

manitary Marriage which I will now proceed to explain.

In one sense I indorse the saying of "the Teacher" "disputed above—that every soul is born married;" not personally, but ideally, and in this wise: Every human being is more or less a subject of Conjugal Want; an affection which, though pointing to the opposite sex, is primarily and mainly subjective—not dependent upon any personal acquaintance, but innately conceived and hereditary; being in its origin a psychological impression of the connubial love of one's parents as expressed in the act of procreation. This hereditary affection is implicitly insensible, and becomes sensible in the order of pubescence, which gives birth to the Conjugal Ideal; for this, though apparently external to the mind, is no other than the sensibility of Conjugal Want. This Ideal is realized in two ways, or verified in two distinct senses, which are properly denominated the *rational* and the *psychological*. It is rationally verified by identification with the conception of Manhood in the mind of every man, and of Womanhood in the mind of every woman; which conception of the opposite sex is a product of one's personal intercourse therewith. Thus, prior to personal marriage, the Conjugal Ideal relates to an aggregation of such attributes of society as are objective to Conjugal Want; and its verification in the reality of such social attributes is due to the contradictions of sex whereby the Humanitary Marriage is consummated.

Personal marriage is the relation of a human pair whose conjugal ideals are verified in each other; not absolutely, nor exclusively, as they seem to be, and therefore not rationally, but psychologically as I have said. It is the work of *mutual pathos*—the philosophic term for Conjugal Love, which may or may not be natural—which may be founded in such a mutual adaptation of masculine and feminine character as justifies, that is, happiness and so perpetuates, the relation of husband and wife; or else it is a mere mesmeric issue of sinister motives. Personal marriage often obtains thus perversely between parties who are constitutionally incongenial, in which case it quickly terminates; and if divorce is not the immediate end of it, matrimonial discord and mutual vexation are its inevitable sequel. It is not wise, therefore, to cherish an affection toward marriage without acquaintance, or without a rational presence of matrimonial harmony. To hunt for one's "affinity" is fanatical. Love is not made by courting to conjugal satisfaction.

Personal marriage is the most natural expression of the impersonal, this being the sole incentive to that. Without the impersonal there would be no desire for the personal, because the two are related to each other as cause and effect, the latter being an attempt to realize the former, or to verify the Conjugal Ideal, which succeeds only upon the psychological principle. Therefore personal marriage does not supersede the humanitary, but is rather based upon it. The manners of the sexes toward each other—all veneral conduct and misconduct, indicate that men and women naturally love each other; and love, as the soul of marriage, both ideal and personal, is a thing of susceptibility and sensation. Originating in Amateness, the vehicle of Conjugal Want, it is nurtured by intercourse of the sexes, upon the principle of their contradistinction. Man being positive to the masculine nature in Woman, and Woman positive to the feminine nature in Man; this is the complementary cause of their diverse susceptibility to the characteristic sway of each other. The impression of womanly influence is the source of the masculine ideal of Womanhood; and that of manly influence is the source of the feminine ideal of Manhood; and the personation of one or the other of these ideals by every human being, produces a complex social affinity, or ideal conjugation of the sexes—an affection of every man for all the women of his acquaintance, and of every woman for all the men of her acquaintance; which reciprocity constitutes the bond of *Humanitary Marriage*.

That the sexes are somehow naturally married, as really and effectively as any human pair, is evinced by the historic fact that they have always lived together in the human family, with greater unanimity and mutual helpfulness than characterizes the average of personal marriages. While the social state of mankind has been in all ages subject to popular dissensions and civil feuds often ripening into marital strife, the cause of these evils is always identified with the occasional inharmoniousness of men with each other, never with that of men and women. The annals of war sustain the assertion that Man and Woman have never quarreled. Never have the sexes been quite divided on any question of human interest. This is because they are married, as aforesaid; and I only wish to add that their marriage is a device of Nature, whose ways are those of Divine Wisdom, to the end of human development. Let us try to see the working of that device to this end.

Human beings are gregarious; as much so, and upon the same principle, that is, as instinctively, as are all the higher grades of animals. It is observable that "birds of a feather flock together," and that brutes herd homogeneously, every male of each species being married to all the females thereof by sexual affinity. The same is true of mankind, many of whom in their veneral manners are as libertine and indiscriminate as brutes. But the love-relations of human beings are commonly over-ruled and regulated by Reason, whose supremacy is manifest in the codes and customs of society. These, however, have no tendency to annul the force of Amateness, which, as an element of the animalistic part of human nature and basis of sexual affinity, begets an involuntary connubial attraction of every person of either sex to each and all of the opposite sex. This is the physiological root of the ideal marriage of the Actual Man and Woman, which wanes physically and waxes psychically in the process of human development.

This principle of sexual affinity is quite distinct from that which makes mankind gregarious without regard to sex. Women are less inclined to congregate unsexually than men, because of their greater susceptibility to personal impression. Men congregate instinctively, but consociate more or less intimately according to their conceptions of mutual interest. Women, though more conventional in their manners, are less generally attracted to each other than men, being moved only after acquaintance to consort according to special sympathies founded in likeness of character. But men crave the society of women, and women that of men, out of deference to each other's special excellencies.

Because of these diverse principles of association, the educative influence of each sex upon the own members is quite distinct from that of either upon members of its opposite. The tuition of males in the intercourse of men, and that of females in the society of women, proceed upon the same principle yet to different results. It is by imitation of one's special better that one is specially educated by others of the same sex. But men do not generally imitate the manners and habits of women, nor women those of men; neither do they take readily to each other's occu-

pations. Men by intercourse with women imbibe the spirit of womanhood, and grow in warily feminine with no attempt at personal imitation; and women by intercourse with men take lessons of intelligence by unconscious endeavor, and grow mainly unwaried. It is all of psychological impression that men improve by association with worthy women, and that women seem to have a unique facility for learning of capable men who use not the art and have no thought of teaching. To see the reason of this distinction is to discern the more latent truth, that men are educated to mainly qualities by intercourse with men, and women to womanly qualities by intercourse with women, both *SELFALLY*, through inclination, aspiration and imitation; whereas the sexes are educated by each other, that is, men by intercourse with women to womanly qualities, and women by intercourse with men to manly qualities, *SOCIALLY*, through susceptibility, impression and suasion. In other words, the masculine ideal of manhood and the feminine ideal of womanhood are subjective; that is, innate to selfhood—the former to the selfhood of every man, and the latter to the selfhood of every woman; whereas the masculine ideal of womanhood, as well as the feminine ideal of manhood, though connatural with Conjugal Want, is nurtured by society of the opposite sex. But the literal sense of this statement is to be considerably modified by the understanding that most men of the present age are ineptly womanlike, and women manlike; the most humanly advanced of either sex having acquired something of the essential character of the opposite, without loss or detriment of inherent attributes.

Looking thus at the process of human development from first to last, and discovering the social causes of individuality, it is evident that Man is to be morally educated by Woman, and Woman rationally educated by Man; which is the prosaic interpretation of the poetic saying, that "Woman is a Messiah of Love to the man, and Man a Messiah of Wisdom to the woman." The apothegm is expressive not only of the fact, but also of the use of Humanitary Marriage, which, as I have said, includes the personal. From this item of the Harmonical Philosophy I deduce the first practical principle of Reformatory Action, the expression of which must be the thesis of my next section.

TRUTH EVERYWHERE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

If we take the trouble to remove external rubbish we shall find some form of beauty, some glimmering of Truth in all beliefs. Some mighty Principle will be revealed from amid the crudest surroundings. The idea of a God is worshipped in remotest lands, and from all ages; the Jewish religion gave us his unity; the wise law-giver, Moses, gave to his ignorant people, simple yet grand physiological rules, and sanitary regulations. It was an inspiration of superior wisdom that forbade the use of swine's flesh. The Hindoo Scriptures give a just tribute to the nature and understanding of woman; the Catholic Church announced the great truth of a divine maternity; the Koran contains choicest precepts of temperance; the Mahometan's word is kept sacred. Ostentations idol-worship, and rigid Puritanism, all have had, and still have their uses. We only worship falsely when we bow before that we have outgrown. Our mammon-altars are not visible, yet how thronged with devotees! Time-worn parchments, religious and political, are yet revered with superstitious faith; the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, in abolishing slavery throughout the land, has wounded unto death many conservative souls, who beheld in this proceeding a wide-opened door for future daring innovations upon blessed, one-sided privileges. The negro freed, and installed in all his human rights, of course woman comes next with her demands for citizenship and equality.

Reforms go hand in hand. As a general rule, Orthodoxy and allopathic treatment go together; homeopathy with a liberal faith, and a hopeful belief in Earth's Millennium of harmony. Truth and independence discard absurd French fashions, and choose the happy medium that combines elegance with use, and beauty with healthfulness of attire. When the heavy weight of fear goes overboard, the soul's bark rides triumphantly over stormiest seas, for whatever port she makes in heaven, to the enlightened mind. And as the heart and soul are cultivated, so this world and the beyond expands, until there is no cause for fear in God's vast universe; until the summit of that faith is reached from whence there is no death, but only life eternal beckons, "on, and upward!"

SPRING BIRDS.

[We copy the following beautiful lines from a volume of Poems by that sweet singing poet, A. P. McComb, whose effusions have often graced our columns.]

From field and forest, hedge and tree,
Comes up a glorious mellow strain,
Of feathered warblers' rapturous glee,
The winds of Spring have brought again,
From tropic vale and spicy shore,
To their own native haunts once more.

A month ago, were here, some few
The bluebird, robin, and the wren,
When March for a short day or two,
Put on a smile of Summer, then,
In his rough, cold and cruel way,
Bathed young hope and them away.

But now as April's on the wane,
And blooming May is almost here,
The green is deepening on the plain,
Where pink and daisies thick appear,
In joyous faith pour forth incense,
No more can Winter drive you hence.

Then let the wild orchestra ring,
With sweetly mingled, gushing notes,
Of thrush and blackbird, flick and king,
And lark and linn, tune your throats,
In strains as sweet, give forth your joy,
As those that charmed me when a boy.

And as you sport 'mid balmy airs,
That play around sweet scented flowers,
Hastel your mates, divide in pairs,
And build your nests in grove and bowers,
Or grass, or bush, or airy tree,
As suits your tribe and family.

You need not feel the least alarm,
Nor spread so quick your silken wing;
I could not think to do you harm,
Thou harmless chorister of Spring,
A poet loves thy songs too well
To mar their sweet enchanting spell.

He that has energy enough to root out a vice,
should go a little further, and try to plant a little virtue there.

Dr. Chapin says there is a *little* of high too shallow to have a conscience, and too cold to have a heart.

Children's Department.

By MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that hover o'er,
Or make us feel their will, and love,
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LUCAS HUNT.

SOLOMON REIVES, AND HIS COMPANION WILL.

Solomon Reives, whom Patience Pettigrew found in the little brown house under the hill, was one of those noble men that seem just like a great strong oak; that the storms have beat upon, and the winds whirled and shaken, but that grow luxuriant and hearty every year. His troubles had not soured his temper, but had made him gentle and patient, so that he was the best soothing for a troubled spirit that could be found in all the country about. For every one was sure that what he said he felt. So he was not merely a preacher of the beautiful gospel of love and faith, but he lived it in his daily life.

One of the great afflictions of his life had been a scolding wife. Nothing that he could ever do pleased her, and she fretted from morning till night. Sometimes Solomon had made up his mind that he could endure no more, and thought to leave his home with its troubles forever. But this seemed to him like acting the part of a coward, and so he let that great storm beat upon him, and stood up under it, just as the great oak does under the storm of a dreary, dismal winter's day.

Another of Solomon's great trials had been the death of his loving little girl, that had been always like sunshine to his life. This seemed more than he could endure; but it made his heart so tender toward all children, that he seemed like a father to every child that he met.

Many other trials Solomon had had—the trial of poverty, that came because he was cheated by some one that he had trusted; the trial of sickness; the trial of having people misunderstand his generous, noble soul, because he was poor; but we will hear him speak of some of them himself.

It was a lovely May morning when he appeared in Miss Pettigrew's yard and began his morning's work before breakfast, or even the sun had lighted up the tops of the tall pines that spread themselves like a deep shadow under the grand old hills at the west of the village. Will heard the first sound of his wood as it struck the wheelbarrow, and was soon out beside him. Will was an active boy, and was delighted to help Solomon with his ready hand, and before Patience called them to breakfast they had made quite an inroad in the great pile of hard maple, that seemed almost to warm many homes much warmer than Patience kept hers. Will had concluded that fire would not warm his aunt's home.

Patience read that morning a part of a chapter in a letter, written by John, the friend of Jesus, a long time ago, and she sighed and rolled up her eyes, and folded her hands just as usual, and Will dozed and nestled, and thought of the woodpile, and looked once to Solomon, who sat silent, but with a smile on his face that Will could not quite understand. He ventured, however, to say to him when out under the clear blue sky, and with the scent of the apple blossoms in the air, "Aunt Patience makes me think of that wheezy old horse that goes by here, when she reads; don't she you?"

"I wasn't thinking of her at all, but of what she read; and I did not try to listen to but one sentence, but kept repeating it over, that I might find a sermon to the text in the springing grass, and the sweet blossoms on the apple trees."

Will found that Solomon was not going to make fun of Patience, and so he kept very quiet awhile; but boys love to talk as well as to play, and he soon began again.

"I'll put this stick in crooked and see how long it will be before I'll see those cap strings a flying out of the east window."

Solomon was silent, but Will put the stick in so as to injure the even look of the pile. In a few moments Patience was at the window.

"Will, Will, now I say you shall not pile a single stick more; go right away this minute. I wish you to remember that I do not allow boys to pile my wood," screamed Patience from the east window, her cap strings flying, and every loose hair putting itself in some stray position.

"There, did I do it?" said Will. "Just what I meant to do; I knew I'd fetch her; isn't it jolly to plague her?"

"Did you ever hear," said Solomon, "of people's biting their own noses off? by which is meant, in trying to make other people trouble, they trouble themselves a great deal more. Now, I think you will be a great deal more troubled at your aunt's refusing to let you work, than she will be at the crooked stick."

"But I will work, and she can't help herself, and I'll put in all the sticks crooked I've a mind to, I'll hate Aunt Patience, and I'll plague her, for she's plagued me enough."

Solomon smiled and looked up at the apple trees, and Will went on at his work. Soon Miss Pettigrew was at the door again.

"Will, Will, did you hear? leave off work this minute; I don't allow boys to pile my wood."

Solomon turned his head toward the east window and said mildly: "Miss Pettigrew, if you will allow me, I will say that I think it much more my fault than Will's that the work does not suit you. I will take the blame all on myself, and if you will permit me, I will retain his services for a short time."

If there was anything that Patience liked it was to be addressed in stately speech, and she felt so complimented by Solomon's manner, that she yielded her wishes, and fluttered her cap strings in a good natured nod, and retired from the east window for the space of an hour, during which time she was in her pantry looking at her receipt for puddings, and thinking which would suit Solomon best.

"I suppose, Will," said he, on returning to his work, "that you would have thought it much better to have made Miss Pettigrew uncomfortable, and myself uncomfortable, for the sake of teasing her a little; but as I looked up at those apple blossoms, they preached a beautiful sermon on the text I mentioned to you. 'He that loveth abideth in the light.' I was thinking that those beautiful blossoms had opened and put on their beautiful garments of rose and white, because they dwell in the light, and that they were all like a dear, happy family, full of love, and the beauty of goodness. Now, you see, you and I, if we wish to be blessed by happy hearts, must abide in the light of love, and if it please you, while we pile this wood in our best manner, I will tell you something about this light of love, a story if you please to call it so. It is a story I read from my apple trees a long while ago.

Two beautiful children came out one spring

morning, bright with sunshine and flowers, and full of the music of singing birds. And they walked together, wondering at everything they saw. But they did not go together long, for one said, 'I wish to keep in the beautiful sunshine,' and the other said, 'I wish to go into the shadow of the forest;' and one held in his hands a little wand, from which proceeded something like sunlight, and the other had a mantle that seemed to hold shadows.

After awhile they came together again, and both were full of the reports of their adventures. 'I can do wonderful things,' said the child of the shadows. 'I can change anything I wish. I can make men miserable, and women sullen. I can make little children quarrel like cats and dogs. I can stop their play in a moment, and make them wrangle. I can make a company of men double their fists and enter into a hearty fight, just by hiding from them the light of love. There is no end to my power.'

'Well,' said the child of light, 'I do not know what you call doing. I should think such work was *undoing*; but I will tell you what I can do. I can make a little girl laugh in five minutes, just by brushing away with my wand the shadows that hide the light of love. I can make men that quarrel and wrangle, change to laughing and merry-making; and many the little boy and girl that I have met, and made smile in the midst of grief. I am sure my work is best, but we will not quarrel. Here is an old man, and he shall decide for us whose work is the greatest, yours or mine.'

The old man, with silver beard and hair, reclined on his staff while he looked at the two children.

'If I was to decide,' said he, 'by telling you what I know, you would not be satisfied. Do as I say, and have it proved to you whose work is greatest. Here is an apple tree, full of beautiful blossoms. What could be more lovely than these branches? One thinks of the long summer days that are coming, and the birds that will build in the branches close by, and the glad light of the long days. There are two twigs precisely alike, and each gives promise of yielding delicious fruit from the beautiful blossoms upon them.'

To you each, I will give the care of one of the branches. You, with the wand of light, shall see to it that nothing comes between your branch and the beautiful sunshine, except the clouds that nature sends, and that cannot be brushed away. If a boy in sailing his kite should get it caught here, it must be your care to remove it at once. If a little bird builds its nest so as to shut away the light, you must make it retire to some other part of the tree; if one of the branches near by grows too rapidly, you must cut some of the leaves.

To you with the mantle of shadows belongs the duty of sheltering your branch from all the light you can. You must invent many ways to keep it as much in the shadow as possible. If a stray sunbeam comes creeping through your coverings, you must shut it out. Do not let sunshine touch your branch the whole summer through. When the early autumn has come, and the time for gathering the fruit, I will return, and we can then see the effect of your labors, and you will know whose labor has been the greatest.'

All the summer through the children kept at their work. In the early morning the child of light looked to see that nothing kept the sunlight from the apple twig, and at noon it rejoiced as the flickering, quivering light warmed up the growing fruit.

And so the child of shadows and darkness was unwearied in its work, and the autumn came, and with it the old man. A golden autumn day it was when he stood again under the tree, and called the children to him.

'Here we are,' said he, 'and a summer has gone, and the results of your labors remain. Here is the fruit golden and bluish on the branch that has been kept in the beautiful sunlight. How luscious it is; one could almost fancy it was giving out light itself, so golden and gleaming does it look. And here is the result of the labor of the child that keeps away the sunlight. See this dwarfed, crabbed looking fruit, if fruit it can be called. It is like the growth of another tree. See its rough, withered surface. See its green and dingy color. If thus you make the fruit look on the apple tree in the garden, what can you do to the buds and blossoms in men's hearts, if you let the light of love shine on them, or shut out with shadows its pure shining?'

Now, continued Solomon, "I think Patience Pettigrew may not be unlike a tree that is putting forth its buds. Perhaps some one has dwarfed a good many of them; but I am not going to be a child of darkness to shut out one ray of sunshine from her already shaded heart."

"Well," said Will, "I never listened to so nice a story as that before. I don't think I'd like to be a child of shadows and darkness. I remember what they told me that my mother called me—her sunbeam; but I hate Aunt Patience, and I love mother; and that's the difference."

"Yes, that's the difference enough," answered Solomon; "but I have found out that a real child of the light does not know what it is to hate any one. Suppose you and I try to let a little sunlight into the garden Aunt Patience has been shutting up so long. There is one thing that is worth knowing: if you make the light of love shine on some one else, you will be sure to let it into your own buds and blossoms, and they will begin to grow and expand. What we old men call experience, is the living out these things that we talk about. Now I have lived out a good deal of my talk, and so I know better that it is true. I had an old horse once, that was like the old donkey that would n't go. He was the most stubborn of horses, and everybody said I was a fool to buy him. But I bought him because I had seen him whipped and kicked enough, and I thought I would try the power of kindness. There wasn't a good thing that horses like that I did not give him—the sweetest of clover hay, the freshest of meal, and dainty sprinklings of salt. I fed him with my own hands, and combed and brushed him, and did not try to work him until I had convinced him that I meant well by him.

The first time I took him out, was one day when all the town was full of people, and all were looking to see the stubborn horse defy old Solomon. And sure enough, just in the middle of the street, opposite the post-office, my patience was tried by the old horse's obstinacy. He refused to go. I talked gently to him a while, and then I got out of my wagon, and began caressing him, as in the stall. Then I took out some nice sweet apples I had in my pocket and gave him, and jumped into my wagon, and off he went, pricking up his ears as much as to say, 'I tried that game just to see what sort of a fellow old Solomon was; now I'll trot along after my own business.'

Everybody laughed when the old fellow stopped; but nobody laughed when he started off, and I said, 'The law of kindness is better than all the whips that ever were braided.'

"But, Uncle Solomon," said Will, "Aunt Patience keeps trying to make me sour and cross. If she'd only try to open my blossoms, I think I would be only fair."

"There's the trouble, isn't it?" answered Solomon; "you want something done for you. Now look here: you are just like that branch on the apple tree; the light of love shines all about you and within you; but you are not like the apple tree in this respect—you are not obliged to let people shut out the sunlight, unless you choose. Twenty people like your Aunt Patience can't keep the dear, good Father in heaven, and the loving, watching angels from shedding their love-light on you. If you get discouraged, you must think of that. Miss Pettigrew is herself, and nobody else; and if you are determined to let her be nobody else, then she will not seem like all the world, with the power of heaven and earth. She will be to you like one of the hills given you to climb over as you go forward toward the beautiful city of a noble manhood. Come, now, there are her cap strings flying; let's see how you'll sail over the troubled water that I see she has stirred up."

"Will," said Patience, "there's the old cat jumping in at the shed window, and I know you left it open on purpose. Now you just come away from that wood-pile, and go up stairs to your room, and stay there till I tell you to come down."

Will's aunt had often told him to put upon himself that punishment, but he would not go, and she was not strong enough to make him. This time, however, to her great surprise, he marched directly in and went to his room. Patience did not know what to do with herself for a few moments; but she hurried her dinner, and called Solomon and asked him to call Will, and she gave him so large a piece of pudding that he could hardly eat it. Will looked up to Solomon, who read in the smile of his eye, "Apple Blossoms, and the Children of Light."

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS. NUMBER TWO.

I have had given to me a medallion likeness of Isaac T. Hopper, executed by that fine artist and excellent man, Mr. S. Ellis, and this likeness does me as much good as anything that I can look upon, and the reason is this: I can see in that face how the noble deeds and loving acts of one's life become a part of one's self, so that they seem to be written on the face. There is not a line, that the artist has carved so finely, but speaks out the love that was in that good man's heart. If you had never heard of the man, you would say at once, on seeing the representation of him, "I would like to have that man for a friend."

Now it is the same with all of us. We may be very homely, and have features that we could wish to change; but if our spirits are beautiful, they will shine out somewhere on our faces, so that we shall express to others what we are.

The buds are swelling on all the trees, and very much alike they look, wrapped yet in their green coverings; but by-and-by, when the buds expand and the leaves show themselves, we shall find that no two leaves are just alike, and those on different kinds of trees are very different. The life within will express itself—that is, will show in the leaf what it is.

Now you and I have a life within that shows itself in little acts, in motions, and in speech, so that we show ourselves to others every moment. Our smiles are carving themselves into sweet lines about our faces. Carefulness makes wrinkles on the brow and about the nose. Some time when you feel very cross, you run to the mirror and see how it is that the lines so disagreeable to look upon begin to grow. You will then understand why that benevolent, loving Quaker, the friend to all the friendless, Isaac T. Hopper, comes to have so fine a face—that speaks to every one, as if it had a voice.

What a good time such a man must be having in that blessed home that he has gone to. If he could do so much good here, how much he must be able to do now that he can see more clearly what others need to have done. How do you suppose that such a noble spirit as his is going to do its work for the poor and friendless now? Did you ever think that perhaps he might wish to come and prompt you to do some kind, loving deed for some one who needs?

The way for us to call about us the good and loving ones that live here on the earth, and that have gone to their spirit-homes, is to be good and loving ourselves. There is a lovely old proverb that expresses a great deal of truth, "Birds of a feather flock together." That is, we all bring about us those that we are like, and you may be very sure that if you have a good, loving heart, you will have beautiful angels to watch and guard you and help you to a better life.

LOVE M. WILLIS.

How to Preserve Health.

An eminent medical authority, in view of the probably spread of cholera, makes the following, among other remarks in the New York papers:

"The final element of the propagation of cholera depends upon the individual. Disease is fashionable, like everything else. If any of us are able to get a new hat this spring, we get one of the prevalent moles. So if any one of us is going to be sick, he gets the illness that is current in the community."

In certain seasons of the year, if we expose ourselves to the air and take cold, it attacks the lungs; at another, the bowels; at another, gives us rheumatism, &c.

If we over-eat, or over-drink, it always does us some injury; if we are harassed by business or family cares, we are made sick. In what way we manifest the sickness, or in what shape it puts itself, depends upon the season and the epidemic influences of the season. Should the cholera become epidemic, a carousal which generally would be followed by a simple headache or a bilious attack, will manifest itself by an attack of cholera. Such attacks of diseases are manifestly within the reach of every individual. Avoiding, then, the causes of general disease, late hours, late suppers, over-drinking—excitation of all sorts, joy, fear, fatigues, and all exhausting employments of body or mind—in short, by keeping the *mens sana in corpore sano*—a healthy mind in a healthy body, and the prevalence of cholera need be of little personal importance to the community generally. The rummies, whether on the Fifth Point or the Fifth avenue, are those who have to fear this or any epidemic. They live in straw houses, and the spark from any disease may be fatal to them."

Another writer shows the great value of proper sanitary regulations in checking the spread of cholera, as follows:

"Certain towns in England were almost shielded from this dreaded enemy by preparing their sanitary defenses in time. Worcester, on the Severn, entirely escaped it. In this country it is recorded that in Philadelphia the most active measures were taken to guard the public health in the epidemic of 1849: 2,770 privies were cleaned; 340 houses cleaned by the authorities; 188 ponds drained; 69 rap and bowe slopes cleaned, and in all, over 300 distinct sources of disease removed. The consequence was, that the number of deaths in that city was only 747, while in New York they amounted to 50711. In Boston, good health arrangements kept the pestilence in the lowest and slightest stage, and reduced the deaths to one. In Baltimore, very few deaths occurred. The deaths in New York would have amounted to a much greater number but for the earliest efforts of the authorities; even at the last moment, to cleanse the streets and lanes, and remove nuisances."

Kindness is a language that even the dumb brutes can understand.

Solomon;
Now look;
The apple
at you and
the tree in
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of the dear,
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Gospel of John,
Chap. I, verse 14.

"No one hath seen the Deity at any time—(but
Man), the most beloved of all his creatures, who
hath his being in the bosom of the Father, hath
himself become his exponent."—(Gospel of John,
Chap. I, verse 18.)

MATURE, A DIVINE REVEALATOR, AND REASON
ITS INTERPRETER.
"Because the things possible to be known con-
cerning the Deity are apparent unto them—for
the Deity hath made manifest to them what can
be known concerning him, that they may be in-
exhaustible—for the things pertaining to him from the
foundation of the Universe, though invisible, are
discernible by the mind, being comprehensible by
it, by reason of the things which are made, (and
that are visible)—besides also his eternal power
and Divinity."—(Letter of Paul to the Romans, Chap.
I, verses 19-20.)

JESUS, A MEDIATOR OR MEDIUM.
"Jesus, the Nazareth, a man constituted by the
Deity, among you, for the exercise of powers
and the performance of miracles and signal acts,
which the Deity did through him, in the midst of
you."—(Acts of the Apostles, Chap. II, verse 22.)

SPIRIT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FINE ARTS.
"Now concerning spiritual phenomena, brethren,
I would not have you ignorant."—(I Cor., Chap.
XII, verse 1.)

FATHER NOSTER.
"Our Father, who art in the Heavens, let thy
name be revered as holy; let thy kingdom ap-
pear; let thy pleasure be fulfilled, as in heaven,
so upon the earth—give us to-day the food which
is always in readiness for us—pardon our delin-
quencies only as we pardon those who are delin-
quent toward us—bring us not into trial—and
redeem, deliver us from the evil—seeing that to
these belongeth the kingdom, and the power, and

the glory, throughout the ages. Amen."—(Gospel
of Matthew, Chap. VI, verses 9-13.)

THE LIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY, OR SUN OF RIGHT-
EARTHNESS, SOLIDIFIED.
(On this occasion the Texts were taken from the
Common Version.)
"The people which sat in darkness, saw great
light, and to them which sat in the region and
shadow of death, light is sprung up."—(Gospel of
Mat., Chap. IV, v. 16.)
"Ye did not say—who did hinder you that ye
should not obey the truth?"—(Gal., Chap. V, verse
7.)

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.
"But somebody will say, how are the dead
raised, and with what kind of body, do they make
so is the Resurrection of the dead—their (spiritual)
body (of the earth-life), is procured in mortal-
ity—it is raised in immortality; it is procured in
infirmity—it is raised in glory; it is procured in
such like, who shall we say, if the Deity be
body; (for) there is an animal body—and there
is also a spiritual body, (belonging to every one
in the earth-life). . . . This I say, brethren, that
flesh and blood can not possibly inherit the
kingdom of God—nor doth the corruptible take an
inheritance of the incorruptible. . . . I declare to
you a mystery: We shall not all sleep in death,
but we shall be transformed. Instantaneously, in
the wink of an eye, during the last trumpet, for
it will sound, the dead shall be raised immortal,
and we shall be changed—for it is necessary that
the perishable be clad with the imperishable. And
when this corruptible shall have been clothed with
the incorruptible, and this mortal shall have been
endued with immortality, then shall come to pass
the declaration which is written, Death is over-
come in victory."—(I Cor., Chap. XV, verses 35, 42,
43, 44, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54.)

THE CHRISTOS OF THE SCRIPTURES NOT THE
CHRIST OF THE CHURCHES.
"And he shall bear a son, and thou shalt call
his name JESUS; for he shall deliver his people
from their errors. And all this happened, that
there might be accomplished what had been de-
clared by the Lord through the Prophet, saying,
Behold, a virgin shall be pregnant and bear a son,
and thou shalt call his name Emmanuel, which
being translated, A child on the arm with us, (or,
in aid of us).—(Gospel of Mat., I Chap., verses
21, 22, 23.)
"But the hour cometh and now is, when the
true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit
and in sincerity—for, indeed, the Father looks for
such like, who shall we say, if the Deity be
spirit—and it is necessary that those worshipping
him, should worship in spirit and in sincerity. The
woman saith unto him, I perceive that Messias,
called the Christ, cometh on his mission—when
he shall have come, he will explain unto us all
things. Jesus saith unto her, I, who speak
unto thee, am the Christ."—(Gospel of John, Chap.
IV, verses 23, 24, 25, 26.)

"TRY THE SPIRITS."
"Beloved, confide not in every person who
speaks under spirit impulse, but scrutinize such
as are inspired by the spirits, whether they be
from the Deity, since many pseudo-prophets have
gone abroad in the world. By this method, dis-
tinguish ye the Spirit of the Divinity, (viz.) Every
spirit, (compared), that confesseth Jesus, the
Christ, hath appeared in flesh, is from the Deity—
and every spirit, (prophet), which confesseth not
that Jesus, the Christ, hath appeared in flesh, is
not from the Deity—and this is the manifestation
of the Anti-Christ, which ye have heard should
appear, and even now is already in the world."—
(First Epistle of John, Chap. IV, verse 1-4.)

SPIRIT-POSSESSION OR ENTRANCEMENT BY A
SPIRIT.
"The spirit breathes into whatsoever person it
is desirous to inspire, and thou hearest its voice
—but thou canst not perceive how it enters nor
how it departs; so is every one who is begotten
by the Spirit" (of the Deity, or from above).—
(Gospel of John, Chap. III, verse 8.)
"Now, the wind bloweth where it listeth," &c., in the
Common Version.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.
"Every writing breathing of the Deity is benefi-
cial for instruction—for demonstration—for
edification—for nurture—nurture in piety."—(II
Timothy, Chap. III, verse 16.)

SPEAKING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES, AND MIND-
READING, BY MEDIUMS.
"It is written in the law—By those who speak
another language, and in other dialects, will I
speak to this people—and notwithstanding, they
will not hearken to me, saith the Lord. There-
fore languages answer for evidence, not to believe-
ers to unbelievers—and trance-speaking in the
vernacular, answereth not for unbelievers but
for believers; if therefore the entire congregation
convened at a place by itself, and all speak in
other languages, and there enter in the ignorant
or the faithless, will they not say that ye are de-
mented?—but if all speak in their vernacular, en-
tranced, and there come in any unbelievers, or
any one ignorant, he is manifested unto all—he is
discouraged by all, and in this way, the hidden
things of his heart are made apparent—and on
this account, falling upon the face, he will do
homage unto God, declaring that God is verily
within you."—(I Cor., Chap. XIV, verses 21, 22,
24, 25.)

THE LOST.
"But if our glad message he valued, it is valued
unto those that are lost—among whom, the Spirit
of the Age hath blinded the minds of the un-
believing, so that the illumination of the Gospel of
the glory of the Christ, who is the image of the
Deity, can no shining unto them."—(Second Letter
of Paul to the Corinthians, Chap. IV, verses 3-4.)
"Now, the lost, in the sense of not knowing where one is,
or whether he is going, who is bewildered—whose mind
is turned—who is groping about and feeling his way—who is
in a maze, in the light of the teaching of the Gospel of the
turning of to-day, are lost, as easily lost as others."

THE REBEL ANGELS.
"And the angels which maintained not their
original order," but relinquished their own habita-
tion, he hath continued to hold in everlasting im-
prisonment in darkness, unto the crisis of the
great day."—(Jude's Epistle, verse 6.)
"Now, Class, caste, rank, race, lineage, ancestral line,
See Book of Enoch, found by Bruce in his travels in Abyssinia,
and translated from the Ethiopic, byishop Laurence,
of Oxford University. The book referred to in a former
column, and from which is taken the words 'the angels which
kept not their estate' was known unto the 3d century
of the Christian Era—after which it seems to have sunk into
oblivion."

A Vision of the Future.
Wearied with the walk amid the jostling crowd
on the business streets of the second great city of
America, I drew in my head to a quiet home near
Rittenhouse square, and resting it on a hand by
the window sill, closed the vision and the thought
to the present and passed away into the future,
and dreamed (if it was a dream) of a great city,
with a million happy souls inside its limits. Not
a horse, not a cow, not a hog, not a dog, not a rat,
not a cat, were within its bounds. Not a grog shop,
not a beer shop, not a smoker, not a crier of the
filthy weed was in its streets nor in its buildings.
Not an engine, not a steam car nor a horse car
were in its streets. Every carriage was driven by
the silent power of electric batteries running along
the iron tracks that lay in the marble floors of
every street, which, except the iron track, were of
smooth, clean pavement of purest marble. Open
freight cars carried the packages from the whole-
sale shops of heavy dealers, and passengers rode
free of charge, at the city's cost, on all the streets.
The beauty, the neatness, the magnificence of the
streets and stores, of the dry and fancy goods, no
tongue or pen can describe. Of the dresses of
both sexes, so comfortable and so alike, and yet
so unlike, description is impossible, save by com-
parison to the clear ether who has seen the spirits
in their heavenly costumes. The buildings, too,
in such interminable variety, and yet so uniformly
beautiful, lighted from top and sides—glass, iron,
marble, and many materials entirely new to me,
entered into the picture. The magnificent parks,
shaded with trees of richest fruit, and most deli-
cious flowers, shrubs and annuals, unknown to me,
mixed in the lining to walks and groves. Every
vault, every kitchen, every spot and sewer were
underlaid, and washed by currents of ever-

flowing water, forced through the passages by
distant power. No fumes of coal nor burning
wood were in house or hall, but all were lighted
and warmed by burning gases made from air and
water by simple machinery, at expense of the
city. No suffering poor or barefooted orphans
were there. Food was abundant, healthy, pure;
labor was light; study, amusement and recrea-
tion abundant; health, elasticity, buoyancy, joy
were ringing through all the streets. No riots,
rows or revivals were known, nor heard of, save
in history. No priests, lawyers, nor doctors, for
all were educated, and knew the laws of health,
of life, of harmony, and of nature, and obeyed
them. No police officers were needed, for all were
officers of peace and politeness. Dances, parties,
sociables, etc., were held in the daytime; nights
were appropriated to rest, retirement and sleep,
and all was quiet at the midnight hour. Revels
had died away within the echoes of the past, with
wars, mobs, dissipation, filthy habits, vulgarity
and profanity. Not a steple was to be seen, not
a church—no need of one—religion was natural,
and in every head as well as heart. Magnificent
halls of science, decorated with historic paintings
of the barbarous centuries of the Christian era—
wars of churches and states, slavery, tyranny,
robbery of woman of her earnings, her liberty,
her rights, her person and her children, in the
nineteenth century, was a sad historic picture be-
side the black chateaus of the same age. It was
a wonder to the young how any age could have
been so cruel to mothers, sisters and daughters.
Sad, sad was the picture of tyrants who looked
only for wives as slaves to lust, and made laws
to catch and hold them; but the student found ex-
cuse for us in rum, tobacco, pork and condiments,
which poisoned our bodies and our morals, and
made even our religion an abomination to Nature's
God.
I looked and I longed, I dreamed and I wished,
I hoped and I prayed, but the vision faded from
me, and once more I found myself in this cold,
cold world, with its icy streets, its frozen rivers,
its dirty walks and dragging skirts, its pride and
show, its rags and dirt, bare feet and tight boots
side by side on the icy pavement. My heart
chilled again with the contrast of the now and
then, the here and hereafter even of our earth; but
the saddest of all was the contrast in counten-
ances of men and women. That was a city of
"brotherly love," of alisterly affection. But only its
passing vision hangs in my mind, and even that I
cannot describe.

HEART LEAVES.
BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.
NUMBER FOURTEEN.
I Am Here.
"Lois, I am here, O Lois, could you only see
me as I am! I am still your friend. G—"
Thus wrote a soul-brother to me from the angel-
land, controlling the hand of a medium for the
purpose; and this, after he had said through the
lips of one entranced, "Oh, what happiness—what
happiness to meet you thus, and to have you
know that it is me!"
Life and immortality brought to light. The
little deeds of our future existence signed, sealed,
and delivered to us by those who, walking on the
blue sea of Eternity, turn, and placing one foot
upon the shore of Time, lift their hands and swear
by Him who liveth evermore, that these things
are so; while rolling thunders echo their voices
in wondering confirmation of that which is, as yet,
sealed to many hearts and eyes. But the light-
nings of inspiration are dispelling the dark clouds
that cover the full-orbed sun, and soon shall all
see clearly, and in the light of this glorious truth
shall their souls grow strong to enter the king-
dom.
"Could you only see me as I am!" I shall see
him, but not now; for the work that my Father
has assigned me is not finished. The cup he hath
given me I must drain to the dregs. "Even so,
Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."
"What happiness to meet you thus!" Inseparable,
inseparable, the links of God's love-chain too
tenuous to be broken; the family on earth and
in the spirit-realms still one; joying in our joy;
sorrowing in our sorrow; coming to us for hap-
piness, and giving ecstatic bliss in return; rejoicing
in the blossoming of the soul-buds of conscious-
ness, even as we rejoice in the opening faculties
of our children.
"And to have you know that it is me." With what
throbbing joy the mother presses her first-born to
her heart, but it is as naught compared with that
felt when it learns to know her from all others—
when it learns that the eye beaming so fondly upon
it is MOTHER'S.
Yes, I know that it was him; and then my
mother comes, also, giving me sweet messages of
love. Oh, ye who behold but the crown of thorns!
ye will some day know that I am blest; so blest
that even my sorrows bring me richest joy.
Oh, the joy ecstatic thrilling,
Through my innocent being, filling
To its fullness all my soul,
Like the waves of love eternal,
Hitting through the raiment of mortal,
Blazing music while they roll.

Mrs. C. A. Hazen and Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell.
The presence and the part taken by these ladies
at the public circle at the hall in this city,
gave to the proceedings an unusual interest, and
awakened the desire that, both for their own ad-
vantage and that of the cause, their names and
capabilities might become more generally and
widely known, thereby opening the way to a
more extended field of usefulness. The active
and continued services of both are needed, and
would be in much greater demand were they bet-
ter known. Mrs. Hazen is the sister of Mrs.
Hyzer, and for twelve or fifteen years has been a
very superior and reliable clairvoyant and psy-
chometrist. She is well known here, and rightly
appreciated, and her hosts of friends are glad to
acknowledge her great usefulness and fine medi-
um powers. As a psychometrist who perhaps has
no superior; and it is to be regretted, for her own
sake, that means have not hitherto been taken
to bring her powers in this direction more prom-
inently before the public, thus securing to her a
better and much needed pecuniary recompense
for her many and willing sacrifices for the cause
of truth. Her inspired utterances upon this oc-
casion were beautiful and interesting, and her de-
scriptions and explanations of symbols presented
to her were entertaining in the highest degree.
Mrs. Mitchell is the widow of the late Colonel
Mitchell, and was present an entire stranger, and
while entranced, gave one of the most interesting
and soul-stirring addresses it has ever been my
good fortune to listen to. For three-quarters of
an hour she held her audience spellbound, and
the eager interest and absorbing attention of the
opening sentences remained unabated to the end.
It was an occasion long to be remembered.
The career of Mrs. Mitchell as a lecturer upon
Spiritualism has but just commenced, and as it is
one for which she is preeminently fitted by reason
of her age and health, and her natural ability and

requirements, as well as all the grace and virtues
which so adorn her sex, and which render her
eloquence irresistible, it is hoped that she will not
be suffered to be idle for want of proper encour-
agement and opportunities to be heard. She is
needed, and can do a great work. Her influence
for good, for truth, and purity, and virtue, will
not be limited by the time she may occupy the
lecture-stand, but in private circles, and by every
individual with whom she comes in contact, it
will be felt and acknowledged.
She went westward from here by the way of
Cleveland and Fort Wayne, expecting to remain
at the latter place several weeks, and where she
can, for the present, be addressed.
A.
Buffalo, N. Y., 1863.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.
The following history of the Milwaukee Lyceum
I clip from the "Daily Wisconsin," published
in this city. The "Wisconsin" is deservedly the
most popular paper in this State. Its proprietors
have gained the favor of the public by creating a
healthy publication. Now it appears they are
not afraid to speak out and give an impartial re-
port of a "Heterodox" Sunday School.
Moses Hull.
A NOVEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Undoubtedly
there are many of our readers who are not aware
that we have a Sunday School in our midst, estab-
lished by the Spiritualists, under the supervision
of the followers of this religion, and conducted
with all the peculiarities consistent with their no-
tion of things. This school they call and denomi-
nate the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and as
we understand it, the object in view is to educate
the young mind up to a standard of harmonious
philosophy, where it can realize and comprehend
the great principle of Spiritualism, as promulgated
by Andrew Jackson Davis, and other great
leaders of this doctrine.
A few Sundays since we dropped in to witness
the proceedings of this school, and as the exer-
cises are somewhat novel, we have concluded to
give a short sketch of what we saw. On entering
the hall our eyes were somewhat dazzled by the
many flags and bangles which glistened before us,
resembling one of the jewels belonging to the
crowned heads of Europe. There were large flags
and small flags, large bangles and small bangles,
of all kinds and grades—certain kinds of bangles
were worn by the teachers or leaders, and certain
kinds by the scholars, etc. Down through the
centre of the hall was a row of seats numbering
ten or dozen, and at the end of each seat were
small banners inscribed, supernaturally, with the
names of the scholars, as follows: Liberty Group, Ocean Group, Lake Group,
Shore Group, etc. The children were assorted and
arranged according to their respective ages, com-
mencing with four years and running up to six-
teen or thereabouts. In the arrangement of the
scholars and assigning of teachers to them, there
can be no aristocratic partiality exhibited, for
each child must take his seat under the banner
denominating the age where the great calendar of
time has placed him. When we entered the hall
the choir were singing an ancient relic of a tune
which I have never heard since, like as follows:
"From Greenland's icy mountains," etc. As we
were somewhat early in the exercises, we
judged that the school opens with singing.
After singing, the scholars and leaders were all
called to their feet, and then commenced a series
of gymnastic exercises that forcibly reminded one
of the Turner exercises, only more vigorous and
tumultuous. Instrumental music accompanied these
exercises, in the shape of a fiddle and flute, and
the movements were principally throwing hands
in different directions from the body, all making
the same thrust in the same direction and at the
same time according to instructions of the leader,
who stood at the head of the hall and made the
first movement. All these motions were done
quickly and in time with the music. In fact, it was
merely beating time with the hands instead of the
feet, only the hands did not come in contact with
anything, consequently it was what might be
termed a noiseless beating of time.
After following these movements at some length,
in order to develop the chest and muscles, and
give healthy exercise to growing manhood, the
leader commenced to instruct the scholars in
what he termed "social conversation." The leader
now gave fifteen minutes for social conversation,
in which the teacher of each group was requested
to submit to his class some question for discus-
sion, which they were to discuss in a low tone of
voice, after gathering closely together around the
leader. The speaker of the first group was there-
fore the time in a social manner, as best suited
to their convenience. During this interval all
that could be heard in the room was the low
murmuring of voices or whispers which came from
the different groups and individuals conversing
and exchanging ideas with one another. When
the fifteen minutes had expired the leader again
called the school to order and separately asked
each group what question they had under discus-
sion. The teacher of the group would generally
rise to his feet and state the question, then the
leader would ask the children of the group what
they had concluded to say in answer to the ques-
tion. When he had concluded his speech, he would
ask some one of the children to get up and state
his or her conclusion, then another and another,
and so on through the class, until as many of the
children in the group had expressed an opinion
as desired.
The same process was then followed through
all the groups, thereby stating publicly all the
questions which each group had discussed during
the aforesaid fifteen minutes, and the conclusions
which the children had come to on these ques-
tions. As an illustration of the nature of the ques-
tions which were discussed by these various
groups, we will give a few, or two of them.
Q.—What do you live for?
A.—By one of the children: To be happy, to do
good and to make others happy.
Q.—Why do you seek for knowledge of immor-
tality?
A.—Because the soul is immortal, &c.
The leader here named a group, and inquired if
any children of that group had learned a piece
which they were prepared to speak. At this a
little fellow marched to the front of the hall, took
the stage and spoke off, like a little martyr, a
short speech which he had prepared for the oc-
casion. When he had concluded his speech, the
children came forward and spoke in like manner
until every child had spoken his piece. After
this the school was again called to their feet, the
music struck up a march in very melodious strains
and the scholars and teachers all fell into line,
led by a tall young lady carrying a large flag
and acting as leader. Marching and counter-
marching around the hall now commenced in
dead earnest, all the boys and girls were carrying
small American flags, and presented a grand and
imposing sight. The music continued some time,
and was evidently enjoyed very much by the
children, who were all smiling with the happiness
beaming from their countenances. At the conclu-
sion of this march the school was again called to
order, and after singing by the choir, the exer-
cises were brought to a close.
We have often heard it remarked that Spiritu-
alism did not promote the morals of the people,
and one of the strongest reasons brought forward
to sustain this was that it had no Sunday Schools.
This can no longer be said of Milwaukee, for we
now have in our midst a real, live Sunday School,
and those who do not our word can go any Sunday af-
ternoon to Bowman's Hall, and see for themselves.

and, with alarming success, seek fresh victims for
the slaughter, until all along their dark pathway
rises the wall of anguish set up from broken and
bleeding hearts. And we are told that this is
Spiritualism! that this is one of its doctrines, and
such its natural fruit! Spiritualism, how art thou
blameless! How desecrated is thy sacred name!
Brothers and sisters, lovers of truth and true re-
form, let us rise in the conscious strength of our
influence and the dignity of our cause, and combi-
ne our efforts to blot out this stigma upon our
fair fame.
C. S. BAUCKOCK.
Lima Center, W. Va.

From the London Spiritualist Magazine.
Emma Hardinge.
So far as I know anything of modern orators,
there is not one who is fit to carry Miss Hardinge's
hopes after her. In her you have none of the
humors and ha's and repellents which try your
nerves so dreadfully in many of the best of them,
though, thanks to the reporter, they read pretty
well the next morning in the papers. Her lan-
guage is free, flowing, without a limp, a halt, or a
stumble; and that is the least of her perfections.
On whatever subject she speaks, though proposed
on the instant, she gives you a grand coup d'oeil
of it. You have the great facts and truths of the
topic, and in an order as lucid as if it were the ef-
fect of the most careful study and arrangement.
Rising from a simple but solid proposition, she as-
cends by a truly musical scale to the very highest
reach of the theme, and leaves you at once en-
lightened, charmed, and satisfied. The eleva-
tion, the action and delivery, if a little theatrical,
are feminine in their mode, masculine in their
vigor, and angelic in their sentiment. The wide
range and grasp of mind are as conspicuous as
the energy with which her thoughts are enun-
ciated. All this she says the plainer she has. Well,
good and kind souls! they do themselves and her-
self the greatest credit, for their deliveries are of the
most noble conceptions, most advanced opinions,
the most philanthropic aspirations. I do not think
that these invisible prompters are always quite
perfect in their mundane science, any more than
Professor Owen is when he says to the students in
rocks though thousands of people with their
heads right side foremost have seen them; but
perhaps they seem sometimes wrong because we
are wrong—what you know?
For the rest, if Miss Hardinge did not lecture on
the most unpopulous of subjects, and if she were
the public she would be suffering under the
hallucinations of preter-natural science—craft—
she would be the enthusiasm of the day. Had
she come to uphold the favorite notions of the
times—could she cant on evangelism, or adorn the
shrines of a popery without a pope, or recite the
delectabilities of materialism, she would be the
most blessed of mortals; all London, all England
would run after her; she would be incensed by
the press, and killed with the kindness of late,
heavy dinners, and by blizzards in fashionable
midnight in the poisonous atmosphere of the
West End.
As it is, she is going on a more quiet and healthy
way, teaching the great truths of a divine Philo-
sophy, with an unparalleled eloquence; the truths
of a philosophy, rejected because it is hateful to
the spirit of those who would like to see the
"low" from Greenland's icy mountains," etc. As we
were somewhat early in the exercises, we
judged that the school opens with singing.
After singing, the scholars and leaders were all
called to their feet, and then commenced a series
of gymnastic exercises that forcibly reminded one
of the Turner exercises, only more vigorous and
tumultuous. Instrumental music accompanied these
exercises, in the shape of a fiddle and flute, and
the movements were principally throwing hands
in different directions from the body, all making
the same thrust in the same direction and at the
same time according to instructions of the leader,
who stood at the head of the hall and made the
first movement. All these motions were done
quickly and in time with the music. In fact, it was
merely beating time with the hands instead of the
feet, only the hands did not come in contact with
anything, consequently it was what might be
termed a noiseless beating of time.
After following these movements at some length,
in order to develop the chest and muscles, and
give healthy exercise to growing manhood, the
leader commenced to instruct the scholars in
what he termed "social conversation." The leader
now gave fifteen minutes for social conversation,
in which the teacher of each group was requested
to submit to his class some question for discus-
sion, which they were to discuss in a low tone of
voice, after gathering closely together around the
leader. The speaker of the first group was there-
fore the time in a social manner, as best suited
to their convenience. During this interval all
that could be heard in the room was the low
murmuring of voices or whispers which came from
the different groups and individuals conversing
and exchanging ideas with one another. When
the fifteen minutes had expired the leader again
called the school to order and separately asked
each group what question they had under discus-
sion. The teacher of the group would generally
rise to his feet and state the question, then the
leader would ask the children of the group what
they had concluded to say in answer to the ques-
tion. When he had concluded his speech, he would
ask some one of the children to get up and state
his or her conclusion, then another and another,
and so on through the class, until as many of the
children in the group had expressed an opinion
as desired.
The same process was then followed through
all the groups, thereby stating publicly all the
questions which each group had discussed during
the aforesaid fifteen minutes, and the conclusions
which the children had come to on these ques-
tions. As an illustration of the nature of the ques-
tions which were discussed by these various
groups, we will give a few, or two of them.
Q.—What do you live for?
A.—By one of the children: To be happy, to do
good and to make others happy.
Q.—Why do you seek for knowledge of immor-
tality?
A.—Because the soul is immortal, &c.
The leader here named a group, and inquired if
any children of that group had learned a piece
which they were prepared to speak. At this a
little fellow marched to the front of the hall, took
the stage and spoke off, like a little martyr, a
short speech which he had prepared for the oc-
casion. When he had concluded his speech, the
children came forward and spoke in like manner
until every child had spoken his piece. After
this the school was again called to their feet, the
music struck up a march in very melodious strains
and the scholars and teachers all fell into line,
led by a tall young lady carrying a large flag
and acting as leader. Marching and counter-
marching around the hall now commenced in
dead earnest, all the boys and girls were carrying
small American flags, and presented a grand and
imposing sight. The music continued some time,
and was evidently enjoyed very much by the
children, who were all smiling with the happiness
beaming from their countenances. At the conclu-
sion of this march the school was again called to
order, and after singing by the choir, the exer-
cises were brought to a close.
We have often heard it remarked that Spiritu-
alism did not promote the morals of the people,
and one of the strongest reasons brought forward
to sustain this was that it had no Sunday Schools.
This can no longer be said of Milwaukee, for we
now have in our midst a real, live Sunday School,
and those who do not our word can go any Sunday af-
ternoon to Bowman's Hall, and see for themselves.

One Heart Strengthened.
Wishing to express my thanks to the writer of
"DREAM LIFE," I know of no better medium
than the columns of your paper. In the bold
stand she has taken against Free-loveism she has
strengthened one woman's heart and, perhaps, the
hearts of thousands. That pernicious doctrine
has crept unawares into many quiet, happy homes,
sowing seeds of discord and alienation, robbing
wives of husbands, husbands of wives, children of
parents, and society of active, useful members. Is
this right? Must our sons and daughters be dis-
graced, and our homes made desolate by this dis-
tasteful system? Is advocates, with bland words
and graceful manners, are wolves in sheep's cloth-
ing, who, styling themselves reformers, and wear-
ing the garb of Spiritualism to hide their foul
deeds, stalk abroad in almost every community,

New York Matters.

Description of the Tableaux at the Lyceum Exhibition in New York.

The following brief description of the beautiful tableaux lately presented by the New York Lyceum, may be suggestive to officers of other Lyceums who may have exhibitions in contemplation.

Tableau I. Peace and her Handmaids.
The central figure is Peace, in white garments, the stars and stripes for her insignia, a pure white crown upon her head, and holding in her right hand the symbol of Liberty. At her right is Plenty, or Opportunity, with her offering of flowers and fruit—before her, Liberty, with manuscript and pen—and Music, with harp or guitar—and at her left, Painting, with easel and picture.

II. Lesson in Reverence.
The first scene represents a family of wealth seated at a well filled table enjoying the comforts and luxuries of life, while two destitute children have approached and are applying for a few morsels of food to save them from starvation. The second scene represents the wealthy parents instructing their children to supply the wants of the wretched suppliants, while above them all a group of guardian angels are looking down smiling and lovingly upon the scene.

III. The Shepherd and his Pet Lamb.
Childhood under the guardianship and loving, tender care of Age, and both sweetly mingling in harmonious groups for culture of body and soul, that thus the kingdom of heaven may be realized on earth.

IV. The Flower of the Family.
The first scene is simply a representation of Childhood in its bud and beauty, such as we behold in many a loving home. The affecting part of the Tableau will be apparent in the second scene—viz., a barrel labelled, "Best Family Flour."

V. The Orphan's Grief and Joy.
A patriotic citizen, a loved husband and the father of three beautiful children, enlisted under the stars and stripes in 1861. He died in a Southern prison, and a year since the wife and mother, borne down with sorrow, also departed. Frequently her orphan children stand by her tomb, one day the eldest exclaimed—"O mother! mother! I see mother!" pointing above the evergreen near the tomb. A letter from their aunt says—"The children often visit the tomb, and many times the eldest sees her spirit mother."

The first scene represents their first grief—the second scene their joy when the mother, their guardian angel, appeared to the clairvoyant vision of the spiritually gifted child.

VI. The Spirit Artist.
This tableau represents the *modus operandi* of Spirit influence not only in producing pictures through the hand of a medium, as in the case of Mr. Anderson, but also in other forms of communication. It is in reality a representation of telegraphic communication between the two worlds.

VII. Death and the After Life.
The first scene represents an invalid just at the gates of death—the mourning friends around her bed, and a priest administering the consolation of religion. The second scene represents the apotheosis of the departing spirit—its ascension toward the Summer Land. A group of angels stand ready to receive the emancipated form and bear it onward and upward to the Evergreen Mountains of Life.

LYCEUM FESTIVAL SONG.

BY MARY E. DAVIS.

The Moon upon the mountains,
The light upon the spray,
The gushing of the fountains,
Welcome our festival day;
For Spring with fairy footstep
Is gliding o'er the hills,
To wake the thrush and robin,
And free the murmuring rills.
We gather, oh, my children,
With light step, bounding, free,
With shout and play and music,
To hail our Jubilee!
And swiftly pass the moments,
And softly glide our feet
In the merry, merry dances,
Where youth and pleasure meet.
Know ye, my bright-eyed children,
So happy and so gay,
That from the Land of Morning
Dear angels come to-day?
That from the bowers of Summer,
The white-clad hills of light,
Sweet spirit-children hasten,
To join in your delight?
And some who once were with you,
And felt your clasping hand,
Have come in robes of glory,
With that celestial band,
To pour upon your spirit
The love-immortals know,
In Summer isles of Eden,
Where crystal waters flow.
The great world onward moveth,
Dear children of my heart!
But through all earthly changes,
Oh, let not Faith depart—
Faith in the grand Hereafter;
Faith in the human soul,
Faith in the mighty Presence,
Which bids the planets roll.
Let love divine and holy,
Like flowers of Summer, bloom
In every youthful nature,
With rich and sweet perfume;
And deeds of goodness gather
Beneath each faithful hand,
Which holds the starry banner
Above our Lyceum band.

A New "Precious Stone."

If the following had not actually occurred, it might be considered a good joke. In a town eight miles from Boston, the pupils of an Orthodox Sabbath School have been accustomed to have given them, at the beginning of a month, a sort of "hunt-and-go-seek" task, the result of which was to be made known at the monthly public meeting of the school. On one occasion they were told to bring in a history of all the women named in the Bible; at another time all the rivers. About a month since they were asked to bring in the names of all the precious stones. The Sabbath evening, when the result of their investigations was to be made known, at length came, and each boy and girl stood up and gave the names of the precious stones of the Bible. After several had been given, one little fellow was called on. "Well, Thomas, what precious stone have you found?" "Brimstone," answered the boy. It is needless to say that a number of handkerchiefs were called into requisition to choke down the "depraved human nature" that seemed desirous of manifesting itself in laughter.

A Roman Catholic cathedral is being built in China, three hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty wide, with a spire that will make it the most conspicuous object in the imperial city. It is not generally known that the Catholic missions, commenced in China about three hundred years ago, have made constant progress in spite of frequent and cruel persecutions, in which there have been hundreds of martyrs. There are now not far from 3,000,000 of Roman Catholics in China. There is a Chinese Catholic church, with a Chinese priest, in San Francisco, Cal.

Conspirators vs. Alarmists.

Once in the course of two or three years, it has been my custom to make a hearing in the "Banner." After a silence of more than three years, I come to ask that favor once more.

In our world there are many thousands of bold, unswerving, fiery, truth-loving, though shallow, spirits. And I have no doubt there are an equal or larger number of this same class of spirits on the "other side of Jordan." Whether they are needed in order to keep in equilibrium "the balance of power," I do not know; but it is manifest they exist and sometimes play fantastic tricks before high heaven.

It was to have been expected that the disturbing influences and dreadful scenes of the past four years would have called into action and have opened a wide field for the display of the powers of this whole class of spirits in both worlds. Our people seem to love the condition of anarchy; at least we have so large a number among us who dwell in this condition, and work in this condition, that the still, small voice of goodness, God, and wisdom, cannot be heard. To dwell in the midst of the thunders of science, in clouds and smoke and whirlwinds, in tempests, earthquakes and general confusion, seems to these spirits of unrest, their highest and only heaven. To such there is no permanent peace but in war and blood and carnage; no religion to be enjoyed until "old theology" with all its manifestations, has been destroyed and rooted up and plowed under; no safety until the Pope and the Devil are dead and buried; no education until all the churches, school-houses and altars, deemed sacred in our land, have been demolished no music but in the cannon's roar and the grans of the dying and broken-hearted; no chance for heavenly love and sympathy, unless one-half the land lies smoking in ruins and earth is reeling, darts with the blood of her children! To them there is no God worth having, unless he is marching through the length and breadth of the land, stirring up the worst passions of our natures, to quench in blood the fire of unrest that consumes us. These spirits (of both worlds) have a wonderful gift of prophecy, and by their constant and uniring action, by their constant use of words and phrases, which appeal to unworldliness, to old memories and obsolete wrongs, they do much to make their own prophecies true.

It would seem as though, after what we have passed through—as a nation—for the last four years, we ought to have time to breathe a moment and bury our dead; time to calm our souls, with all their weary load of anguish, to the mighty God of all, before we are driven again beneath the wheels of the mighty car of war and death. But no! no rest! no halting! your work of progression (I) is only just begun! Remember the old Harlot of the Seven Hills is still alive! Remember the descendants of John Calvin are still gathering sticks of green wood to burn you! Remember Maximilian is now in Mexico, leaving the timber and making a yoke, after the Pope's pattern, for your poor necks, and Napoleon III. is now having your chains forged; and the Pope's emissaries are like the lice of Egypt in all your houses and bed-chambers! But perhaps some one inquires, "What would you have?" I answer, I would have Spiritualist lecturers and writers seek to inform, and then try to harmonize their heaters and panthers. Bad as the world is, they may make it still worse. Let them reform, inform and harmonize themselves first of all. It is a burning shame for a spiritual lecturer or writer to use his or her position or talents, or suffer them to be used by spirits out of the earth-form, to stir up discord, enmity, strife, and all the undeveloped passions of their hearers and readers, to excite the fears and to arouse the jealousy of their fellow-men. They are a part of the human family and, as no better or worse than those they denounce. If they would not be hated, then they must not hate others. If they would not suffer persecution, then they must not set on the dogs of persecution. If they would not be slandered, then they must not slander others.

But then "there are dreadful times coming, and the people should be warned." I have no doubt that a religious conflict can be brought about, in this age and in this country; but if it comes, it will be brought about by those, and those only, who have a "zeal for good, but not according to knowledge." The ignorant zeal of spirits, in and out of the earth-form, are the real blocks to the wheels of true progress and real prosperity in this country to-day! If the time and talents thus wasted were given to the study of the best means of educating the young; to a reform of our commercial system; to harmonizing the dreadful conflict between capital and labor; to the teaching—and enforcing by life—the great truths of a common brotherhood, which includes all sects, all colors, all nations, and both sexes—were these things done, instead of being, as now, a mere cloak of hypocrisy, worn for the purpose of political preferment, for place, money and power, we should have little to fear from any coming conflict. But some say that all this talk about the fearful time coming, means nothing, and will amount to nothing. Not so. I tell you that the surest way to bring such prophecies to pass, is to preach and prate about them, and then to arm and prepare for what people have made themselves believe is inevitable and must come.

But what about politics? Are not religion and politics married—or about to be married? What then? Why should it not be so? Has it not always been so? I am aware that we have been in the habit of thinking it was otherwise, but our thinking in the matter has in no wise altered the fact. It has always been so, and it will always be so, and it should always be so. What religion can we have, that is, worth having, that does not include and cover all our interests, both in this world and the hereafter? The cry of Church and State is an empty sound; for the cry against the Catholics, or any other denomination of so-called Christians. It grows out of the same spirit that has persecuted and destroyed the various sects in various places, in all time past; and it will reflect upon us, if we venture upon the unsafe practice of denunciation. In religion, politics, government—general and special—our needs are very simple when understood. When every man who notes understands them, turns his or her attention to teaching them to others, by precept and by example, they will soon come to pass; the action as they do the individual. To do as you would be done by, complements the whole, and is something more than a *religio fidei*.

Just now our Government, or nation, is a sick man; has been very sick—is a little better now. For God's sake and for humanity's sake don't go to cupping and bleeding again just yet! Let us find what will be nourishment and give strength. The patient has been in bed so long, no matter how recovered now do not give him and run down just yet! Be careful how you advise in this case, or some self-styled "friend of liberty" may live to hear the patient's death-rattle. I belong to no party of politics or religion, do not go to Congress, to the White House, or to any other "meeting." I belong to the "Great I Am;" to the brotherhood of man. Fifty years of dreadful suffering has taught me to be patient, and to wait for God; to be merciful, as I have received mercy. Yours truly,
George Ferry, N. Y.

Dr. J. H. Newton.
Dr. Newton was in town last week, looking for a suitable place to open an office, where he can heal the sick. If he succeeds in finding one, he will commence practice by the first of May. In our next issue we shall be able to speak more definitely of the Doctor's movements.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866.

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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.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and infuses it into the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous divine inspiration in many forms, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the transcendence of all with the highest philosophy. —*London Spiritualist*.

Itinerancy.
The question is raised of late among Spiritualists, if the plan of permanently settling speakers over-organized societies would not be much better, both for the speakers and societies, than the present practice of itinerancy. Considered simply as a matter of policy, with reference to the immediate and more apparent interests of the Spiritualists themselves, we might not be so much inclined to favor the reasons which the advocates of a regular system of settlement are beginning to urge with more or less earnestness. We do not presume to question that large and thriving societies of Spiritualists, well and harmoniously associated, and regulating their organizations according to rules which commonly insure compactness of purpose and vigor of execution, would best support themselves with reference to these sole objects by adopting at the present time the same plan which is in vogue with all ecclesiastical associations. But there is another side to the question. The mere accumulation of social power and influence is not the chief end of the noble gospel of Spiritualism. That power and that influence we have faith to believe it will only secure; but it will be after other methods than those which are popular with the sectaries. Let us pause a moment to consider.

The great and impressive truths of the Religion of Spiritualism have been disseminated so widely and successfully, because they were received, through proper media, directly from the higher intelligences communicating them. Those media have never lost any of their original capacity or power. They are receptive of the same truths still, at the hands of the same superior spirits. If they were to presume to set up a talent, or any sort of qualification, of their own as a reason why they ought to be advanced socially or pecuniarily, they would by that act so far part with their capacity for usefulness. Of course they are to be rewarded with due social regard, and provided for as generously as possible by fit pecuniary compensations. But these are only means to a just end. Theodore Parker used to say of the original Unitarians, that having safely arrived at the half-way house, where was abundance of the good things for comfort and refreshment, they had concluded to put up there ever since. And although it might be a very comfortable and enticing reflection for Spiritualists—speakers and societies both—to know that they had gathered power and position into their hands, and were able to support brilliant and strong speakers, ambitious perhaps of worldly reputation—yet we do not find it so easy or so prudent to forget that the noble truths of our philosophy are given through speakers and teachers from superior powers, who will ever choose such agents and methods as they like, who have done what they have already done in their own way and for their own sufficient reasons, and on whose direct help we must, as a body of believers, continue to rely in all the fullness of a religious trust.

This does not discountenance, by any means, the idea that mediums should enlarge their capacity, and train their faculties, and perfect their mental as well as their spiritual condition to the utmost extent and limit; for no qualifications, certainly, can be too many or rare in aid of the high service to which mediums are summoned in this age by the unseen intelligences. Yet all other things and thoughts should be religiously subordinated to the exalted work they have to do. And if the Spiritualists at large so regard it, too, they must admit that speakers are to go wherever they are sent, that their present usefulness is chiefly and directly dependent upon their entire abnegation of self-consciousness; and that inspiration will ever continue to be inspiration, whether furnished with more effective agencies by the aid of education and intellectual training or not.

We would not wish to be thought levellers, in this matter; further from it. But we would not wish to forget, either, that the source of truth is much more anxiously to be attended to than the channels through which it reaches us. What is primary we must not attempt to make secondary, except at our risk of loss. It is not difficult to attend to both of these points, each in its own place. The spirits disengage to mortals through lips which they themselves have touched with living coal, the faculties manifest themselves through individuals in the flesh. Is it, then, that they have to give to us, rather than that we should get all thoughts of them aside for a time, and bend our energies to making provision for what is temporary and changeable? It cannot be a doubtful matter, that Spiritualism must continue to spread among men by the same, unceasingly miraculous progress, by which it first began to make its way. Mediums will always be ready to obey the calls of Heaven. They were never yet conscious of what was to be imposed upon them, and they will not be now; and therein lay a large share of the power of what they uttered and did.

There are many ways in which organizations of Spiritualists should make the work of their always poorly paid speakers more pleasant, and easy. They ought to comfort and strengthen them by every possible preparation before their labors, and invariably send them away with hearts overflowing with gratitude and fraternal love. Where the truth makes the impression on the heart, this is the case. Nothing should be left undone that may be interpreted as a sincere welcome to angel visitants and teachers. And the very first duty is, to care well and faithfully for those whom the angels employ as their ministers.

Dr. J. H. Newton.
Dr. Newton was in town last week, looking for a suitable place to open an office, where he can heal the sick. If he succeeds in finding one, he will commence practice by the first of May. In our next issue we shall be able to speak more definitely of the Doctor's movements.

Have Compromised?

The time is come for Spiritualists to take the positive stand on one point, and to point that stands the very life and strength and essence of their faith. They are addressed by able men, professing doctrines of a very wide liberality, to know if they will not give up their belief in the means by which their faith has been made real, abandon the instrumentalities through which the actual proofs of a spirit's existence have been tendered for the sake of merging themselves in a new organization, to be named "Rationalism," which is to comprise some of the most advanced views of the age and draw to itself the subscription of all who hold them. Spiritualists will naturally reply to such an appeal, when made to them, that they prefer to see "Rationalism" demonstrate its rationality. They would feel at least, as sure of their footing in the proposed organization as they do now with no organization save such as local and shifting external circumstances suggest, or render necessary.

As they now are, they are perfectly free to exercise their reason in all directions, and to the utmost stretch of its power. How the case would be helped by going in through the low door of any organization, more especially one that is far narrower than what they would establish for themselves if they established any, is not so clear. It looks too much like patting a man, even under so liberal a guise. Spiritualists will rejoice always to see even the professedly liberal churches becoming more liberalized, and fondly hope the day is not far off when the phenomena of spirit intercourse will be studied and accepted by them all. Some of their clergy have been taking great advanced stands in relation to Spiritualism of late, but there is a long distance to be traveled by them yet. Because they have shown the tendency to come over to our open ground, that is no reason why we should abandon our ground to an impulse of delight and run to them. We may all become one in faith and purpose, but only as we remain and become genuine Spiritualists.

Bishop Colenso.

This famous Bishop of Natal does not seem to be "let alone" yet, nor is he likely to be "killed off" by his enemies. Our readers will remember that he was tried last December, in England, by a convention of Bishops, who found him "guilty of heresy," and sentenced him to be deprived of his Bishopric and suspended from being a Church official, till such time as he should renounce his heresy. But the Queen interposed and annulled the decision of the Bishops, and the Bishop heretic still retains his office. The following are the nine distinct charges preferred against him, namely: "For disbelief in the atonement; belief in justification without any knowledge of Christ; belief in final regeneration; disbelief in the endlessness of future punishment; denial that the Holy Scriptures are the Word of God; denial of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; denial that the Bible is a true history of facts which it professes to describe; denial of the divinity of our blessed Lord; for depraving, impugning, and bringing into disrepute the Book of Common Prayer." The Bishop recently returned to Natal to resume his official duties, but met with considerable opposition from the "faithful" creed-bound disciples of the Episcopal persuasion. The "Wardens" protested against his preaching in the cathedral, and the "Dean" party had the organ and pews locked, and the communion plate removed. The ropes were also removed from the bells. An injunction from the Supreme Court, however, forbade the wardens from the cathedral doors closed during the usual hours of service, and they reluctantly yielded at the instigation. A large concourse had assembled to hear the Bishop preach. The people are overflowing with bigotry and creeds.

Notwithstanding the Queen's decision, it is said that a successor to the Bishop has been selected to the see of Natal, but that several of the Bishops differ from the prime, and will not recognize a second Bishop in the same see. Colenso has given notice, it is also asserted, that he shall maintain his right to the Bishopric fund. This matter stands. Every part of old theology is tottering to the ground.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

Andrew T. Foss, of Manchester, N. H., occupied the platform of the Spiritualists in the Melodeon, on Sunday, April 15th. It was his first appearance in this city as a Spiritualist lecturer, although he ceased preaching Calvinism fourteen years ago, and embraced Spiritualism. He is well known all over the country as one of the ablest advocates of the anti-slavery doctrine. That work having been accomplished, he now considers it his duty to devote the rest of his earthly time in freeing souls from the bondage of religious bigotry and intolerance; and most effectively did he prove, by his discourses on this occasion, that he is ably qualified for the task. He contrasted, side by side, facts illustrating the beauty and truthfulness of Spiritualism, and the false and untruthful teachings of old theology. The picture was so finely executed that no one failed to see the points. We wish Mr. Foss could be heard in every town and city in the land. He will do a vast amount of good wherever he speaks.

J. S. Loyer, who there is no other man now in the field elucidating the Spiritual Philosophy, will speak in the Melodeon next Sunday. These meetings are free to all, and the large hall is generally filled.

Physical Manifestations.

Miss Lora M. Ellis, the child wonder, has been giving public sances in Charlestown, during the past week, with the complete success which attended her sances in this city. All classes from the humblest in society to the highest hierarchy, are attracted by the wonderful phenomena witnessed at her circles. Many go away convinced that they have witnessed manifestations produced through spirit agency; while others are so confounded that they are puzzled to find a satisfactory explanation, and consequently keep on investigating. That is the surest way to find the truth. No one should shrink from it merely because some credulist, lacking moral courage, cries out, "Humbug!" This week Miss Ellis will begin her sances at a new place, and then return to this city, where she will fulfill engagements for private sances. Those desiring to engage her, can address her father, M. M. Ellis, care of this office.

An Apology to Miss Harding.

The London English Leader makes a frank and unreserved apology to Emma Harding, for doing her injustice by publishing a paragraph stating she was the notorious "Belle Boyd," a "Confederate spy." It retractions the slander without qualification. "We thought such a story would not be allowed to travel long after Miss H. saw it, without receiving a contradiction. It was a weak invention to injure a true woman and noble philanthropist."

A Catholic Priest Cured by a Medium.

The following incident of "Catholic" life, reminds us to mention one of more recent date. From a little work called "Catholic Literature," it appears that the act of being embraced by a high Church dignitary, is considered a very great honor. An incident is related of "the celebrated brother Justin," who, if the account is true, was an excellent medium for physical manifestations. The narrative states that "after having refused very honorable offices that had been offered him by the king of Hungary," he became a "witness of the order of St. Francis, and made good progress in perfection that he had frequent ecstasies." That is, he became entranced, as mediums of the present day do; and a manifestation occurred precisely similar to those now daily occurring in our midst, and not considered miracles either. But to continue the account. One day, having dinner in the convent of Ara Coeli, he was, in the presence of the entire community, raised in the air and carried on high to venerate an image of the Blessed Virgin which was hanging on the wall. On account of this prodigy, Pope Pius IX. sent for him, embraced him, and making him sit down, had a long conversation with him! Here is the parallel case of embracing we wish to allude to. While Dr. J. B. Newton was on his recent visit to Havana, (Cuba), he was set for by a Catholic Priest, who was then "bedridden," suffering severely from a cancer on the foot, which had afflicted him for seven years. The Doctor obeyed the summons, and found the priest suffering as above named. He placed his hands upon him, and in the course of about ten minutes he was able to arise and dress himself, and then walk out with the Doctor. In his exultation of joy he approached the Doctor and embraced him, saying, "Jesus has found one man good enough on whom to bestow the gift of healing." He afterwards visited the Doctor's rooms on several occasions to witness his healing power on other patients, and took great pleasure in telling the people of his own restoration to health by the same power.

Persecutions of Protestants in Italy.

A shocking and fearful persecution of Protestants lately occurred in the town of Barletta, on the Adriatic coast of Italy. The ignorant population were worked on by a priest named Ruggiero, with the object of destroying the Protestants. The result was that three of these unfortunate persons were burned alive, others were thrown out of the windows, and others beaten to death with clubs. The offices of the sub-prefecture were also attacked by the mob, and all letters and furniture, they contained destroyed. The sub-prefect was maltreated, and only saved his life by escaping to a place of concealment. One of the guards of public security, was killed. Two houses were also burned, and many others sacked. The number of persons said to be murdered by the rioters amounts to thirteen. A detachment of soldiers was ordered with all haste from Trani, and by their assistance order was restored. Many arrests have been made, including several priests and monks. A letter from Bari says that among the persons arrested are four priests, a Capuchin monk, six women and a banker, on whose person was found a list of two hundred persons destined for sacrifice.

Books and Publishing.

The spring trade sales in New York were largely attended, and the amount realized was as high as two hundred thousand dollars. The book trade is looking up again. The sales from the Banner Publishing Office have been very steady during the last two years; but show signs of a decided increase now. We are constantly filling orders for spiritual works—large and small, cheap and costly—from all parts of the country; and the fact that such orders are at the present time multiplying so rapidly, shows beyond dispute that the noble cause to which we are devoted is spreading and deepening in all directions. A book is your true advocate and missionary, or, at any rate, it divides the work with the journal. As the season advances, and labor gets its rewards, we trust it will not be necessary for us to urge upon all those whose faith is fixed, or fixing, that spiritual publications are the most profitable for their general reading.

April Days.

How prettily these days are! So moist the atmosphere, as it brings to the listening ear echoes from the singing birds! We have rain-drops and sunshine during the same mornings. At evening, the clouds break up the face of the sky, while the frogs are singing and piping in every low place where water collects. The robins, sparrows, and bluebirds were never more given to large congregations than now! They are perched in every tree for the country round; and he must be a sleepy head indeed who has not seen for the melodies. Wake early in these fresh mornings, if only to attend the bird choirs. The whole tenor of the season is suggestive of their delicious notes. They love the companionship of man, which is a compliment we are not at liberty to despise. Gardening is thought of now, and the litter is raked up and burned. What a reopening of the spirit's inner life is suggested by this stirring up of the outer world!

Tenement Houses.

There is such pressing need of more tenements in Boston, that the Social Science Association have taken up the matter and attempted its alleviation. Some plan like that of George Peabody in London, is suggested. The people need good and compact accommodations, low rents, and all the privacy of home. Model houses combine all these requirements, and are made to yield a handsome per centage on their cost. Mr. Peabody's magnificent gift to the city of London has established this whole scheme on a solid foundation. We wish some association of capitalists in Boston would make an experiment upon this basis. A great many people might easily be provided for with comfort, while the money invested would be as sure as anything can be to pay back a generous dividend.

Agricultural Interests.

Even if business should be generally flat this year, it need not, and will not, be so with agricultural operations. More help is needed to-day in this field than can possibly be obtained. The country is in need of almost everything which the soil can produce. The farmer will find it for his interest, therefore, to work every acre and root of his land. The only difficulty, however, will be from a lack of labor. It is scarce everywhere. Farm hands will command the largest prices. This is a year in which no man who can work with his hands need say that he can find nothing to do. We are heartily glad of this, and hope that the advantage offered will be availed of by the thousands. If it is great crops will mark the harvest of the year.

London Spiritual Magazine.
We have for sale the April number of the above magazine. Price 25 cents.

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