

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

## ANSWER

TO THE QUESTION, "HAVE YOU MET LENORE?"

COMMUNICATED BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

When I lost the radiant maiden,  
Heavily with sorrow laden,  
Homeless through the crowded city walked the  
hope-forsaken Bard;  
Darkness held supreme dominion,  
And my spirit trailed its pinion,  
While the proud looked coldly on me, hunger-  
pale, and evil-starred.

Roll'd mine eyes in sockets hollow,  
And a grizzly ghost would follow,  
Mocking me with fiendish laughter, and the  
"groaning of despair!"  
Man, with ignorance benighted,  
Smiled to see my laurels blighted,  
Robed in rich attire, and dining daily on their  
sumptuous fare.

"I was lonely, oh! how lonely,  
And the poor comfort only  
Was the blissful thought that Heaven would re-  
gard life's grief at last."  
Fled away each pleasant hour,  
When the death-dew on my forehead  
Stood in heavy drops, proclaiming—"Mercy's  
arms are round thee cast."

Keen were pangs I felt in dying,  
But my lost Lenore came flying  
From the bowers of bliss to welcome me released,  
rejoicing soul;  
And like doves in Summer weather,  
Through the void we flew together,  
Where the Rivers of Redemption, and the streams  
of glory roll.

"Welcome, brother! welcome, brother!  
To our mansion comes another,  
For a diadem of beauty to exchange his crown of  
thorns."  
Shout'd harp on earth neglected,  
"Prophets by the world rejected,  
Catching an undying splendor from the light of  
endless morn."

Burns was there, no longer weeping  
For his Highland Mary sleeping  
In the kirkyard with a cover of cold earth upon  
her breast.  
Round his brow, with grief once shaded,  
Wreaths of asphodel were braided,  
And in garments like the rainbow was the form  
of Shelley drest.

Byron's face of kindly splendor  
Wore an aspect changed and tender,  
Oh! unlike the gloom that gathered on his brow  
when chained to Earth,  
And he swept a lyre that thrilled me,  
And with nameless rapture filled me,  
While the tones to answering echoes from Heaven's  
crystal walls gave birth.

Never seen by mortal vision,  
In the wildest dream Elysian,  
Were the glories that encompassed the crowned  
kings of Thought and Song,  
On their thrones of glory sitting,  
With winged cherubs round them sitting,  
Rich reward for mortal anguish and Oppression's  
fraud and wrong.

I have reached a blissful haven,  
And the croaking of Night's Raven,  
While the vampire quits the channel, will disturb  
me never more:  
On a couch of deathless roses,  
By her lover watched and reposed,  
In a robe of sunbeams woven, my angelic bride,  
Lenore!

## THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

BY T. B. HEAD.

I stood by the open casement,  
And looked up the night,  
And saw the westward going stars,  
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession  
Went down the gleaming arch,  
And my soul discerned the music  
Of their long, triumphant march.

Till the great Celestial Army,  
Stretching far beyond the poles,  
Because the eternal symbol  
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,  
Red Mars led down his clan;  
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,  
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,  
And some were faint and small,  
But these might be in their greatest height  
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,  
Behind earth's dusky shores,  
They passed into the unknown night,  
They passed, and were no more.

No more? Oh, say not so!  
And downward is not just;  
For the light is weak, and the sense is dim  
That looks through the heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,  
Though they seem to fall and die,  
Still sweep with their embattled lines  
An endless track of sky.

And though the hills of death  
May hide the bright array,  
The marshaled brotherhood of man  
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,  
I see their march and smile,  
And hear the glorious music  
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember  
That the palest, faintest one,  
May to diviner vision be  
A bright and blessed sun.

## Original Essays.

### SCIENCE VERSUS THEOLOGY.

[CONCLUDED.]

#### DESTINY—WHAT IS IT?

To my Friends in England:—

It certainly implies condition, change and circumstance. Without beginning, there could be no reality. Then it implies a fulfillment of an obligation that appears inevitable, owing to the correlation existing between the Past and the Future, of whatever nature or degree. We cannot define or confine its boundaries as a speciality applicable to individualized form. The broad extent of the undefined carries with it its magic forces, by which we appear to see and measure circumstances and events that are lost in the dim uncertainty of their natural characteristics. Form! what is it? Shape! where does it lie? It is merely the significance by which we, as individuals or bodies, hold our relation to outer formations. The susceptibility and capacities of individualization, so to speak, transcend all outer formations; and when we say this, we may be deemed as but moulting the commonest of experiences. Well, be it so. What is the effect of good resolves when faithfully executed? All that could be desired. What is the result of good resolves unperformed, not perfected? The difference is immeasurable. Now the significance is deep, lasting; for it is a truism, said to be philosophically considered, that there cannot be anything emanating from a source greater than the source itself. While I acknowledge this in some sense to be true—for technically considered it is an absolute—I at the same time logically can draw the difference emanating from the Maker, between the material and spiritual, Creator and creature. To prove the Divinity in man as conjoined and associated with the Creator independent of the materialistic forms of all Nature, is one of the easiest and most solvable questions, when brought home to a strict recognition of the Divine instruments that work and vibrate through the inherent and attractive forces of its native element; as much so as the needle to the pole. And before drawing a distinction that certainly operates with great force when we undertake to estimate the capabilities, not to say possibilities, of the human organism, let us reflect, for a moment, how far we are enabled to define its prerogatives or power. How far we can see into the insoluble details of beginning and end. As these are mooted questions, beyond any defined and limited action of the human mind, we may well come to the active or sensible part of man: *Life, action*. How far do they develop a fullness, a desire, an equal to the apparent longing of that inherent being that says, *Ecce ager? Vain illusion!* and is it *Destiny?* And what is that? Is there a lingering thought of the dreary waste of years that brings a responsive throbbing to the troubled soul? Oh no. Dim futurity holds forth no beacon light to dispel the mist of *Life's* pathway, and we are left suspended 'tween Earth and Heaven, with no resting-place: only throes of Birth and the solace of the Tomb! without the intuition and perceptive thought that *er-steps* the boundaries of the grave, and brings from its hiding-place some reminiscences of the Future. Where can it be? To what shall it come? To this materialistic form? To this decaying nature, that *er-steps* at times loathes itself, and expects it to hasten to more than it is? For *Life* lays down its burden at Death's portal, and cannot be estranged from its purpose in formation.

We hold that it is easy to assert, but it is better to prove. There cannot come a greater out of a lesser. It is impossible, logically considered, to put two gallons into a gallon measure at the same time. This is a mathematical demonstration. As futile as this may appear—for it would be so to suppose it possible—now we propose to show the difference between materiality and spirituality. In the sense and plan, or significance at least, that all things are possible with the Creator, let the capabilities and capacities of the creature be what they may. For instance: I take within at one view all surrounding Nature. I desire in the distance a mighty mountain. I ascend its rugged steep, admire its just proportions; its magnitude and magnificence all charm my inner sense with its grandeur, majesty and beauty. Why is this? Have I not taken in more than myself? Is not that mountain more than I, as a material formation? Am I not measuring, taking in material things? Has this material man done this? Is it an axiomatic truth that the lesser can take in the greater. Where is your logic and reasoning that defines and settles these essential differences? I'll tell you where it is. It is because there is within me more than the material form and outer formation. It is because that I drink from a fountain that is never dry, and its dew moistens the hilltop and valley low, and bathes all in the sweet embrace of Creator and creature as one.

Logically and intrinsically considered, it is impossible for the lesser to overwhelm and master the greater. But here is a significance that leads man to his immortal part, and describes the difference between the material and spiritual world with undeviating exactness. And why will men be so blind to the observances wherewith they are daily working, with the index finger of Time, their immortality? How strange, and yet how sublime, that we are the part and still the whole in the sense of Creation! For we drink, as it were, the dew of the morning; rejuvenate in the daytime of life, and recline beneath the shadows of evening only to renew the assurances of each hour that bespeaks within us of the Infinite semblance to be derived from our capabilities. Yet man stands dumb and says, I cannot see! Why, that word, that thought, is a refutation, and oh! how long will it be ere we come not to complain of duty or end, but to believe that God, Duty and Destiny form together in one hand and upon the creature, man?

Staid uncertainty appears to be the blind through which Humanity is ever peeping to behold some good or fancied end that they feel may fill the measure of their desires. Oh! how fallacious! How oft have the brightest hopes and most pleasing anticipations faded away and left us more thoroughly impressed with the uncertainty of Earthly attainments, whether of imaginary or real good, have only been, as it were, the rehearsal of so many fables to wile away the hour of mortality. Tell me, oh man—I care not what may be your position or station, even the most favored of my kind—tell me if your longings have ceased and your soul at rest? Tell me if desires are quenched? If no future is now mirrored upon the bow of promise wherewith, you hope to know that which is to come? Have Fear, Dread and Dismay no share in the spoils of *Life*? Has Time, in her allotments, woven together all as a whole that makes you one body and soul?—In the present that knows not of the Future in consciousness? No! that man lives not above the earth, for living would be but a death that knows no weal. And why is this? Because it is of the legitimate throes of the spirit through material form. More: Because it is more than any form; consequently, cannot find its measure in any one form, and if not in any one form it cannot in any given number of forms. And why? Because it is Infinite, and being so is more than any part or portion.

This adaptability of the intuitive and Delfic impress radiates throughout materiality in the same measure as I, through the visual organs, behold the diversified scene of all Nature. I care not to how great the extent I may view that diversity, my proclivities are such that I can take in, on the other hand, an adjacent recognition of the same apparent diversity, and so on indefinitely. It may become necessary, in a given sense, for me to change my material locality, in view of an extension. What does that prove? Limitation? Limitation through the visual or material? That does not alter the capacity; for I find it fully equal in its comprehensiveness, and the results derived are commensurate with the purpose of the organic form called man.

What men most complain of, and conceive to be the great incubus of *Life*, is really the only hope that is left them, and that is their failures and restlessness. Their restlessness incites action, disposition to do. It will be observed that men's failures always result in supposed contingencies affecting material forms. Now I wish to be understood, for this is a very broad assertion: *Men's successes are failures!* Even the greatest success is attainment only in some given direction. Now, confine man to it. Hold him there, *ad infinitum*, and what will be the result? Do you not see it would be antagonistic to the very nature of all conditions? Don't you see it would be in direct opposition to the very thing attained? For how did he get it? Through purpose, plan or consummation. Then it was in degree, and degree makes action, motion, *Life*. Now confine a man to this, and it would be desolation, not to say annihilation.

To prove unquestionably the truth of our assertion, where do we find a conscious, individual being that is satisfied; that has realized that solace for which he hoped? There is none! It is natural that it should be so. Were it otherwise, it would be in opposition to *Life*, for all that is, to God, that living principle that pervades all extent, undivided, and yet ever spent. Now the Delfic purpose points with unerring aim to the changing and diversified. Tell me, oh, ye men of ages who lay entombed in the centuries of the Past, when did causation seek an asylum of rest? Never! Generating, production and reproduction walk the earth as armed hosts whose tread carries with it all forms, of whatever kind or degree. Is there an exception to this rule? Ask the bottomless ocean, your towering mountains, smiling valleys and running brooks. They all speak aloud and tell of the forms that work and bind together as one. Oh, then shall I ask in vain, when Mother Earth asserts her claim so truthfully, why man is not required in his thought, his desires, his purpose, plan or fancied good? Do you not see that upon which all rests, so far as material effort is directed, and that man's attainments are of a material kind; that kind Mother Nature tells you is ever setting the house of Humanity in order; and if she does not supply the same ailments at all times, she is equally bounteous in preparing, nay, more, in administering to her guests.

Then is it not clearly proven that all acquisitions of a material form are but for a day, and are as grass that must wither beneath the tried events that gave them hope? For the same, *ad infinitum*, that gives, desolates; and desolation is consummation riding triumphant o'er diversified disintegration; and when men shall come to see this, we will be enabled to divide the material and the spiritual, and enjoy the daytime and nighttime of existence, relatively one—being infinite or central suns around which Humanity revolves to a common centre, that takes on and throws off a diversity in unity. Then how futile for men to find fault with *Life*, and say they are upon a great sea, mariners without helm and compass, when the possibilities of existence forbid any other attainment. If materiality is diversity, if change, with her multiplied forms, is ever writing her inscriptions indelibly upon the record of emanation, how can we expect to find within this great arena the full and final rest for that which is unceasing and ever is—the human soul? Specifically, we confine our desires to a fancied end. That end lies within the realm of purpose; that purpose generated from conditions that exist to-day, but change to-morrow, according to the very nature of all things and the ultimate law of Causation. Then how absurd to lose the fullness of the Infinite in the versatile! To expect to put the lesser in the greater, and that in a materialistic sense, is an absorption of mind into matter and spirit into form. It makes the inert the *ert*, and materiality spirituality! It absorbs the vitalizing in the material! It makes the locomotive greater than

the power that propels it! It makes flesh more than *Life*! It destroys design and obliterates conception, and leaves naught but chaos!

Then how fallacious is our measured view of exterior forms, when those forms assume a supremacy, and we build upon them the structure that we propose to inhabit in order to inherit *Life's* greatest blessings!

Then what is *Destiny*? What is this film that obscures our vision, nay, more, inspires, as it were, with a phantasy and leads us forth to hope and almost, perchance, to realize?—for yet it is not, since there ever comes back that consciousness that ever speaks of the imaginary and real. Is it *Destiny*? Is it an inevitable cord that is never broken, and that binds together immensity? or what? Fate? Can you answer? Can human experience, in its long and tried emergency, fulfill the picture and relieve the pall that *er-steps* *Life's* pathway, and give us a solution by which means we can recognize what holds the reins without, and award a claim that binds us to more than we are? For there is a beginning in things; the ending we will leave in store for the future. But let us deal with the Real, that is.

*Destiny!* holdst thou in thy embrace the mantle that shrouds this decaying form? The cloud that proves sightless, this vision of the immortal? Has unalterable Fate cast the balance for Humanity and given the sum total of individual effort as cyphers, that we must be left desolate and alone? There speaks within me more than my infantile estate, or youth's buoyancy, with sage manhood's hour whose meridian sun encompasses the Earth; and tells me, alas! that the visions of mortality are but reflections cast from the Central Orb that shall give to *Life* a consciousness that neither the cradle nor the grave can obscure. Neither the frosts of Winter nor the genial warmth of Summer can dispel its immortality. And if here we are born upon the paradoxical bed of care, so imperceptible to ourselves that we fail to recognize a common duty, then we need not fear but what the commensurate evidence of all law inborn of Nature will assert its claim; and that is, that effect will follow cause. We mean to say by this that the sufferings of human reasoning avail nothing when entrusted with the elementary principle of *Life*. Can it be subverted, turned aside from its natural channel, to form an anomaly upon consciousness, so to speak? For it would be nothing less? For behind any and every effect there must be a cause. Behind or beyond every exhibition there must be an exhibitor. Consequently, you will have to annul the basis of all action to divest yourself fully of the results that must ever manifest themselves in conjunction with the prompting, let that be whatever it may. We desire, however, not to speculate upon probabilities or possibilities, but to give in unison the common hope and appreciation, so far as our duties as well as responsibilities are involved.

*Destiny!*—what is it? Fate—implicability, cold reality? No! Still it appears to be the autocrat of *Life*, for it plays with our heartstrings and makes minces of our desires, and leaves us cold and cheerless, with no sympathetic cord to bind the habitations of woe in common sorrow with its own. But, still, I can desire in this narrow caseway of *Life* more than the pall that shrouds my soul. It appears as a fortuitous comforter in the hour of weakness to claim the ravages of its circumstance and leave the prey. Yet within, the darkened hour never comes so high as to shut out my misery, which speaks relief from curious, unheeded, yet dreaded consequences. And amid this Herculean death to hope and desire, there ascends, as it were, but one look beyond the pale of *Life's* destiny which beacons me forth to untrodden wilds, that says God is just and I am His child!

*Destiny* and fate would impale Humanity as Theologically recognized and preëminently endowed. But what is *Destiny*? Oh! what is *Destiny*? The solacer of tried events, where Hope moults my bed of ill and breathes its solace there to give me *Life* again, when the pestilential breath had desolated and worn away the birthright of Humanity that I bore as a sacred trust from Heaven? Yet, oh! how desolate and sad a common experience that finds no outlet, that receives no balm, but what cold, calm, apathetic recognition gives of *Life*, Death and *Destiny*. *Destiny!* what is it? Am I impaled within a mortal tomb, where *Life's* tried seasons come and go as the rising and setting sun, that a darker night may obliterate the traces of the gliding day? or is chance a plaything, a mere toy of mortality and death, an interlude to the peace of being, merely treasured as a reminiscence of what is? No! it is not so. I will tell you of *Destiny*: *Destiny* is the accumulated filth of a ponderous body, and that body is desire. Not that desire should occupy any less share than the satellite in the Heaven of recognition; but as the physical body has its relations, nay, excrescences, so may we find in the manifold diversities of Nature all its counterparts. Here we are led to desire, and exclaim, What is man? said to be fearfully and wonderfully made, yet mysteriously circumstanced. Where shall I go? The horizon of Doubt; the circumference of Fear; the tried unrealized; the Future unknown; implacable uncertainty ever present. Oh! Death! Doubt! *Destiny!* Mystery! I live, yet I die daily. But above it all there comes to me a silent but yet mysterious warning that asks of this accumulated thought its meaning; and, in response, I hear reached within the silent chambers of the unknown the Godlike attributes of the soul: Art thou a part and to it shall return! I am told of *Life's* perplexities and common cares, with sorrows manifold in degree. Yet still aspiration arranges the grief and holds me in stellar semblance to the outer world, wherewith we may be clothed in the garb of conventionality and form. But yet, alas! how and the hour! It is but deferring the day to the dreadful requiem that solaces our doubts and fears, and leaves us free or

absorbed in—but the whole of *Life's* melody, whose sympathy is lost or won in conscious reality. Doubts, fears, predications of a common hope, are like the sunshine upon a cloudy day. They come and go without our purpose. So is all that makes up the common hope and enlivens our aspiration, and at last sinks us forlorn into what we call Fate or implacable *Destiny*.

I'll tell you what *Destiny* is. It is a child unborn, that feeds upon our fears and is nourished by our doubts, and withers and decays upon our certainties. It is ubiquitous though still uncertain, and reveals in the classic fields of imagination and writhe in gloom and sorrow, and still appears to minister in the futile and desolate. Yet its parentage is Divine, for it has its culminating and birthright from the sanguineous of our expectations. But alas! its reverberations are but the incrowning of a thought that emboldens the imagery in the vacillating of the mind which is the sequence of all being.

What is *Destiny*? The offal of all being. The dispensary of all tried thought. The culminating of all desire. The difference between the thing and its appearance; the subterfuge of all reasoning. Nay, more: the result of a distinct difference between the imaginative and the real. And still further: the scintillation of the Spark, *ad infinitum*, of the mortal coupled with its contiguous degrees and sensibilities. From this volcanic eruption flows forth the lava that desolates the spark that ignited the train that carries forth in its way the grim-visaged desolation that appears to reap a rich harvest of Humanity's best efforts; to thrive amid the diverse complexities of Nature, whose submerging billows bid fare to bury in the deep Ocean of Uncertainty all that could require the common and available immunities of being. Then let this bring the requiem of *Life's* decaying form; but let us look beyond, and see the defective appearance of what is only apparent prospect, and hold forth a light that will enable man to desecrate from all ulterior surroundings what claims in the Highest sense his recognition. Diversity, in her unmeasured view, has mingled and interchanged, as it were, the asteroid of being, and left us lifeless, without any planetary system upon which to revolve to a common desire and hope.

Still *Destiny!* what art thou? The reaper of rewards and punishments; for alike it seems to reap o'er Diversity with its pregnant issues of our time, and leads in the van of a forlorn Future; mysterious, yet unconcerned, ever pregnant issue of being! This seems undivided and unspent. How mysterious! Yet how certain! What shall I call it? Chance, Fear, Dread, Hope, irreversible? No name comes within the vocabulary of Time to insill within my soul, and give a Synonym of being wherewith I may decipher a text of immortality. Delay, Danger, Doubt, Misanthropy, Feeling, Passion, Vice, Prejudice—twin sisters of emotion, resedent thou in the Hemisphere of being, to bid Humanity to that vortex from whence, it is said, none return? No! Will its claim arise above it all? No! Though Doubt, Fear, Dread, Dismay, aspiration, blasted hope, mocked desire, variegated mystery's maze, clouds the least semblance of the man, still above this tumultuous Ocean there rides triumphant the Celestial Day, whose encompassing glory speaks enough to this hallucination that describes Humanity from its partial relation of observation and things, that tells me in unwonted terms that *Destiny*, as written by mortal signets given, says: *I am tried, and found wanting!* That my circumference is but the sphere of the revolving hour that makes but a part of the *ad infinitum*, as miles make the dollar, and dollars the billions. It tells me that as a drop, I have adjudged the Ocean! As an atom, I have weighed immensity! As a breath, I have held Humanity! I have expected to draw from without all within! On the contrary, all has been but a reflex, a shadow, compared with the eventualities of Time. And this we mortals call inevitable Fate, *Destiny*, implacable Uncertainty, whose shroud we feel as the only legacy we bear as the required evidence of a *Life* whose throes have been spent for the good of mortality!

I will tell you, as an interlude, what *Destiny* is. It is the fumigation, the aroma arising from disappointed effort. Man, in his measured view, hopes, proposes, imagines attainment. But alas! how often the shadow, and not the substance, is the reward of his effort. When this is sifted, when innumerable casualties, even when he is disfranchised from every thought, feeling and emotion, an experience of this kind distills the true essence of human nature which evolves from itself that unwonted word, *Destiny*. For its parentage is the decaying, last, lingering aspiration that comes within to bid adieu to the changing scenes of Nature, wherewith he shrouds himself in the last benediction that awaits his trial. *Destiny*—that separate and distinct sentence—is the child of Adversity, of Trial—the orphanage of orphan; it has no counterpart of being in the common allotment of Humanity; for birth-throes and sorrow are its life, and that is as a vapor, gone before it is born—ephemeral, a flippance in the eye of thought, passive, unrecognized. It trends the path of the Intangible. It comes unwelcome; still is, though not acknowledged. Its haunting dæmon, destroy—nay, annihilate. But still how fearful, yet how true the consciousness of some unseen though ever desired; yet unmeasured and fulfilled have been the efforts of man to propitiate the intensity of his being, and still is left with the absorption of the vitalizing of all effort to award even in a measure of expectation that which is most apparent.

What we long to regard as *Destiny* is the film that obscures our vision in a finite and infinite sense, and nothing more. Exhausted conditions bring to individual conscious recognition what we call *Destiny*, from the fact that the material man holds its definite semblance to materiality; its gradations are innumerable, and change writes, in the broadest language of diversity, its



birthright; and we cannot stop and be divested of all connection surrounding; for did this material form draw within itself, like the tortoise within its shell, how long would it observe and maintain its equilibrium? This shows that there are no separate entities that exist independent. Each is dependent. This being so, we have to meet the natural law of Causation, and bring forth from the obsequious, as well as the divulged, the essentially, so to speak, of being, and recognize in this there is a universality whose untutored image throws across the pathway of life its threadings of myriad degree. And *Destiny*, in reality, is only the culminating of the inexperience of man. It is only a combination of his mistakes; or, rather, a deduction from them; for no man ever looked at *Destiny*, or *Fate*, or the implacable only from *exhaustion*. And that exhaustion was not, in truth, from the being itself, but from a yielding to the apparent, whereby Hope, who had ever presided, shrank from the contest, and yielded to the apparent and not the real. Thus man fancies that *Fate* and *Destiny* have written their inscriptions aloof, however obscure they may be through doubt or distrust. But it is not so; for *Fate* and *Destiny* are but a mirage in the life-throes of effort, and nothing more. And what is that? A consciousness of the individual that it is not the form or formation; the relative to the absolute; the atom to the whole; life to the material; the throes to the genuine recognition that brings solace to the soul as it emerges from the realm of uncertainty, doubt, fear and dread, to a conscious reality.

*Destiny*, *Fate*, then, is the mirage of life, and nothing more. Though they have been made the stepping-stones to infidelity and branded with downcast looks and thoughtful mien the greatest efforts and purest desires for good. Still we should come to understand that we are but as drops to the ocean, sands to the shore, breaths upon the breeze, and live in view of a more enlarged significance of that which defines in any speciality a form that encompasses the human mind with these feelings of assurance.

All of which is respectfully submitted by yours sincerely,  
J. B. FERGUSON,  
Nashville, Tenn., U. S. A., Jan. 19, 1865.

### PHYSICAL AND MENTAL GROWTH.

BY MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND.

Every day I see and hear many things, and have such feelings welling up in my soul that I cannot express, that I am almost led to scorn the narrow limitations of my poor, uneducated, uneducated selfhood, and long for infinite attributes that would give me boundless scope of thought and perfect power to express all I could see and feel. Friends say, "Oh, you must be content; you are doing good; you must not aspire to too much." Tell the lion in his iron cage to be content, and he is, eternally, because he cannot break his bars. Do you suppose that great, strong nature within is at rest? See his flashing eye, see him shake his shaggy mane, hear his great, awful roar! Tell the eagle eagle to be content, when with upturned eye toward his eyrie home he feels his possibilities, but finds them cramped within the iron bars of his cage. He sits with drooping wing and sullen eye, until the proud spirit can no longer brook its own silence, and then he utters his scream of agony.

And I tell you, my dear friends, there are thousands of eagle lion and eagle spirits in these poor, imperfect human cages that we daily meet, among which (without shame I say it, because I have not made the circumstances that have governed my life) you can number your humble writer.

Oh, how we long to burst these fetters of ignorance and launch out into full possession of what we feel to be our soul's possibilities, to let our thoughts with such language as shall send them with all their thrilling eloquence along the wires of communication to other souls, baptizing them with the Divine Spirit of Purity from whence they emanate, and thus satisfy that great yearning within, because it has been another. When I see the state of social life in this beautiful world, and learn so much of its hidden as well as revealed miseries, I long for a tongue of fire and a voice of (mild) thunder, with ability unfolded to all both with the might of *Truth*, that I might reveal to suffering humanity the causes of such sufferings, as they appear to me.

Churches, State laws, national and social laws have thus far presented no real remedy. I think, however, they have (ignorantly, perhaps) helped to cause much of this great heart-misery. They have made many from iron cages, and perhaps thought they were conferring a favor upon some great, untamed soul to confine them and feed them from their bread-basket of dry crumbs instead of letting them seek their own fruit and herbage on the mountain-top of their freedom. Perhaps somebody will be frightened at my expression, and, lest, in their fright, they misinterpret my meaning, I will further explain:

By freedom I do not mean that other condition that sometimes bears its name, where all wild, debasing passions are let loose, carrying destruction wherever they go. But I mean the spontaneous outflowing of that Divine spirit from the inner fountain of our being that falls as sweet sunshine or as gentle dew upon all things, to bless, to exalt, to purify, to make holy! I believe in a true, pure fatherhood, motherhood, and, consequently, childhood; an honest, sacred husbandhood and wifehood, that must give purity and virtue to childhood. And that these pure heaven-giving relations may become at last established in this soul-hungry community, I beg and pray that all parents may open the way for their dear children to learn the true laws of their bodies, the uses and abuses of all those functions and organs that constitute them physical beings, casting aside that sickly, false modesty that has carried so many bodies down to the grave in a state more to be loathed than loved; to learn how to let soul-aspirations unfold naturally, thus saving the mind from the horrid nightmare faith of Orthodoxy, and allowing the spirit-perceptions to take in the fact that they are surrounded and watched by angel-friends, which I believe is the natural belief of every natural mind. You cannot say that you know not how to commence for your little ones, when you look at the grand opening made for you by Jackson and Mary Davis, those modern saviours of little children, who daily say, "Suffer little ones to come to us and we will unfold in them the Kingdom of Heaven, that they may bear to their children the fruits of righteousness."

I thought, when looking upon Mr. Davis's heaven-illuminated face, as he figured so quietly and modestly among that little army of "mothers' darlings," at the Philadelphia Exhibition of the Progressive Lyceum, that, according to the common standard of human glory, he had better die! He has surely immortalized himself, so far as popularity in this world is concerned. But, thank God, I do not discover that he is puffed up by it. No, he feels and knows the true man, "when titles and honors prove his fate, lay them all aside to find his dignity, and think in man there's naught so great as man." And he will live to see the

fruits of his great soul-labor garnered into happy hearts, that will bless his declining years with a continued gratitude. I wish some good-woulded, rich man would give him a good million of dollars to carry out this great work of salvation. Why won't you now, good Mr. Millionaire? You will be a great deal happier for it when you arrive on "the other side."

Well, if you will establish Progressive Lyceums in every town, and make yourselves competent assistants to the little ones, by being honest, virtuous and true, you will work out what I want to preach out, but cannot.

### SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

SUMMER FOUR.

BY F. T. LANE.

Mediumistic testimony concerning the existence of animals in spirit-life is conflicting. It would seem that spirits in possession of the ordinary senses would answer the question with entire unanimity, for spiritual objections hold the same relation to the spiritual senses that material objects do to the physical.

Supposing a person is called into court to testify concerning the existence of animals. Ignorance or a want of culture on the part of the witness would not affect his competency, for his testimony is concerning a matter of natural knowledge, therefore, if the witness is in possession of the ordinary senses, his testimony would be competent. So, if the same witness were a spirit, we should not inquire whether he was "high" or "low," cultured or ignorant, for only the testimony of the spiritual senses would be required to answer the question.

Now, the ordinary testimony of the human senses is universally the same; hence, such testimony is called *common sense*—not your sense or my sense specially, but, literally, the common sense. Now the senses, when directed of the physical organism, are termed *physical* senses, and are they not as trustworthy in the spiritual sphere as they were in the material? If so, why do we find this conflict of testimony concerning spirit-animals?

It may be answered that this conflict arises, perhaps, from the fact that spirit animals exist in some localities and not in others. To this we should reply, that animals being inferior to mortals, they are also inferior to spirits; therefore, if we assume their existence, we should be justified in locating animals in the lowest sphere of the Summer-Land. If animals exist in the lowest sphere, then all spirits, composed of matter, must be cognizant of their existence, for spirits in the lowest sphere must certainly be cognizant of their ordinary external surroundings, and spirits in the higher spheres must certainly have had, at some time, the experiences of the lower; therefore all spirits should offer the same testimony concerning the existence of spirit animals.

As there is no uniformity of spirit testimony, proof can, we must conclude that either the spiritual senses are untrustworthy, or else spirits cannot communicate through media self-evident facts of their external life.

There is a vast amount of collateral evidence that spirits do not and cannot differ among themselves, on such matters as we have thus far considered in these papers; therefore we do not impeach the general intelligence of spirits, but only the reliability of the ordinary modes of communication.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### TO MY ANGEL-MOTHER.

BY OCEANA.

When the dew-dropping clouds flutter on to the West,  
In the lap of expiring day,  
In long trailing garments of wine-color drest,  
Intermingled with sapphire and gray,  
Each pulse of my soul  
Owns a magic control,  
That whispers of Heaven and thee.

When Night's radiant bark, with its white-footed crew,  
And its silver-sails set to the breeze,  
Glides on, through bright waves of ethereal blue,  
The queen of the heavenly seas,  
Like a messenger dove,  
A tribute of Love  
It is bearing, my mother, to thee!

When the nightingale warbles its love to the rose,  
And the Katydids sing on the heath;  
When Nature, awed, sinks down to repose  
On the soft, scented bosom of Earth;  
Its sweet, fragrant arms,  
From Life's rude alarms,  
Seem stretching a welcome to me!

When faint with the odor of sweet flowers,  
Young Zephyr descends from the hill,  
And, courting the shade of the evergreen bowers,  
It folds its white wings, and is still,  
I see but the sign  
Of the folding of thine,  
In the Garden of Eternity!

When out from the wood, where the red ivy twines,  
There saunters a frolicsome breeze;  
The pale flowers tremble in fear, and the vines  
Tie their green bosoms fast to the trees;  
To their eloquent sighs  
My spirit replies,  
In tender memorial of thee!

When Nox, the weird lighter of Heaven's night-lamps,  
With his lantern of sable hue,  
In a mantle of mist on his wide errand tramps,  
Through a forest of fathomless blue,  
He kindles a ray,  
Which points out the way,  
Leading upward to heaven and thee!

With a passionate longing I watch the pale stars,  
Through a fiery tempest of tears,  
And fain would I discover the glittering bars  
That girdle the silvery spheres;  
Would tear the mysterious curtain aside,  
To gaze on the Fetterless Band,  
And blot out the mystical lines that divide  
Dull Earth from the Shadowy Land;

When thy angel form,  
Through the dangerous storm,  
Like a beacon-light, streams o'er Life's sea,  
But I heed not thy song,  
"Be patient and strong,  
I am evermore watching o'er thee!"  
Not I fain would sleep  
If the noiseless deep,  
Untrammelled, unshackled and free,  
And the boon I crave,  
On the moonless sea,  
Is to fly from Earth's valley to thee!

New York, Nov. 18, 1865.

\* Mrs. SOPHIA BEXLEY, who embarked for the sunlit shores of the Summer-Land, Thursday, Nov. 9th, 1865, at the setting of the sun.

He who, by his principles or practice, corrupts the manners and morals of the rising generation, will reap a terrible harvest of woe! Better for such a man if he had not been born!

### Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearths, spirits that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
—LEON HUNT.

### VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER XV.

Success and Failure.

Everything prospered well with Virginia and her shrewd assistant. Gus was a great favorite in the camp, and was entrusted with many commissions. He had one for that evening which would take him along the whole line of tents; and he had a pass to go and return before midnight. He was to carry a bundle of clothing for some officers, to be washed by old Sukey, and he pretended the bundle was so very heavy that he must have his brother to help him. He was to have carried the bundle before evening, but he kept putting it off, running here and there in great excitement; and when he could devise no further reasonable excuse, he fell down and bruised his foot, making a great ado about it, until he saw Virginia approaching. He then forgot to feign suffering, and his eyes sparkled, and his face fairly glowed with pleasure. The importance of what he was to accomplish, seemed to him so great, that he felt fully equal to commanding an army.

Virginia passed quietly down the line of tents until she came to where Gus's brother was fast asleep. She then took off her dress, and stood forth in her boy's clothes. Hastily she rubbed her face with a smutted cloth, put her hair under a close cap, and then emerged into the shadow of the tent, carrying one end of the large bundle which Gus had managed to increase considerably in size. Keeping in the shadow as much as possible, she managed to get on very well, until they came to some soldiers in the door of a tent, who, remarking Virginia's step, began to make sport of it, and called the attention of the sentinel to that "jolly little big," who put his foot forward in so dainty a manner. Virginia felt her heart beat against the side of her jacket, but a thought of Sammy restored her courage, and she began immediately to imitate the shambling gait of Gus.

Gus hurried her on at rapid speed, and they soon escaped their first danger; but another was awaiting them. A guard had been placed over some baggage wagons that were near the end of their perilous way. Virginia was distressed to find this guard talking to the very teamster that had caused her so much distress—Gamble, the guard called him—and Virginia heard, in the few words that met her ear, something about herself.

"I tell you," said he, "that if I'd cotched her, I'd a sent her to Carlina, to my brother. He's got a mighty smart plantation, and wants just such a hand. Ha! ha! ha! I'm a thinking if I see whist, I'll cotch her here aloges. She's the right smartest gal I've seen since—"

Virginia heard no more. Her head grew dizzy, and she thought she should not be able to stand. Gus saw the danger in a moment, and gave her a sharp blow on her shin. In apologizing, afterwards, he said:

"Dare not let like dat to 'store de senses. It be better dan barrels of fumes."

Virginia acknowledged that it was. "Now tell what those biggers are out this time of evening for?" said the teamster, Gamble. "It looks right smart dangerous to give such liberties. That's what we are fighting for, to keep 'em where they belong; and I think we'd better be attending to the thing now."

It did not please the guard to have his watchfulness questioned.

"Mr. Gamble," said he, "if you'll have the goodness to superintend your own affairs, I will have the privilege of doing the same, and there will be no trouble."

"Pistols and coffee, ha! ha! Not 'you've a mind, since; though if it wa'n't for finding that yere gal, I would a' had a good fight with the like of you."

Saying this, Virginia saw, to her great relief, Gamble retire to his team, and the guard passed them without a word.

"How strange," thought Virginia, "that I should meet that man here; and yet it seems quite like good luck that he came forward, for Gus said this was the only guard that would question us; and here we are, all safe."

Gus delivered his bundle to old Sukey, and then proceeded to carry out his plan for releasing Sambo. He sang his songs, played his tricks with those in charge of the negroes that were to be sent away; and then, with an air of great importance, he opened his whiskey, and treated all around, pretending to drink himself; but each time in the midst of a hearty laugh he spilled the contents of his tin cup on the ground.

Old Sukey understood well what potions to put in the beverage, and it was not ten minutes before all were quietly sleeping on the ground. Virginia was so delighted with the success of their undertaking thus far, that she yielded to the influence of the gaiety of Gus, and jumped up and down, clapping her hands as when a child.

Sambo lay quietly asleep on the ground with the others that were to be taken South. Virginia went up to him and touched him gently on the shoulder. He started, and rubbed his eyes:

"Goin' now? Oh, yes," said he, mournfully;

"but I thought she'd come. She said she would, and I neber was afeard to trust de like of her."

"And so I have," said Virginia. "See here," and she took off her cap; "do n't you know me; this is only a little amut on my face."

"Oh de Lord o' glory," said Sambo, "an' you neber forget, an' we can go. Oh, halleluliah! Oh, praise de Lord foreber!"

"Amen," said Virginia. "But we must not stop an instant, or something may happen. Come, we have all things ready; and I have got some clothes so that you need not be so soon recognized."

Gus rolled his eyes from side to side during this conversation, impatient to introduce his part of the finale. Virginia called on him, and he soon led them in safety to a place by a little wood, where he had hidden Sambo's clothes. They then took their course toward the hill, hoping to escape the picket. Virginia changed her attire, and washed her face, as she now determined to appear as if out on some pleasure excursion, with her attendants. But Sambo was shrewd enough to know that they would fall if they attempted to go together, therefore he persuaded her to leave him, feeling sure that he could make his way in the darkness beyond the line of pickets to some place of safety.

His delight at being released by Virginia was so great that he could scarcely restrain himself from some too noisy demonstration. He frequently dropped on his knees and thanked the Lord in this manner:

"Oh, Lor', bless his name foreber. He send his angel ob mercy an' take dis chile from great 'dlo-

tions. Jen' as he lead Moses ober de river, so-he lead dis chile out ob de great tribulation, an' put his feet on de dry sand. Praise him foreber. Amen!"

Virginia begged of him to go directly and find his father, Jo, and Ann, and then to make his way out of the State, and find some quiet place to live in. But he declared he could never leave the land he was born in. He would rather die there than off among strangers; and within himself he resolved never to leave the vicinity of the camp as long as Virginia was in it.

At last they parted. A little gleam of moonlight fell on the hill beyond them.

"Dere de sign for me," said Sambo. "I go dere for sartin, as soon as de cloud 'scure de place. An' you," addressing Gus, "you 'member dat you hab in charge de servant ob de Lord in de form of an angel, and you not 'cordin'. It be de great privilege, as dis chile know, an' don't you be goin' to gettin' 'frustrated, but tink what de Lord be doin' for you in Tettin' you come and go in safety."

Virginia watched the figure of Sambo as long as she could strain her eyes to see it. Half walking, half crawling, he found his way to the deep shade of some trees, and she saw him no more. All excitement was over, and she cared not now whether she returned in safety or not. But she dragged herself wearily after Gus, and met with no adventurous word mentioning.

Great was the excitement among the friends of Virginia when her part in the release of Sambo was discovered, as it was, little by little, through the shrewdness of the officer who had given her the pass-word. Being offended at her apparent indifference in accepting his escort for an evening's excursion, he determined to find out why she refused it. He went immediately to Hugh, and gave him suspicions.

Virginia was greatly distressed at being summoned with severity to his side, to account for her proceedings. There was no use in concealment, and she told the story simply but truthfully, only omitting in what direction Sambo designed to go. Hugh assumed his old manner toward her, and demanded that she should give every particular in regard to him, that he might be captured. This Virginia refused positively, and he became very angry. With his usual impetuosity, he sent for the officers high in command, intending to terrify her; but he failed. She was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Hugh threatened and scolded her; but she felt such an inward joy at what she had done, that she was not terrified, only troubled, lest in some way, by all this excitement, measures might be taken to capture her faithful guide.

"Of course, you'll be sent to Richmond, if I don't interfere," said Hugh, "and I shall not, unless you help capture the fellow, by telling where you left him."

"I am not afraid, and I will never tell," said Virginia, calmly.

Hugh, for a moment, seemed to remember that his old method of persuasion acted like a charm, and so he began quite gently.

"And only think, you left me really sicker than I have been for many days, and I shall never get well without you; you are so gentle and kind in your little nurse duties."

"I will care for you and all the sick by night and day," said she; "but you have no right to ask me to do a mean act. You've no right to send Sambo South, and he ought to be free to do as he likes, and I will do all I can to help him."

"Highly tighty, Miss Perkins; we'll see what you'll do, and what you won't do," and Hugh bit his lips in anger.

He sent for the officers he had already summoned, and in an hour Virginia heard her sentence. It was to be sent to Richmond, and guarded there until it should be considered safe for her to be released.

She was perfectly calm during the conference in regard to herself, and listened with indifference to her sentence, until she heard Hugh say:

"Now we will see how she'll like nigger stealing."

To hear this from her beloved Hugh, whom she had so longed to see, seemed too hard. To know that he could seek to bring her suffering, when she had so earnestly sought to bring comfort and strength, was a bitter trial to her loving heart. Virginia, like most persons, felt herself governed by widely different influences. The influence from those she loved it seemed easy to follow; she could have obeyed Hugh's every wish, and never felt it to be a hardship. She even found it easy to think as he thought. She often wished Hugh would always think and feel just right, so that his voice might be as the voice of the Right.

The other influences that acted so strongly on Virginia were those of the pure and good in the spirit-world, that also spoke to her heart through its love. These influences always corresponded to something within herself, so that she felt them to be good and true. Many yield to the earthly influences, and forget the pure promptings of heaven.

Virginia acknowledged to herself that she might have led a much more quiet life if she had followed Hugh's wish, and stayed at home; and now she knew that if she did as he desired, she could remain in a life of pleasant usefulness where she was, or return to her home. Virginia listened to the voice that bade her stay; she looked into the face of Hugh, and saw how haggard it was. "Did he not need her?" she thought. She loved to think how he desired her presence. The bonds that bound her to the camp were very strong, for they were woven by many loving hearts.

But stronger than all these voices were those that appealed to her sense of right. She could not do a mean deed; she would not betray the innocent; she could not be false to one who had served her. She had done right in helping Sambo to his freedom, and she would not make the right wrong. As these thoughts passed through her mind, a sudden brightness came to her spirit. No fear of darkness oppressed her, but a quiet trust in the power that kept her seemed to fill her heart.

Hugh had been whispering with the officers, and turned to Virginia, and said:

"You can have a half hour to decide. Come, Virginia, my own little Tiddy! Perhaps we will go back again to the dear home, and take our walks as of old, and find the early and late flowers, and wander down the little streams to dream of heaven and the sweet angels there."

Virginia's eyes filled with tears, but they saw something nearer than a dream, and the angels seemed close by her side.

"Oh, Hugh!" she said, "you will say I don't care for you, and that will make me cry; but I must listen to the voices that call to me, and follow the beautiful hands that beckon to me. But if I could not hear them or see them, I could not be sorry for what I did for as good a friend as ever I had, or tell you anything about him; and if you was like yourself you would not wish me to be mean, and do a dishonorable act. You would call me a coward if I did!"

Hugh in his heart admired what Virginia had said, and was glad that his friends had heard her speech, and yet he was too proud to seem to yield

to her. He thought that at last she would be terrified, and be glad to remain with him. But he was mistaken. The little Tiddy had now a woman's strength of purpose.

The next morning she was on her way to Richmond, with a heart at peace within herself.  
[To be continued in our next.]

### Answer to Correspondents.

A word about the Children's Department to John A. G. Waterloo. "What has become of the Children's Department?" you ask. Do you miss the familiar heading? And has not "Virginia Perkins," in its prolonged chapters, something for the child-heart? Its primary design is to show the power of the two influences that act upon the lives of all—the influences from those about us, who govern us by their love and selfishness, and the influence from the higher life, which leads over to the beautiful paths of unselfish devotion, and up the mountain of Progress. If "Virginia Perkins" were a tale merely to amuse, it would be poor enough, and not worthy a place in the Banner. The Children's Department has never been changed, nor its purpose forgotten.

Respectfully, THE EDITOR

OF THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### Interesting Notes from Buffalo.

It is some time since I have indulged in this pleasure, and, with your kind permission, I will now give you a few words from Buffalo. You will be pleased to learn that the Gospel, according to God and man, is being sustained by the friends here. We have had now for the past six months regular Sunday speaking—afternoon and evening, with circle meetings in the forenoon. In that period we have had a pleasing diversity of speakers. The chaste and classical Miss Houston; the brilliant and fascinating "Corn,"—Mr. Daniels; the quiet but charming Miss Nettie Colburn; and, lastly, the wonderfully profound and thrillingly eloquent L. Judd Pardee. This last speaker is now concluding his third month with us, and the very general desire seems to be that he should tarry with us yet another month.

Comparisons are sometimes offensive. I would say nothing, therefore, to depreciate any of our speakers. I am thankful for all their efforts, and only regret to know that they are not half compensated. But a word or two, in behalf of Bro. Pardee must not be accepted as in the remotest sense disparaging any of the other trustworthy and well beloved laborers.

In my humble opinion—and I think that opinion is shared by most of us here—the series of discourses delivered here by that zealous and excellent brother, in point of style, diction and mode of delivery, was superior to the finest pulpit oratory I have ever listened to; while in originality of thought, compact, rigid analysis, and sound, clear-cut logic, and, lastly, in their earnest, soul-reaching powers—that quickening quality which lodges in the germinating recesses of being, and gives impulse to the life principle—they were just what we all needed; and doubtless for this, if for no other reason, he has been led to tarry with us. That his labors have been productive of great good is apparent in the increased interest and zeal manifested to sustain our meetings, as also, it is to be hoped, in individual appreciation of and high resolve to live up to the highest convictions of duty. We earnestly commend him to all societies who may need the services of an earnest, eloquent worker, all-powerful to aid in building up, imparting fresh hopes, and strengthening and beautifying their Church.

Am I to be set down as fanatical for connecting our late increased interest in the cause, under the ministrations of Bro. Pardee, with a recent wonderful phenomenal manifestation vouchsafed to the friends in Buffalo, in the discovery of a spirit-artist in our midst? And yet, who is sufficiently master of the great law of cause and effect, to gainsay my assertion, that now, as in the ancient times, "greater things" may not attend increased Faith and Charity?

"Is true and wonderful, and beautiful as true, that we have had within the past ten days truthful and indisputable evidences of this, the highest manifestations of spirit-power."

A poor but worthy widow lady has been for the past thirteen years eking out a precarious existence by photography; at times well high discouraged, with hope at the last ebb, and heart bowed down, yet not altogether forsaken. She had received, seven years ago, a promise from the spirit of her departed husband, through her own mediumistic writing, that she should become the instrument, through angelic agency, for producing spirit pictures. Suffice it to say, that after years of patient, miserably requited toil, that promise is to-day being verified. I have seen and identified, as have several others, pictures of departed friends.

At the expense of making my letter somewhat lengthy, I cannot forego the opportunity of revering once more to the "Colchester" matter. Who of all our seers or philosophers can say why the magnificent sum of five dollars should constitute the total of the foreign contributions to that fund? By the way, permit me here to express our most grateful thanks to one kind, appreciative New Yorker, for his gift. Generous, noble soul, you have done your duty. Heaven will restore to you this sum an hundredfold.

What is there in Spiritualism to thicken the blood, deaden the pulse, and freeze to icy coldness that charity, without which, all our specious philosophizings and phenomenal novelties are more empty vapors and unprofitable amusements? Surely it has a higher mission than to tickle the ear and gratify the eye.

And this reminds me of the general apathy apparent all through our ranks, on the subject of making some adequate provision for our poor mediums. No wonder that we have no congenial among us. We want, immediately, some matured systematized scheme of funding a sum of sufficient magnitude to guarantee all our accredited mediums support and care, when sickness or old age overtakes them.

What a miserable life, in one sense, is theirs: Here to-day; laboring for a bare pittance; and next day anywhere, or nowhere, without a soul in the wide world to take them by the hand, or give them a night's lodging. Depend upon it, if the present loose way continues much longer, we will have an incalculable amount of misery to answer for. What, under the present order of organization, is going to become of the poor medium who has spent his life for us, and is no longer able to draw large audiences? Shall we turn him out to pasture like an old, used-up quadruped? or, mayhap, let him retire to his "olium cum dignitate," on his surplus earnings?

We are responsible for this prospective misery. We cannot shrink it off. Do we not produce the atmosphere that calls the medium into action? Let us see to it in time that we do not reap the whirlwind!

I trust that at our next General Convention this matter of organization for a definite purpose—the sustaining the cause all profess to love, by making suitable provision for our laborers—in some well digested plan, be carried into practical operation without delay.

One noble soul—Mr. Milo A. Townsend, New Brighton, Penn.—in a late number of the Banner, strikes the right note in this direction. He offers to contribute fifty dollars toward such a fund. Let us swell it to five hundred thousand dollars. It can be done. Will it?

Trusting the latter portion of this letter may find a numerous response in the hearts of your readers, and that they may be prepared and resolved by next Convention to instruct their delegates to act in accordance with its spirit.

I am yours sincerely, J. FORSYTH.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1866.



## The Lecture Room.

## TEACHINGS AND EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

An Address before the Children's Lyceum, San Francisco, Sunday, Dec. 10th, 1865, by Mrs. Laura Cuppy under the Inspiration of Anna Cora "Birdie" Wilson.

[It is with pleasure we are again enabled to print another message from the beautiful spirit of Anna Cora Wilson—the put name "Birdie," by which she was called here—whose sweet poems through Lizzie Doten and Mrs. J. H. Conant, and communications through Mrs. Cuppy, have so interested the readers of the Banner. The address to the young folks is very appropriate at the present time, when Lyceums are springing up with such rapidity in all parts of the land. It will be read with interest by the youth of both sexes, whether members of the Lyceum or not. Mr. Robert S. Moore, to whom we are indebted for the report of the address, is a photographic reporter, formerly of New York, but now located in San Francisco. We give below his letter, which precedes the address and contains some interesting incidents in regard to it.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan., 1866.

On Sunday, Dec. 10th, our beloved lecturer and noble worker in behalf of reform and of human elevation, Mrs. Laura Cuppy, well known to friends in the East and West, gave a lecture to the Lyceum Children in this city, which I send you for publication. The Lyceum was well attended, seventy-five or eighty members being present. The children performed the usual exercises, under the direction of our worthy and efficient conductor, Mr. J. C. Mitchell, and everything passed off pleasantly and in harmony. The beautiful and appropriate silver chain recitation: "There is no death" was recited by the school. The lecture was given under the inspiration of "Birdie" Wilson, with whose beautiful and poetic thoughts, as already given through Miss Doten and Mrs. Conant, the readers of the Banner are doubtless familiar. One of remarkable sweetness and beauty will be remembered; it commenced thus:

"With rosy cheeks in my hand,  
Fresh from the Summer-Land,  
Father, I come and stand  
Close by your side."

Previous to the lecture the following beautiful PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING AND ASPIRATION was uttered by the controlling intelligence:

Eternal Spirit, we recognize thee everywhere; we bless thee for thy Scripture of the Sunbeams and thy Gospel of the Stars. We bless thee, oh our Father, for the revelations of thy mercy, love and wisdom. We hear thee in the wind, and feel thy loving kindness in the beauty that envelopes us on every side. We see thee in the flowers, and we hear thee, oh our Father, in the murmuring rills. In all the beauty, grandeur and wisdom of the earth and heaven, we see and recognize thee. We love to call thee Father, oh Parent of Good, for thou art indeed the Father of every noble aspiration, the Source of all goodness and of all love and wisdom. We thank thee for the beautiful childhood of our earthly life. We thank thee that we had the love of a father and mother, which was as sunshine to our spirit, bringing refreshment in every hour of weariness, a perpetual baptism of beauty to our childish consciousness. We thank thee for the love that blessed our earliest infancy and guided our tender childhood. We thank thee, oh Father, for the wisdom and mercy which ruled even in the darkest season and gave bitterness to the hearts of our father and mother. But in that transition hour was written a Scripture of divine use to their souls and to mine. We thank thee, oh Father, for the power to inspire a sympathetic nature, and to prove, through these lips so dear to us, that we live, a disembodied intelligence, in the world of light, our power of usefulness not lessened but strengthened, our love for humanity enhanced a thousand fold, and our interest in little children—who are as we have been—grown stronger through the unfoldment of our spirit into a perception of the beauty of childhood and the significance of life.

Mrs. Cuppy then requested that a song be sung by the children, and "Summer-Land! sweet Summer-Land!" was sweetly given.

The following address, which was one of the most beautiful and appropriate I ever had the pleasure of listening to, was then given by Birdie Wilson. Children and all listened with breathless attention, and a sweet, celestial influence seemed to pervade the heart of each. May the children and leaders in our sister Lyceums in the East and West also gather the perfume of these fragrant flowers of love, truth and beauty.

At the close of the address, the Lyceum was formed in line of march, and, as the column moved on, each little boy and girl in turn were kindly shown by Mrs. Cuppy the photographic likeness of Birdie.

## THE ADDRESS.

Dear children, we would speak to you to-day of our entrance into spirit-life—the life beyond that which you are now enjoying—of our existence there and of the work we are engaged in. You deem it strange that a spirit whom you cannot see should address you; yet there exists many things in this world of yours which you cannot perceive, and of which you have no cognizance.

If your teachers were to hold glasses of crystal water up to your view, you would be surprised to hear them tell you that the water was full of myriads of living insects, which you could not perceive, but which nevertheless exist there. By holding a microscope to your eye and looking at the water, you will see in it thousands of living insects. Sometimes perhaps your teachers may explain to you what is embodied in this simple lesson. Spiritual sight is the microscope through which mortals are permitted to see spiritual existences. Some mediums are gifted with this microscopic or clairvoyant power, and are the instruments through which you can obtain some idea of the world of spirits—to which you will all go, sometime. They can see the spirits when they come to earth, and stand by your side every day. Some of you may say, "I cannot see them," and ask, "How can they be with us and move about without our perceiving them?" Little children, mediumistic sight is the microscope that reveals the inhabitants of the spirit-world to those whom our Father has gifted with spiritual vision.

You all believe your teachers when they tell you that minute objects move in the water, because you have faith that they know what they assert and tell you the truth. In the same sense you can believe that we spirits "live, move and have our being," and at times are in the same world with yourselves, even though you do not see us.

I passed to the spirit-world in early childhood. I was sick through ignorance; sick, because my brain was overtaxed. I loved to study. I had no "Children's Lyceum" in which to learn that

study was not all of life; that books did not contain everything necessary for me to know. I have since learned this from the Lyceums in the spirit-world. And you are now being taught, day by day, the same useful lessons in your Lyceum.

As I before told you, I loved to study; and my dear father and mother loved to have me do so, and were proud of the progress I made. I used my brain—my mental faculties—too steadily, and too long. The result was, my physical strength gave way under that pressure, and I passed into the spirit-world—not because God took me away from my dear father and mother, or had any desire that the usefulness of my earth-life should be shortened; but through ignorance of the natural and physical laws of my being. Overtaxed mentality was the cause of my early departure; the result of want of knowledge, in this respect, on the part of my parents and my teachers.

My first sensation on coming to a state of consciousness, was rest—blissful and perfect rest! I soon recognized dear spirit-companions and friends, who had passed on before me; but I did not realize at first that they were spirits, or that I had become one.

The awakening to a sense of my true condition was strange, and yet most beautiful. I found that I had another body—more beautiful, finer in texture, more spiritual and lovelier than the one I had left. I surveyed my new form with perfect astonishment, for I discovered that I was really the same "Birdie" Wilson that I had ever been, but far more graceful in proportions and form than before.

Those spirit-friends who surrounded me, spoke in low whispers, as it seemed to me, saying, "Birdie, this is what is called death; but it is only the change from earth to spirit-life," and then after further explanations they took me to see the lifeless body from which I had so recently escaped. I saw nothing but the cold, clayey form, such as you call the corpse of the dead. Though to mortal eyes it looked fair, yet to me it was repulsive. The tears that my dear father and mother shed over it seemed to me so unnecessary, that I longed to tell them I was still alive, with a new form, pure and beautiful; but I could not then impress them with my presence; and it seemed very strange to me that their "darling Birdie" could be so near and they not realize it.

The dear spirit-guardians who had taken me under their sheltering love and protection informed me that my parents at first would have to be cognizant of my presence through some one else.

I asked for an explanation, and they replied, "Because your life was all incomplete; you can only express yourself through the organism of another." They gave me further instructions on this point, and assured me that after a period of rest, I should awake into a new condition of usefulness. They also informed me that I should attend school—for they have schools in the spirit-world. At the mention of a school I shuddered, for, oh, my brain was still conscious of weariness and exhaustion. I then sank into a quiet, dreamless slumber or rest. How long I remained thus I know not; but when I awoke all my powers seemed renewed and invigorated, and I exclaimed, "Now I am ready to learn and to work." But I queried, "How and what shall I learn?"

Presently there came up before my mind pictures of the old school rooms through which I had passed; but I heard my guides say, "Come with us, and learn lessons of the flowers." I wondered how I could learn lessons from flowers; for I had always learned my lessons only from books. My guide perceiving this, said, "Even in the spirit-world flowers tell us of the goodness of the Father, and teach us beautiful and useful lessons. Let us go among them."

We passed on till we came to a group of darling children, who belonged to the Lyceum in the spirit-world. They bounded forward to meet me, with songs of rejoicing; their graceful motions seemed the very poetry of action. They all had garlands of flowers, and blithely exclaimed, "We are to learn a lesson of the flowers." Each group of these beautiful children was accompanied by a guardian, who gave the necessary instructions. They took us to a garden of earth, and began giving us instructions. (Those who pass to spirit-life in childhood have to begin their lessons at the foundation of their existence, by returning in spirit and learning lessons of earth-life of which they were deprived by their early departure from it.)

My guardian showed me a violet, saying, "Birdie, I will teach you a lesson from this." I sat down upon the green grass, anxious to know what could be learned from so tiny a flower. Soon a little bee perched upon the blossom and began to gather nourishment from it. My teacher then took me to a bee-hive and explained to me that the sweetness which the bees extracted from the flowers was brought to the hive and deposited by them in little cells. Thus I learned how honey is made, and how useful is the little flower.

We were then led to a group of children who were feasting upon honey made by the bees; and all seemed pleased. I could readily see that to the flowers and the bees were children indebted for the pleasure they were enjoying.

By-and-by I saw a mother presenting her little daughter with a present, which was very precious to her and filled her heart with joy—it was a large beautiful doll. I asked what this had to do with the violet. My teacher explained that the violet furnished the bee with the substance from which the wax was made that formed the beautiful doll. Here was another lesson learned, which all children do not understand.

The violet not only gave the bee nourishment and pleasure, but it delighted the little children as they tasted of the fresh honey; and it also afforded pleasure to the recipient of the doll, besides filling the air with its fragrance. My teacher called this the scripture of the violet. Much more he told me, which I have not time to relate; but I have given you enough to show that there are lessons to be learned from the flowers, as well as from books.

In this manner I went from one department to another, accompanied by my guardians, each one teaching me that which was peculiarly adapted to their organization or proclivity of mind and thought.

One taught me the philosophy of the stars; demonstrating that this earth on which you live, and the spirit-world which surrounds it, are but minute portions of the great universe, and that there are myriads of other inhabited worlds rolling in space. I traveled in the beauty of the clear light now revealed to me, and thanked the great All-Father for his Gospel of the Stars and the Lesson of the Sunbeams.

Another of my guardians took me to the earth-home I had left, and explained to me how I could comfort my dear mother, who was weeping bitter tears of anguish for her darling Birdie. In soft tones I whispered in her ear that I yet lived and was near her; but she did not hear the sound of my voice; yet the love that warmed my heart was communicated to hers by the nearness of my presence, and I enveloped my mother in an atmosphere of peace and consolation, by impressing

upon her the feelings of my own heart at rest, with my spirit comforted and my soul full of light! This I repeated day by day, and in course of time, my mother's face became more calm and her mind less agitated. A thrill of pleasure filled my soul, and I said to my teacher, "It is far more beautiful to comfort the dear heart of my mother than to revel in selfish enjoyments." To which he replied, "You have learned a useful lesson from sorrow and consolation, which you will carry with you through the world of spirits."

Then I sought my dear father. But you wonder how I could go so readily from one place to another. I flew on the wings of my intention and will; I was guided to my father by the chord of affection which can never be severed. I found him busily engaged in his office, and oh, how I longed to assist him; to have him know I was so near to him, and that my arms were about his neck. With tears in my eyes I questioningly looked up to my spirit-guide, who gently said to me, "Birdie, it is only when you are calm and composed, happy in the knowledge of God's goodness and the infinite beauty of life, that you can assist others. Consider the lesson here unfolded to you."

I soon found that the calmer I grew, the nearer I could approach my father. I saw that he was weary, and that his brain was tired. I bathed him in the love of my soul, and breathed over him the prayer and aspirations of my spirit, that I, who had been so blessed by his love, might in return bless him. My guide said to me, "Watch the soul of your father." I did so, and perceived that it grew calm and beautiful. The light that enfolded my spirit seemed to illuminate his. He wrote down his thoughts, which were of our happy spirit-home and of the children of earth. And as I read the words, my teacher said, "This is inspiration—your inspiration, Birdie." To me this was indeed a new lesson, and one of great moment. I cannot express my joy on learning that I could impress my thoughts upon my father so he could give them expression; or my delight when I heard him say to my mother, on my return home, "Birdie has surely been with me to-day, for I have felt calm and happy, and have had a glorious day of spiritual enjoyment." From my teacher I received this lesson: "Though you have entered the spirit-world, Birdie, your life can be full of beauty; you can not only aid and comfort your parents, but bless the children of earth also."

Thus instructed, I gladly returned to my appropriate condition in spirit-life, pleased with the knowledge I had gained, and anxious to engage in useful duties.

The angel who was to accompany and guide me in my work of benevolence, suggested that it is not all of life to love and be happy; but that it was better to seek out the unhappy, undisciplined, inharmonious, and teach them lessons of beauty and truth, so they will understand the natural laws which govern their being; intimating that if I felt strong enough in my purpose of doing good, he would go with me to abodes on earth that were not cheering or even pleasant. At first there was something in my nature which rebelled against coming in contact with loathsome scenes. My companion saw this, for he said, "I see you are not yet ready and willing to go." I felt this to be true, and immediately went to my father and mother. I soon perceived that they were not happy, and seemed to be enveloped in a cloud. My spirit mother said to me, "Birdie, your spirit is clouded by indulgence and a reluctance to perform your duty, and wherever you go you carry the influence of your unsatisfied spirit, and it rests upon those you meet."

Here was another lesson, so plain I did not fail to comprehend its force and meaning. I exclaimed, "I am ready to go anywhere, if I can only do good to others." My guide further illustrated this lesson by saying, "Not in your present mood, but wait till you feel that it would be a real pleasure to you to help the unfortunate; now you only desire to go because you realize that your atmosphere at this time is not pleasant to those you love."

As I began to think of the sorrows of earth, and of the unfortunate and unhappy condition of the poor orphaned children I used to see in the streets of Boston, I felt a yearning desire, in the true spirit of love, to help them.

Then, in company with my guide, I visited an earthly home, where want and ignorance prevailed. In it were several children, disputing and wrangling. Their entire surroundings were painfully distressing and unhappy. I could scarcely discern their spirits through the dark haze or cloud of inharmonious which pervaded them. I could not see them as clear as I can the spirits of many of you, my young friends, to-day. I did not understand why this was so, and asked why I could not see them as plainly as I could my parents. I soon learned that it was on account of the inharmonious condition of their lives. Then I prayed to the wiser powers—to the God above and around me, to aid me in helping those neglected souls.

I endeavored to inspire an atmosphere of peace in their midst. Presently they seemed to feel that something beautiful was in the room, for they ceased their contentions. With feelings of love I drew so near to them that they felt the influence of my presence. By-and-by one said, "I am sorry I made you cry," and the other reached up her little dirty face for the kiss of forgiveness. This feeling was infused among them all, and they became quiet, and as happy as their miserable condition would allow.

Thus I saw that my efforts to harmonize discordant elements had not been vain; and I returned to the higher life, happier by the useful lessons I had learned, and more deeply realizing the transcendent beauty of the spirit-world.

Dear children, I have been obliged to be rather brief and incomplete in relating some of my earliest experiences in spirit-life, and the lessons I had to learn after going there. I hope you comprehend what I have said, and appreciate my earnest desire to do something for you that will elevate and make you happier. Endeavor to obtain as much useful knowledge as you can before you too change worlds. The practical experiences of earth-life have an important bearing upon advancement in spirit-life; and the more you can benefit the needy ones of earth, the smoother will be your path in the world where progress is perpetual.

By-and-by there was a glorious change, a marked epoch in my life. The spirits who aided and guided me thus far, informed me that I was to graduate to another Lyceum—pass into a higher condition—where other teachers would unfold to me lessons of a more elevated character. When about to leave my associate scholars and teachers, a pang of sorrow came over me at the thought of separation. But my teachers assured me that there was a link which would bind me to the past as well as to the over present; that my childhood-life in the spirit-world. On asking for an explanation concerning this link I was told it was Love; the same love which binds me to my dear father and mother, and to the life from which I have passed.

Beautiful indeed was this lesson; and I felt

happy in the thought that I should ever love and be loved by those with whom I had associated and loved so dearly.

My entrance into that higher sphere of activity I shall endeavor to relate to you at some future day.

As time passed on I experienced other progressive changes.

When the spirit-world was spread out before me in all its grandeur, beauty and loveliness, my teachers said to me, "Birdie, you can now join an Association of Philanthropists who desire to work for the benefit and advancement of those in earth-life." I answered, "If you wish me to join them I will do so." The gentle response was, "There is no compulsion here; our progressive organizations are composed of volunteers, who love the work they are engaged in, and find pleasure in performing a duty to others. They do not act from the cold impulse of the intellect, but feel in their hearts that it is more beautiful to devote their time to works of love and mercy, than to linger on among the beautiful flower-gardens of the spirit-world."

I surveyed the delightful scenes around me, and then thought of the world in which my dear parents still lived; of the ignorance, suffering and misery of poor souls there who could not or did not know how to better their inharmonious conditions, and the sympathies of my heart went out toward them. "Oh, I will join the Association," I exclaimed, "and take upon myself all the responsibility my connections with it shall demand." I became willing in heart and willing in spirit, for I recognized the beauty and divine use of a life devoted to the interests of humanity.

I was then formally admitted into the Association and decorated with its badge—a blue ribbon and a star, which I received from the hands of a beautiful and benign spirit, who has consecrated his life to this noble work. I was baptized by the holy aspirations of philanthropists who have progressed through cycles of ages. There are a great many similar associations in spirit-life—each designated by its own peculiar badge—and millions of disembodied intelligences belong to them. Everything is arranged in perfect order, as in your Lyceum, and the youngest child receives the instruction it needs; and so with all, from youth to maturity. Our progressive life here is truly charming and beautiful.

I earnestly prayed that I might have the power and privilege of communicating my thoughts to those dwelling in earth-life, and through study and labor I was enabled to do so. And to-day I find myself capable of inspiring the organism of this medium, so as to address the dear children of this Lyceum. I have tried to interest all the groups, from the lower to the higher.

Oh, teachers of these precious souls, you will ever long recognize that the labor you are now engaged in is but the germ of something more beautiful—the bud of the flower that is to be. As you assemble together in groups, you will receive that inspiration from the angel-world which will enable you to fulfill the duties of your calling.

Through order, which is "heaven's first law," and association of divinized action in humanity's behalf, will the world be elevated, and these little children be made to understand that in order to be happy in the spirit-world they must be baptized with the desire to be useful in earth-life. If they would receive inspiration from the spirit-world, they must send out their aspirations in loving thoughts, and ever wear smiles on their faces.

And now let me say a parting word to you, dear children. When you pass out of the Lyceum, if you meet a child who is cold, hungry or sad, do something to make that child happier. If you have had discordant feelings toward one of your mates, or any one out of the Lyceum, go and throw your arms in forgiveness about that little one; and then you will fully realize the beauty of harboring kindly feelings in your heart. It will elevate your own souls, and make you lovelier children. Then you will realize in every sunbeam God's love shining into your hearts, and every starbeam will suggest a world of beauty and intelligence. It is the only way in which you can make the world better and yourselves happier. Heaven is gained by being gentle, kind and dutiful toward each other, and doing all the good we can.

## Letter from Chelsea.

The Spiritualists of this city are making mighty strides in the humanitarian scale of being, and waking up to the developments of modern Spiritualism. Despite prejudice and the popular theological teachings, the undercurrent of reason and the dictates of conscience are educating many of our citizens, and arousing in them a spirit of investigation. We have had among us mediums of the highest order, through whom inspiration flows as it did through the prophets and mediums of the olden times, teaching us the great practical lessons of life, and lighting our souls with hope for the future, as with the fires from on high.

Miss Susie M. Johnson is now laboring among us, and her efforts have been productive of the most favorable results. The infidel, the skeptic, the scoffing and lukewarm, here find the Spiritual Philosophy peculiarly adapted to the wants of their souls, and the question, "What are the proofs of an immortal existence?" answered by the bright-winged angels, who appear in their midst as living proofs that death is robbed of its terrors. Doubts become convictions, and the study of Nature and her laws becomes the only true and easy path to wisdom and knowledge.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of this city has already become a permanent institution in our midst; and notwithstanding the uncharitable position which the Church has taken in relation to these ones in the great desert of Ignorance and Superstition, denouncing them, and meeting opposition in every direction, ours is rapidly making a great hold upon the community, and sending forth the pure streams of refreshing water to cleanse the youthful minds of sectarianism, that they may bask in that freedom where with reason maketh free. The new-born day has already been ushered in, and the signs are promising for an abundant harvest in this great vineyard of progress.

We hope and would hereby suggest, that a grand mass meeting of all the Children's Progressive Lyceums in Massachusetts be held on Boston Common sometime during the coming summer, that a social interchange of feeling and thought, and a harmonious plan of action may be adopted, all of which will tend toward the accomplishment of the great object, viz., the better understanding of the necessities of the age, and our duties one toward the other. Let this be agitated, and the schools put in proper condition, that we may show to the creed-bound and bigoted ones the hope we have of the future greatness of the world, by teaching the rising generation the natural laws of their being, unbiased and free to receive truth from every and all sources.

J. S. DODGE.

## TO THE WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

If thou wouldst fain be thought a sage,  
Think a volume, write a page;  
Then from every page of thine,  
Publish but a single line.

## REVELATION FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

## LETTER FROM W. W. FOSDICK.

"I would when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he shew you things to come."—St. John, xvi., v. 13.

The following letter was received through the medium, Wm. M. Olson, in reply to a sealed communication addressed to the spirit of William W. Fosdick. No address whatever was placed on the envelope, and the most critical examination could not detect that the letter had been opened from the time it was handed to the medium until it was placed in our possession with the accompanying answer. We have sat by the medium and have known ships to hold conversation with persons around him, but he was engaged in answering sealed communications; and such answers have been satisfactory to the parties receiving them. We ask nobody to believe our statement; but we ask those who doubt it, to try the experiment of addressing a friend who is in the spirit-world, and testing the truth of the answers. Those who do this in sincerity, and with an earnest desire for truth, will have no occasion to doubt the philosophy of Spirit Communication. We feel that it is unnecessary to give the communication that called for the response from our spirit-friend, as it will generally be inferred from what follows.

LETTER FROM WM. W. FOSDICK.  
FRIEND B.—Your esteemed favor was received in this sphere on the 11th instant, and I am gratified to announce to you that it has come to the hands of a medium through whom I am able to answer. I have been made aware of the faith you had at one time in regard to your present and future life. I will ask you one question. Which has been the most pleasant to believe, and which is the most reasonable now?

Spiritualists bids you seek within yourself for the ideals, and in the angel-world for the types of a true, social, affectional life. Communion with the beautiful and beloved, the good, wise and holy, who have passed into the divine land, may aid in unfolding the loftiest ideals of conjugal relationship, and in keeping the heart as pure and peaceful as the love of the skies. Let no crimes of lawless liberty seek shelter beneath the outward ethics of heaven's descending light.

Nothing but a fabulous hell, or a mundane demonism, shall be held responsible for the licentious spasm with which Spiritualism has been so besomely slandered.

Spiritualists should be cautious in regard to dishonorable members; they are found in every part of the land; some of them deal in wholesale denunciations, yet smile on you most graciously when they meet you in company, and sneer at you in private. Some of them appear very anxious to investigate, yet give them an opportunity and they will shrink from it—or, if they have the most positive assurance, they will make no concessions. Some will talk exceedingly liberal sentiments to you, but it is only to get the patronage of the Spiritualists. If they fail to secure the patronage, they denounce the philosophy, and call those who are trying to advance it impostors. I must congratulate you on your nerve to stand the abuses, slander and odium you have endured since you have attempted to find out whether or you could correspond with your old friends who have left your sphere. There being many who practice trickery and are detected, skeptics come down on you, and denounce all as being the same. Many reasons should be made known, careful investigation, who are impostors. I dare say, friend B., you know some of them. It is easy enough to float along with the popular current, but it requires true manhood to strike out from the multitude and seek the highest ideals of their souls.

Man can make his own conditions; he can have them good or bad. If he forgets his own soul and lives for the world, he will be unhappy. If he intends to be happy after he leaves this form, let him learn his alphabet, that others have neglected. With much respect to you, I am yours,  
Wm. W. FOSDICK.

—Cincinnati National Union.

## From the London Times.

Miss E. Hardinge's Oration.  
That large, and at the present moment, when the Union is in progress of reconstruction, attractive question, "America: Its Social, Religious, and Political Condition," formed the subject of an eminently graphic, eloquent, and sympathetic oration on Saturday last, St. James's Hall was the scene of the speaker's triumph. The orator, an English gentleman of brilliant ability and marvellous power of extemporaneous eloquence, Miss Emma Hardinge's exertions as a political campaign lecturer in favor of the Union party of America, on the occasion of the Presidential struggle between Abraham Lincoln and General McClellan, earned for her the reputation among the American people of "the most gifted and eloquent of living orators." She caused, however, quite a sensation throughout the United States by her advocacy of spiritual philosophy, and her philanthropic discourses before large masses of the American people, with the view of ameliorating the condition of poor fallen women. The fame of her career periodically during the last four or five years reached this country, and caused no small share of interest in literary and dramatic circles. In the gifted orator who played a prominent part in the anti-slavery triumph of Abraham Lincoln, and whose oration in New York city thirty-six hours after his fearful martyrdom, was pronounced by competent critics "a masterpiece of composition and eloquence," happens to be one and the same Miss Emma Hardinge who at the Adelphi Theatre is distinguished by her clever understatement acting so cleverly to the amusement of London audiences some nine or ten years ago.

There was assembled at St. James's Hall on the occasion of Miss Hardinge's meeting "her own country people," as she quietly called those who generally welcomed her, her husband, a large and devoted, having regard to the inclement state of the weather, and an appreciative audience, including many of the wealthy and educated of our city, as well as several American gentlemen.

Professing to speak "only as the spirit gave her utterance," and claiming for her discourses, which occupied nearly one hour and forty minutes, whatever merit might be due to an unstudied and purely extemporaneous address, Miss Hardinge, after a few words of kindly and graceful introduction from Mr. Dove, one of those friends interested in promoting her anti-slavery hearing from an English audience, commenced her lecture in the most entertaining and instructive manner. With peculiar felicity of expression, dramatic grace, abundant energy, and a never-failing supply of well-selected language, she traced the progress of American life through several eras, commencing ten years before the revolutionary struggle which separated the New World from the mother country, and coming down to the recent sanguinary war between North and South. With remarkable analytical power as a debater she discussed the much-vexed question of reconstructing the social status of the two races who occupy the line representing the "extension" of society, and she contended that the cosmopolitan character of American civilization took that country out of the circle of class or sect, and made it belong to mankind. The mother country and the strong young son misunderstood each other, but that misunderstanding was profitable for both, thus written on the page of eternal destiny that America should be free for the benefit, blessing and use of the entire community. The voice of inspiration had called Columbus across the pathless wastes of the ocean. God was his pilot, inspiration his chart, and the wind and waves of unknown millions forced the freight of his ship. Providence had ordained the late lamentable war as a means by which the abominable blot of slavery should be abolished forever, and the Union established on a firmer and more solid basis. Many of the passages in Miss Hardinge's oration were characterized by the highest order of eloquence, and the brilliant and fervid lecturer received from an attentive audience repeated bursts of hearty applause. She had her subject thoroughly at heart, and, apart from her polemical views, in this mainly consisted the rare and peculiar charm of her highly intellectual discourse.

WISER THAN GRANDMA.—A little girl, in Pennsylvania, was lately reproved for playing out doors with boys, and informed that being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But with all imaginable innocence, she replied, "Why, grandma, the bigger we grow, the better we like 'em." Grandma readjusted her specs and left.

\* In her thirteenth year.

\* Seven years ago.



## Notes from W. B. B.

## "THE SITUATION"—MORE STRAWS.

Having for many years known something, from personal observation and acquaintance, of the Unitarian denomination, I am most naturally led to observe the workings of the various elements of which this body of so-called "Liberal Christians" is composed, as it stands in its relations to the new religious era just dawning upon the world in the form of modern Spiritualism. For, of all the various denominations in the religious world, more accessions will come to our ranks from the Unitarians and Universalists than all others. Still, as strange as it may seem to some, the hardest, most bigoted, obdurate and uncompromising foes of our blessed religion of Spiritualism are now to be found, and will ever be found among the old, hard-shelled, conservative Unitarians. But I do not design to go into details in this direction now, but will at some future time. I wish, at this time, to say something further in relation to some matters already alluded to in these "notes." It has been reported to me that I do not fairly represent Rev. O. B. Frothingham; that I am trying to make him out a "Spiritualist."

Now while I utterly and unequivocally deny that such was my intent or desire, if that is the conclusion plainly to be drawn from what I said, the fault lies with the reverend gentleman, and not with myself. My very brief report of the fourth and only one of the series of the lectures I heard, does not overstate, color or distort, in the least, what was said. But to go a little further in this direction: I heard that Mr. Frothingham had introduced the Davis Manual into his Sabbath School, and was conducting the school on the Lyceum plan. I mentioned this fact to a friend of Mr. F., and by him the story was denied. So I concluded to go and see for myself. I found the Davis Manual in use, also the targets and badges, in somewhat modified form from that used in the regular Progressive Lyceums I have seen elsewhere. The flags are omitted entirely; also the "wing movements," call-themes, and only as much marching as may be necessary to bring the scholars in front of the desk for dismissal by the closing exercise of responsive reading.

The effect produced, as compared with what I witnessed at Ebbitt Hall and in Sanson street Hall, Philadelphia, was tame and spiritless. It was very like the "play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out." Neither children, teachers, nor superintendent (I heard or saw nothing of "Guardian" and "Conductor," manifested, by any means, the lively interest I have witnessed elsewhere in the genuine "Children's Progressive Lyceum." I have since heard that Mr. Frothingham is done with the whole thing, and I should say, the sooner the better for all concerned.

As I have before stated in these "notes," these "radical" Unitarian preachers are doing our cause more service where they are than if they were avowed Spiritualists, at least for the present. While we will most gladly welcome to our ranks men of such rare and brilliant gifts as the Rev. O. B. Frothingham possesses, we would not have them come a day sooner than they can come gladly, freely, and fully. But while we will cordially welcome such accessions to our ranks, we still need others of a very different type. We want men and women full of SPIRITUALITY; leaders and teachers who shall be "filled with the Holy Ghost," as they termed it in ancient times; those who shall fulfill the saying of Christ: "ye shall do greater works than these, because I go to my Father." Perhaps some will say, "Why, we are having greater works wrought amongst us now than were done in the time of Christ." But even if this be so, there is still wanting that transcendent moral power, that matchless life, which speaks so directly to, and has such a wonderful control over the hearts of men and women. There are thousands of thirsty, famishing souls all over our land who are hoping, longing and praying for the day to come when some one shall raise a standard, bearing the "Banner of Spiritualism," which shall be high enough to take those who follow out of this slough and mire of materialism and earth-gravelling, which is the besetting sin of us all.

What is the difference between Spiritualists, as a class, and the so-called Christian world? Spiritualists may, as a class, be less hypocritical, more considerate for the rights of others, more charitable, more ready to forgive and forgive, more honest in their dealings with their fellow-men than the great body in the world labeled "Christian." All this I concede, and believe to be true, and heartily thank the good Father for it. But are Spiritualists less greedy for money, less given to "backbiting," wrangling, lampooning, jealousy, ill-will, abusing one another at times in the most shameful manner? I most sincerely wish that I could brand this as an "infamous libel," and let it pass; but the truth is so apparent I presume no one will question it.

But this is not always to be. The time cannot be far distant when such a standard will be raised and maintained to the last; a standard resting on the immutable foundation of LOVE AND GOOD-WILL TO ALL MEN.

The course of lectures delivered at the Cooper Institute by the Unitarians, are to be repeated at the Chapel, corner of Congress and Clinton streets, Brooklyn, on Sunday evenings. The first of the course, or introduction, was given last Sunday evening by Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia; subject: "What is Liberal Christianity?" Dr. Furness is one of the "radicals," and did not attempt to define Unitarianism, for he said if he did there would be so many explanations required as to make it neither profitable nor pleasant. So the doctor gave us what he called Liberal Christianity, which he said was founded on the teaching and example of Christ, who was only the highest type of a perfect man. Dr. Furness is as near being outside of the pale of modern theology as one can be, and still hold on to its skirts. More anon.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1865. W. B. B.

**A MOONLESS MONTH.**—This month of February, 1866, which is now almost gone, will be marked in the astronomical calendar as the month which had no full moon! January had two full moons and March will have two; but February has none. Of course this peculiar conjunction of periods that makes the full moon show her face but a few hours before the month comes in, and again a few hours after the month goes out, is a rare thing in Nature—but how rare, do you suppose, gentle reader? It has not occurred before in your lifetime nor ours—not since the time of Washington; not since the discovery of America by Columbus; nor since the Christian Era, nor since the fall of Adam, nor since the creation of the world, unless that be placed back myriads of years. And it will not occur again, according to the computation of astronomers, for two millions and a half of years.—*New York Eccelesia.*

The Empress Eugenie has made another sensation in the fashionable world. A Paris correspondent of the Nord, writes: "A terrible rumor was circulating yesterday in the saloons. Crinolines are in danger. Neither the Empress nor her ladies of honor wore it at the dinner on Monday at the Tuilleries. You here see the consequences of that reform at the court, which, if it be continued, will completely destroy unhappy crinolines."

## Letter from Lizzie Doten.

The "spirit moves me" to write you a few lines, to let you know how bravely the "good work" is going on in this place. It is now but three months since the Spiritualists of St. Louis organized their Society. For the last four years the war and the disturbed condition of the country have prevented the friends of Spiritualism here from holding their regular meetings, as in the past; but no sooner was the word spoken, and the call sounded, than they rallied their hosts as strongly as ever, showing conclusively that Spiritualism is not "dying out." Among them now is a body of light infantry, under the command of Col. Mohler, who is most efficiently aided by Mr. J. O. Melton. This well organized company of little ones, with their light footsteps, bright faces and stately banners, is a prophecy of hope for the future, and an illustration of that "wisdom" which, by proper and timely appreciation, will prove to be better than weapons of war.

And here let me say, that as far as possible, I endeavor not to be over enthusiastic in anything, but in regard to the "Children's Lyceum," I feel that I need not restrain myself. It begins in the right place—with the little ones. It is practical, useful and blessed in its results. When I speak a word in its favor, I feel that I am speaking to some purpose. It presents something to do, and a way in which to do it, and therefore recommends itself most forcibly to those Spiritualists who have long been seeking to "benefit humanity," but who have failed for want of some definite plan of action. The friends in St. Louis, with the assistance of A. J. Davis, commenced this work at once, and now the Lyceum numbers about one hundred and fifty children, and is receiving additional members every Sabbath. I do not desire to make invidious comparisons, but I do wish that the good, old substantial Spiritualists in the glorious "hub," would emulate the example of the friends here, and "go and do likewise." It may be, however, that a spiritual revival is needed in Boston, and other places, such as is in process here; for I must acknowledge that since I came to this place, my own soul has experienced a new baptism of faith, and I have received a fresh impetus to labor from the manifestations given through the mediumship of Mr. Church, who has come here recently from Chicago. I had thought that I did not need the convincing evidence of physical manifestations; but when a tender and gentle spirit laid her soft hand upon my forehead, and pressed her lips to mine, my heart overflowed with thankfulness. I know now that heaven is not so distant as it seems, and "the spirits" are not such ghostly, impalpable beings as we have supposed. I will not weary you with a long account of these wonderful manifestations which have been so satisfactory to all earnest inquirers, and convincing to honest skeptics. Suffice it to say that Mr. Church is a quiet, unassuming individual, who bears a high reputation among those who know him, for candor and honesty. Moreover, the manifestations speak for themselves—which may be understood literally, for the spirits, in an *au fait* tone—address their relatives and friends, giving tests, and referring to circumstances beyond the knowledge of Mr. Church. The law by which these things are done, lies hidden among the mysterious possibilities of human nature, to be revealed, no doubt, in the fullness of time; but that those facts exist, it is vain to deny. Mr. Church, and others possessing similar power, are missionaries of a great truth, sent out to the sorrowing hearts of humanity, to "give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

May they do their work wisely and well, looking for their highest reward to that great Power "who seeth in secret and rewards openly."

Yours truly, LIZZIE DOTEN.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 22, 1866.

## The Providence Convention.

In the Banner of Feb. 21st, J. S. Loveland throws all the responsibility of the calling of the "Convention which was not held" upon me, shrinking himself in the matter to the narrow dimensions of a mere scribble, for me, his superior (?)—pardon the mark—that he may slip out through the only "little hole" left for him. He says that "at the Worcester Convention, he, Mr. Todd, and myself arranged between us that if a Convention was determined on, he should write the Call and put it in the Banner, and that I was to fix the time and place of holding the meeting, and send him word."

Now in reference to this I have to say, it is not so. There never was any such arrangement between us, and not even a hint of the subject by this "trio." Mr. Todd, in a letter of Feb. 2nd, 1866, now before me, says, "So far as having any conversation with him and you especially about a Convention at Providence, I have not the slightest recollection whatever; and what is more, I will swear we did not have any such conversation." I passed a few words with Mr. L. while in Worcester, in reference to a Convention of the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut. He expressed himself in favor of Providence. I told him it would suit me, and I would correspond with the friends, and if they wanted it there, have them write him, that he might issue the Call, at the same time telling him I would send him the names of those I knew to be favorable to the movement of missionary labor to append to the Call, if the people of Providence wanted the meeting there. I wrote Mr. Josiah of Providence, requesting him to consult the people there in reference to the matter, and write Mr. Loveland the result, that he might know how to act. I also wrote Mr. L. what I had done, and sent the names; but in using or not using them, as by previous understanding, he was to be governed by the decision of the people of Providence. On the 21st I received from Mr. Loveland a letter in which I find the following: "I have written the Call for the Convention, and sent it to the Banner. Enclosed I send you a letter from Mr. Joslin, in which he speaks discouragingly about it. I want you to read it, and if you think it not best to have the Call go out, let me know on the instant, even if you have to telegraph, and I will recall the notice; but Bro. Todd is here, and we have consulted, and think the Providence people will raise their subscription easier by having the Convention, and hence have concluded to issue the Call."

Of course, I had nothing to say in the matter. When Mr. Loveland—even though he be my scribble—tells me he, either alone or with others, has determined upon any course or enterprise, and asks my approbation or disapprobation, I am not in the habit of giving it, and think I can withhold it without incurring any responsibility for their acts whatever. That Mr. Loveland did not independently of me, is still further shown by the following extract I have been permitted to make from a letter from him to L. K. Joslin, under date of Jan. 21st:

"I have, therefore, after considering the matter and consulting with others, issued the Call for Providence, Feb. 16th. My impression is, you will raise your yearly subscription all the easier for having the Convention at that time."

From these facts people can form their own judgment whether I, or any "scribble," acted as principal in the Call, which correct judgment will doubtless put an end to their "muddle." I sincerely regret that self-defence compels me to put these facts before the public, which, of course, can have but little interest in them. J. G. FISKE.

[We publish the above at the earnest request of Mr. Fish. Here the matter must rest, at least so far as we are concerned. As Mr. Todd is alluded to, and quoted as authority in the case, he desires the parties interested to communicate with him by letter, if need be, rather than occupy the columns of the Banner with a matter of no sort of interest to the public.]—Ed. BANNER.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

**Rationalist and Spiritualist.**

That there is a difference, and a very marked one, between the two, is plain from the efforts which the former is making to swallow up the latter in its new organization. But what is Rationalism, considered strictly? The general apprehension is, that it is a system, whether of religion or philosophy; or both, that allows the freest use of the Reason. That we approve with all our heart. But the next inquiry is—How use the reason? Why, of course, upon what are ascertained to be facts. Use it as Lord Bacon did, first collecting his facts by a course of patient observation, and then making his deductions in the form of principles and laws. This is Rationalism in earnest. It is a condition of pupillage; a natural way of learning what there is to be learned; a putting one's self in the way of advancement and development, let the favoring influence come from what quarter it may.

But how near does professed Rationalism come to this standard? What does it really propose? In seeking to embrace Spiritualism, what does it do with the great underlying facts on which Spiritualism rests? It proposes to do nothing more nor less than to ignore them! If Rationalism can sweep away all the foundation proofs and tokens of Spiritualism, it will be glad to accept Spiritualism openly as brethren! That is the substance of Rev. Mr. Frothingham's discourse on Spiritualism, delivered not long since in New York. For ourselves, we do not see anything that is rational about it. There is no reason in it. How can we reason, pray, without the facts to use our reason about? What sort of sense in styling one's self a Rationalist *par excellence*, when one persists in keeping his eyes shut to a class of facts that hurt his pride, his prejudices, or his predetermined theories? There can be none. And here is the very fork of the road where Spiritualists and Rationalists (so-called) take divergent ways, never to come together again.

All the fine sayings that Mr. Frothingham, or any other man of equal intellectual acumen and ability, can utter in praise of the general character, sentiments, conduct, or standing of Spiritualists, weigh not so much as a feather's burden in the scale against his persistent and practical denial of the great facts, accumulated by tens of thousands of actual witnesses, that prove intercommunication between mortals and invisibles. Our whole religion is built upon that body of evidence. Our beautiful and soul-inspiring philosophy is directly derived from it. When we consent to give that up, we part with everything that gives our faith reality and strength. When we talk of keeping that out of sight, as if it were a something not to be publicly named, we are trading in a base spirit, with all our spiritual resources for a capital, certain to be cheated by discovering at the last that we have got nothing in return but an empty name and a sounding profession.

We allude so frequently to Mr. Frothingham in this connection, because, last, he is perhaps the leader in the Rational movement of the time, and one of the most able, if not brilliant, winds of the new school; and 2d, because he has discoursed before popular audiences, in New York, in Philadelphia, and we think in other cities, on Spiritualism; and while thus discoursing, has confessed to the anomaly of a man's lecturing on a subject and advocating a cause which he did not profess to believe in. Certainly, then, on the very threshold of the matter, however highly he may think of Spiritualists as a body, or they of him, he should be the last man to suppose that, with so frank a confession as this, he is going to draw Spiritualists from the ground of their faith over to his own. We have too high an opinion of the intellectual integrity of the man, to conclude that he is able to reason with any satisfaction to himself by any such tortuous and unnatural method as this.

But if he does not believe in Spiritualism, we can say in return—though by no means intending it for a retort—that we do not believe in any such Rationalism as which he lays claim to. We should rather call it speculative-lens, or something of that sort. It is not in the true sense the perfection of reasoning, because it does not obey the first condition of pure reasoning, which is unrestricted freedom. Neither is it *liberty*, because its prejudices stubbornly refuse to regard a class of facts that are abundantly attested by hundreds of thousands of people, and prefer to make out a case to suit the present need to discovering by any pains and at any cost the ruling laws of spiritual life and growth for the human race.

We certainly shall not object, nor protest even in thought, to the initiation of any movement, let it be made in any quarter whatever, that has for its object the release of the human soul from the bondage of superstitious teachings. We know how tight and tyrannical such bonds are, and with what difficulty they are finally knocked off from the swollen limbs. We know, too, that the unhappy victims are themselves very often the most vehemently opposed to the process by which alone relief is secured. And it is our sincere conviction, further, that all the "liberal" preaching and teaching that might have been devised and executed by man never could have accomplished for this work of spiritual emancipation what the direct, positive, and always convincing facts of Spiritualism, produced on every side, have succeeded in accomplishing with such thoroughness. But for this great and enduring work of emancipation, perfected in this age of Universal Emancipation, it would be next to useless for Rationalists to discourse of doctrines and beliefs, of liberality, and faith, and comprehensive views, and all that. None know and realize this fact more than they. And that is why they solicit the

present aid which the strength of Spiritualism could so readily give them. But it is Deilah asking Shanon to lay his head in her lap, that she may shear him of his locks. We do not say this harshly, but we believe, none the less effectively. And so we repeat once more—and shall continue to repeat it till not a living Spiritualist remains to cherish the faith that has made him whole—that when we surrender the distinctive facts which are the unshaken witnesses of our faith, we give up everything—faith, rationalism, and spiritual life itself. So will all true Rationalists readily say, too, when they come into the more open view of a subject that is yet to revolutionize the Churches, the laws, and all the forms and customs of modern society.

## Reincarnation.

The French Spiritualists seem to be divided into two schools; one led by a gentleman who writes under the fictitious name of Allan Kardec, and who devotes himself less to the establishment of the great facts and phenomena of Spiritualism than to the advocacy of his pet doctrine of reincarnation. The other school, opposed to this doctrine and represented by Mr. Z. J. Pierart, the able and earnest editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste*. Of course mediums are to be found advocating both sides of the question; and considerable asperity often mingles in the discussions of the two parties. It having been claimed by one of the advocates of the reincarnation theory that the early Christians, including St. John, the Evangelist, taught the doctrine, M. Pierart, in a recent number of his *Revue*, shows that there is no reasonable ground for the assumption.

From a modern writer, M. Pezzani, who is also claimed by the reincarnationists, Pierart quotes the following passages which we translate and which certainly are directly against the claim:

"Pierre Leroux, in his book 'Of Humanity,' contends that the soul is *perpetually attached to this earth*. His system seems vicious to us in two respects: 1st, It makes the soul, at each of its several existences—at the thousandth, if you please—no further advanced than at the first. At the dissolution of its body it reënters into its simple condition of a force without amelioration, without progress. Progress, under this system, lies in the species and not in the individual; while we hold that there are two kinds of progress quite distinct: that of the man and that of humanity. 2d, If we place our future existences upon this earth exclusively, without any possible purification of matter, without any important change, the soul can never have the recollection of its anterior modifications; it is not, in truth, the same being, since nothing unites its present to its future. This system wounds our most precious hopes, our dearest affections."

"What! God would have implanted tender sentiments in our hearts, given us the love of family, established among men the sweet bonds of brother, sister, parent, spouse, and the persons thus related are never to recognize one another hereafter, are never to come together after their long wanderings, never to mingle their sufferings and their joys; but death is to be eternal separation—that is to say, nothingness!"

"If, in its new existence, the soul has no remembrance of its anterior existences, if memory is to be debarred in the future, there is no longer any identity for the individual; he is no more the same person. Where, then, is the sanction of the moral law? Recompense or punishment implies the remembrance of the past."

"The system involves precisely the same consequences as materialism. The privation of memory is the annihilation of the soul; as well might we believe that our entire being is dust and must return to dust. Of what consequence is it that the essence animating the future form shall be the same as that of to-day if there is nothing to unite the past to the future? The perpetual Lethe is yet more revolting than a complete dissolution. What! unceasingly, through all the ages, all the centuries, through an immortality, each of us must pass from the swaddling-clothes of infancy to the errors of youth, from the ineptitudes of mature life to the decrepitudes of old age; and all for what? To begin it all over again without any repose. What! we shall jostle without recognizing them—our wives, our children, our fathers and mothers, among our new circumstances may impel us, it may be, to hate! To believe all this would be to degrade mankind and insult Divine Providence!"

"We can conceive perfectly, in respect to other systems, that the vital principle, the mysterious fluid, bond of body and soul, subsisting after death, following the soul in all its transformations, penetrating the different matters with which it may clothe itself, shall procure for it, when it shall be pure and disengaged, the complete recollection of all its states. We shall encounter, we shall recognize, we shall love one another in that future abode."

"This result will not be realized upon this earth, where the material conditions of the existence of bodies cannot be changed. It is to have but a low idea of the grandeur of the soul and its spiritual essence, to think of riveting it perpetually to the chain of terrestrial existence, attaching it, without possibility of disengagement, to our globe, this insignificant point in creation, this grain of sand in the universe."

"No, Pierre Leroux, our future destinies are not limited to earth. The soul, arrived at the term of its initiation shall be fettered neither by time nor space. There will be for it an entire possession of life, of being, of power, of intelligence, of love, as far as it can be extended to creatures, who, through the eternities, must be continually drawing nearer to God while he is still ever infinitely beyond their reach."

"To the manifestation of this earth will succeed, under the condition of a new organism, another manifestation. The great facts of conscience will receive a sanction; they cannot have it except on condition of a memory and of remembrance. To this transitory world will succeed a world adapted to the needs of the soul, to its aspirations after knowledge and love, according to its merits during this mortal life. And so, a moral being, man evolves and prepares his own destiny. We are free; herein are manifest the goodness and power of God; and equal to these is his justice."

We think, by these eloquent quotations, the advocates of reincarnation are shown to be very much mistaken when they claim M. Pezzani as one of their partisans. On the contrary, no man has more earnestly than he repudiated their dogma. In conclusion let us remark that this reincarnation discussion seems to us wholly unprofitable and untimely. It has retarded the cause of Spiritualism in France by creating parties and by dissipating forces that should be concentrated on the great work in hand, of giving an abiding, scientific basis to the great facts of Spiritualism. We trust that we, of America, shall continue to avoid the mistake which our French brethren have fallen into, of interchanging asperities on a subject so purely conjectural and unpractical. We can see no good to be attained by pursuing the topic further, either editorially or through our correspondents.

## Breaking the Bonds.

A very profound excitement has been caused in Syracuse, N. Y., and in fact throughout the entire neighborhood, by an irregular attempt to bring the pastor of the First Baptist Church of that city before a council, to answer to certain charges of heretical opinion and preaching. The clergyman's name is Rev. E. J. Mundy; and his worth as a man, and a pure and sincere Christian is universally attested by his church, his friends, and the entire community in which he resides. It is a remarkably interesting case in itself and in all its circumstances; but in point of bigotry of spirit and purpose we do not see that it is at all at variance from the ordinary rules and practices of the creeds. They assume to bind and cram all souls that are willing to profess them; and when, now and then, and here and there, an individual comes out of the house of bondage, it is the most natural thing in the world for them to fall upon him as if he were a criminal.

The Rev. Mr. Mundy, it appears, protested in a very manly style against the jurisdiction of the council that sat to try him. He refused to put in a defence, or to offer anything more than a protest. He peremptorily declined to loan the members of the council a copy of any of the sermons of alleged heretical character, or to do anything more than talk with perfect frankness with them as individuals and privately, always declining to be interrogated or to make answer as if he were on trial. The council was composed of the President of Madison University, a Professor in the Rochester Theological Seminary, a "Reverend Doctor" from Buffalo, another from Utica, and a clergyman from a neighboring county. According to the rules of the Baptist Church, a church of that denomination is held to be the supreme power, capable of regulating for itself all matters of a temporal or spiritual character. But in extreme cases, were delicate or difficult matters are to be brought up for adjudication, it is allowed the Church to call in to its assistance such members of other churches, in good standing, of whom it is free to take advice and counsel. The council can do no more than act in an advisory manner, however; it is for the Church itself finally to resolve and execute.

About all the testimony brought against Mr. Mundy related to his alleged heresy on the matter of the atonement. The charges which were preferred against him, however, by the committee of his Church, irregularly made up as it was, were to the following effect and purport: that he denied the doctrine of man's total depravity; that he did not hold the necessity of the observance of the Sabbath as laid down in evangelical creeds; that he did not hold the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, but that a spiritual resurrection only was taught in the Bible; and finally, that the evangelical view of the atonement was not only unscriptural and unchristian, but heathenish.

The council passed as well as they could on these charges, and were to have handed in a written opinion to the Church committee early last month. The press expresses regret at the difference raised between pastor and people—of course meaning by "people" the bigoted committee—and says that it will result every way in serious misfortune. Mr. Mundy says for himself that he has ever aimed to preach religion before theology. This is enough to show that a conflict is going on between the two, and will go on until the latter is finally defeated.

## Priestcraft at Work.

Since the publication of the *full facts* in the Philadelphia Examiner in regard to the spiritual manifestations in a "haunted house" there, occupied by a family of the Methodist persuasion, Old Theology has set its cunning wits at work to make it appear that a young girl "viciously inclined," of her free will and knowledge caused the moving of ponderable bodies, etc.

The sum and substance of the matter is this: The craft is in danger. People have been gulled by the erroneous teachings of degrading priests long enough; and now, because the intelligences in the super-natural sphere, through natural law, produced the physical manifestations which have so thoroughly aroused the ire of the priesthood of Philadelphia, they have caused to be arrested the poor medium—a young girl of the tender age of fourteen years—and brought her before a magistrate, and, through fear, compelled her to confess that she alone did the wonderful things reported in the Philadelphia papers. (See Banner of Feb. 24.) Besides this, they caused the mother, who was and is ignorant of the laws governing mediumship, to say that her young daughter pretended to be possessed of the devil! But the intelligent reader will see for himself the *modus operandi* of bigotry and ignorance combined to squelch the truth, in the following entry made by the magistrate:

"On the 13th day of February, 1866, sent to the House of Refuge, Madeline Scott, under fifteen years of age, charged by her mother, Mary Ann Scott, with incorrigibly vicious conduct, by pretending to be possessed of the devil and smashing up things generally at the house of Mr. Mulford, South Fifth street, above Carpenter street, thereby causing a great excitement and disturbance throughout the city, and giving rise to rumors of ghosts, &c., much to the annoyance of our citizens."

This is about equal to the decisions of the *pious* "devils" of Salem witchcraft times, when the poor mediums of that day were made to believe they actually were "witches," and to test the thing thoroughly they had the choice either to be hung or drowned. If they were really "witches," they would not drown, and were to be dragged ashore and hung! If they were not "witches," they were allowed to quietly go under and come up on the "other side of Jordan."

Seriously, is not the priesthood repeating its ancient method of putting out of the way all "heretics?" The same spirit of intolerance is rampant amongst a certain class now that existed when the philosopher ANAXAGORAS taught. A pretence was hatched up for his arrest, on the plea of blasphemy, and he was subjected to severe trials in consequence; but his name stands unblemished to-day in the memories of all intelligent, liberal-minded people.

These "manifestations" in the midst of *pious* families are significant. They show that the invisibles can "bend the lion in his den." What if a small quantity of crockery is broken, if this mode of proceeding be the means of bringing a great truth to the surface? Let the good work go on, until scientists are compelled to take the matter in hand and establish the true hypothesis of the occult laws of nature beyond the shadow of doubt.

## Spirit Messages.

In our next issue we shall print spirit-messages, given at our Free Circle, Jan. 4th and 8th, from Frank Converse, Anna T. French, Margaret Buckminster, Robert Algers, Wm. Buckman, Joseph Somers, Tlios. Brady, and Julia Gaines; together with interesting Questions by mortals and Answers by immortals.

"THE OLD BROWN HOUSE," a fine, original story for the children, will be published in our next











## Mediums in Boston.

**Mediums in Boston.**  
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 AT NO. 7 DAVID STREET, BOSTON.  
 THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please en-  
 close \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the  
 address, and state sex and age. Jan. 6.  
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 CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM.

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10 Pleasant street, Boston. 14—March 4.

**MRS. SPAFFORD, Trance Test Medium, No. 11**  
H Kennebec street, Boston. Hours for sittings from 1  
to 5 P. M. on Wednesdays. Advance notice of sittings  
\$1.00 to be paid in full of making engagements. 1—Feb. 10.

**MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing**  
Test Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison Ave.  
Boston, U. S. A. 6 to 8 P. M. Every Thursday evening.  
Jan. 6.

**MRS. T. H. PEABODY, Successor to the late**  
Mrs. M. S. Pike, Electroty and Physician, 12 DEXTER  
STREET, Boston. Jan. 20.

**MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical, Chiropractic**  
and Healing Medium, 292 Washington street, Boston.  
Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit. Jan. 6.

**MRS. L. PARMELEE, Medical and Business**  
Chiropract, 117½ Washington St., Boston. 15th—Feb. 7.

**SAMUEL GLOVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 1**  
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character, the true disposition of their feelings, traits and  
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future life; physical, obdurate, with prescription therefor  
and the cause of all ailments, and the true nature of

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Our institution is commodious, with pleasant surroundings,  
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Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meeting in the same hall at 8 p. m.