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Original Essays.

DEMONSTRATED THEOLOGY; OR HOW FAR IS MAN ITS RECIPIENT?

Respectfully addressed to William Hovatt, author of the "History of Supernaturalism," West Hill Lodge, Highgate, London, England:—

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

The Philosophies of the Age and the indubitable evidences of the Past hold us to a defined estimate of the Future, that we may in some sense measure conditions. The apparent and descriptive, too often misled, from which it is not uncommon for us to err in judgment. Still, how far such unmeasured diversities may come within the conscious recognition of man, from which he may follow what he deems advisable the truth, or common properties of Nature and her conditions, is not as yet well settled. But we are ever reaching out, taking in and casting off, exploring new fields of thought from which we occasionally gather, as it were, a mere scintillation, a ray in a given direction, to inspire us with the truth. Harmony and unmeasured diversity are as two antagonistic beings that approach each other apparently subserving a common end, their great measure undefined, and to the human mind incomprehensible, yet not the less certain to a conscious recognition. And from this exterior garb we are tempted to clothe ourselves, and too often assume that we are the *Infinite Tension*, or far excellence of all thought. Yet experience serves to impress us with the fact that our efforts in a great measure are futile; and I think the deduction can be logically drawn.

It is true that our failures and experience, viewed from the common recognition of a tried truism, gives the result in any given direction, and that, too, apparently opposite to what our thought has often led. How far the perceptive and descriptive may be able to fathom the mirror upon human consciousness in its exactability appears, also, to be not well understood. There appears divergences in human reasoning, like, as it were, a radius from a given centre, whose impelling forces are of such a nature as to throw even more discredit upon what it observes in its varied hues and complexity, so to speak. For there is a rebuffing to our clearest recognitions, when philosophically interred within us. There is a vibrating to the varied in degree in putting together a network or framing of that which holds within itself a distinct reality.

Our sagas, savans and most learned philosophers have often been the most skeptical of men, from all conclusions. And this arises from the counterbalancing; from an equipoise, so to speak; that is reached and attained as the consummate of effort in any given direction. Isolation, in its truest sense, is a myth: a word unknown, that has no place in the dictionary of commerce, where-with Humanity may be clothed in a thought or an idea that gives significance to the Future. In other words, there is no such thing. We care not how transparent may be our thought, there is something beyond that holds together in an infinite sense the unmeasured and immeasurable. Philosophy, in truth, is not an isolation, but a Combiner of the varied properties or relations of effect and cause. Effect! who can measure it? Sir: Tell me when it ceases to act in any given sense or relation. You can tell me of your observation. What does that amount to? Nothing more than conscious perception, so far as you are concerned, and that must be of such a nature as will combine and adapt itself to your capacity and capabilities: nothing more. It is a mere mirror, that reflects according to its capacity or measurement, and that is naturally restricted by ephemeral conditions.

It is true that the *inner* is more than the *outer* man; but even from the latter how perceptible the capabilities, capacities and extraneous subserviences of form which are made to bring within themselves the recognized evidence of man's ability to subserve, or rather, I should say, be subservient to the surrounding influences of its time. Education, birth, association, all form a combination, and we too often in small it Freedom? Freedom of what? Freedom to do in accordance with whatever is done for us. We are free to breathe, because necessity imposes the condition as necessary to life. But while there are inevitable influences attending the path of Progress, there is also an *ad infinitum* that stakes off and measures for man his compass.

Well; let us look at Cause. Does Philosophy tell me of its origin? If so, I should like to hear. Not! But it holds a sequence, so to speak, over apparent relations or realities; confines and defines specialities: that's all! Yet how vague and uncertain must it be! Then Philosophy, as we regard it, is measured diversity; nay, it is nothing more nor less than man's perception of the same. The observance of the distinctive difference between the mole and the mountain is a specific fact in Philosophy, but not a fact that characterizes Nature or her Cause. Both, in effect, are apparent, we will admit, for the time being, to us in the perceptive. But what shall either be in the prospective—in the Future? Must it ever remain the same? The advantages of what we call Civilized Life binds and knits together in a universal way, its prospective and apparently attained consummations, from daily and hourly experience. The chain of electric fire glids the earth with messages of love and peace. Mighty Leviathans plow our oceans. Mountains are leveled. The bond of union and sympathy binds together in a band of Fraternity the universality of Imminence. Consequently a hill is not always to remain, a line or a mountain the same. The touchstone of Immortality throws over visibility an exterior form, and creates and re-creates in diversity. Now what, is a truth to-day may be false to-morrow. Why? The conditions are altered. Effect has not lost its power. It has not stopped with

the soluble in our thought and philosophies. Consequently, I contend that what is philosophically true to-day, from the same inherent cause is equally philosophically fallacious to-morrow, from the same inherent and given nature; and how far we may be able to commend this thought or admission to a just appreciation of Right and Wrong, is still a question yet to be settled by every thinking mind.

Man's recognition commences with his thought; and his perceptive faculties widely open to a conscious degree that enables him to fathom, in some measure, apparent realities. Now can he encompass *The All*? Did not those realities exist? Were they not pregnant and inherent causes before his perception was awakened to their relations? Of course they did, and were; for were it otherwise, his perceptive would be a Creator, and not an observer. Now the thing was, and relations existed as preëxisting before as ever after. And it would be useless to suppose that a man can go beyond Cause for the solution of any difficulty; for that is to assume that he can go beyond more than it is possible for him to be, since he himself is the product of something. To make this plain would be to pass an *ex post facto* obscenity upon human nature. This chain is inherent in the very action of thought in indissoluble ties that bind together Humanity in universality.

Well; if Cause is so indubitable, Effect is no less certain: for it is illimitable, unmeasured and immeasurable. Now what is Philosophy worth as an administrator or deducer of the properties or diversities in the measured relations of Life in their varied forms and conditions? It is like pushing a man out from an arena that has no definite confines, into a direct pathway that we will call, for an illustration, Life. He pursues his journey with all the varied meanderings of the stream of Time, and what does he behold? Capabilities, susceptibilities, myriad diversities, that are ever changing in their properties and relations; and the sequence of this we call matured thought, woven together into a texture whose web is demonstrated as philosophical research.

I beg to become a questioner here, and ask this traveler from what point he came? What's his response? He cannot tell. Again, I ask, whither do you tend? His answer: I do not know. *This is Philosophy*. Deduction from visible causes then comes in with its ponderous body, and tells me that step by step I can draw inevitable results. What does this prove? This is merely a breakfast upon the bye-road of Time to a traveler on a sea of unmeasured diversity. That's all! You will observe that it has to commence in the middle even to get this. It has no starting-point. It knows no end. And it calls it what? *Demonstration*! Demonstration in a given sense, it may be, but not in reality, for this Deductor and Demonstrator equally affirms that Change, Progress, Rejuvenation and Decay are alike the inherent parts of all conditions. Consequently this demonstration is a *Theory* and not a *Fact* in truth, *ad infinitum*, in relation to the property of condition. For there is more within the thing than the thing itself, and that is the life: its susceptibilities, properties or powers; and there appears to be an impelling force within, without and around that disfigures our vision, and proves how inadequate are our conceptions, theories and philosophies to demonstrate truth in reality. And for the simple reason: the truth is *Infinite*. It can never become less; and no *Infinite* can ever be observed in a lesser condition.

It is a truth that I exist to-day as a man. But it is false that I will so continue to exist for all Time. Now here is a plain, palpable contradiction—one that appears inevitable, to be got over. Why? If it is truth that I am a man, truth is false if I ever should cease to be a man. And we all know that we shall not continue to exist for all time as men; or I, as a man. Now where is truth here? It fights itself with potent weapons, for they are facts in both cases. I'll call them by a milder tone, apparent diversities: the two images that approach each other and bear destruction upon their armor. Yet they are equally true.

Peculiarity, Civilization, Individualization, all speak to me of Formation. This formation or structure that walks the Earth as the visible creature of conditions, we call man. What is it? Philosophically considered; yes, more: consciously perceived, that power demonstrates manhood. Why, it is formation, perception and observation—flesh, blood, muscle and bones: that's all! Ah! but you may tell me there is more than this. If so, where is it? Did you ever see it? *Demonstrate it!* Deny my proposition, and I call upon you to show me a man without form, physical being, personal identity. This demonstrates clearly the imperceptibility of human consciousness when directed beyond formation in presentation. Consequently, my question is answered. It answers itself inevitably from its own inherent reality. Then Truth, as being more than Identity, is paramount to the condition; and being more than it, is not necessarily affected by it. Consequently, perceptibility makes materiality and individuality. It is equally a truth that I exist in a relation, sense, in a given degree of material form, and will continue to exist in an additional or continuing form, but not necessarily in the same form; and in the place of truth being destroyed, it is confirmed, as the prior condition was the sub-relation, to the latter. But we call it Philosophy, Scientific Truth, Demonstrated Reality, merely because we can catch in the thimble a drop of the Ocean, and fancy it is all measured at one fell swoop! Oh! how little do we know! And when we come to measure realities as to us, seen as if the gleamings from the field of Promise, that opens to our view a richer harvest, we shall be enabled to regale beneath the cloud of adversity, as well as to bask in the sunshine of prospect.

These feelings lead me to trust all things, adhering implicitly to none. For the myriad Hand of Infinity encompasses the unmeasured: in di-

versity. Not that I do not possess, in the truest sense of lofty estimate, of all conditions, an intuitive Virtue, in the native outpourings of all things, that comes as the balmy breath of evening to give repose to disquieting thought and perplexing care.

Yes; in these, My Friend, I see the bright visions of Immortality, whose inscriptions are woven together in every act of my Life; and not buried in dark oblivion, whose unmeaning sounds come as the low mutterings of mighty Thunder, to inspire awe, dread and terror. No! But they subserve within for an intuitive pulsating, that speaks o'er the desert waste of human thought, and revivifies within myself the untold, and yet to be spoken, BIRTH OF THE HUMAN SOUL!

We naturally, as men, question conditions, which is legitimate and proper. We have common hopes, aspirations and desires. We see Nature, in her diversified forms, which asks at our hands a remuneration; for there appears to be a compensatory Law universal. All conditions have awakened within themselves their perceptive, in a measure, that makes us look to the counterpart; or otherwise they may be observed as positive and negative, but still it only draws us nearer and lifts the veil, and bids us ask of consequence its significance. And what is that? I am a creature, necessarily there must be a Creator. This, the least observant will admit. But more: beyond any specified form, relation or duty, I survey conditions myriad in degree, and ask of myself, why is this? If there is one Cause, there must be an ultimate effect. Is that good, or is it evil? Shall fancy predominate, and the Hyperbole of Superstition sweep away the matured vision of Life's experience? But, alas! there is a sadder picture presenting itself to my interior thought, eye, even to my external recognition—and what is that? I find, creatures of a common kind, like myself, intuitive and perceptive; organized and alike, the frailties of Nature, whose givings are the birth-throes of Life Immortal, seeking a repose beyond the conflicting and diversified scenes of the hour upon which to imprint the definite end, object and design of Being. But still I am lost. Why? A common Cause, *Infinite* in degree, one in substance, universal in administration, Omnipotent and Omniscient cannot contain within itself more than its measure, though that measure may be the *all*. If it is one; if it is all; the beginning and the end, the circumference and the diameter, the illusive and the actual, the true and the false, the right and the wrong, the beginning that knows no ending, what and where is that which is without it? Consequently, if it is a common Cause, *Infinite* in degree, a God, a Soul, a Perdition, a Truth, a Lie, an Immortality, a Death, a Positive and Negative in the throes of Life, its existence is a universal one. We will not attempt to decipher its text or illustrate its meaning, but we will tell you what we claim amid these apparent discrepancies, so broad, and yet equally certain. And it is this: That Life has a source; if a beginning, a measured degree in its ending. Or, if there is a God, He is one and no more. Let our Speculations of Nature, Truth, Development, Procreation, Subserviency to Desire, Filial Love, Care and Abandonment alike be clasped in the embrace, they only speak a truth to be read, perchance received upon calmly investigating the treasured memories of the Past, with its given evidence of the tried, not to say forlorn hopes, of those who have devoted their lives to the perceptive, and appreciative recognition of the Future. But if there is a God, there is a Duty. If there is a duty, there is a Destiny; and a destiny, an award to its devotion. What does a God imply? It implies a Cause. If so, an Effect. 'Tis useless for me to personally enter the arena of universality; but let me say, as a barrier to the thought, if a Cause, at least a common Effect. And what is that? The result of a creation. And does not this imply a Creator? And who is He? As by emotion and human thought, intuitively endowed, The Supreme, unmeasured and immeasurable—GOD! Then if God, the Whole, the Soul! Will it bring forth after its kind? Or will it contravene the Law of Causation, and throw a flim o'er the broadcast diversity of human aspect, not to say desire and aspiration of individual conscious recognition? Alas! let it be said in truth, if there is a common Cause, an *Infinite* Cause, the solemn effects of *Infinite* duration, however diversified, are but the vibrations! And what is this diversity, not to say almost universal discrepancy in human recognition, and what does it prove? Nothing more than the Zenith of the Sun; the radiations from the Planet of Promise, that throws athwart Space its given properties, and holds us to its relations, be they wise, discreet, or even otherwise.

In other words, My Friend, if there is a common Cause—and we Delfy that name Cause—it is useless to speculate upon its subservience in conditions, for it is God. Is there a common Principle? An intuitive perception? A universal recognition? And an awe of an uncertain Future, that clothes itself from the recognized Presence that speaks from the ruin of the untold, from which we are, and without which we could not be, and that we call God? Then, let me say, it is *Infinite* in its duration, legitimate in its effect, consequent in its degree, and true in its ultimate. We may not attempt to define it, and we will pass it parsimoniously by. But, still, we are not freed from its consequences, call we it conventionally good or ill; destiny or duty, hope or fear. Alike it rises from the cauldron and claims its own. What is it? From whence did it arise? It must have an Inherent and a pregnant cause. Will we call it Destiny or Duty? These are measured terms that come within the observation of man, and speak of our degree of mentality and thought. I cannot see them in the significance they bear to the intuitive, perceptive, organic nature of realization, as developed from *Infinite* or the common Cause

or Centre which radiates the reflections of life. In other words, let me say, if there is a God, He is one. If one, the whole; body and soul of all things. This is a truth, unrequited though it may be in the imaginations and superstitions of the ages. Yet it lives through the throes of life, to develop through the sources of the unhidden, its ultimate results. Then what is it? God! the beginning and the end! Can it procure an abortion upon itself? No! It is the Soul of Life. Then it is the Cause? yes; it is the Delfic Cause of all things. If so, will not its effect be one, as God is one: the beginning and the end; the *emerging* from; the aspiring to—what more? The beatific picture of life! Then the common and incentive prompting from a universal Cause, inherent in all things developed, in a consanguinity whose diversity is manifold in degree and casts aloof its sable mantle in Nature's diversified formations, claiming alike its apparent recognitions in manifold degree, so far as human consciousness bestows its measure; and it reverberates from a distance and impresses its intonations with a thought that, at least, there must be a beginning and ending of all things, however consummate their degree.

If there is a common Cause that prompts our desires, inspires our thought, directs the mind and promulgates the effort, it must be in unison with that which lies beyond the incentive; that gives, at least, realization. But here we pause and ask: *What is God?* God is the Cause. Oh, man, what is the Effect? Measured and unmeasured! Indissoluble in degree, universal in extent, still fathomable and unfathomable in effect, so far as human effort can answer. Yet there lives within the tumultuous Ocean of the Undescribed, from which we retain but the word Destiny, from the lack of thought and no better meaning for our dreamings. Yet there comes within myself the consciousness: If there is a reality in Being, and that Being just and good—the Father, Brother Promoter of all—why should we speak in vain of Thy lasting evidence and power, as Immortality is Thy Presence; Omnipotence the efficacy, Omnipresence the reality that allay all fear. Alas! let us call to the semblance, at least, of professed good its award, and ask from higher life its degree and bestowal. In this we cannot but see a common Cause. What is it? God! The Common, the Mundane, the Incentive, the Promptive, the Attractive! If not these adjuncts, at least, the Creative Cause. And if the Creative Cause, the truth of the realizations from its spontaneous out-heavings. If so, they are the diversified forms of Realization. What, oh! what is this? The wide field that spreads and throws o'er the imagery of Life its form, transcending, as it were, the ethereal grandeur of the blest; bowing alike in submission to the contrite and forlorn, measured in that diversity that links in its embrace the hope, aspiration and desire of the good! But, alas! oh, Nature, art thou appalled? Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, be jubilant o'er thy victory! For I stand to-night as a Sentinel on the Watch-tower that shall illumine the pathway of thought and give to Nature a Birthright and Trust not confided to Dismay nor left to the subtleties of the hour.

But, speaking of God, he him great, good, evil or small; well, undefined, yet not truthfully understood, it is a truth, a measure and a power, be it ill or be it well. That Cause can but produce its Effect. What does this tend us to? All Hell or all Heaven? We may wash our robes and have them bright, not in blood or those marks of demeritation, but truthfully indebted to Cause and Life; not throw across the pathway of Time, yet living the life-like throes of the Ages, to inspire us of God, Destiny and Duty. And, Sir, what does this mean? It means: if there is a common Cause, an *Infinite* Universe, from whence all spring, there is a destiny to which all tend. In other words, there is truth in Reality. If there is a God, will not that God prove true to Himself? It would be well to consider what there is outside of Him. Well, you will tell me, *Nothing*. Then shall *Nothing* overcome Something? and produce the enormous consequences that make us feel that we are lost, deserted in vain, amid the puerile efforts of the *Infinite* to serve the ends and purpose of Being.

Hark! Alas! we'll go further: If there is a First Cause—call it by whatever name you will—do you not suppose it will be of itself? Itself as it is the beginning, the ending, the controlling, the feasible, the durative power of all relations? Or do you think that some extraneous Cause from the *unaided* yet undefined, uncertain yet still, when emotions of the revived minglings of human conquest, in its Parallelal throes for Life's solace and pleasures, will transplant the inherent measure of defined plan and purpose, and build a Tabernacle aloof o'er the weary waste of years, that shall cull from its semblance a sufficiency to withstand the inharmony of an edict that writes its lessons high in Heaven, low in Earth, wherewith all may read of its prestige and power? Or, Sir, do we think there is a common Life and an intuitive destiny that awaits our being, and mirrors upon the countenance of thought the life-drops of Nature, wherewith we may read and re-read its intuitive lessons, and seek to redress those wrongs so common to the incidental actualities of Life? Or do we think there is a common Cause or an *Infinite* Centre, God, who proves an Abortioness to Time and Sense, and leaves Life's ways as the desolating path that has been trodden by some ill-fated wiles yet undefined though equally certain in its effects. Or must we come home to Truth's effect and power and say, That the beginning is unquestionably the Whole, however diversified its appearance, and accept that if there is a God, He is the Whole, beginning and end, and consummating all, however in degree it may appear to the natural or human understanding. This we have the *all*, the centre, the starting point; Cause—no; Effect with power and ing that proves this ill-represented duty. What is it? God; Principle;

Undefined Realization; Emanation; Result from; what does it all mean? We are from—whence is it? *Infinite*! Well, as the boundaries of mental calibre do not appear to be circumferential within a given horizon, we will leave it, as we found it, in the realm of uncertainty. Yet there is a thought above it all that comes forth as the vestige of Earth in the spring morning, whose ardent ascends to do homage to the gods, that recognizes the rejuvenations, the Spring whose life flow speaks of Futurity, and arms our thought and quiet anxiety o'er the prospective diversity of Nature's throes for good.

But alas! alas! I have asked another question: If there is a Common One, intuitive and perceptive, can I throw off from, or decry its results, called the *Infinite*, in its duration and semblance? No! Then what is it? It is this: If there is a God, if there is a beginning, an intuitive, perceptive, organic and administrative, it is illimitable in its results. What is that? Nature: its creations, durations, manifestations, perceptive, availabilities and powers. And to what does all this amount? To the simple fact that is stated in a few words: There is a common Cause. There is a common Centre, or a universal Effect. It is no abortioness. It doesn't prove itself a Lie and a Truth at the same time. It does not step in and attempt to temporize and magnify the conditions of human thought. It only says to the Soul and Life, that *Truth is Truth*, and Destiny no falder of itself. It only says to you, Sir, as it says to me, that conditions are just and equal. That if there is a God, that God is a Cause; and if a Cause, unquestionably an Effect, a Truth. And what does all this mean? It means, Sir, that there is One Sun that illumines the Earth, and gives a revivifying and rejuvenant feeling to all Nature: It means, Sir, that there are Stars in the Firmament above, and a Central Orb in the darkest hour, that dispels the most cumbersome shroud of Night, and holds forth its beacon o'er the weary waste of Time. For this revivifies and rejuvenates in the conscious and lasting evidence of its power, and bids us behold the one and mighty warning, which is the pith of our illustration. "It is this: If there is a God—a Common Centre, it is universal—the *Infinite* Cause of Being. If it is Cause, it is equally Effect in duration. It is no abortioness. Then it does not produce multitudes, disrepencies, universal, so to speak, inharmonies and incongruities. In other words, Sir, look aloof, decry the horizon and see the shades that appear as the resurrected semblance of the inner man. How sad and desolate; but still above it all let us hear the requiem, and decry the pall that shrouds the thought and buries the impulse to Nature given of Life's throes, to decry upon the outer wall all that could bring Hope to the requited Soul that desires its own good. But above this there is a God. That God is diversity undivided and unspent, still Universal and Omnipotent. He is One! If one, all, and all true! The giving, bequeathing, and rightful alms to every trust and confiding hope of mortal. And, philosophically considered, when we look forth upon the sea of myriad Diversity, the most lamentable conscious reality is the Effect. And what is that? Mark it! Different nations, kindred tongues, associations, degrees, cultures—all, alike from the diversified and various formations, *see God*! Some in the sunshine, others in the cloud; and some equally proportions, awed or dismayed, as their fancy or imaginings may portray. All held in an *Infinite* semblance to a Common Cause, yet arrayed in garbs of purple and fine linen, or otherwise. But still I will tell you more than this: Whatever may be our misgivings in regard to Nature, God and Truth, it is still this: that God is a Cause. Why do I say this? Its manifestations are just in the creations herewith acknowledged in you and me. If being so, it is what? Cause. Ah! we are the Effect of its production, and it amounts to this: Let Creation be whatever it may, it is defined—when I say defined, the whole. There is no boundary beyond its limits. All, speaks of no circumference; knows no defines or confines, but belches forth upon the open plain of realized individual action and its results. I call this God. I may not question its whys or wherefores. Sufficient to me that it is.

What does all this mean? It proves this: that there is an *Infinite* semblance within itself that has no boundaries beyond its circumference, and this we call a *Defined* Cause. And it is no abortioness. If it is the legitimate result, the emanating, the *Propria Persona* of all things in Nature or God; in Principle, intuitive or Perceptive, Delfic or Didactic, in Nature with her varied relations, it comes home to the conscious thought of individual action, and says to you and to me, It is consistent and truthful. Now what am I called upon, as a sojourner, a sequencer of Life, to behold? I am told there are at least some six hundred and eighty, not to say less or more, direct and appreciable modes of approach to the "Infallible," and at least, so far as I am concerned, the *Innumerable* modes of Being. Now we assert, as an *interim* beyond evil or possibility of doubt, that there is a Positive and Negative relation existing between Creator and Creation, or creature, that admits of but two. And that is: *What was, and what is*, and these would bring the Soul home from the disenfranchised abode of localized discrepancy to know that *God is Cause*—If so, Truth; and if Truth, Effect; and if Effect, DEMONSTRATED THEOLOGY! with no wild paths to mislead the doubting desirer and good; but to open up the way of Life, whose measured fullness shall give to the contraited opinions of men but one thought and one feeling, and it is this:—

If God is Cause, Effect is certain, with no devotions ways to attain its end; and what, oh! what, my Partial Friend, does Life present in its panorama and power, as arrayed in an *Infinite* Semblance, to give glory to the Lord and Hope to the Soul. Adieu!

Yours to the End,
J. B. FENIMORE.

CHARITY AMONG REFORMERS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

It is in vain that reformers labor for the good of their fellowmen, if they have not the true spirit of charity. They should remember that every human being has the battle of life to fight, noble deeds to do, glorious triumphs to win, however humble their spheres, that will prove a blessing to some, not for a day, but for eternity. Love and charity, true sympathy and sincere pity for the unfortunate, are inherent in the breasts of true reformers. Pity for another's failings emancipates them from egotism, passion and folly, renders them tolerant as well as earnest, merciful as well as just. Reformers should know themselves, attend to the growth of their own souls, for on the page of futurity is written every thought, word or deed, and they have no time to waste on a sister's or a brother's failings. Each one will find enough to do in sweeping the drifts from their own doors, to purify their own hearts, and render them receptive to angel teachings and their progressive inspirations. Oh for charity, to teach them what, how, and when to do that which shall lead to the happiness of all, so that none may despair. When the weary spirit flags, and the mental vision becomes darkened, how cheering to the appreciative is the blessing of sympathy. Its divine rays remove the misty veil, disclosing the shining gems of love latent in the human soul. Charity has an inward development, a soul growth, forever increasing, a keen spiritual vision, revealing to men that their brothers are sons of God, and angels, it maybe yet in disguise, which will not be removed in earth-life, but they are not ordained as judges or high priests over their fellow creatures, for moments are too precious to waste in false criticisms, and a good example will do more to reform the sinner than a whole life of fault-finding. Many would-be reformers preach brotherhood, but do not practice it, overlooking the material, earth-life necessities, its temptations, wants and weakness. Fixing their eyes on the ideal, they coldly criticize men, blame or misrepresent each act of those about them, forgetting that the censured have hearts glowing with aspirations that education or circumstances have perverted or buried for a time, but liable at a moment's notice to perform heroic deeds, and whose noble traits will shine out beyond their day and generation. No one has a right to judge by actions, but should recollect that some men are not appreciated in their day.

Many important changes in the commercial relations of the world had their origin in the closets of theorists. Mighty epochs and great discoveries in mechanical arts are owing to the practical insight of men who have been derided as useless and idle, and of no account. Enterprising men who keep themselves in a tumult, and disturb all around them, despise quiet and retiring men who do not express their views in glowing figures, and plunge into business headlong. Bitter and unjust animadversions against the conduct of others, measuring them by their own standard, no intolerance of moral deformities, is not the best way to raise the object to a safe equilibrium. Reformers must teach by example, deal justly, walk humbly, cultivate a spirit of brotherly love toward all who need assistance, advice or comfort; never expressing freely their views, never abate their fraternal love or charitable feeling one iota; for nothing else will touch the heart of the erring one. A thousand circumstances, unseen, or impossible to be averted, might have caused his soul's abasement, or plunged his body in guilt, and now it is past, he needs commiseration. He feels the sin, but does not want it repeated again in his hearing. It is too late to preach morality and threaten everlasting punishment—the sin has been committed. At this time the reformer can touch the spirit of repentance. "Soft rebukes in blessings ended," should be his motto. No one can withstand true sympathy, real brotherly interest. If in earnest pity the visit is made, it will accomplish its object. When man recognizes a brother in every human being, creed shall not separate them. This divine principle will revolutionize society; Christian love, true charity will reign supreme.

Nature, with a lavish hand, bestows upon us other splendid but inferior gifts. Wealth and beauty abound everywhere; but far above these gleam the radiant sparks of virtue in the soul, around which cluster all the moral attributes which we see called into action wherever poverty is to be endured, bereavement to be borne, persecution suffered, or sin to be wrestled with and overcome. The soul has reached its native element when it can look with complacency on agencies that nearly crush the body. It is in times like these that we learn to reform others. We must suffer ere we can pity the sufferings of our fellow beings. Tender and gentle should be the censure applied to the moral conduct of the erring. We are too near-sighted, clothed in the material too heavily, to look into the spiritual natures of those around us. Machiavelli says, "Men have rarely the courage to be wholly good or wholly bad." We can by examples of honesty and purity lead men to imitate us, for such tell the heart that trust is the highest wisdom. Faith in God bursts upon our vision amid the clouds of despair, like the rainbow of promise. May each reformer wrap the mantle of charity about him, and his progress will reach an orbit more glorious than human perception can now calculate.

"KNOW THYSELF."

BY ELVINA WHELOCK.

"Know thyself." A wise injunction, and one that has been written upon the brow of each distinctive age. And yet, how few have wisely understood its meaning, and applied its principles to individual culture, so to acquire that perfect knowledge of self, which alone makes the human soul a just judge and interpreter of human motive and action, and fully endowed to become exponents of moral law, philosophy and ethics.

All individual experience re-writes and repeats this injunction, "Know thyself." By far the largest share of the failures and shortcomings of humanity are the legitimate consequences of ignorance of self, and not willfulness in wrong doing, though, 'tis true, human beings are often propelled into forbidden paths, when they clearly see they will meet but stones, thorns and thistles, and eat the fruit of bitterness. But the causes here lie in mental and moral deformities, too great to be at once balanced by the action of their opposite qualities.

Humanity constantly feels needs demanding satisfaction—wants to be gratified—and impulses strong, shifting and uncertain as the winds, leading them know not whither, but all designed for legitimate use in giving expression to the law and purpose of development. But without a knowledge of self, to create a balance wheel, as an internal compass, they are plunged into fogs and mists, and walk in deep shadows, where experiences are met which constantly repeat the injunction, "Know thyself," which requires that you sound the depths of your being, climb its rocky

heights, and view life and its divine uses broadly, comprehensively; that you mold each want, each demand and each impulse; find its source, if it be high or low, clear or turbid; trace the channel each would follow, and the experiences it would bring to you; probe through, at the cost of pain, every emotional chord of your being and every nerve of feeling; learn of its elements, as its inspiring genius, belong to the sensual, the sensuous, or the super-sensuous life; read the language of the passions, the propensities, and the more beautiful expressions of the nobler qualities of head and heart; note the deficiencies in organic structure in some parts, and the surplus in others, and be able thus to more actively exercise the one while restraining the other, and thereby produce harmonious use of the faculties. But, not knowing ourselves, we are constantly led into darkness where not even stars illumine, until the discipline of suffering rends the veil, and the clouds are lifted; where we see the pulsing and beating of our own hearts—see there is a lower whose true duty is subservient to the higher—see there are principles which must and will control to noble or ignoble ends, at the choice and direction of the soul itself; that choice or direction being in harmony with the amount of knowledge or ignorance of self, of life-principles and the conditions everywhere attending human life.

Then "know thyself," and so take into your own hands, and mold the life of each hour at the choice of your own high will. Man is called a creature of circumstances—and so he is; but believe you he is elected, fore-ordained, always to be the weak subject he has been and is to-day? No; the law of progress denies the truth of this, while the records of individual development show the nobler possibilities of the soul. It is this ignorance of self that makes man a slave to circumstances. Let him but understand thoroughly his own external and internal nature, which understanding pre-supposes a knowledge of those principles that have immediate control over human motive and action, and he at once becomes master of circumstances. He is henceforth crowned with the royal power to become the architect of his own destiny. Grand, glorious altitude for the soul! Noble, sublime achievements must crown the years of such a life. Destiny! what is human destiny? It is the life-life of the soul. Not watermarked and mapped out at its creation, as that of rocks, rivers and the orbs of space, but subject to man's own control, from the hour he has that perfect understanding of self which alone grants him the highest prerogative: the making and ruling his own destiny, which, to nobly do, is the height and grandeur of human attainment.

It is just here where Spiritualists, in a measure, fail to realize the blessings of the Spiritual Philosophy. We believe in individualizing ourselves; believe in trusting our own intuitions; in being guided by our own convictions. A true and beautiful philosophy, but one that requires of us knowledge of ourselves, as we fail to discriminate often between the higher and the lower impulse; fail to see excess here and deficiency there; fail, indeed, to discriminate between the physical and spiritual influences; the one too often bringing experiences that blight the finest sensibilities of the soul and silence, for a time, its aspiring songs and jubilant praises. The other opens to clearer skies, to beautiful lands, where noble aims invite the soul to labor, and where love, pure and holy, consecrates the use and bloom of the tenderest affections. Oh, it is here we suffer, walking blindly, stumbling over stones where we hoped to find roses. Here we need a chart and compass to guide us truly—we who are hungering for human love, yearning, praying for the sweet fulfillment of life's dearest promise; and, dually, trusting, believing we are truly warmed, caressed, and folded by this blessed power, we follow the impulses of our beings, not noting when the spiritual loses its ascendancy of the physical; not knowing if our intuitions be true, as only feeling on the sensual plane. Oh! may the suffering of those who bear blighted hopes and broken hearts through life's weary years, teach us to understand the laws of life, teach us to become acquainted with ourselves, for none are permitted to know what awaits them, and it is wise to go forth strongly armed for the battle of life.

Then, Man, "know thyself." Thou who art Love's appointed priest, the royal king in the realm of the affections, thou—the master-spirit of the universe, the sovereign ruler of all external life and thought, "know thyself," that thou mayst wisely love and wisely rule. And, woman, Love's chosen priestess, the artist-queen of hearts and homes, thou who dost wear the victor-wreath of life's beauty and use, through thy divinest creative art, maternity, who more than thou shouldst truly "know thyself."

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

NUMBER SEVEN.

BY F. T. LANE.

In concluding this series of articles, we desire to state that the primary object of the writer was to awaken a critical spirit in the reader concerning spiritual phenomena.

One of the controlling intelligences of the Banner of Light Circle, says:

"Now you should weigh, and measure, and carefully criticize all the sayings that emanate from the world that is unseen by you. This is the only way to get the truth, for you will find that what will prove useless to you, if you deal with it truthfully and justly, for every stone you turn becomes to you a gem of precious value."

We heartily endorse the above language, and firmly believe that a vigorous, incisive criticism will eliminate from Spiritualism many crudities and errors, and make it acceptable to a large class of liberal, cultivated persons.

The Editor of the Banner good-naturedly says, in his last issue, April 21st, that the parties to controversies arising from the publication of these articles, can, in his opinion, more profitably employ their time in convincing the skeptical world that spirits can and do communicate, than in discussing such abstract questions, as, "Can spirits pass through gross matter?"

It is true that the question itself is of small moment, but the discussion developed this vital issue: Are spiritual and material laws identical?—or, in other words, Does natural science confirm spirit manifestations? Although the Banner is a free paper, yet it is the unquestioned right and duty of its conductors to decide what topics shall be discussed in its columns; therefore we cheerfully dismiss the subject without argument.

It is lamentably true, that the majority of controversies end in a wrangle. Many will insist on being heard in a free journal, not because their productions are well written and meritorious, but simply because the paper is free. But those who are the most chagrined at the rejection of their articles, generally possess more zeal than knowledge, and were their articles published verbatim et literatim, they would contribute to the amusement rather than the instruction of the reader. "Heated controversies" are hot poker, which neither editors nor readers like to handle, and should be summarily "kicked out."

A person requires something more than mere logical acumen to engage in a controversy; he should have in addition the grace and courtesy of a gentleman; he should be cool, discriminating, and self-possessed.

In conclusion, we hope to see ultimately a Philosophical Department in the Banner, open for a brief, concise discussion of Spiritual Phenomena.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

(Original.)

What Became of the Bluebird's Nest;

OR,

WILL'S SECOND DAY WITH SOLOMON.

A bright sunshine, and the feeling that he had acted the part of a man the day before, made Will a glad, merry boy, as he commenced his task with Solomon. A peaceful, sweet sleep is also a great help to calm the spirit; so that the morning has seemed to some poets to be like heaven, and they have called heaven the morning-land. This is not alone because the air is pure, and everything seems fresh and lovely; but it is because there is peace within the spirit, and so heaven seems to have drawn back her veil and dropped on the earth a soft and sweet influence, that makes it very easy to be good and happy.

Even Patience Pettigrew, amid the smoke and steam of frying ham, and the sizzle of cooking eggs, felt something of the sweet peace of the morning, and did not once thrust her head out of the window with the repeated, "I want you to remember that I do not allow boys," etc.

On Solomon's face were given lines of submission and trust; but Will noticed that he looked often to the sky as if he expected, or wished, to see something there besides the deep blue and the fleecy clouds. But he said but little, and it was not until after Patience had served the breakfast, and they were at work again, that he let Will lead him to talk.

"I declare," said Will, "if it hadn't been for your story about the apple blossoms, Uncle Sol, I should have got into trouble directly after Aunt Patience cried out, 'Now, Will, you've spilled your gravy.' I want you to remember that I don't allow boys to spill my table-cloths, and nothing of the sort!" But somehow I wanted to be a child of the light just then. But hush! there 's a bluebird. Hush! hush! don't make a noise, and we will find out where it is building."

"I see where," said Solomon; "it's just in that stump of a tree; don't you see the hole? and now it has flown in. You will soon see it coming out, and you will hear its mate close by."

"Oh, how I love the dear little fellows. I like to scare them, though, and make them think there is a great hunter coming, or a cat," said Will.

"That's the way with boys," said Solomon. "Did you notice what Miss Pettigrew read this morning?"

"Yes," said Will, and drawled out, "On slippery rocks I see them stand, While dory billows roll below,"

and I believe she read it to frighten me; but I thought, 'Miss Pettigrew, I seem to see you standing on slippery rocks, and I come along and offer you my hand very politely, and say, 'Allow me, Miss Pettigrew, to help you from your perilous position.'"

While they had been looking at the bluebird's nest, Patience had come down on some errand, and had heard Will's words. Very angry was she, and she tossed her head very spitefully, and her cap strings flew out at right angles from her ears.

If Will had not submitted so patiently to his punishment the day before, she would probably have tried it again. As it was, she felt in a moment that she must invent some new method of punishing him for his speech. She went back to the house, and Will watched her with interest, for he felt sure some sort of a storm was in the atmosphere, and that it would probably not spare him.

She came forth from the kitchen door soon, with a pitcher in her hand, and went directly to the old stump that they had been watching with so much pleasure. She poured the contents of her water into the hole, and went back to the house shaking her head with a wicked sort of a twitch.

Will had never been so angry in his life. The hot blood mounted into his cheeks, and his pleasant eye looked fiery with passion.

"I'll pay you for that, old lady," said he, with short, quick breath. "If you like hot water, you'll find somebody that can keep you in it most of the time. I'll—"

But as Will had not concluded what he would do, he stopped short. Solomon did not reply to his speech, but calmly said:

"I believe I was asking you if you remembered what Miss Pettigrew read, and as you did not, I will tell you. You remember you were telling me that you liked to scare the birds; so, I suppose, does Miss Pettigrew." Will hung his head. "And I thought of that sublime command, or precept, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,' and I was thinking that it included birds and beasts, and every living thing; and that if we felt just right, we should feel so much kindness toward the birds that we could not even desire to make them trouble."

"Well, I hope Aunt Patience has got enough of her psalms and hymns down her throat for one day," said Will, trying to cheer himself up from his shame at seeing that he had done but little better than his aunt, in his wishes, and therefore he tried to revive his anger a little.

"But," said Solomon, "I very much wish to tell you something about a bluebird's nest of long ago."

"Oh," said Will, "please do. There's nothing better than your stories."

"But this is not exactly a story," said Solomon, "but a dream—a waking dream."

"Miss Pettigrew," continued Solomon, as he saw that lady looking out of the window to see what effect her hot bath had on Will, "I am going to spin one of my yarns out here in the fresh morning air, and if you can be knitting up yours at the same time, we shall all have quite a friendly meeting, I hope. Nothing suits an old man like me as well as listeners."

Patience was quite flattered by this invitation, and her face quickly assumed a cheerful, friendly look, and she placed herself on a nice seat prepared by Solomon, and she twirled her needles with an air of importance and dignity, quite amusing to Will, who had already recovered from his anger.

"You must excuse me, Miss Pettigrew, and also Will, if my story seems to be a little personal, as it concerns bluebird's nests. But I assure you that it all happened a long time ago, and as we old fellows sometimes say, if so old a coat fits you, put it on."

Miss Pettigrew elevated her head a few inches higher, as much as to say "nothing can fit me," and Will bent his a few inches lower, feeling again that he deserved reproof, and very likely should be obliged to put on Solomon's coat of advice.

"Sometimes people have troubles that do not seem to be at all needful, and it is those troubles that we fret at," began Solomon.

"Oh, don't, please, preach a sermon, Uncle Sol," chimed in Will.

"I wish you to remember," said Patience, "not to interrupt people. Sermons are very edifying, and calculated to lead the young into paths of piety," and Miss Pettigrew's face grew long and solemn.

"Whew!" exclaimed Will, "how hot it is; but please, Uncle Sol, let's hear the story."

"You shall have the story if I can have my own way of telling it. I wished to tell you that in my whole life I had never had a trouble that had not blessed me more than gold or silver, or ease and prosperity could have done; and this is what came of one trouble I had: I had a little angel living with me then, that I called my child, not remembering that she was heaven's child; and we had a little bluebird's nest that we watched every day, and many times each day, and saw the mother-bird prepare it with tender care; and it seemed to us that she put her loving life into every straw and hair that she gathered. We loved the dear little creature as if she had a heart like our own, and could return our love. To shorten my story, some one that had but little love for us, and none for the birds, tore up the nest and frightened the birds away."

"His wife, shocking creature!" said Patience, to herself.

"And then I felt very angry, not so much for my sake as for my angel's, who grieved as if she had lost a friend. But I hushed her to sleep at last, and then went out, with my heart very bitter, and sat down close by the old stump where the birds had been building, and I fell to dreaming, and this is what I dreamed:

A boy stood near me, and I looked at him with surprise. He was the strangest looking being I ever beheld. I seemed to see all through him, and his garments, too, and I began immediately to read what I saw. There were great fiery spots on him, and dark green ones, and on them seemed engraven pictures. Each picture represented something the boy had done. On the fiery spots were his quarrels in anger; on the blue were little acts of kindness; on the green were his suspicions and evil wishes. I felt great pity for the little fellow who had to carry about in him so many unpleasant sights, and I said:

"My dear little fellow, how sorry I am for you; you seem to be peculiarly afflicted."

"I'd like to know why, sir," said he, with spirit. "Why? you are all covered with representations of what you have done, I imagine. You look to me like a walking camera, that takes everything into itself."

"Well, I'd like to know if you are not the same? You need not feel so very crank, sir, for I see a great many things all over you."

"Why, my dear fellow, you must be mistaken," said I.

"But it's so," replied he; "and if you don't believe it, I'll begin to read. There's the time you throw the apple at your wife, because you were angry."

Now that was the one thing in my life that I didn't want anybody to know, I was so ashamed of it; so I said:

"Pshaw! tell me something better than that before I'll believe." "Well, there's the red spot and the bluebird's nest in it," said he; "and it's all covered with fire, and broken eggs, and frightened birds; and then I wished the boy would go away, for I didn't want him to tell me anything more; and I fell to thinking, and saw how everything that I had felt was all kept within myself, so that if I did anything wrong, I had to bear about the picture of it, and I wished I knew something to prevent such a sad state of things. I had heard of cosmetics to take off the black stains from the face and hands, and I wished I could have a cosmetic to take off that which stained my spirit. So while I was wishing, there appeared a very beautiful being before me, and she seemed like an angel, and she said, 'There is something that will cure you of your afflictions. See this beautiful garment; put it on, and you shall never complain again because your spirit is all covered over with stains, for they will all disappear.' And on this beautiful shining garment was written, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' And I put it on. But I could not keep it on; for when I got angry it would have stings to pierce me; and then I took it off, and all my scars and disfigurements showed again. But ever since I have tried to wear it, and it is the softest, warmest garment, when I do wear it, that ever was woven by the angels."

Well, I kept on dreaming, and soon seemed to see the one who had tried to injure me, and what a sight were her garments, and how scared and disfigured was her spirit! The little bluebirds seemed to have engraven their sorrows all over her. Their broken eggs, their ruffled feathers, their sorrowful eyes—all these were plain to be seen, and I felt no more reproaches, but only pity for her.

But I kept on dreaming still, and soon the bluebirds appeared, and on their blue feathers I read the story of their wrongs. It was something like this:

"Here we have tried all this spring to make this little cottage cheerful; we have sung our sweetest songs in the boughs of this maple, and shed our gladness as the sun gives its light. Alas! what sorrows birds have; but we must preach again that beautiful lesson of doing to others as we wish to be done by; so let us sing another song, and try and cheer up and begin housekeeping again. By-and-by men will pity and love us, and treat us gently."

And as I looked, I saw the feathers that bore the likeness of their wrongs grow smooth and silvery again, and the air repeated the sweet notes of love.

And then I awoke from my dreaming, with my heart full of pity for those who injured others, even the birds, and I have never felt like reproaching any one since, seeing they have to bear always about them the effect of the wrong they have done."

Miss Pettigrew had stopped her knitting, and she brushed her dress and her sleeves, and smoothed her cap, as if she were trying to make herself tidy and get rid of the disagreeable effects of something. And Will stood still, and smoothed down his jacket, and drew out his pocket-comb and arranged his hair. Solomon smiled as he saw all this, and thought to himself, "There's no use in that; you've got to put on the shining garment and wear it, before you can cover up your troubles."

After Miss Pettigrew had gone into the house, Will said:

"Now, Uncle Sol, after all, that was only a dream, and dreams do not amount to anything."

"But it is as true as the sun rises, for all that," said Solomon. "You've got the effect of your anger in yourself, and it does not hurt anybody but yourself; and Miss Pettigrew has got the bluebird's nest stamped in and in, deep and unfading, on her spirit, and it does not hurt you there, but hurts her; and my advice to you both would be, the trying on of that beautiful garment that I told you of."

"But you see," said Will, "that if I should do

just as I would have Aunt Pettigrew do to me, I should not plague her a bit; and that's a little too much to give up."

"But it hurts you more than her, when you try to do her wrong," said Solomon. "The bluebirds were not half as much injured by the disturbance given to them as was Miss Pettigrew, and she was not hurt by your anger; but you were."

"Dear me!" said Will, "I think it's mean getting along in this world, any how!"

"So it is when this world do not seem like just the right sort of place to grow wise, and strong, and good in. I have come to this conclusion: that I'll find out the best of everything, as far as I can—and I'm very sure the best of this morning has been the lesson of the bluebirds; for only look, Will, there they are on Miss Pettigrew's place, and I have no doubt are consulting to find a plan for rebuilding, a place that she will entirely approve of. Why do not they try to plague her, do you suppose? Because they wish to fulfill the beautiful law of good will. Come, Will, let us work now in good earnest, for our woodpile suffers by all this story telling."

Miss Pettigrew was seen scattering handful of crumbs out of the window, that the birds might come and feed, and Will noticed that she looked with real delight at a white dove that lighted close by the doorway.

(Original.)

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

NUMBER THREE.

What do you think I found one of these beautiful spring days? Not a gold dollar, or a pearl, or a diamond; but something that surprised me more than if I had found either. A crocus sent up its lovely purple flower in a place where I should least have expected to have seen it—from an uncultivated spot, choked with grass and rough with gravel. It seemed like almost a miracle, its blooming there; and yet with no care, no hands to prepare a rich bed of loam for it, it had grown into as much loveliness as if it bloomed in the finest garden.

Long ago some hands must have planted a bulb in a spot well prepared; but the grass has grown over the lines, and left no trace of any cultivated border; but still this little flower has kept its fair life, and doubtless every year sent up a blossom to tell the history of itself. What obstacles it must have had to overcome! How very trustful it must have been as it felt its way carefully through the tangled roots of grass and the pebble-stones!

It made me think of some dear children that I have seen that were lovely and loving, growing up amidst all that was disagreeable and unlovely. I remember one sweet, fair face that I met in the heart of a great city, looking up like the flower to the clear sky, and telling a sweet story of love in its tender blue eyes. And yet this little girl had no dirty, tattered garments, and showed that she had no one to care for or love her. But there must have been a beautiful spirit of love within, or it could not have spoken out in her face, just as the crocus showed its beauty in the freshness of its blooming.

I thought, too, as I looked at that solitary flower, the one that planted this little bulb little thought that, years and years after, a stranger would look on the flowering with glad eyes. So it is with little acts of love that we do: long after their fruit comes up to bless some one who needs. Little children sometimes feel as if they had nothing to do to make the world more beautiful; but even the planting of some little shrub or plant, may bless another. I remember well some crocuses that came up one spring-time when I was in a strange home. They were planted by some one who had gone to the spirit-world, and was looking on far more lovely flowers there; but those beautiful blossoms, seemed like the prints of her feet—the track she had left behind to show where she had been.

Would you not like to leave a track of beauty, so that others can be blessed by your steps? If so, plant flowers. Put out little buds, and put in little seeds, and twine the delicate vines, thinking that perhaps somebody will be glad at sight of their flowering, and in that way you will be planting, also, beautiful flowers in your spirit-garden. For the angels tell us that their flowers are like love, and gentleness, and goodness.

I felt as if that crocus knew all about me, and wanted to show me a loving act, and make me glad this beautiful spring-time. It almost seemed to me to be thinking about some troubles I had had, and to say, "Don't you see how glad I am, and how blessed! I have not one dear little companion left near me. All that I sympathize with are far off in gardens, or nice cultivated borders; but still here is the same sunshine and the same soft air, and I am determined to make the best of everything."

And so there is about us all the same loving care of heaven, the same dear Father of us all, the same blessed spirits, and they all would have us show forth our gladness in some beautiful blossoms to bless the world we live in.

CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.

The writer of the following lines, who has been in the spirit-land for some time, never intended them for the perusal of the public; but our appreciation of the beauty of her character and life, has given her utterances weight and beauty, and therefore we are pleased to share them with our readers.—ED. WESTCHESTER TIMES.

The sky is blue, and the earth is green,
Come, little Mary, and be our Queen;
For the happy first of May is here,
The brightest day of all the year.

We've gathered a crown of violets blue,
Dear little Mary, it is for you!
We found them down in their mossy beds,
Shyly hiding their pretty heads.

On each there glittered a diamond bright,
The gift of the Fairy Queen, last night,
As she passed them by with her myrrid train,
To hold her court in the cedar glen.

Now, little Mary, you shall be our Queen,
All this bright day you shall reign supreme,
Wreathed with flowers, emblems of truth,
And emblems, too, of your own sweet youth.

The diamond gifts of the Fairy Queen,
Are the purest gems that e'er were seen;
Love, truth and purity combined,
Form the fadeless wreath for you entwined.

May it be your crown through life,
Protecting from all earthly strife;
And let the Christian Graces three—
Calm Faith, bright Hope, and mild Charity—
Unite with these, your path make blest,
And guide you "till the heavenly rest."

"How tired Adam must have got on his first day, ma," said an urchin of six years to his mother. "Why so, my son?" "Because it was such a long day," "It was no longer than any other day, my son." "Oh yes it was, ma; it was the longest day ever known, because, you see, it had no Eve."

Becher favors female suffrage. He says if there must be old women in office, he prefers the genuine article.

TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY H. L. CARROLL.

Evolved from the Powers Eternal,
More subtle than light or than air,
The spirit of man is ascending
Through chaos and doubt and despair.
We have trod through the ages of darkness,
Through the ages of sorrow and gloom,
Till the spirit of Truth, resurrected,
Has risen again from the tomb.
We have passed from the reign of the prelate,
From the rule of the mitre and scroll,
And the Sun of God's new revelation,
Reveals the true path to the soul.
The voice of the seer and the prophet
Again on the mountains is heard,
And the lips of renewed inspiration
Reveal the deep truths of the Word.
No longer with fear and with doubting
We turn to the future our sight;
For the Star of a sweet consolation
Shines out on the grave's cheerless night.
No longer in sign or in wonder
We look for the presence of God;
No longer by words of tradition
The breath of our spirits is awed.
Impressed on the laws of existence,
Eternal, unchanging and sure,
The name of the Holy of Holies
Will forever and ever endure.
We see in the lava and granite,
In the violet nursed by the sod,
In the beautiful curve of the rainbow,
The beauty and wisdom of God.
Rending the gyves of tradition,
That ages of ignorance wrought,
The reason of man is asserting
Its right to the freedom of thought.

Dedicated to Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, whose thrilling words of inspiration, appealing alike to the heart and the understanding, have so grandly sounded the beautiful truths of Spiritualism.

The Spirit-World.

SKETCHES CONCERNING THE BORDER-LAND.

BY A. C. GRAY.

PART III.

The Moon's inhabitants have a sleepy appearance. Hair of a yellowish white, thick and curled; foreheads receding, small, flat, thick noses. The buildings are small huts covered with straw. People talk very little, but are in a sort of dreamy reverie, are happy through their imaginations, or impressions, being very susceptible to spirit-influence. They are spiritually, more than intellectually developed, they partially counteract the physical influences felt from earth. They are not inclined to quarrel, very peaceful and orderly. Have a community of interests, are very frugal in their food and drink, consequently are healthy. Religious sentiments in conformity with their developments, which are in different stages, as with inhabitants of other stars. Have no theology, consequently no priesthood or Church government, and no Jesus Christ. All worship as they please, and are tolerant and harmonious. The extraordinary volcanic action on our side, leaves the other half in that negative condition which gives the peculiar sleepy look of the people.
The Earth has been, like other stars, a comet, which in time grew solid and became fixed in its orbit. The first cause in all the changes and different formations is heat, magnetic element and electricity. The first men—red in Asia, and black in Africa—created about the same time. The white man was not created until about one thousand years later.
Of Mars—there was true analogy in giving it its warlike name. In those ancient times there were spirit-mediums, prophets or seers, who were in rapport, through a chain of spirits, to that star. Its men are giant-like, tall, stoutly built, black hair, grey eyes, heavy whiskers, narrow foreheads, large corbels, small noses, very large ears, heavy eyebrows, eight or nine feet in height, very bold and courageous, easily excited, rush into perils of every kind and delight therein. Make war on each other without the slightest provocation; rough, like in nature to their planet. Women of the same type, only more delicate and refined. The elements are tumultuous, corresponding in violence to all else. Thunders roll heavily, the mountains shake, the wind howls, but their buildings are made of some material which bends without falling. The tempest is over, the clouds are driven furiously away, now the sun shines and for the moment all is calm. I see a road which is well laid out, with trees upon both sides. I see also minerals, but not like ours. Spirits can do little here, people are hard to be impressed. They have houses for the worship of a God, but they represent him by an image made by their own hands, and when they are going to war, fall before him and pray that they may conquer. Their highest aspirations only lead them to the desire of becoming conquerors. They are proud of their strength.
The four small planets, Ceres, Pallas, Juno and Vesta, were originally one. A mighty revolution at the centre caused it to explode, and the parts went off into space, until they were arrested by the mutual attractions of other planets, and became fixed in orbits of their own, where they can move around the father of light. It is a matter of no little difficulty to describe the inhabitants, on account of the reaction of the magnetic force coming from each planet. The present people were a new creation after the disruption of the old planet, whose inhabitants were all ushered into the spirit-world at once on its breaking up; they were not suited to the new atmospheres. After its division the old laws, in a measure, worked through its ruins. The present race are yet in the youth of their amusements, institutions, and spiritual developments. There are, however, some bright, advanced individuals, who will teach the masses when they desire to listen. Each planet produces some difference in the organization of its inhabitants. They have naturally strong, far-sighted eyes, seeing as well without telescopic glasses as we do with them, so that those planets near them look very large, and when they arrive at their manhood and have invented telescopes, they will be able to perceive upon them large buildings, vessels sailing on the ocean, changes in the weather, and possibly will discover means to see their inhabitants, occupations, &c. In stature they are small; light hair, blue eyes, smiling faces, without expression. They are fond of games, showing the disposition of childhood. They grow very slowly, takes them a lifetime of our years to come to maturity. They have no wars, appear to live lives of innocence. They will progress faster than mankind upon our

planet have done, because they originated after matter had become more refined.

Jupiter seems immensely large. Has six moons. Is many thousands years older than the earth. Its symbol is perfection. Its nations are in different stages of development. As compared with earth, are much further progressed. They are so highly developed, that they have free intercourse with the spirit-world. They are very learned, have bright intellects. They are in that state of perfection which we are hoping for the earth, and to which it will surely attain. They are large and elegant in stature; very high, intellectual foreheads, brown hair, almost black eyes, full of fire, piercing, arched eyebrows, full red cheeks, beautiful teeth—arched generally in black, with wide sleeves, long, easy skirts. They have a majestic gait. Are proud of their knowledge—but these are in the first plane. There is another nation whose wisdom predominates; they are meek; they live in conformity to the laws of their planet. There are others, also, who practice what they learn from spirits. They are meek, likewise, and teachers. These wear grey dresses; wide sleeves, but not so long skirts, and a girle around the loins. They have excellent schools. For their religion, they depend upon the teachings of spirits through mediums. There are many high mountains, some rising majestically from plains an incredible number of miles high. The atmosphere is rather humid, and undergoes many changes. The different moons exert different influences. Some affect animal life, others atmospheres, others again vegetation, &c.

Saturn is likewise many thousands years older than our earth, is full of electricity, and its ring is very highly charged with a fine magnetism and forms another sphere. Saturn is of a very cold nature, therefore has need of that magnetic source of heat in the ring. Its inhabitants are intelligent beings, very dark complexions, very black hair, coal black eyes, rather hollow cheeks, teeth irregular, foreheads somewhat prominent, temperament choleric and sanguine, of angry, morose dispositions, easily inclined to quarrel. Their schools are progressive, have also establishments for training mediums to communicate with individuals of a higher order within the ring. When they die, they enter the ring as the next sphere. In their religion they are tolerant. There are many different sects, but they all come together in one, having one belief in common; that is, progression of soul in intellectual spirituality. They have almost always a dark atmosphere, clouds continually rushing through the skies, giving color to the rays of the sun. Their houses are low, built of a kind of red stone which they dig from the ground.

Herschel is a very old planet, its moons of a somewhat more recent formation. Rather cloudy atmosphere, rain quite common, but not cold. We think the further one is from the sun the colder it must be; but it is not so. The people are of a very large size. They have light hair, high, broad foreheads, greyish, and blue eyes, full cheeks, and quite an intelligent expression in the face. They have good schools, mostly taught by mediums who are in communion with the spirit-world. They have but one religion, and this they learn from spirits. This star is quite even, no high mountains, much more water than land. The moons are purifying places. Spirits pass from the planet to one of the moons, and after a short time return improved, and communicate with mediums there. They are but one nation, one people, highly unfolded in intellect, morals, and religion. There is no war on this planet, they are in love one with another.

Belonging to our sun-system are many other planets of which we have not spoken; we may in time make them known. Each has its own nature, and peculiarity of inhabitants, adapted to surrounding conditions—all are preparatory places for the spirit-world. In the Sun there are no original inhabitants. This is the ultimate home of all the planetary race.

A few more words in regard to this medium, and I close his relations. During his entrancements he speaks fluently in languages of which he has no knowledge in his normal condition; and in Spanish and French much more rapidly and perfectly than accustomed to do of his own acquired knowledge; improvises poetry after the manner of some of our present mediums; controlled by our American Indians, who gave us interesting experiences of their spirit-lives. Hints were likewise given us by his guide that all individuals are somewhat subject to planetary control, or in assimilation with elements pervading certain stars, and in giving delineations of character, which he did very correctly, he would name the star to which they assimilated, tracing out its guiding principles in formation of character, &c.

The twelve closing scenes of our séances were addresses from the like number of physicians, each of a different nation, spoken in their native tongues, as we were told, and believed, from the fact that nearly half of them were known to us to be correct.

The Formation of Worlds.

The following communication, through Mr. John Proper, medium, was received at a regular circle of some twenty persons, at his house, Feb. 24th and 25th. Mr. Proper is a resident of Watford, Saratoga Co., N. Y., and is respected and esteemed by all who know him. His character for truth and honesty is above suspicion, and he is unacquainted with the science of Geology.

HARVEY B. KIRK,
Watford, Saratoga Co., N. Y.
HARRY ROUSSEAU,
Lansingburgh, Rens. Co., N. Y.

FIRST COMMUNICATION.

My name is Francis Edwards; I was born in Wales, 1698. I departed this life 1737. The condition of my mind, when I entered the spirit-world, was such as to enable me to embrace almost immediately the gratifying privilege of learning the principle of world making. Since then, I have visited the planets, and have observed the forms of the inhabitants, their manners, customs, &c. All this I will give me pleasure to communicate to your circle as soon as the condition is such as to enable me to control the medium a sufficient time to make it known to you.

PREFATORY NOTE.

At a former meeting of this circle, I promised to impart to you, when circumstances would permit, some facts which would be of interest to you in relation to the formation of planets, &c.

Before I proceed, I have one request to make: that is, not to be disturbed with questions, because my power of control is light, and any interruption might possibly throw me out at once. My communication must necessarily be brief, and may be somewhat disconnected; at any rate, my ideas will be given as plain as my language will permit.

SECOND COMMUNICATION.

It is almost one hundred and sixty years since I left my material form. I was born in a small hamlet, in the eastern hemisphere, in humble circumstances; when old enough, I was forced to labor for means to support those who were dependent on me. From my earliest recollections I

have had the strongest desire to learn the cause by which all things came into existence. By observing the action of life around me, I was almost constantly thinking of the principle or power which caused it to act. This desire increased so that I could with difficulty think of any other subject. After laboring many summers in my native land, I left my home and my kind parents for a seaport; from there I shipped for Buenos Ayres, with the intention of seeing all I could of the world. After spending nearly three years on the ocean, I died, and passed to the spiritual condition. There I found myself a stranger in a strange land. I stood upon a broad expanse. I was alone. How long I continued so I know not, but it seemed to me a great while. I longed for some one to communicate with. My desire for knowledge was unabated, and my condition was becoming irksome. A veil seemed to pass from before me; all was changed, and all was beautiful. A more lovely being than I ever imagined to exist was approaching me; we were attracted to each other; she had long waited for me. I knew at once that my happiness was centered in this beautiful inhabitant of the spirit-land. I soon learned that I was known to her; she knew all my wishes and desires, and said:

"You are anxious to know the origin of all things, even the whole of existence; but before you can roam through the beauties of heaven, and view the outworkings of wisdom and love in the magnificence and splendor of the superior worlds to satisfy the longing of your mind, you must be spiritually developed, and educated in the spheres. At present you cannot advance beyond a certain limit. Go with me; I will be your guide and teacher, and reveal to you that knowledge you so earnestly coveted while an inhabitant of earth."

My beautiful guide conveyed me to an immense globe of atoms. I understood this to be a world in embryo. Every atom of this gaseous substance which was perceptible, taught me that law was simply properties of matter. I could see that the whole mass was in motion; and I also learned that motion was owing to the life of matter, and was the cause of attraction, repulsion, gravitation, &c.; and I also saw that motion caused the grosser particles to move toward the surface.

"This," said my guide, "is your first lesson. This globe, as large as it is, is connected with others of different magnitude, and will form a system complete in itself—sun, planets and satellites."

With my beautiful guide I passed on to a globe of less size, but in an advanced stage of development; its condition was volcanic. The internal fires seemed to have thrown the molten mass on the surface, where it was divided and confined in craters of various size—some in more active operation than others—the whole surrounded with a dark, dense cloud. It was a fearful sight—a world in waves of fire rolling on in its fury!

"This," said my guide, "is the lesson of cohesion. This world, as forbidding as it is, is destined in coming ages to take its place among the useful and the beautiful; and from it will spring myriads of happy beings. For this purpose worlds are unfolded."

We then passed on—my angel-guide and myself—land in hand, my whole soul joying in happiness, until another system of worlds was before us. One was presented for our inspection, which was sufficiently interested to exhibit its form. This was also in the volcanic condition. Here the fires were nearly extinct; but few vents were in active operation. The surface of this globe had thrown off much of its superabundant heat. The influence of the cooled surface of the volcanic rock on the primitive atmosphere, so lately lent to completion, had caused it to become so dense as to be nearly in a liquid state; and I also saw water jetting from beneath the surface, spreading itself in the depressions, and filling the crevices of the rock.

Again my beautiful guide migrated with me to a world in an advanced stage of development. Here we had the welcome view of land and water, ocean and islands. Mountains had been elevated and exposed to the elements for a long time; for, in obedience to the law of change, they were crumbling into dust. Here, also, we saw that vegetation was beginning to spread her simple forms, where the mountain hill had deposited its precious burden in the still waters. There the virgin soil gave birth to Nature's children of light—milk and meat. And here I saw that ever and anon, as the vegetable mould mingled with and enriched the soil, new forms, less and less simple in their construction, would follow.

My guide then conveyed me to a world which had held its place for ages, presenting for our inspection an advanced condition of development. Streams of water were upon its surface. The mountains, as yet, were mostly barren; but the valleys were thickly covered with rank vegetation. Terrestrial animals, as yet, were not represented on this globe.

From this we passed to another world, and found entirely new scenery. The waters were swarming with monsters of the deep, and the marshes with reptilian forms similar to those which have long since passed from your earth. Vegetation was still rank and gross.

Again we took our stand in view of another world, in which nature had assumed more beautiful proportions; where vegetable and animal forms were of a higher order of development, though gross, compared with yours, yet bearing a strong resemblance. Here we were greeted with the first view of man; very, very rude in form and construction; but little removed from the brute, with just as much intelligence as the necessity of his condition demanded.

We passed on in our joy to a world whose every form and feature were familiar—none other than your own—representing the past and the future by the dawn of truth and the glorious manifestation of spiritual communion with mortals, expelling the darkness of ignorance and the superstition of the past. Your own country, which had scarcely a name among the nations when I passed from the earth, is now the brightest spot on your globe.

Again we passed to a more beautiful world still, where the race of man was elevated to a higher condition. Here man was truly the child of Science; being more spiritual, he was more truthful, and had a higher and purer enjoyment in existence. His spiritual intercourse was free and almost constant. When difficulty arose between nations, I saw that man no longer appealed to arms. Arbitration was the order of the day; all submitted; none demurred. The advanced condition of man was in exact harmony with the development of Nature. All was beautiful. The birds sang with delight their sweetest songs; vegetation had adorned herself with flowers of brightest hues; and the atmosphere was loaded with perfumes of richest odor.

As if life was not content with this heavenly state of physical progression, I was conveyed, by the will of my angel companion, to a world more beautiful and harmonious still; beautiful because the spirit of love covered the land, and glided all with a higher degree of beauty. Angel messen-

gers were hovering over and imparting messages of love and truth, and were walking hand in hand with the inhabitants of this heavenly earth. Here man was in his highest elevation of physical life. Government and laws were for progressive happiness. Accumulation of wealth was not the pursuit of life; neither was war known in the land. The implements of destruction, which man had made to slay his brother, were curiosities of great antiquity—relics of barbarous ages. The intercourse between the inhabitants of this world and the spiritual was so constant and harmonious, that it was lovely to dwell there.
Your world is destined to enjoy all this; and, for aught I know, a thousand times more of the beautiful and the lovely.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

The silent wilderness for me!
Where never sound is heard,
Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
And the flitting wing of bird,
Or its low and interrupted note,
And the deer's quick, crackling tread,
And the swaying of the forest boughs,
As the wind moves overhead.

Alone! how glorious to be free,
My good dog at my side,
My rifle hanging on my arm,
I range the forests wide,
And now the rural buffalo
Across the plains I chase;
Now track the mountain stream, to find
The beaver's lurking place.

I stand upon the mountain's top,
And—solitude profound—
Not even a woodman's smoke curls up
Within the horizon's bound.
Below, as o'er its ocean breadth,
The air's light currents run,
The wilderness of moving leaves
Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
Meets the far forest line,
And this imperial domain,
This kingdom, all is mine!
This bending heaven, these floating clouds,
Waters that ever roll,
And wilderness of glory, bring
Their offerings to my soul.

My palace, built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen;
Wide stretch its living halls away,
Pillared and roofed with green.
My music is the wind that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now hushes in dying cadences;
My forest lamps are stars.

Though, when in this my lonely home,
My star-watched couch I press,
I hear no fond "good night!" think not
I am uncomplained.
Oh, no! I see my father's house,
The hill, the tree, the stream,
And the looks and voices of my home
Come gently to my dream.

And in the solitary haunts,
While slumbers every tree,
In night and silence, God himself
Seems nearer unto me.
I feel his presence in the shades,
Like the enfolding air,
And as my eyelids close in sleep,
My heart is hushed in prayer.

Correspondence.

J. G. Fish and the Lecturing Field.

Will you allow me space to answer the many correspondents why I have left the lecturing field, and shut myself up to a professorship in an educational institution? For nearly eight years past I have been laboring to spread the truths of our present glorious inspiration. During this period I have never had reason to regret the course I had taken in reference to the reformation. Warm-hearted, soul-cheering friendship and fraternal hospitality have marked the greetings I have universally received. My temporal wants, and those of my family, have been faithfully responded to, and the "let me know if ever you or yours lack," warmly willing up from the hearts of many friends East and West. The "greenback" contents of the more than friendly missives brought by the mail, the voluntary benefit bestowed by a beloved audience, and the "when may we look for you again?" all, have had their tendency to blind me to the work.

My soul's strongest desire has been, and still is, to see the cause of Spiritualism prosper and triumph. These eight years I have been endeavoring to put this new wine into old bottles; but now I have philosophically concluded to try this no more at present, but to put the new wine into new bottles.

If there is anything really elevating above other systems in the harmonious philosophy—and I know there is—if there is anything in it that broadens and deepens human thought, and gives freedom of expansion to the human mind, and new life and vigor to the soul, it should be incorporated into our system of education, and, like the true heaven, be allowed to permeate the whole course of youthful instruction. I know not that I am prepared to live out the principles of our philosophy; but if I were, who could compute the untold good I could do in my present position, in harmoniously educating the human mind, and sending out from these halls, dedicated to science and philosophy, true, harmonious men and women, that should bless the world and reflect honor upon my present feeble efforts in behalf of human weal.

In the lecturing field I could make a great many suggestions in a short time, but there was little permanent impression, after all. Here I have the advantage of time to repeat and recall attention to the truth, and fix it in the mind, not as an item, but as great divine principles, to which the soul responds with delight and satisfaction—principles whose converging rays meet in a glorious focus, forming the great luminous pole star of life, guiding the mariners of time past many a shoal, and rock, and breaker, safely into the haven of security and rest.

When youth are properly educated, we may expect to see better generations of men and women than at present. Ours is a system that need not expect to reap its glory in the present. It is not for the present alone. Its influence, like a great increasing halo of light, is to descend to the depths of the centuries to come. Untold generations in the far-off future shall catch the radiance of its light, and reflect its brightness back to the heavens whence it sprang.

If I can prepare a few souls to catch the broken strain of my poor attempt at harmonic song, and with louder, clearer, more subduing effect prolong the strain when I am gone, I shall be more than satisfied. This I mean to do, but I must have youthful subjects to work upon. This is one reason for my change. Another is, an itinerant lecturer is heretofore almost every domestic enjoyment, which is no small consideration. He is shorn of all, or nearly all, personal influence in society—cannot be said to have really a personal character, or to be in particular need of one; for, lacking this, if he is rejected in one city, he can easily flee to another. He speaks his four weeks in a place, satisfies the curiosity of his hearers, and goes his way. Speakers are not so much in-

fluential reformers, as a sort of circulating cabinet of spiritual curiosities. When once seen and heard, they are passed along, and the next specimen called for.

I shall lecture still as I have opportunity, but shall not travel as formerly. The longer I have spoken in a place, the more good I have seemed to do. This I take as an index to the propriety of locating speakers for a year at least. If there is a truth in our claim to a present inspiration, that stream of truth must be a perpetual fountain. The inspired medium must, like the allegorical rock of Moses, send forth the stream of life and truth that shall follow, and quench the thirst of the multitude through all the wilderness journey of earth-life. This I believe we shall see and realize, and those thus inspired will break the bread of life to the people, and bless it with their personal influence. When I can be located for a year or more in one place, with a salary that will be competent to support my family and educate my children, I may reënter the lecture field, but never, I hope, as an itinerant, unless it be as the representative or agent of some organized body of reformers. Do not think, from the plain remarks, I am finding fault with Spiritualists. I am not. The present system has been an inevitable one, and has done and is still doing its great good; but as I see clearly for myself that there is a better way for me, and the time having arrived for me to change my course, I have done so. Understand that this is a most liberal school. Theological shackles are not tolerated here. We are known to be Spiritualists, but not sectarians. We will not impose our religious belief upon others, for the same reason we will not allow others to force theirs upon us. We claim full liberty of thought, and accord the same. We teach the harmonious philosophy not as a religious system, but as the true system for the soul's development and growth. To me it is the grand science of human development, freshly elaborated by the angel-world and given to the children of earth.

These are the reasons and considerations that have led me to the step I have taken, and to me they are good and sufficient; and here I rest.

J. G. FISH.

Normal Institute, Carversville, Pa., April, 1866.

"Settling Speakers."

In your issue of April 14th I find an article entitled, "Settle your Speakers," signed by Moses Hull, who evidently seems to be laboring under some mistake in the conclusions which he has arrived at concerning our lecturers, and it is to be hoped that the Spiritualists will never adopt any such system as he suggests; for the very moment that Moses Hull is located his independence is gone, and he would soon become the pliant tool of the Society which had hired his services. Moses Hull is an educated man, so far as book-learning is concerned, and he may find it quite convenient to write the notes of his sermon and go into the pulpit and deliver them. But that is not what the Spiritualists of America want. They want inspirational, soul-inspiring discourses, that will give life and impart vitality to the soul.

The interests of lecturers have been crippled by their unwillingness to labor with their hands. Now if I work six days in the week, at fair remunerative wages, I can afford, when Sunday comes, to speak for less than the one who does not work. And why should not our lecturers work with their hands more than they do? If there is anything that looks deplorable, it is to see a class of persons going over the country sunning themselves six days in the week, and being a bill of expense to some hard-working mechanic, who has liberality of soul to bestow upon them. If in their multimeditate capacity duty calls them to labor seven days instead of one, then the laborer is worthy of his hire.

What are the trance speakers of our land to do? They can't study their sermons, or write their notes. Why, they must simply give way, to make room for Bro. Hull and his class, who are normal speakers, and can write elegant sermons, and be six days in the week preparing them, to amuse the people on Sunday. Bro. Hull does not seem to be posted when he says Chapin and Beecher do not repeat lectures, for they do. I heard Beecher deliver a lecture in Flushing, L. I., in 1837, upon "Common Wealth," and three years afterward I heard the same lecture in Fall River, Mass.; so I am inclined to the opinion that Bro. Hull would repeat some of his lectures, the same as the abnormal speakers. Let me say to you, Bro. Hull, if you are commissioned by the angel-world to preach the glad tidings of this glorious gospel, you won't want any notes, for it will be given you in that hour what you shall say; and if they can't say anything interesting and instructive through you, why then had they better wait until they can and not compel you, like Beecher, to sit up till midnight to write cold and uninspired sermons.

A. C. ROBINSON.

Spiritualism in St. Louis and the West.

There is a perfect revival of Spiritualism in the West. The great need is, more speakers and good mediums. The mass of minds here have outgrown the effect religious systems of the past, and are ready to accept the harmonious philosophy of Spiritualism if they can only have a little assistance to initiate them into its glorious principles.

Brother Davis and our eloquent and able sisters, Miss Doten and Mrs. Currier, have done a noble work in this city the past winter. Hundreds under their ministrations have become so firmly grounded in the principles of our philosophy, that they can no more backslide from Spiritualism than they can shake off a conviction of the truth of the multiplication table. And this is the beauty and perfection of Spiritualism: it does not depend upon authority, but is demonstrative, and becomes knowledge to its possessor.

I am having the pleasure of addressing the society here the present month; and it certainly is a pleasure where there are so many souls made happy and free by the gospel of Truth. My interest never flag. The "Boy Preacher" follows me here, and rare and beautiful inspirations will be showered upon the waiting multitude.

Last month I spoke in Detroit, Mich., and there too multitudes are inquiring "if there is a way." Mrs. Currier is there now, and I hear that the largest hall in the city is crowded with all classes to listen to her eloquent arguments and appeals in support of the true, and the beautiful, and the everlasting. H. N. F. Lewis, editor and publisher of the Western Barn, a live agricultural paper published simultaneously at Detroit and Chicago, is the energetic President of the Spiritualist Society in Detroit. Though his hands are full of business, he can always find time to attend to the wants of the society, illustrating the old adage that "where there's a will there's a way." If we had a few more such self-sacrificing workers in our ranks, there would be no lack of meetings. When the Detroit Spiritualists organize a Children's Progressive Lyceum, they will have perfected the foundation for the certain growth and prosperity of their society.

Speaking of the Lyceum, reminds me that the Lyceum children here have a grand Social to-night. Two hundred of "such as are of the kingdom of heaven" will meet at an early hour to march with banners, to sing, and go through their beautiful gymnastic exercises, to eat sweetmeats, and make themselves merry, happy and free; after which, the children of a larger growth will take the floor; but whether they will do as well as the little ones is a matter of doubt.

LEO MILLER.

St. Louis, April 17, 1866.

CHOLERA AND CRAMP REMEDY— RULES OF PREVENTION.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

Several years ago, while residing in the city of Hartford, I had occasion to prescribe the following "positive" mixture, which was a perfect cure in many cases of cholera, during its last visitation to America in 1854. It will be found especially efficacious in all cases of spasms and cramp, internal coldness and simple diarrhoea, but not for dysentery or hemorrhage. By equally lessening the following proportions a less quantity may be prepared:

One quart alcohol, one ounce myrrh, one ounce guaiac, one-half ounce cayenne, two drachms cloves, two tablespoonfuls ginger, one and one-half grains opium, four ounces camphor, six ounces prickly ash, one pint of molasses.

These articles should be pounded together and thoroughly mixed before putting them into the alcohol and molasses. This preparation will be ready for use in six hours. Dose: In painless diarrhoea and coldness of the feet and hands, with languor and slight sickness at the stomach, take five drops in a tablespoonful of hot water every half hour, or oftener. For cramps and cholera, in any stage of development, take from half to two-thirds of a teaspoonful in half a cup of water, either hot or cold, as the patient may desire. This dose may be repeated three or four times an hour, until the symptoms improve. The same liquid is good to relieve pain in the bowels and sickness at the stomach, applied externally, in the form of a flannel compress. RULES OF PREVENTION ARE:

1. Keep an even bodily temperature both day and night. By this is not meant that a person should not "sweat" nor "cool off," but this: that the general temperature, the surface of the body should be kept equable by wearing red flannel next to the skin, throughout the season, using a clean garment of same thickness to sleep in, washing rapidly in cool water every morning, and perfectly drying the skin before putting on the day garment. Red flannel is superior to white because it does not "full up" by washing, and is, therefore, more suitable to the exhalations and other functions performed by the skin.

2. Never eat fruit and vegetables at the same meal. Fruit is healthy for breakfast and as dessert after a dinner of meat; but, during a cholera season, neither fruit nor vegetables should be put into the stomach after five o'clock P. M. There are no articles of diet adapted to all individuals. Reason and experience should tell every person what foods and drinks are best.

3. In America the cholera cannot expect to gain many victims, because the conditions propitious to its development do not very extensively prevail; to wit: concentrated filth and panic-generating superstitions. True, there are a few crowded cellars and garrets in every American city, and there are an abundance of dismal superstitions in every Orthodox Society of Christians; but the true home of the cholera is in the far "East," in the land of dirty bodies and superstitious minds, whence came all the pestilential notions of old theology, and, also, all the disempowers of fashionable sectarianism. A clean and healthy body is proof against cholera, even as a rational mind is proof against the sectarian epidemic.

4. Nevertheless there are certain terrestrial and atmospheric conditions which compel the development of some form of disease among men and animals. These conditions I have sufficiently set forth in the first volume of the "Great Harmonia," and the attention of the scientific medical men is hereby once more respectfully asked, to consider the "Causes of Cholera," as seen by clairvoyance. The medical profession, in my opinion, will make no progress in knowledge of either "Yellow Fever" or its opposite, "Asiatic Cholera," until physicians become acquainted with "positive magnetism" on the one hand and "negative electricity" on the other, and how the extreme state of the one or the other in the human system is productive of death. A true knowledge of these disease-propagating "extremes" is power; and intelligent Spiritualists, especially, by avoiding the physiological conditions which produce these extremes, should walk the earth like the redeemed of the future ages, unharmed by those influences by which the ignorant and unfortunate too rapidly die; and such knowledge, practically applied, is a chief note in the scale of prevention.

Finally, while it is true that, under certain circumstances and in peculiar states of the vitality, anything human might take the prevailing contagion, it is not probable that any temperate and well-regulated human body will be so attacked; at least not dangerously; hence let no right-living person entertain the first impulse of fear of taking the cholera. The wrong-living inhabitants of every community will, necessarily, be panic-stricken; for the cholera is Nature's scrub-brush and stiff broom; the periodical poisoning of the filthy rat-conditions among men; and was be unto those who, through idleness, ignorance, intemperance, or other indulgence and vice, live wrongly and do not make haste to sweep, wash, purify and set their habitations in order.

New York, April 23, 1866.

Synopsis of a Lecture on Psychometry.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Annie Denton Cridge delivered a lecture on the subject of psychometry, in Washington, D. C. She commenced by defining the meaning of the word as the science whereby we measure soul, spirit or essence, not only of man but of animals and things. She then stated the particulars of its origin and discovery by Dr. Buchanan, of Cincinnati. Its germ was universal in every human being, and could be developed, by suitable cultivation, for special purposes. This position was sustained by illustrations from daily life, from the experience of Quakers and Methodists, and from that of Zschokke, the German writer. This much had been attained, notwithstanding the cultivation of its mental faculty, intuitiveness, had been crushed back as superstition or mixed with fanatical religious ideas. But, under the guidance of reason, it was susceptible of numerous uses. Instances were then given from the lecturer's own experience in examining character and geological specimens, the volcano of Kilianee having been seen and described by her from a small specimen of lava. Specimens from mines and oil wells, when psychometrically examined, correctly denoted the "lead" of the metals and the position of the oil veins, etc. This was followed by an exposition of a general theory on the subject, based on her experience and observation, and compared with the conclusions at which a professor of chemistry had arrived, relative to the constitution of matter, by a series of experiments and inductions therefrom, extending over more than twenty years, conducted entirely independent of psychometry, but leading to similar general conclusions.

The subject was then reviewed in its relation to Spiritualism. Psychometry spanned the chasm between the present and future life, by showing that faculties claimed for spirits in another state of existence were here found in the germ, etc. Its

uses were numerous: it was useful in the formation of business and matrimonial relations; it was a key to the mineral wealth of the earth, which thus might be—as it should—placed in the hands of those best fitted to use it, thus breaking down monopolies and oppressions by the very means employed to bolster them up. The great obstacle to reform was the poverty of reformers; this science supplied the means for overcoming this obstacle, and inaugurating in practice what had long been maintained in theory. It had also numerous uses in history and science; but its crowning use lay in that it placed within the soul of each and all a means for realizing the truth of immortality, not contingent on external testimony but inwrought with our individual and interior experience.

The Davenport's Return to London.

Portions of the secular press in this country are publishing statements that the Brothers Davenport have admitted that they perform their physical manifestations by jugglery. Such lying assertions are always sure to come back on the originators, as much to their injury as they intended to injure others. It is so in the case of these excellent mediums. They have returned to London, and are holding sances for physical manifestations, as heretofore, but with more success than ever before. The Spiritual Times states that on the night of Easter Monday, the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay returned once more to their "old stamping ground," the Hanover-square Rooms, London. They have been to Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Glasgow and Edinburgh. At each of these important towns they have been handsomely received and honorably treated by the press and the public. The accounts of their sances given in the newspapers have been, with scarcely an exception, fair and courteous, and they have in no instance encountered the most un-English and discreditable violence that once assailed them in a few towns in the north of England. The most enlightened journalists have acknowledged, not only that the mode in which the "manifestations" have been produced has not been discovered, but, after the best opportunities for investigation, they offer no solution of the mystery. It was hoped that the philosophical acuteness of Scotsmen at those famous seats of learning, Edinburgh and Glasgow, might have thrown some light upon the subject, but the simple fact is that the most learned can no more explain the matter upon any natural hypothesis than the most ignorant; and, so far as any philosophical or reasonable explanation is concerned, the whole learned world is in the same position it was when the Davenports first landed in England.

No imposture has ever been detected; no trick has ever been found out; no confederate machinery, or any mode of producing the marvels of their sances has ever been discovered, nor has any theory been offered that is worthy of one moment's attention. Some scores of the cleverest, sharpest and most skeptical men in England have given the phenomena a careful investigation. Some of these have frankly declared that they could find no evidence of trick or fraud; others have, excepting to their confidential friends, kept a prudent silence. A few blatant fools, who are incapable of reasoning upon the plainest facts, have kept up a cry of humbug, and other fools have echoed the cry—but no one has ever shown that either the Davenports or any other person have produced one of the physical effects exhibited in their presence. The writer has tied one of the brothers with his own hands, and carefully examined the tying of others. He has watched every test with the closest scrutiny, in private as well as in public, and he is perfectly satisfied that these young men have no active agency in the matter, and that all ideas of tricks or confederacy is simply impossible; and any man of sound common sense, who will take the trouble to examine the matter, must come to the same conclusion.

As the present may be the last opportunity of witnessing so extraordinary an exhibition, we hope that every man capable of forming a scientific opinion will take this opportunity of examining facts, which are certainly as curious as any the physical world has presented. To denounce them as the result of imposture without such an examination is a gross injustice—it is an injustice to these young men, who have for so many years steadily protested against such an accusation, and it is an injustice to all honest people who wish to know the truth.

Can there not be found, in this world of London, one man of scientific character and reputation, or several such, who will undertake to bring this matter to the test of an earnest examination? Or are they, one and all, in a position before the public so shaky a character that they dare not run the risk of being obliged to acknowledge the verity of these manifestations?

Is Professor Faraday, for example, afraid that it would blast the brilliant reputation he has acquired, if he, like Professor Hare, should examine and become satisfied that there was no imposture? Do the Professors of the Royal Institution believe that its founder, Count Rumford, would have shrunk from the consequences of such an inquiry? Assuredly he would not have done so, for he was an honest and brave man, truly enlightened and conscientious. Never did the world need, more than now, physicists and philosophers of a similar character.

The Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay have always done their part fairly and honorably. They have given every possible facility to those who wished to examine the most remarkable phenomena of this age. They have been ready to go to any private house, or learned institution or university, and ask nothing better than that the whole scientific ability of the United Kingdom should test the truthfulness of their solemn declarations. The world calls them tricksters, cheats, impostors. They solemnly and indignantly deny that they are anything of the kind. Before God and man they plead "Not Guilty" to the foul and disgraceful charge—disgraceful to those who make it, if untrue—and put themselves upon their trial, asking only that fair play which men accused of the most atrocious crimes may demand of their accusers.

TO A ROSE.

Not the honeyed bee doth sip
All thy fragrance blossomed rife;
Sweetest juices from thy lip
Go to nourish higher life.

Human souls are fed by thee;
What thou draw'st from air and earth
Is compounded cunningly
In a gift of moral worth.

Wise's thinker of our kind
Comes not near thee in his walk;
But thou dost enrich his mind,
Pendant on a tiny stalk.

Nursling of the tenderest air,
All the life thou hast to live,
Dearest child of culture's care,
Is, to give, and still to give.

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

It is the emigration fever, says Prentice, that carries off people.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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 infuse; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims 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 true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritualist*.

Revivals a Failure.

Our readers will remember what was said in these columns, early in the winter, about the preparatory labors which were then performing in one and another of the "Orthodox" churches of this city, to start a general revival, with intent to make a wide sweep in the interests of Old Theology. Numerous meetings were held on numerous afternoons in several of the church vestries, at which the whole project was laid out and discussed more or less thoroughly in detail, and the task of making converts, willing and unwilling, was entered upon with an earnestness such as used to be attended with wonderful success.

Nothing of the sort, however, has so far resulted from this latest and last concerted attempt. The Puritan Recorder—an exceedingly straightforward exponent, advocate, and defender of the Puritanic creeds and forms of faith—has recently promulgated the distinct confession that the revival has proved a failure; nothing has come of it; the labor has been fruitless, and therefore has not been blessed. The reasons for this unexpected result, it does not pretend to go into. True, it indulges in more or less talk about the fact itself; but to the reasons which underlie and logically conduct to that fact, a very significant one in these days, it does not penetrate.

We can readily supply the deficiency. The popular mind has come to estimate the machinery of these things at their proper worth. The mechanical contrivances by which the work of proselytism has hitherto been done, are found, on a more familiar acquaintance, to be pretty much of men's invention, unworthy of the great reverence that has been demanded for them. Religion is found, by intelligent and reflecting minds, to be a matter of individual experience—inner and secret, silent and profound. It is not of a partisan character. It does not go with noise and numbers. As in Christ's day, so in ours, it is not those who make long prayers and ostentatious fastings, that obtain that precious insight which is a source of indescribable strength and satisfaction. There has never yet been taken out any special patent for making men religious. Into no particular hands has the task been committed of saving human souls from the palms and penalties of continued ignorance and sin. There is no aristocracy, no class privileges about this business.

There may likewise be set down another good and sufficient reason for the failure of the ministers of Boston to start an awakening on religious matters in the minds of men. It is because they have got out of the habit even of preaching what religion they used to preach, and have embarked with earnestness in politics. We conceive the two topics to be distinct. We know how important is a knowledge of the science of government; but that is not what the ministers have been preaching. They have been drumming at party politics; and in such a case there is always one side to be offended and disgusted. And if there were not, but the ministers met only with popular approval—that very fact would demoralize them for commanding any genuine religious influence. These two matters it is without the power of any set of men to mix. They appeal to very different classes of feelings and sentiments. The clergy will see all this, by-and-by; but it will be after their influence is pretty much departed.

The charm of revivals, however, is gone. There was that mixture of superstitious awe and unnatural ecstasy about them, which secured wide and profound attention to them, as a general rule; but mankind is rapidly outgrowing its superstitions, and for the matter of spiritual ecstasies it prefers to put in their place something that has the texture of a firm spiritual knowledge and belief. Just at this point is where the modern revolution has begun; and it has gone on so far that none of the old time contrivances can interpose with any hope of stopping it. People are not moved as they once were by an appeal to their fears. They have got bravely over being afraid of threats of deep damnation. The free exercise of their senses, their knowledge, and their reason, has done wonderful things for them, which no hocus-pocus of the best of human priests can neutralize the effects of.

Spiritualism has been the great Missionary of the age. Where has it not gone with its solemn personal appeals? Into what heart has it not, in some way of its own, once entered? Who shall presume to say that he is entirely clear from its influence and secure from its approach? No one who has ever known and loved a relation or a friend, but has opened a broad avenue for unseen intelligences to reach his or her heart. And when once the close approach has been made, there is no power known to man that can rob that heart of its belief, or cheat it out of its inestimable consolations. This is the great modern revival. Thousands upon thousands of human hearts are drawn to it, and go away filled to overflowing with an abiding joy.

The European Crisis.

War is liable to break out in Europe on any day. Bismarck is styled by Napoleon the Richelieu of Germany; Napoleon is ambitious of being considered the Louis of France and of Europe. Prussia means to fight Austria, the division of the captured Duchies furnishing the pretext and excuse. Napoleon will ally himself with Prussia, as he has already influenced Italy to do. That has probably been his plan from the first—to bring about a tumult in the heart of the Continent, so as to diminish the authority and influence of the lesser German States, and then push the boundaries of France to the Rhine. Prussia could readily be made to agree to this. Italy means to get Venice, which will tend to belittle Austria. Napoleon will aggrandize Prussia, but still keep it subservient, as he keeps Italy, to France. England looks on, but will do nothing. The map of Europe is likely to be greatly changed.

THE CORRY, PENN., CONVENTION.—We are informed that the time for holding the Corry, Pa., Convention of Spiritualists has been changed from the 1st of September to the 17th, 18th and 19th of August.

Fanaticism vs. Public Amusements.

Just now while our Legislature is employed in enacting laws that are to govern the people at least for a year, and we are all watching the passage of bills that concern the interests of our State and the people in general, it is quite well for us to ask how far stringent laws promote the growth and prosperity of a community and add to its moral strength.

Massachusetts is the pride of her sons at home and abroad. Out of the laps of the Puritan mothers have sprung men and women of courage and virtue; and if there is not as much of the American bluster and American ostentation among the masses as can be found in some parts of the Eastern section of our country, yet there is Yankee shrewdness and a quick wit at work among the people which make them enterprising and ambitious to stand well in the world as a community.

Much of the Puritan strictness of habit has worn off, and Young America protrudes his head everywhere, and wishes to be observed and admired. But with all the liberality that is to be found in the thought of the people—leading them outside of the old landmarks of faith and practice, there is a clinging to the old apron strings yet, and sectarian bigotry peeps out everywhere; and there is a subtle power constantly at work to foster and strengthen this spirit. We refer to the power of the Calvinistic priesthood. We recognize clearly their influence, in some of the absurd laws that are being enacted and enforced in our State. The same power that is so busily and energetically at work getting up what are termed Revivals of Religion—seasons of excitement, unhealthy and spasmodic, for the purpose of making converts to sectarianism—may be clearly recognized in the efforts that are being made to restore the old "Blue Laws"; to resurrect the buried relics of an obsolete barbarism. To this influence we clearly trace the enactment forbidding a man to play billiards after certain hours. Also the efforts that are from time to time made to prevent the horse-cars from running on Sunday, and to prevent the mails being carried on that day; and so on.

Nor can we wonder at this: it is the legitimate fruit of Calvinism. The inevitable effect of Puritan Calvinism is to lead men to desire to rule. Place a God of arbitrary power on the throne of the universe to be worshipped, and the worshippers desire of course to emulate their ideal. Make men believe that God rules by enacted laws, and they will desire to control by enactments of their own. The old Mosaic Order has not yet passed away. The New Gospel left men to be governed by purified impulses and hearts inspired by a love of goodness.

We do not wonder then that Puritan Calvinism cannot see that if you restrain a man by a law he is not yet ready for, you touch only his external life, and the vital power of goodness is not invigorated.

Wise legislation is necessary. Nothing can be more beneficial than laws which promote the good of a community. But such laws are never arbitrary; they are always beneficent. The enactment that no gentleman shall play a game of billiards after 10 o'clock, P. M., or after 6, P. M., of a Saturday, is precisely like the old Blue Law, that forbade the Connecticut mothers from setting bread to rise on a Saturday night, or making mince pies—that forbade a man to kiss his wife on a Sunday.

Now we all know that such legislation puts back the world toward an inquisitorial period and an age of more force.

Is it wrong to play billiards? Is it not in itself a harmless amusement? A billiard saloon may become no doubt a dangerous place for a youth, because he may be led through it to many excitements and the abuse of his time and money. But so are ball rooms dangerous places for young men and women, yet dancing is an innocent and health-giving amusement.

It is now pretty generally conceded that the war against innocent amusements waged by the Church in the name of Religion, was pernicious, and wise fathers and mothers have found that they must take amusements out of the hands of irresponsible persons and from pernicious influences, and bring them to their homes, to be the means of promoting the moral health and physical development of their children.

But this reform of ideas came slowly and by the increased wisdom that sprang from the love of the father and mother-heart that forever yearns to purify and ennoble its own, and not from the crusade of an ascetic theology against that which is in itself innocent.

And just so must the legislative power be exercised. A true legislative body is a parent to the people; wise in restraint that comes through a desire to bless. There can be no desire to enslave in such legislation, but only to elevate. To carry measures that are sectional in their operation would be quite impossible, for the good of the whole would be above all party feeling.

We must protest, then, against that assumption of power which endeavors to enforce laws that are obnoxious to a majority of those who are to be affected by them. A wise law appeals at once to the steady, thinking part of society, for each man feels in himself the operation of the law. A good man needs no restraint; he is a law unto himself; and an enactment that coincides with his own convictions of right, seems to him wise for others.

If we try by the standard of adaptation the enactment to prevent billiard-playing after certain hours, we find that it is an unwarrantable and unjustifiable interference with the right of an individual to decide for himself a question thoroughly personal in its character and involving no moral principles and no legal issue outside of an absurd and arbitrary legislation.

The question is not whether it is wise for men to play billiards at all, or after a certain hour of the evening. But is it right to legislate away a man's freedom, if that freedom is not vice? We answer, no. And we hope our law-makers will repeal all such unnecessary restrictions upon the free exercise of any rational amusement.

A Difference of Opinion.

The New York Evangelist expresses the decided opinion that "the great danger of this country to its religious faith, is not Roman Catholicism, but German Infidelity;" while the Boston Recorder thinks the greatest danger lies in Catholicism. "Infidelity"—which means disbelief in all creeds, dogmas, and man-made absurdities and contradictions, which designing bigots have canonized as "the sacred Word"—is largely gaining the ascendancy, and the world is being blessed thereby. All Spiritualists are called "Infidels," and it is by such infidelity that the Christian world is to be freed from the shackles that bind men's souls at the present day. The work of redeeming mankind has already made such headway that no human power will ever be able to prevent its consummation. A mighty host of invisible spirits are sliding up in rolling on the car of Truth, and will theologians much longer presume to block its wheels?

New Publications.

JARGAL. A Novel by Victor Hugo. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. This is Victor Hugo's first romance, composed when he was but sixteen, and published when he became twenty-three. It is full of the fire and passion which has blazed out in his later productions, and more of a curiosity than a book of intrinsic interest. It has been well translated by Charles Edwin Willbourn, the translator of Hugo's "Les Misérables." Striking illustrations heighten the effect of the text.

BAKED MEATS OF THE FURNAL. By Private Miles O'Reilly, late of the 47th Regiment of New York Volunteers Infantry, 16th Army Corps. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. Miles O'Reilly is admittedly above and beyond and outside of criticism. He is simply inimitable. This collection of essays, poems, speeches, histories and bouquets from his pen, is a storehouse of rollicking fun, glancing satire, genial humor, sparkling wit, and the philosophy of sound common sense. It is handsomely printed, and its publishers are having their pains rewarded with large sales.

IN TRUST; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. The author's tales are exceedingly popular, and she has been before the public in the weekly papers and magazines for many years. The present novel is well conceived, skillfully arranged in its plot, and has a good share of incident and character. The moral is inculcated in excellent. The scope of the story is purely domestic, and will, therefore, command the attention of those who peruse purely home novels.

FRANK NELSON; or the Runaway Boy. By Mrs. Hanford, author of "The Young Captain," "Our Martyred President," &c., &c. Boston: Wm. H. Hill, Jr. & Co.

An extremely pretty volume from a young and enterprising house, and a captivating story. It belongs to the "True Blue Series," and will be popular with the juveniles.

HARPER for May has been received. The illustrated articles are on Galena, the home of Gen. Grant, with its lead mines and public buildings; the Yosemite Valley, and Livingston's last African Expedition. There is likewise another of great immediate interest, on American dwellings, showing how our people are both starved and poisoned. A good number. Williams & Co. have it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May is a solid publication, packed full with articles of light and solid character. Hosea Biglow gives a racy description of what was said and done at the March meeting. Dr. Johns progresses. The Chimney Corner talk is excellent. The resources of the Government are thoroughly discussed. Books are reviewed. The whole collection is of real value, besides being highly readable.

A new Magazine has made its appearance in New Orleans, called the Crescent Monthly. In form and appearance it reminds us a little of Blackwood. Many of the articles of this number are selected from the English publications, but a larger share of native productions is promised in the future. The prospectus is manly, sensible and sound, and a magazine on such a basis ought to succeed, as we hope the present one will.

The first number of the promised fortnightly magazine—the Galaxy—is received. Its cover is decidedly striking—chocolate ground with glittering. The contents are mainly foreign selections, one of Trollope's new novels opening the number. A good list of American writers is pledged to contribute to future numbers. The American News Co. publish the Galaxy, which is a guarantee of its success.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for May is like a bouquet of spring flowers, and we hope it is on the table of all our young folks. "Miss Katydid and Miss Cricket" has fun enough in its one illustration to pay for the price of the volume. There is a sweet poem by T. B. Aldrich, and a variety of good things that need not to be praised.

PURITANIA: A Satire, by a Cosmopolitan, is the title of a neat and unpretending little pamphlet, published for the author in New York. It is, as its title indicates, a hit at Puritanism in all its shapes. The notes are scorchers, especially the one on Mr. Beecher. Satire is not yet become a popular form of literature in this country; but if it were, we doubt not this little brochure would get a much wider reading than it will now.

Henry Moser gives notice, through a handsomely executed pamphlet, with apt illustrations, of the reticence to him, by Government, of his Patent for Printing names of Subscribers on Newspapers, &c., granted for seven years longer, from June 24, 1865, the original grant dating June 24, 1851.

HOURS AT HOME, published by Scribner, of New York, is also on Williams & Co.'s counter. This May number contains some excellent articles, all of them being interesting to the family and general reader.

REV. MOSES HULL has published a thin and a very worthy pamphlet, entitled "A Few Thoughts on Love and Marriage." There is much common truth in it which people should read and consider.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for May, published by Deacon & Peterson, of Philadelphia, offers a continuation of its usual attractions. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

PETERSON'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May, with a full line of engravings, fashion plates and patterns, together with popular letter-press in prose and verse, is also on the counter of Williams & Co.

LEE & SHEPARD have for sale a paper-covered novel by F. C. Armstrong, entitled, "The Naval Lieutenant," published by the American News Company.

Verification of a Spirit-Message. Mr. L. Huntington writes from Delton, Wis., that the spirit message published in the Banner of Dec. 16, from Maj. Henry O. Johnson, is characteristic of the man, and true in every particular, except the name of the town where he lived. It was printed Delaware, when it should have been Delavan, Wis.—a mistake of the scribbler.

LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.—E. S. Wheeler, of this city, a good inspirational speaker, will address our friends in East Kingston, N. H., next Sunday forenoon, May 6th. In the afternoon and evening of the same day he will speak in Haverhill, Mass. We are pleased to learn that efforts are being made to establish regular meetings in Kingston.

Message Department.

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

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT.

Thursday, Feb. 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Wm. Van Ness, from Schenectady, N. Y.; Lucy Belmont, to friends; Michael Devlin, of McCabe's Court, New York City, to his wife; Catherine Devlin.

Monday, Feb. 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; William, a slave, to Col. Wm. Thomas; Gideon Castleton, to friends; Martha Tervial, to her friends.

Invocation.

Our Father, thou Spirit of all Life, thy presence rests like a holy benediction everywhere. Even through the shadows of this day thy love beams in upon thy children, and every atom recognizes thy presence. The falling raindrops know thee, the shadows know thee, the human soul knows thee. Yet, in its external consciousness, it does not seem to know thee, and often distrusts thee, often seems to feel thou art afar off; yet in its inner life knows thee and rests secure with thee. Our Father, our Life, we do trust thee ever. We do bring unto the altar of this hour all our hopes and all our doubts, and, laying them together upon thy sacred shrine of love, we would ask thee to give us a more perfect understanding of all thy ways; that through life it is that all joy comes, all sorrow comes, all death comes. Let us know, oh Father and Mother, why we are sometimes scourged; why shadows cluster closely around us; why our souls are sometimes called to pass through nights of sorrow? Yet, whether we know this or not, we praise thee, we render homage unto thee every hour of our lives. Whether it be in sorrow or in joy, whether we stand upon the mountain tops of pleasure or in the valleys of degradation, we are always in thy presence, for we will turn to that inner sanctuary thou hast given us, and there feel thou art with us; that thou art blessing us; that all our weakness shall be lost in thy strength; that all our darkness shall finally be folded in a brilliant day. So, Father, we praise thee; we ask thee not to give us our daily bread, for day by day, the bread of Eternal Life shall come unto us. But may thy kingdom be set up on the earth, and may thy children learn thy way, thy will, even here, and feel, oh Spirit of Infinite Love, that thy kingdom is with them; that thy holy kingdom is in their hearts; that they need not go out into Nature after it, for it is within their own souls, and they can enter it and there worship with the angels before the throne of Almighty God. Our Father, our prayers go out to thee like the fragrance of flowers. The atmosphere drinks in the sweet aroma and answers their prayers. So thou wilt drink in our prayers and petitions, and the answer will come to us as the answer comes to the flowers. We are satisfied; we praise thee; we lift up all our soul's aspirations to thee in thanksgiving, our Father, forever and forever. Amen. Feb. 12.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to consider whatever questions you may have to present.

QUES.—By a correspondent from Elmira, N. Y.: Can you explain to us why it is that spirits claiming to be our truest and dearest friends often make statements which are utterly false?

ANS.—Presuming it to be because those who claim to be your nearest and dearest friends are fallible—we say presuming this is the case—we shall so determine. You forget that the inhabitants of the unseen, or so-called spirit-world, are but, like yourselves, weak and fallible. You forget that they sometimes err in judgment, as you do, and often, therefore, are quite as likely to mislead you as to lead you aright, particularly in the things of this world. Probably not one out of every ten who are charged with dealing unfairly with those with whom they commune, do so from unholily motives. We would rather deal with them in charity than otherwise, knowing they have many obstacles to overcome in reaching you and holding communion with you. You should consider all this; weigh and measure all points of this case as you would in any other case, giving the same leniency to your unseen friends as you would to one who is in the flesh.

Q.—Does the spirit controlling recognize in the Fenian movement that it is for the liberation of Ireland from the control of England? or has it an ulterior object?

A.—The Fenian movement has, we believe, three distinct objects in view. One is the liberation of Ireland from British rule; another, the establishing of a universal standard of the Roman Catholic Faith; and another—we may not speak of that to-day, for the time and the season are not yet ripe for its unfoldment.

Q.—By F. M. C.: Can you give us a cure for insanity?

A.—There are many kinds of insanity. Therefore what would possess curative properties in one case might not for another. Persons are sometimes made insane from spiritual causes, sometimes from physical causes. In order to state what, in our opinion, would produce a cure, we must know something of the special case we are dealing with. Feb. 12.

B. F. Thompson.

I believe I was never known to be in season, except when there was any fighting going on, or the roll was called at the visit of the paymaster. Then I was pretty likely to be on hand. B. F. Thompson is my signature. If you would have it in full, it's Benjamin Franklin Thompson. I'm at present hailing from Gettysburg. But thirty-four years and a little over three months ago, I hailed from Castleton, State of Maine.

Now the truth is just this: I was a little prejudiced against your Spiritualism, and I said to some of my comrades who were in favor of it, "I know it's an infernal humbug! but if I should find out it's true after death, if there's any sort of a highway open, I'll come back within the first quarter after death."

But, as usual, I'm late. There always was

a cause for my being late here, and there's one now that's a very good one; I couldn't get here before for the best reason in the world: not because your religion, science or philosophy, whatever you call it, is untrue, but because I didn't understand the road. It's not a very straight one, either. I know they say the road is a straight and narrow one, but it's rather crooked, like the streets of Boston. I want much acquainted, but the last time I was here I got lost three times in one day. They would commence here, cut around there, and go clear round there, and the first thing I'd know I'd be right back where I started from. I couldn't get along without getting a guide. I went into one of your bookstores on Washington street, and asked for a "Guide." They gave me a map of Boston; well, they might as well have given me a map of Gibraltar as of Boston, as far as its being any help to me. I believe, if I do not mistake, that old map of Boston was somewhere about my clothes when I settled down upon Gettysburg.

I never did anything very much out of character in my life, so I've got nothing to own up to. For I went to war to be a soldier, and to be a soldier is, in my opinion—well, to be a Governmental murderer exactly; that is bringing it right down to the end of the spindle; that's what it is. Government employs men to fight, sometimes for a principle perhaps, but oftener for something else. Your Government is well enough, only I think it is a little shaky; got a soft spot somewhere in it. I can't say whether it's in its head or its heel; and it wasn't entirely with old Jim Buchanan, either. No, sir; Washington is the meanest, most contemptible hole in all the United States. And there's where you send your men to make laws. Why, it's a glass of whiskey and the chances of a roulette! It's so, and, as a general thing, it's no exception. You ask any of your old settlers there: "How do you think your law-makers spend their spare time?" In fasting and prayer for the good of the nation? I reckon not. But they will tell you how it is. No doubt they're good, honest men, every one of them, and they'll tell you the truth.

I am back here sober and straight, because there's nothing now to make me any other way. I don't want you to think I was a drunkard, because I made that statement. But once in awhile, upon special occasions, when the boys wanted some one to make a good stump speech, they'd give me a glass of whiskey, and I'd do it as well as the best of 'em, just to kill time, you know. But I was no drunkard; that they'll all tell you. [You were meddlesome?] One of these? [falling into the medium.] Do not know that I was; never understood myself to be one; was not conscious I was so.

Now if my old comrade, Lemuel Cooper, who was a zealous defender of this Spiritualism, is anywhere round these parts, I hope he'll give me the credit of coming at last, if I am late. That's the very last thing he said to me. When the order was given to fall in—you know what that is, I suppose; no, you're a civilian, you don't know what it is—well, when the order was given I suppose I might have been a pace or two behind, as usual. And he says to me, "Ben, you're late, as usual." Said I, "If I am I'll do as much fighting as you will."

I reckon he's spared, lived, you know, while I was taken. If I was late, I'd do as much fighting as anybody when I got up with them. I fought like a tiger at war. I went there to fight; was sworn to fight.

Please offer him my compliments, and tell him that although I'm late, as usual, all I ask is the credit of being here, late or early; that's it. [Do you remember the regiment you were in?] I should rather think I did. It was the 10th Maine.

Oh, it's joyous to die upon the battlefield, with the balls whizzing around you, and once in a while going through you. I tell you it feels very much as though you'd done your duty to your country; reminds you of that, you know. But it does something more than that, too. What do you think it is? I'll tell you. It just takes you right out—right out into the world you are in here; and while Death is cutting the strings one by one, you are bound up so tight, the first thing you know you're out, mustered out. He is the best mustering officer I ever met. I tell you what it is; you've all got to be mustered out, sometime or other, and I think you'll say as I do—he's a good mustering out officer; knows how to do his work; for he sticks to it till he gets through with it, then he's off for another job.

Capt'n, or Colonel, or Major, or General, whatever you are, good-day. Feb. 12.

William Sumner.

It is a beautiful belief that leads one to feel that although death robs them of their friends, yet they are not separated from them.

I am from Fredericktown, Pennsylvania; William Sumner, my name, and was seventeen years of age. When the second call from President Lincoln came, I bade farewell to my mother and sister, and went to do what I could toward restoring the country to peace. I was mortally wounded at Winchester, and my only regret was that I could not live long enough to see our forces occupy Richmond.

I sent word home by a comrade to my mother that I died satisfied, and would not have her mourn. I now send that word again; and I also would say I have met my older brother and my father, and I feel glad I have met with a change, only when I think of those whom I have left. Then I am sad.

My mother said to me, when I was going to war, "William, remember you are all I've got to depend on; if you're taken, what shall I do?" I could not say I thought I should return, for I thought the chances were against me.

My mother would like to know, I suppose, did I suffer much? Not a great deal. I did some, but not as much as my comrades were suffering all around me; was soon through. I would be glad to talk with her, and with others, if they'll only give me the chance. Things are not in the spirit-world as they think, but far different, much better. There is not that absolute dividing off that they have been taught there was. The destiny and course that each one pursues is a part of themselves, belongs to themselves. I cannot pursue the course others do, they cannot pursue the course I do. We are all different, and there are as many roads to heaven as there are intelligences to seek for heaven.

I would stay longer and say more, but I am terribly conscious of the last hours I passed on earth. Feb. 12.

Aggie.

From my home in the soul or spirit-land I would send a few words of greeting to my dear brother and sister, and all the dear friends I have left on the earth. Oh, tell them that their every thought of me reaches me, and like the sweet strains of an Aeolian harp floats into my being, and makes my heaven. Without a recognition of their love and their perpetual thought of me, I could not dwell in heaven; even were I in the fabled heaven that the Christians talk of, it would not be such to me,

for without the love of those I love, no place could be heaven, no condition could be one of peace.

I have much to say, but I shrink from the performance of such a duty and combined pleasure. I would rather meet them face to face, and talk with them as I did in earth-life. Soon I shall send them a message in writing, when I have so far learned to control a foreign organism. In the meantime let them know that Aggie lives, and watches over them; and though all the world shall pass away, my love will remain strong and constant. They are as dear to me as when I was with them on the earth, and all their joy and sorrow reaches me. When they're happy, I am; when they are sad, I am; when shadows thicken around their life, then the sun is obscured in my home.

Aggie, to Hudson and Emma Tuttle. Feb. 12.

Jason Richardson.

I am the bearer of melancholy tidings to my friends. Contrary to the usual custom, I bear the dispatch announcing my own death. I died four days since, at Cowes, whither I had gone to transact business. I am from Richmond, Virginia, where my friends reside; where they are daily expecting good news from me. I presume my disease was congestion, but I know not. At all events, I was sick little less than three days.

Tell them that Jason has gone home. I am a little mystified myself to-day. Were I more clear, I would give all the facts. Jason Richardson, from Richmond. I would not have the tidings shrouded in gloom. It is a strange position to me, but I am endeavoring to make the best of it. I was possessed of some slight knowledge of this power, which I call psychological return. I only regret that I did not know more of it.

I cannot with truth say I am absolutely happy. I do not know what happiness is, in the absolute; but I am trying to obtain an equilibrium that will produce happiness. Feb. 12.

Circle closed by Joseph Brant.

Invocation.

Oh Wondrous Jehovah, oh Perfect Life, we have heard thy voice in the Eden of our souls, and we answer thee through prayer and praise. We look outside in Nature, and we see thee. We look inward, and we see thee also. We traverse through worlds unknown to human life, there we see thee, there we trace thy wondrous workings, and reverently we worship thee. Oh Holy Spirit, whose home is in the hearts of these fair flowers, [referring to a bouquet on the table] who findeth a resting-place everywhere, thou Father and Mother of all things and all souls, oh teach us how to praise thee more perfectly; how to rend thy wondrous law of life more truthfully, more readily, when thou unfoldest thy revelations to us. Oh, let us understand what each and every change means. Let us, oh Spirit of Eternal Truth, so interpret thy laws as to become teachers to others. Our Father, some there be who sorrow for the seeming loss of loved ones; in whose remembrance there are graves yet new and green. Oh, Life of Light and Truth, let thy sunlight fall so sweetly and soothingly upon their spirit that they shall feel that their loved ones are not separated from them; that thy love is sufficient for all their sorrows, and the perfectness of thy mercy will in time wash out all stains, leaving only thy perfect laws and thine everlasting love. Our Father, while the nation trembles upon the verge of warfare, and it maybe dire desolation, oh let its heart be strong, and its hands be outstretched in deeds of mercy. Let every soul feel that God is walking in the garden of America, and seeking each individual, "Where art thou, my child?" May the answer come from every heart, "Here, Lord; I am ready for thy work, for that is justice and truth." Spirit of Peace, in thine own time fold thy soft wings lovingly around these people. Let them, in thine own time and way, rest in thy bosom. Let them know what peace means, that peace that is born of pain; that is the child of justice—justice to every man, woman and child. Oh let thy children know what peace means with thee; then they will worship thee in spirit and in truth. Father of nations, as the fragrance of these fair blossoms ascends to thee, so let our inner lives go out to thee in prayer. Answer in thine own time; perfect us in thine own way. Oh let us understand, Spirit of Eternal Justice, thy way and thy law, to-day and forever. Amen. Feb. 13.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We propose now to answer whatever inquiries you may have to propound.

CHAIRMAN.—I have none.

SPIRIT.—We will then consider, in brief, one that has been received by us, though not in the usual way. It is this: What is the perfectness of life? And still further on, what is the power by which all life is made perfect?

A.—There are as many different degrees of perfection as there are sources to perfect from. Perfection does not imply a resting place, a cessation of action, a suspension of all the faculties of the soul, by no means. Yet there are some who suppose that perfection is thus wise defined. Our correspondent professes to believe in an absolute state of perfection for some of the human family; and in his document to us he so expresses himself. He says, "I believe that a certain portion of the human family are so constituted that they can never obtain absolute perfection." And yet at the outset of his theory he upsets himself, for he asks by what power is all life to be perfected? Now, here he, like many other theologians, is exceedingly lame. To go back to our starting-point, we again affirm that there are as many degrees of perfection as there are sources to be perfected from, from which perfection flows. To-day some individuals may consider that they are perfectly happy. They can conceive of nothing that would add to their happiness. We know of some that are in this state, particularly on the shadowy side of life—(shadowy to you; not so to us). They feel that their heaven is absolute, perfect. They are satisfied; but very soon they perceive that they are not exempt from the law of change. What they are to-day they cannot by any possibility be to-morrow. The perfect state of happiness that is such to them to-day cannot be such to them to-morrow. There must be some change, even though it be so minute the possessor may not discover it; still it occurs, for the change must come.

The Christians affirm that their Saviour led a perfect and holy life. But that same perfect and holy life has advanced, gone on; and the perfection that belonged to him eighteen hundred years ago is not that that belongs to him to-day. It is always on the march, never stands still. Every individual possesses a certain amount of perfection. In certain avenues of life they are specially perfected. A Webster, so far as intellect is concerned, was very perfect. Morally he was exceedingly imperfect. His morality oftentimes stood at a very low ebb, while intellectually he towered mountains high. Now, with all the vast variety of degrees of perfection presented before us, it is absolutely impossible to erect any

general standard whereon to rear a symbol of perfection, nor can you. All lives are perfect to their sources. No doubt our questioner will ask, did we not all spring from the same source? Yes, absolutely; but materially, so far as your external lives are concerned, they have sprung from very different sources. Each one is different from all others. So all these degrees of perfection are only relative degrees, and they stand out before human life for human criticism. The man of letters who considers himself the perfect scholar, is also open to criticism, as is the ignoramus. This shows that his perfection is such to him alone. He can read it and understand it. He can appreciate it himself. A few in external life may do so; but there are some who will criticize and dethrone it.

The Jews see no perfection in Jesus, the Christ, while the Christians reverently bow down before the shrine of his so-called perfection. But where the source of all these various degrees of perfection? where the fountain head? We answer, where all life is. 'Tis on the earth, in the skies, it is everywhere. And this wondrous and perfect power is our God. We worship it. We see it in the beauty of the flower. We hear it in the murmurings of ocean, and in the song of the wild bird. To us it is everywhere; but more beautifully and perfectly to our consciousness, when expressed through human life. Feb. 13.

William C. Rogers.

Were the spirit-world to be suddenly unveiled to you, methinks you would wonder at your ignorance, as I did at mine when I was first introduced to the scenes of the spirit-world. For I exclaimed, This is all so simple, it's a very strange to me that any one could not realize it always. If there ever was a time when the human mind had power to, strange it could not have been seen these things as they are. But your religious notions, at least your religious teachings, have been so far at variance with the real truth of the thing, that there is as wide a difference between your ideas and the real state of things in the spirit-world, as there is between childhood and mature age.

The little boy loves his ball, marble, top and hoop. The man of mature age has a love for making money, for trafficking in stocks, turning this way and that, to see where he can make the best bargain. Some are absorbed in the mineral kingdom; some are absorbed in the floral kingdom; some in one way, some in another. But mature life differs very essentially from childhood.

The present age has opened up before a vast amount of minds the smallest portions of real truth. That is all you are capable of understanding, for you are as little children yet, and cannot bear to receive the whole truth. Therefore should your friends return telling you the thing just as it is, should they present all the beauties of the spirit-world at once to you, you'd be overwhelmed. And yet if you'd be willing to sift it right down to its own simplicity, you'd see how beautiful it was.

My friends are nearly all of them opposed to this new light, opposed because they are Church folks most of them, and have no correct idea of the real truth that underlies or flows through your Spiritual theory. They have heard of its vagaries, but have never witnessed any of its sound manifestations. So I'm placed in a very queer and strange position. I want very much to inform them of the true state of things, but I know very well I shall have to work very slowly, and at the same time be obliged to exercise all the patience I am possessed of—that may be at the same time not half enough.

Before this civil war came to take a serious stand, I was a little inclined to favor the seceding Southern States. I was living in Baltimore at the time, and was pretty fairly identified with Southern principles and institutions. So I was inclined to favor the move of the Southern people.

But after the Northern soldiers were so roughly used at the time of the Baltimore riot, I saw by looking into it that a very unsafe spirit was rife at the South. It was not with most of them as it was with me. I believed that the States would get along better separated than they would united; but I believed this could be, and should be brought about without bloodshed or the using of any harsh means. I did not like that. When I saw the Spirit of War raging so fiercely among those about me, I looked them in the face and turned right about face directly.

I said to myself, these soldiers have been sent to protect what is believed to be the rights of the nation. That is right, but it seems that the seceding portion are determined to secede at the point of the bayonet. Now, I am not going to fight at all. I stood aloof, but I did all in my power to favor the Union cause; by which I suffered much, was scoffed at by my friends, and looked upon as rather a dangerous individual. But in justice to them I will say I was never roughly handled. I was misused, terribly misused, but still the thing went on day by day, and I went on doing what I could for the North, and lending no influence to the Southern cause.

While the rebellion was in process I changed worlds, and from that standpoint I was able to see clearly the position I held here, and I was not sorry that I took the course I did.

Some of my nearest friends, I believe to this day, are exceedingly angry at the course I took; and some go so far as to say they believe I regretted the course I took, and my death was caused by remorse. Now I would ask, Remorse for what? Doing what I thought to be my duty? They accuse me of working against my friends. "I was not working against my friends, because I was working for the good of the nation; and I'm glad I did so; was glad up to the last moment of my existence that I did so, and have been glad ever since. And now that the political part of this contest is over, I would advise all my friends, if they have anything to do with that which may lead to war in the future, to give earnest thought; see to it they are right on the side of justice to all, not a part, but to all; do just as you'd like to have others do by you. Do not try to ensnare anybody else. But so long as you are not willing to be so yourself, you'll not be likely to wish to ensnare others, I think."

I should be glad to have a good free and easy talk with all the friends I've left, and I'll pledge myself to say nothing that will hurt their feelings, intentionally, at all events. If I should do so, it would not be because I meant to wound them.

I am William C. Rogers. I should say I am from Baltimore, I suppose. Good-day, sir. Feb. 13.

George Freemantle.

In coming here to-day I have a strange admixture of feelings. Sometimes I feel as though I have no right to come, after what has transpired with myself. I feel I ought to be content to stay away from the earthly life. But then again I feel as though I should do whatever I may be able to toward defending the cause of truth.

It is supposed by some of my friends here in

this city and elsewhere, that I am very happy, perfectly satisfied with my condition; that I am satisfied that I did the very best thing I could have done during the last days of my life here on earth.

I would say that when I was first fully aroused to the possession of my faculties in the world of souls, I did feel I was glad the change had come, and I felt a sense of relief. I did not stop to consider that that state of being might only be a natural one following the intense excitement that I had just escaped from. But later, when I came into the possession of my full spiritual strength, I was flooded with the most terrible remorse that ever visited a human soul. I felt that I had been a coward; that I had sought to escape from a duty that I had voluntarily imposed upon myself. Why, to myself I looked like the vilest coward that ever held control of a human form, and I said I would to God—if there is one—I could get away from myself, could die. But there is no death; that seems to be a settled fact, for I've tried to find it once, and failed to do so. It's like a man's trying to run away from himself—self will ever follow.

Now I would do all in my power to rid myself of this belief. In my condition I see nothing that resembles death. It is true, I am outgrowing that condition; I am becoming more reconciled by actually doing all I'm able to do to repair that which seems to be a wrong done to me.

Why, my God! when I came back here to earth and saw those little orphaned ones, if I'd had the power I would have turned the earth over to have got back here again. But there was no way of doing it. I had voluntarily separated myself from my children; I had deprived them of their mother, and their father, also. It is true, I traced a part of the sin to spiritual liquors; a part to bad company; but I contend, as an intelligent, enlightened being, I should have avoided such evil influences. I had seen my comrades led astray by following the course I pursued, and I ought to have heeded the warning.

You may say that that was my fate. Perhaps it was. I cannot say it was not; but at present I believe I might have changed my course of life, had I tried to. Perhaps it was my fate to murder my wife and commit suicide upon myself perhaps it was. But I contend, inasmuch as I had the power to do it, I had also the power not to do it.

In looking over my own life, I am often led to scan the lives of others who are left here. I see very many of those I was familiar with here, walking in my steps. In marriage, two souls often come together in the external, but not in the internal. It's a continual warfare, that may end in murder and suicide. Perhaps they may escape it. But even if they do escape, what are the products of such unions? To be constantly giving to the world all sorts of mental and physical monstrosities. And I have prayed, oh my God! so earnestly, that those I knew here might learn what they demanded for their own happiness, and what the world demanded of them as individuals. "Know thyself" ought to be written on every heart, over the threshold of every door. It ought to be the foundation of all the knowledge you receive in human life. My God! had I have known myself and the woman I married, do you think I should have pursued the course I did here? No; but because I did not, all this train of evil followed. Here you may say I was cut off from free agency in the matter. As a natural, intelligent being, I have power to avail myself of all the various modes of education that are abroad in the land. They are free; but they do not come to me, I must seek for them.

I have no pardon to ask of any one here, except to ask it of those little ones who are orphaned; but they are scarcely old enough to know my name; so I will simply say to those with whom I was acquainted, who knew me here, look at the course I pursued, and wherein you see that I made mistakes, in the name of the God of your being, if you would know happiness hereafter, avoid them. I come warning you off of the rocks and the quicksands that lie beneath a smooth exterior. If you do this, then I shall not have died in vain. If you do not do this, I think I shall have. The world is wide, and the law of progress is for me and for all others, and because it is, I shall avail myself of it.

I am George Freemantle, of Boston. Good-day, sir. Feb. 13.

Annie Elizabeth Giles.

I am Annie Elizabeth Giles, and mother and me have come to father, Captain John Giles. He belongs in Portsmouth, England.

Mother and me was drowned, and he was saved. And we've come here because we couldn't go anywhere else so well, to let him know how we was.

I was eight years old. Mother was twenty-nine, and she's here with me. I was so frightened when the boat swamped! [You were in a boat?] Oh, yes; father put us out of the vessel with the hope of saving us, but we wasn't saved, and he was. And oh, he is so sorry! He is so sorry! He was sick ever so long when—he knew we was dead, and he wished so much we was with him, or that he'd been drowned and we'd been left.

Mother wants him to know it was best as it is. She's glad she wasn't left and he taken. We want him—oh dear!—just as soon as he gets in port again, to let us come; let mother and me come, and we'll tell him ever so much about how we live. [Is your father on the sea again?] Oh, yes; he thought at first he never could, but he felt so bad he couldn't stay at home, and he's gone again—he's gone again in the ship Jane. [Did you sail from Liverpool?] Yes, sir, he has. We don't live there. We lived in Portsmouth. [But he sails from Liverpool?] Oh, yes, oh dear, I wish I could go. [And see him?] Fly I would, if I could only take her, [the medium] so I could speak. Oh, I should be so glad, and mother, it was mother that was going to speak to her to-day; and when she thinks all about it, oh, she was all so excited she couldn't come. But she will come. You tell father she will come. And tell him not to feel bad because he placed us in the boat, because he thought it was best. Mother wanted to stay; but he thought sure that there was no salvation for the ship, but there might be for the boat. He was took off on a spar; but we wasn't. Oh dear, dear, how I wish I could go! [And see him?] Yes, [try and be patient. You must come again.] Well, I will; I wish I could go, though. If the medium ever goes there, near my father, I will. [He must try to bring him here.] Oh, dear!—he's gone to Russia. Feb. 13.

Circle closed by William Berry.

MESSAGES GIVEN AT OUR CIRCLE.

Thursday, April 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Sarah Johnson, of Halloway, Falls, Vt., to her mother; Harry Stebbins, to Captain Bowen; Capt. Patterson, brother of Barnstable, Mass.; Thomas Luce, to his wife and mother.

Monday, April 16.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Invocation; Questions and Answers; Calico Currier, to wife and child, in Portsmouth, N. H.; Wm. Hiram, of Harmond, Pa.; Clara Jordan, of Chicago, Ill., to her parents.

Tuesday, April 17.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Thomas Kinley, of Manchester, Eng., to his friends; Joseph Carroll, to his comrades; Adella Oakins, of Virginia, to her two children; Edward Lawrence, of Cincinnati, to his father.

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Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. FREEMAN, RESIDENT EDITOR.
We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light. Letters and papers intended for publication should be directed to J. M. Freeman, Cincinnati, Ohio, P. O. Box 1402.

A Song for the Sad.

Our heart is brimming with songs to-night; we would sing to the sad. Take my hand, weary pilgrim; it is a brother's. Off with all masks; away with reserve. Tell me of life's uneven voyage! Its blighted hopes, piercing sorrows, trials, losses, defeats, struggles and disappointments. There is profit in confessions that bare soul to soul. Neither of us have secrets. All lives are unrolled scrolls, open to spirit inspection. Each is his own recording angel, and memories are immortal. What you are, I am, or have been; what you have felt, I have felt in my dual life-experience along some segmentary portion of the endless circle of being. Go on; I sense, feel your life-history. It is wild, weird, wretched, and big with the blessings of suffering! Now, all told, the good and ill measured with their necessary compensations, has it not been glorious to live—to live a thinking, reasoning, conscious and immortal individuality, with infinite possibilities before you? Could you afford to lose the rusted links even, from the chain that connects past and present? Have you not gathered and treasured rich experiences that will serve, through you, to strengthen others in their weakness and their peril? Have you not seen more flowers than thorns; smiles than tears; suns than clouds; and have you not heard more blessings than cursings; and a thousand merry peals of laughter for a single groan?

Has thy life been stained and blighted? None are perfect; the best have their failings; despair not; the good of earth, and the sainted in the heavens, delight to add the aspirational. "Come unto me," said Jesus. The angels who sing, come, "come up higher." Look not to the past with painful regrets. In ascending a ladder, the wise never look down to the broken rounds. Every step the prodigal son took in the outward from his father's house, was spiritually, a step toward it. *Husk* helped bring him to "himself." When himself, he was right, human nature being innately good. This prodigal's bitter experiences of hunger, want, suffering, proved eminently salvatory. The good father loved the repentant son none the less for his wanderings. God, angels, all good men love the erring. A mother's prayers pierce dungeon bars. The philanthropist hopes for all, *love* all, has faith in all.

No oak, lifting its head, catching and kissing the sunbeams, regrets that it was once an acorn and fell—fell into the mud to be buried, bruised, chilled and frosted with snows. Progression implies a lower condition to progress from. It was wisdom not to commence conscious life on the physical side, *perfect*. Those fixed stars that glid measureless distances, shine and sing all the sweeter from having been nebulous ere mist, floating in oceanic space. So noble-purposed souls, tempted, falling like the child in the effort to walk, yet rising, wiser for the pain, stronger in will power, treading the winniness of the world's wrath alone to-day, stopping by the wayside to-morrow, to help the more unfortunate, will find their path ultimately widening, brightening, and opening at last into the shining portals of immortality, where peals of victory shall blend with the grand oratorios of souls long housed in the heavens:

"Men saw the throne on Jesus' brow,
And angels saw the rose."

The Nazarene, though ever attended by ministering angels, shrank from the pain of the thorn-crown. Father, "let the cup pass." Thus he prayed—thus ever prays earthly weakness. Not my will but thine be done, responded the Divinity, the Christ-principle within.

Carbon shrinks from the fierce chemical fires that transform it to diamonds. Flax-fields tremble at the transitional methods necessary to white linen napkins; and youthful sailors would fain shun the rough oceans requisite to making them skillful mariners. Mortals are but children in the eyes of the angels. Beautiful is the Divine plan, with its infinitely diversified methods of soul-discipline. There was never a birth without agony; a beautiful bloom without an aching, swelling bud; a musical instrument—lute, lyre or harp—without grating, tuning processes; and even "craftsmen," and mystics in their upward pilgrimages meet with "ruffians," rough roads, repulses, and fiery ordeals, ere they pass the "valley," sit in the council chambers of the worthy, or rest in patriarchal tents. Aspiration and effort are the soul's jewels. Courage, brave ones; the gods help those that help themselves. Oh, it is grand to build the road we travel on; erect the ladders by which we ascend; carve our own mental statues on living, conscious forms, and construct our own homes in the upper kingdoms of beauty and blessedness.

Come, then, barred arrows and dark-winged sorrows! Ye are all *masked* angels, leading souls off by strange, inverse ways through thorn-encircled doorways into the inner courts of the beatified; the golden temples of the gods, whose every soul-tear will be transformed to a pearl; every groan die away into music; every sigh prove to have been a foregleam of a seraphic smile, and the sweetest, divinest *ideals* of earth the imperishable *reals* of eternity! Courage, then, fainting soul! Every winter hath its spring; every ocean its glistening gems; every frost its shining crystals; every thunder-storm its compensating health; every cloud its *silver lining*; every ruin its twining vines; every wave-tossed ark its *dore*; every blood-stained cross its flower-wreathed crown; and for every paradise lost, there are thousands to be gained! Patiently wait, then; wait and labor; wait and trust! Ye are, be courageous, brave, hopeful, joyful, happy, for a good God relays; eternity with its infinite glories is stretching in mellowed radiance before you; ministering angels are beckoning you onward, upward, and loving archangels standing upon evergreen mountains, and amid the matchless splendors of summer-land scenes, with *wreaths*, palms and glistening robes, are inviting and singing, "Here *rest* for the weary, and crowns for the worthy." "All these, and infinitely more than tongue can tell, shall be thine, oh children of earth, when ye are worthy," saith my Angel! Good-night, dear pilgrim friends. Sweet dreams to you, and kind angel watchers. We shall meet again!

Evansville, Ind.

This truly enterprising city has been favored during the past winter with several of our best speakers. Among the fast friends of Spiritualism and reform, are Dr. A. C. Hallcock and others. We addressed a small audience on Saturday evening—a larger, and really appreciative one on Sunday. The friends are taking active measures to perfect a thorough financial organization.

Shall Davis be Hung?

Hanging kills no one. It is simply a retaliatory Mosaic method of punishment—an unnatural process of severing the companionship existing between the earthly organism and the real spiritual man. Partles thus thrust into the spirit-world, sometimes innocently, and then again all dimmed, stained, and blackened o'er with crime, retain their individualities, and follow, too, their leading bent of mind, till they learn by observation and experience, with the unfolding of the wisdom-principle, that happiness is attained only through obedience and right-doing. And the phrase learn, implies effort, process, time.

Hence, hanging people to get them out of the world, is, more literally, getting them into the world by widening their range among men for the exercise of such influences as they may choose to exert. This life determines the commencement of the future. All, "over there," gravitate by virtue of fixed spiritual law to their own appropriate planes of action—act they will, and the effect of such action is felt in both the mortal and immortal realms.

Witz has been seen since his departure from the body, and given communications. The Cleveland papers assure us that John W. Hughes has been seen by his fellow-prisoners and others. These, with others thus forced into spirit-life, still live, are seen, are recognized, and exert influences just in the ratio of their mental and spiritual unfoldment. For the above reasons, with many others, we are opposed to the infliction of capital punishment in the case of Jefferson Davis. Hanging him will not increase Southern love for Northern society—it will not restore the physical forms of our soldier-sons—not in the "twinkling of an eye," make him an angel—will not prevent him from the exercise of almost infinitely greater impersonal and inspirational influences over such as still sympathize with the recent rebellion, aimed at the overthrow of our Government; and as for the example, the history of the world abounds in them—yes, the more barbarous the period, the more of just such examples.

The highest inspiration of the hour, the genius of the age, and the progressive tendencies of all nations, are against it. This method of punishment is entirely abolished in Tuscany, Portugal, Oldenburg, Bremen, Venezuela, the Danubian Principalities, and in the Swiss Cantons of Freeburg and Nuenburg; in Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and, we think, one or two other States. There have been no executions in Portugal for ten years; in Freeburg for thirty-four years; and in Tuscany for thirty-five years. Russia, standing as it were, with one foot upon the frozen ocean of the North, the other well along toward Central Europe, has not only abolished capital punishment, but flogging with the knout. Thus moves the car of Progression, bearing onward the cause of humanity.

Literature in Dungeons.

Some of the finest literary productions of the past were produced by men of letters during threescore imprisonments. In a sunless dungeon Boethius wrote his work entitled the "Consolations of Philosophy," and the celebrated Grotius a portion of his "Commentaries." Cervantes composed the most popular book, perhaps, in the Spanish tongue during his captivity in Barbary. Louis the Twelfth, confined in the Tower of Bourges, pursued his studies, and gave birth to his most liberal literary efforts. Charles the First, while a prisoner, wrote his "Royal Image," while Sir Walter Raleigh's "Unfinished History of the World," was the fruit of eleven years imprisonment. "Horrors" was sketched by Voltaire while in the Bastille. Bunyan conceived and penned his "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford Jail. The learned Selden was thrust into a gloomy prison for his attack on the divine right of Kings, and while there, wrote his "History of Eadmer." De Foe put upon paper his celebrated "Jure Divino" while incarcerated in Newgate. And many since those above-named noted for literary accomplishments, as well as science and free thought, have been chained within dark and loathsome prison walls for the truths within that demanded utterance. The fact was dark and demonic—the cloud lowering; but did it have no silver lining? Perhaps those cold, chilling floors, and misuse of governmental powers, were just the stimulants to bring out brave, manly thoughts, the same as deep sub-soil plows are indispensable to make some lands productive. It is certain that Kossuth loved and defended liberty all the more eloquently after suffering the meanness of Austrian espionage, and the tortures of imprisonment. Persecutions and prisons inspired Garibaldi and Mazzini with a more determined purpose to free first, then utilize and naturalize Italy. And Thomas Paine, whose "country was the world, and whose religion was to do good," more thoroughly appreciated political and spiritual freedom after his arrest for defending the kind-hearted Louis the Sixteenth, and his experiences in a French prison. Thus from seeming evil is the good educed—from cloud-lands flash gleams of sunshine—from tears are reflected the rainbow hues of hope, and from dungeons and prisons come learned volumes and tongues of freedom—all is for the best.

A Rich Card of Thanks.

Bro. J. Wheeler, a strong, clear-headed Spiritualist, of Crown Point, Ind., was called to mourn awhile since the physical departure of a loved grandchild. No Spiritualist lecturer near, the Rev. R. B. Young, a Methodist clergyman, was invited to administer consolation. The services were very acceptable. In a few days, Bro. Wheeler, to express his gratitude, published a letter to this clergyman, in the "Crown Point Register," of three columns, headed a "Card of Thanks." The thanks tendered, be proceeded to present in a masterly manner the *Biblical proofs* of Spiritualism, referring to the clairvoyance of John, trances, healings, signs that should follow believers, &c., contending even that the spirit of Jesus was the originator of the "raps" or "knockings," quoting the text, "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

With great propriety Bro. Wheeler might have referred to the "rappings" in the families of the Wesleys. In Dr. Adam Clark's memoirs of the Wesley family, is a full account of the "Spiritual Manifestations" in Samuel Wesley's family, for several months. Having "the power" and "falling," so common among Methodists a few years since, was only a psychological phase of the "trance." But as the old leaven-headed Pharisees ascribed the remarkable works of Jesus to Beelzebub, so Methodist Churchmen of to-day ascribe similar Spiritual manifestations to the devil—and yet it troubles them to perceive what affinity there could have been between the good Wesleys and the devil-like ascribing like. We have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the Rev. R. B. Young, having lectured in his Church, and supped at his hospitable table. He is a good man for a Methodist—good enough to be a Spiritualist. Praying for his spiritual growth, we make continual "intercession" that he may be thoroughly converted to the truth as it is in Jesus, as it is in all true progressive Spiritualists.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield in Rockford.

We are in receipt of some excellent correspondence from the able pen of Mrs. M. Moulthrop, of Rockford, Ill. It is exceedingly gratifying to us to hear of the prosperity of Spiritualism in the above named flourishing city. Of Dr. H. P. Fairfield she says, "He has been lecturing in Rockford the four past Sundays. His labors here have been indeed a success. His audiences were large, increasing from the first, and an unusual interest was manifested by many, some of whom had been strangers to our beautiful Philosophy. They found that Brother Fairfield did not seek to destroy that which was contained in the Bible, as many had supposed the advocates of Spiritualism did; he only cracked the conservative nutshell which Theology had kept whole, concealing the spiritual truth therein contained—truths written through prophetic visions by seers of old, as beautiful and sparkling as those of to-day, because true."

H. P. Fairfield has been out of the lecturing field for some time past, but has now resumed his labors, feeling encouraged thereby to work for the good and the true Gospel of Spiritualism, which enlightens our minds and banishes our fears. He is full of inspiration and zeal for the cause of our liberal religion, and, as such, the Society of Spiritualists in Rockford can recommend him to any community who may wish to procure his services."

A. B. Whiting in Cincinnati.

This able lecturer has been too long in the field to need a word from our pen. He has just closed a very successful engagement with the Spiritualists of this city; the new Music Hall being crowded, especially Sunday evenings, to listen to his inspirations and improvisations. Mrs. Nellie Whiting is engaged for May and June. She will meet, as previously, a most cordial welcome.

Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell.

This excellent woman and faithful laborer, recently speaking in Byron, Johnson's Creek, Buffalo, Cleveland, &c., will lecture upon Spiritualism in the Western States, during the season. She will also attend Conventions and Grove Meetings. Keep her tolling in the harvest fields, for they are already ripe. Her post-office address is Hillsdale, Hillsdale Co., Mich., care of Oscar Hancock.

Dr. D. M. Graham.

Bro. Graham, a resident of Evansville, Ind., has the reputation of being a very successful healing medium, giving some medicines, but relying mostly upon spirit power by the laying on of hands. He goes east soon, by way of Madison, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland and New York.

Correspondence in Brief.

Physical Manifestations—Quincy, Ill.
The awakening in Quincy is still progressing, though we have had no lectures for the last three weeks. An association has been formed, with the most liberal articles, containing no creed or binding declaration, except to follow the lead of the highest perceptions of truth unfolded within each individual member. We will try to keep up meetings, with lectures as often as possible, develop a Lyceum for children, and move along the noble car of human progress.

We have been favored with considerable force in the physical department by Miss Jennie Lord, who has been visiting a family of friends here, and has held a number of sittings, giving much satisfaction, and convincing skeptics of the glorious truth of spirit-manifestations and communion. I am happy to say that the conditions arranged in her circles are satisfactory to the most searching criticism. Of the manifestations I need not speak, as you and your readers are already familiar with them.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain was here on a flying visit to her sister, and I had the gratification of seeing her in a family sitting, when the most satisfactory evidence of her powers as a medium, and the power of spirits to materialize, &c., were given; the most satisfactory evidence of the latter facts, to me, I have ever witnessed. She gave no public sittings.

A resident medium, Miss Jennie Barrack, has also convinced many of the genuineness of physical manifestations, and the power of spirits to communicate with mortals.

Bro. Church has been at Hannibal, Mo., recently, and has promised to visit Quincy in about three weeks. I attended a séance of his at Hannibal, where the work was wonderfully—truly grand, and conditions such as to be very convincing. Thus the work goes bravely on; and may the Banner wave, and the Journal vibrate and sustain the motion, which will work out the glorious problem of human possibilities in progress. I will not say that I can see the end of the subscription list of both.

DR. J. E. BAILEY.

Social Amenities.
Permit us, through the columns of the Banner, to give expression to our heartfelt thanks to the people of Danby Depot Village and vicinity, for the manifold kindness rendered unto us. March 27th, a day appointed for a social gathering of Spiritualists and others at our spacious dwelling—came, ushered in by falling rain and deepening mud; yet, notwithstanding, our friends gave us kindly greeting in goodly numbers. The afternoon was passed in social converse pure and deep.

That makes the heart the greenest keep. Truly, we enjoyed "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." At twilight we were conducted to the dining-room, where the tastefully arranged tables groined beneath the dainty viands spread by kindly hands. In the evening we had speaking, singing, and vocal and instrumental music. At the eleventh hour they gave us the long-time holy word, "Good-bye," leaving, as a token of their respect and appreciation, a solid roll of Uncle Sam's "greenbacks" to encourage us in the good work before us.

May God and the holy angels feed them with the manna of heaven, and strengthen their souls for happiness, as they have strengthened ours, be the earnest prayer of their and your humble servants.

M. C. VOLCOTT.

P. S.—I would say to the friends at a distance, that the donation and leave appointed to be held on the first day of May, at Danby Corners, is postponed until the first day of June, meeting at the above-mentioned place.

E. M. W.

April 17, 1886.

From Southern Illinois.

Away from the great trade-mart, once again in the free country, I greet you from the promising and beautiful town of Jerseyville, in Southern Illinois. The wide steets, the picturesque cottages, the inviting gardens all remind me of good old New England. Our glorious religion and philosophy is slowly gaining ground. Brother Leo Miller has lectured here, and a few copies of the Banner of Light are taken by appreciative minds.

As the sweetest and most fragrant flowers are often met with by the wayside; as streams of refreshing gladness greet us in remote, solitary places, so the best mediums are sometimes found in the bye-places of life. Such a true-hearted and pure-minded sister I have found in Mrs. Ada Barnes, now sojourning with me beneath the same hospitable roof. Mrs. Barnes is a trance speaker, and a medium of considerable ability, destined to do much good. She prescribes for the sick through the benign and healthful influence of Indian spirits. She believes in prayer, and is controlled to give its inspirations; and the teaching comes through her as morally elevating as when a prophet is speaking.

I am sending you the blossoms shed perfume, and the robin sings his sweetest song.

Yours for truth, CORA WILBURN.

Jerseyville, Ill., April 15, 1886.

Another Speaker in the Field.

We would introduce to the friends of progress and the cause of spiritual truth, James Trask, of Kentuckney, Me., an excellent test and speaking medium. Bro. Trask has been a Baptist minister till last June; since that time he has been in the field as a spiritual speaker, with marked success. He has lectured in our village a number of times, and we would recommend him to the public as one of our best speakers. "The waters are troubled" wherever he lectures.

JOHN MASS,
DR. BENJ. COLSON.

Monroe, Me., April 23, 1886.

Information Wanted.

To my Spiritual Brother, William H. Lambdin. Should this meet the eye of Wm. H. Lambdin, who lived in Richmond, Va., during 1857-9, will he be kind enough to address me at the above-named city as soon as possible? Any person possessed of any information concerning him, will also confer a favor upon me, by not informing me of his whereabouts. Mr. Lambdin was formerly a resident of Wilmington, Delaware.

Richmond, Virginia. WM. E. COLEMAN.

Spain and Chili—A New Complication Threatened.

The last mail from the South Pacific has brought the Navy Department at Washington rather startling advice from the seat of war on the Chilian coast.

According to a dispatch from Commodore Rodgers, in command of the United States squadron in the harbor of Valparaiso, a collision between our naval forces and the English two vessels, the *Monarch* and the *Spanish* *Blanca* on the other side, is not improbable. It seems that Commodore Nunez, commanding the Spanish vessels, notified the authorities of Valparaiso that if an attempt was made to employ torpedoes against his ships, he would at once proceed to bombard the city. The Chilian authorities informed Commodore Rodgers, and Rear-Admiral Denham, commander of the English squadron, of this notification. Thereupon the commanders of the United States and English vessels sent a joint protest against the proposed bombardment, and subsequently informed the Spanish Commodore that they should insist, under any circumstances, upon ample time being given for the removal of neutral property and of the women and children of the city, before it was fired upon. At the same time they changed their position and took up a position close to the shore, between the Spanish vessels and the city. Commodore Rodgers expresses his intention to attack the Spanish fleet in case his demand should not be complied with. The United States squadron in the harbor consists of the monitor *Monadnock*, four fifteen-gun monitors, the *Powhatan*, twelve gun frigate, the *Tacoma*, the *Tuscarora*, ten guns; the *Waterloo*, ten guns; and the *Buena Vista*, ten guns; in all sixty-one. The English fleet is smaller in the number of vessels and also of guns. The Spanish iron-clad is a vessel of immense offensive and defensive power, three hundred and eighty feet long, eighteen feet out of water, mounts forty guns, and is plated all over with five inches of iron. Her capacity is no less than 7,200 tons; nevertheless, Commodore Rodgers believes he could sink her in less than half an hour.

In a private letter the Commodore humorously remarked that he has had two visits from the Spanish Commodore, who, he thinks, satisfied himself by close inspection that his monster is no match for the American monitor. The Commodore also writes that the *Monadnock* was visited by three thousand Chilians in a single day.

Meeting at Greensboro', Ind.

The Spiritualists and friends of progress will hold a three days' meeting at Greensboro', Henry Co., Ind., beginning on the 25th, and closing on the 27th of May inst. A cordial and universal invitation to all reformers in all the important interests of religious, political and social life is most cheerfully extended. Good speakers will be in attendance, through whom angel blessings may be given from the higher spheres. Come, all who are seeking more light, and let us reason together. By order of Committee.

DR. J. H. HILL.

Knightstown, Ind., April 15, 1886.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON—MELROSE.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays, at 2 and 4 o'clock. Admission free. **THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS** hold meetings every Sunday in Hall No. 118 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. **THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS** hold meetings every Sunday in Hall No. 118 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. **THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS** hold meetings every Sunday in Hall No. 118 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

CHARLESTOWN.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 2 and 4 o'clock. Admission free. **THE CHILDREN'S SPIRITUALISTS** hold meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 10 A. M. **THE CHILDREN'S SPIRITUALISTS** hold meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 10 A. M.

CHILMARK.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chilmark hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to J. S. Briggs, 127 Hanover street, Boston. **LOWELL.**—Spiritualists hold meetings in Temple Hall regularly at 2 and 4 P. M. and 10 P. M. **Worcester.**—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. **CHILDREN'S LYCEUM** meets at 11 A. M. every Sunday. **THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS** hold meetings at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. **THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS** hold meetings at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Spiritualists of Massachusetts hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to J. S. Briggs, 127 Hanover street, Boston. **MASSACHUSETTS.**—The Spiritualists of Massachusetts hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to J. S. Briggs, 127 Hanover street, Boston.

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CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street, between Adams and Dearborn streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. **SPRINGFIELD, ILL.**—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Springfield, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street, between Adams and Dearborn streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. **ST. LOUIS, MO.**—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in St. Louis, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street, between Adams and Dearborn streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. **ST. LOUIS, MO.**—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in St. Louis, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, entrance on State street, between Adams and Dearborn streets, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Spiritualists of Washington hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Congress Hall, 10-12. **CHICAGO, ILL.**—The Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Congress Hall, 10-12. **CHICAGO, ILL.**—The Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Congress Hall, 10-12.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore has been compiled by the Society of Spiritualists, and is published for the benefit of the public. Should any name appear in this list of a party known to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.

Miss Liza Dorrance will lecture in Boston during May; in Chicago during June. She will not make any other engagements until further notice. Address, Fawcett, 10-12 Congress Hall, Boston. **F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D.**, will lecture in Lowell, Mass., during May; in Worcester during June. Address as above. **ST. FRANK WHITE** will speak in Battle Creek, Mich., during May and June. Applications for week evenings must be made in advance, and will be promptly answered. Address as above.

A. T. Foss will speak in Portsmouth, N. H., during May; in Bangor, Me., during June. Would be glad to make further engagements in New England for the summer and fall. Address, Manchester, N. H. **Mrs. N. J. WILLIS**, trance speaker, will lecture in Worcester, July 1, 3, 5, and 7. Address, Boston, Mass. **Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CHURCH** will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during May. Will answer calls to speak in New England through the summer and autumn. Address, Box 10, Lowell, Mass. **ALBERT E. SIMMONS** will speak in Lowell, Mass., the first Sunday of every month during the coming year.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in St. Louis, Mo., during May; in Jackson, Miss., during June; in New Orleans, La., during July; in Providence, R. I., during September; in Cleveland during October and November; in Cincinnati during December. Address, 10-12 Congress Hall, Boston. **WILLIAM E. COLEMAN** will speak in Lowell, Mass., the first Sunday of every month during the coming year.

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