Q.—They who love God and humanity, have no country.

A.—That doctrine will do for the spirit who is beyond time; but not for such as you.

Q.—Is man capable of governing his own action?

A.—He ought to be, if he is not.

Q.—What constitutes the Church?

A.—The Church is so divided and sub-divided, it is exceedingly hard to tell what it consists in.

Q.—Is the true Church divided?

A.—That which claims to be the true Church, the only creed you should have is the Golden Rule, given by Confucius, and demonstrated by Jesus. If all would be guided by that, what a heaven you would live in.

Q.—Is not the true Church guided by that rule?

A.—All Churches claim to be true. It is not for us to say which is the highest. The Romish Church claims to be the true Church. The Protestant Church claims to be the true Church, also. But the soul who is guided by this divine love for all humanity, is, in our opinion, the true Church.

Q.—How many are there who are guided by that rule?

A.—Very few. Oct. 12.

H. P. Tallmadge.

My friends, I am glad to be the recipient of this glorious blessing of return after death; glad for

more reasons than one, but principally glad to add my testimony to thousands who have preceded me, demonstrating the immortality of souls. We do live beyond the tomb. There is no gainsaying that truth, and it is high time that there is not one left in this enlightened America who is unacquainted with spiritual return.

Why, my dear brethren and sisters, I feel to play every one of you who do not realize this as a truth. I do play you, because I know when the time comes for you to change worlds, you will not have that glorious, sustaining light that cheered my dying hours. Why, friends, I cannot describe to you the sweet peace of mind and implicit faith I had at that time.

I had investigated the glorious phenomena of Spiritualism for years before I changed worlds. I think I stood upon a platform altogether secure. Why, I felt certain that I should return and communicate to my friends after death. And I felt just as sure of what I was going to realize in the spirit-world, as I was when I did realize its beauties. Spiritualism was not mere belief with me. My belief had grown into knowledge, and I sang a glad song of great joy the moment my imprisoned soul was free.

Oh, I would that every one could realize the joy I did when I was freed from the body. I was repaid for all the scorn I had incurred during my investigation of Spiritualism. I was a thousand times repaid for all I had suffered.

Spiritualism, I now perceive, is getting to be exceedingly fashionable. It has not only crept into the high places of our land, but every place is open to it. It is the ruling power, believe it or not. Fashion forces you all at her feet. You cannot deny it. There is proof in abundance to sustain my statement.

This Spiritualism is going to take her seat in the fashionable circles. Then you will be paying her homage. Now if you must wait for Spiritualism to become fashionable, why wait and suffer; wait and be in doubt; and if the Angel of Death should happen to knock at your door before that day, and say, "Come, your time on earth is no longer," why, then you may have paid dear for your waiting, that is all.

I would say to the many dear friends I have left in the West, who look for my return: Go on your way rejoicing. Investigate everything that comes to you. Turn it over, look it through and through, measure everything by your own common sense, and receive all that appeals to your human reason for truth.

I am with you day after day. I guide you, but I do not take away your individuality. I would not if I could. You ask if I am happy? Yes, entirely so. Would I return if I could? No, not if I could have the wealth of earth. Do I regret the course I took? No, no; a thousand times no! I am only sorry that it did not extend down into the soft years of my childhood. But it is well. N. P. Tallmadge, of Wisconsin. Oct. 12.

From a Nameless Spirit.

I've been asked to come here and say why we make the manifestations with the Eddy Family and Allen Boy, in the dark; why we don't do it without any cabinet, so that all the peoples can see them.

Well, myself, I do not know much, anyway, but I can see how the spirits make such manifestations, that is, make the most of 'em. I can see what prevents their making them in the light. It is the magnetism of the human eye. They do not know how to control it. The folks who make the manifestations can't control its magnetism, so they can't let the human eye rest upon just what they are doing. By-and-by, when the spirits learn to control the human eye, they won't have to do anything with the cabinet; then they will be able to make the manifestations in broad daylight, where you can all look at 'em. That is the way I explain it. If anybody wants any better explanation, call upon somebody else who knows more about it than I do. I tell you just the plain truth, high as I can. I don't think any of you folks here could overcome the magnetism of the human eye, because I don't believe you are so much in advance of the folk who come; do not believe you know as much as they do, for they're a studying in it all the time, and are growing in wisdom. Here, you see, it's only a little time ago they could not show you any hands or arms; you only knew it was spirits by what you could hear. Now, you see, they show you faces, hands and arms. By-and-by they will show you the body entire. I believe the first thing they're going to do is to take off the top of the cabinet and see how they get along with that. Then they'll show themselves on the top of the cabinet, and so by degrees. They must work slow, you see, because the world do not move round very fast. I done the best I could. If the folks who asked for an explanation are not satisfied, I can't help it. I'm not used to speaking in this way. I can speak well enough through a medium. I mean I not used to speaking off so long before an audience. [Will you give your name?] No, sir; I don't give it anywhere. Oct. 12.

David Putnam.

It is twenty-four years since I spoke this way, but I have tried a great many times to come, because I was not perfectly satisfied with the way I disposed of what I had when here. I was David Putnam. I belonged in Salem, Massachusetts. I have long got over the unhappy feeling I had about the affairs I left, but still I wanted to come back to tell my folks that were here—my grandchildren and children—that we could come back; that we did know what was going on here. And I want them to form what is called a circle, that I may come and give them demonstrations, some advice that will be for their good, and mine, too. They may say I was hard when here; perhaps I was; I think so myself. But I am changed now; I'm not as I was. I hope they'll give me a call. Oct. 12.

James Edwin Fenwick.

I died in March. I was eight years old, and I had one little sister, and I got a father and a mother.

My father's name is James L. Fenwick. My little sister's name is Annie.

I want my sled given away to my little cousin; want all my things given to him. And I want the wreath taken out of my mother's room what I had on me where I was. I want it taken away, because she cries over it too much. I want my father or mother to take it away; it ain't good, it wasn't preserved good, do not look fresh and nice. She need not keep it, and if she'll throw it away, I'll try to bring her some things to give her; if she'll go to some medium, I'll bring her some things that she won't cry over.

My sled was the General Grant, and my father give it to me for a birthday present.

You send—put our letters in the post-office, do not put them in a paper. You stamp it. My mother had a letter from my father that he forgot to stamp. She did not get it for ever so long; I remember that. [Aside to some spirit.] Yes, sir. Well, he says that gentleman here says it

will be put in your paper, and my mother will get it.

My father keeps a saloon in New York. [Where?] Do you know where the—where Waverley place is? [Yes.] Well, you go through that, turn round a corner to the left, and that's close to my father's saloon. [What is his name?] James L. Fenwick.

When I talk to him, I'm going to tell him he mustn't sell him. I reckon I'll go; good-bye. I'm dead, you remember. [We guess not, are you?] Yes I be. [How can you talk, then?] Well, I'm gone out of the body I used to have; that's dead, ain't it? [The body? yes.] Well, ain't that me? that is dead, too. [We think it is.] What is dead? [What do you think is?] Why, when you go away from the body. [That's what folks call dead.] That's what I mean; then I ain't dead, am I? [No.]

I did not go to Sunday School. My father did not believe in sending children to Sunday School. [You're just as well off, ain't you?] I do not know; my mother feels bad because I did not go. Oh yes, I reckon I'm just as well off. I would not come back here, Mister. Good-bye. Oct. 12.

Invocation.

Spirit of Divine Good, Wondrous Presence, by whom all sorrow is turned into joy, we believe in thee as a Divine Intelligence, having no special form, having no special dwelling-place, having no special name. We believe in thee as an ever-present, all powerful and all loving Law. If we are mistaken, oh, lead us into a more excellent way. If our observations have not brought us truth, oh, then, turn life's pages anew for us. If thou art not a God of Wisdom, of Love, of Power, then, indeed, our condition is a most miserable one. But, thanks be to the wondrous demonstrations of thy power, we believe, ay, we know, that thou art able to protect us, and willing to protect us. Inasmuch as thou hast called us into being, so thou wilt care for us forever. The soul feels it is secure in thee; that it stands upon a foundation of its own immortality, and stretches out its hand unto the Great Eternal Intelligence surrounding it and enfolding it in love. But human nature sometimes falters, humanity sometimes trembles, lest thou might be a God without mercy, without love, a changeable Intelligence, that will some day forget us. But when that humanity is passed, when, step by step, the soul rises beyond its prison-house, then, then it sees beyond the things of earth-life, and feels secure in itself and thee. Then it knows thee better, then it worships thee in spirit and in truth. Holy Spirit, let us impress upon the minds of thy children one thing: that they seek for truth. Give them truth, in all its simplicity and beauty. They ask for light. Oh, open the windows of heaven, and shower down upon them that light they have so much need of. They ask that one more loaf may be turned in the volume of their human experiences. But, oh, we pray they may open something nearer to thee. Our Father, our Life, our Hope, our all, receive our praises to-day, as thou hast received them in all the past, and as we expect thou wilt receive them in all the future. Oct. 16.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have inquiries from correspondents we will attend to them.

CHAIRMAN.—We have none to-day.

SPIRIT.—Then we will hear what questions the audience may offer.

Q.—What do you consider the greatest want of Spiritualists at the present hour?

A.—Charity.

Q.—How may it be obtained?

A.—Seek for it and you shall find it. Seek for it everywhere.

Q.—Is there not a lack of the devotional element among Spiritualists?

A.—With some there may be a deficiency, while with others there may be a superabundance.

Q.—What is truth?

A.—The highest good; the highest intellectual good mortals are capable of receiving. That is truth.

Q.—What is good?

A.—Whatever will lead you beyond your present standard.

Q.—Is there such a thing as one universal, absolute good?

A.—We believe there is.

Q.—What is it?

A.—The manifestation of law. You may as well call it that as anything else. Some call it Jehovah, some Law, some Lord or God. There are many names for this one absolute Good. But to us it is a Law that protects the flower, the beast of the field, the human soul; that protects the casket in which the soul lives and manifests.

Q.—Are not the laws of Nature immutable, everlasting and unchangeable?

A.—Immutable and everlasting. We believe, so far as the manifestations are concerned, they are ever changing.

Q.—Does not law absolutely change in itself?

A.—In form of manifestation it changes, but, we believe, in essence it is unchanging. Law is law forever; just the same to-day as it was six thousand years ago.

Q.—Do you make any difference between law and the principle of being?

A.—No, we do not.

Q.—Most people suppose they have truth. In the invocation a wish was expressed that we should advance higher. Will there ever be a time when that wish will cease to be expressed?

A.—We hope not. You will be poor indeed when you arrive at that time or condition when you will cease to desire something higher.

Q.—Will there ever be a period of fruition when the human soul will be content?

A.—Content with what it has, still aspiring for what it has not. We ourselves are satisfied with what the great Eternal Law has given us. Yet that satisfaction is by no means inactive. It reaches out in the future, and asks to be crowned with something still higher. All souls have something of truth. You remarked that all believed they had the truth. So they have. We only pray there may be born with them an earnest desire for higher truth, that they may grow fast in wisdom.

Q.—Is there a highest truth?

A.—Only by comparison.

Q.—Will you tell us where and how a person who has never known a father's love in earth-life shall find the gratification and satisfaction of a father's love?

A.—In the spirit-land, where the earnest desires of all souls are answered.

Q.—Is it impossible for a human being here that has never realized a father's love, to love God so much that their longing for the paternal relation toward them can be satisfied?

A.—There are some souls who live so near what they understand to be God, who live so much in the spirit, that they are satisfied to worship the Divine Father, the all powerful, overruling Intelligence of which they have been born and are sustained. To them this Intelligence is father, mother, brother and sister—all things to them.

Q.—How may one approach that condition best?

A.—We believe if that condition is ever attained, it is

