

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XXI.

{ \$2.00 PER YEAR, }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1867.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 8.

The Spirit-World.

EXTRAORDINARY COMMUNICATION FROM A SPIRIT.

(We have been favored by our reliable correspondent, "Frank," with the following exceedingly interesting narrative. It was received through his mediumship by the aid of the dial.)

[Let me first give my experience with this simple and efficient method of communing with the interior world. It is not so slow and tedious as some suppose. True, when first developed, in 1853—and I am now in my seventieth year—every letter had to be given, and word by word spelled out, but in a few days at the initial letter the word itself was given, and now inspiration flows so freely that while writing the two or three lines just received, much of the following sentence is often impressed on my brain. None but a stenographic pen could follow me.]

The following extraordinary history, just given, will, I am sure, be interesting to your readers. It is from a spirit who has been my constant attendant for more than three years, by the name of Benjamin Peters, and whose curious biography was published in the BANNER in October 7, 1865. He now tells me that he wishes to give a history of his life.

"You have given it to me already."
"No; that is not a true one. Ask any police officer if he knew Benjamin Peters, and he will answer 'yes;' but if you attempt to trace out the history in connection with that name you will be disappointed. And yet it is true in every particular except the name. It is that of a man with whom I was very intimate.

A long time has elapsed since I left the form, and many changes have taken place since then in Baltimore, wherein I was born and where I passed to the spirit-world. Many families who held high position before the world have passed into forgetfulness, while others comparatively then unknown, now rule the destinies of the city. The family to which I belonged was among the first I have mentioned.

My father stood high in the estimation of all for the purity of his character and the amiability of his disposition; for his charity to the poor and liberality whenever opportunity offered of doing good. He cared not for fashion, nor did he bow to wealth, but regarded every one according to his moral worth. He died at an early age, and left me possessed of considerable property.

Few men have seen more of life in all its phases than myself. I have mixed with all classes of society, and know how little of truth and honesty is to be found even among the highest in the land. How contemptible would many appear could all their false glitter be brushed away and others could see them as they really are.

You are expecting me to give my name. Excuse me; I have relatives here who would be pained to see this in print. Gain what you can from my unhappy history, but cast no stain, inflict no sting upon others. Let my own guilt rest upon my own head.

I was seventeen years old at the time of my father's death, and deeply did I lament his loss. After a few years, becoming weary of a life of idleness, and eager for anything like excitement, I joined an expedition to Tennessee, then a wild country with but few white inhabitants, and they scattered far apart from each other. The Indians were peaceable, but as immigration flowed in, they moved on, and many of them went to Florida.

You know how reckless and improvident young men are, caring for nothing but present enjoyment, had enough for any deviltry, and brave enough to venture anything.

Having continued with them a couple of years, I became weary of such a life, and left for New Orleans, that sink of all wickedness; but my companions remained, and many places in Tennessee are named for them.

New Orleans then was very different from what it is now. Its inhabitants were chiefly French, and its size quite limited, compared to its present enlarged proportions. I endeavored to become acquainted with the most respectable part of the community, and the social position I held in Baltimore made this quite easy; but unfortunately I became acquainted with a man of pleasing address, but corrupt to the very lowest degree. There is no kind of wickedness that he did not make me familiar with; and I may say, that previous to my knowing him I was rather exempt from the frailties common to young men. But gradually he extirpated all seeds of virtue that may have been implanted within me by my beloved father, and I began to look upon life as one grand panorama in which all had to perform their allotted part, and each one to follow his own destiny. Religion I considered a cheat, and the clergy impostors. All respect for law, except to avoid its perils, found no place within me, and to enjoy life in every possible particular was the sole object of my existence. I thus lived from day to day, ready for anything that would give excitement or afford pleasure.

But there were some gleams of brightness amid all this wickedness, showing that I was not utterly depraved, notwithstanding what the Church may say to the contrary. I will relate a scene I witnessed in a gambling-house. It was kept by a man who had known better days, and who had filled places of trust and honor, but drinking, gambling, and other low vices had brought him to his present condition.

I was there one evening when a man came staggering in much intoxicated, and laid down his money at the faro bank. It won. He let it lay until the pile accumulated to a considerable sum. He could not realize this at first, but gradually the thought seemed to enter his brain, and he kept on playing until the bank had no more money to bet. He gathered up his winnings and started for home, but there were a couple of men

present who had witnessed the whole affair, and as he left by one door they departed by another. I saw this, and knew there was mischief brewing. Hardly had the door closed upon them before I, too, was out. The poor fellow was staggering along, little thinking of what was about to befall him, when the two men came alongside and offered to assist him home. He had so little sense that he neither accepted or declined, but kept joggling on as if alone. Presently he was seized by the back and brought to the ground, but I was upon them at the same instant, and a severe struggle we had; but being a man of great physical strength I obtained the mastery, and handed them over to the police. I often think of this as one of the bright days of my life.

You are doubtless aware how unhappy is the condition of one given up to vicious habits, and how difficult it is for him to change. But a wonderful change was wrought in me by the master passion, love.

One day in coming from church I saw before me a young lady, certainly the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. The most intense emotion instantly overwhelmed me. I watched her footsteps until she entered a large house on the outskirts of the city, belonging to one of the dignitaries of the land; a man of great worth and wealth. I laid my plans to make his acquaintance, and obtained letters of introduction through my relatives in Baltimore. After this I was most assiduous in my attentions, and soon won the heart of my enslaver. We were married, and all of earthly bliss was mine.

Although corrupt as I have described myself to be, yet my reputation was untarnished; the world had learned nothing yet of my secret haunts, and I determined it should not do so. From the day of my marriage all former places of amusement and dissipation were abandoned, and their associates I no longer knew. The society of my wife and her family was all I cared for, so thorough was the change wrought in me by this most happy event. Many a man has thus been drawn from the purities of vice and dissipation by a virtuous marriage.

I now commenced an active life; bought a plantation about ten miles above New Orleans, and was never so happy as when absorbed in business. But my life was checkered too with adventures, one of which I will relate.

On my way to the plantation I had stopped at a house on the roadside to get a drink, and soon after my horse balked. While examining into the matter, being entirely alone, as I thought, a man sprang and caught me by the collar, but being powerful myself, I quickly threw him off, when another came to his aid, and I had two to deal with. Exposed at all times to sudden broils, I ever had a pistol in my pocket, and with this I soon brought one to the ground, when the other immediately fled. My assailant proved to be a German, one of a band who had been notorious for some time, stopping travelers on the road, and killing when resistance was made. My ball entered his head, and he lived but a short time.

My wife was terribly alarmed when I related to her my escape, and begged me not to go again unless in company.

We lived together in great harmony for several years. A more lovely being, both as to personal charms and exalted character, never fell under my observation. Oh how she was loved and admired by every one who came within her influence, and how she was wept over and lamented when disease hurried her to the tomb.

She left me one daughter, the express image of herself. All the love I had borne my dear wife, and all the affection I had ever felt for our child, was now concentrated upon her. No words can express it unless we call it idolatry. She grew up adorned with all the graces that the highest culture could give.

Man is the creature of circumstances, and his happiness depends more upon his surroundings than himself. Give him affluence and agreeable associations, and what should lead him astray; but let his lot be cast among the poor and depraved, and let pinching want be his constant attendant, and why wonder that vice and crime are his companions. I was now freed from all such conditions, and my days glided smoothly on.

When Anna had reached her eighteenth year, admitted by all to be the most beautiful girl in New Orleans, there came a gentleman from Baltimore who brought letters from my relatives, and was at once received into our society. An intimacy sprang up between him and my daughter which ripened into love, and marriage was the natural consequence.

A month after the ceremony they left us to spend a few weeks in Baltimore, where they were received in fashionable society, and kept in daily intercourse with the first in the city. A month was thus spent in festive enjoyment, when they set off on their return by sea. The ship foundered, and all on board perished!

Let me draw the veil over those crushing moments when overwhelmed by the news of her loss. Life seemed to me a curse, and I am now astonished that I did not at once solve the problem whether there be another world or not. But I lived on, gaining nothing by bereavement but bitter tears and bitter remorse for the life I had once lived.

As time rolled on a better frame of mind gradually stole over me, and after a few months I returned to my usual avocations. I was then about forty-one years of age, in good health, and capable of any amount of fatigue.

I had a cotton plantation, as I have already said, and there I spent a great part of my time, being in early life, I had now become quite a different being, and a blessing would it have been had death taken me away.

A strange affair occurred to me about this time, which I may as well relate:

I had gone up the river on a flat boat, for

steamers were then unknown. I had lain down to take a nap, when suddenly there sprang up a breeze, which caused the rickety thing to take in water. The hands became alarmed, and ran to wake me up. Seeing the danger we were in, I advised them to run ashore; but this was easier said than done, for the current was very strong, and the rude vessel altogether beyond our control. Nothing was left for us but to float with the stream and trust to Providence as best we might. More than two hours were thus consumed in vain efforts for our safety. At length the wind died away and we resumed our course, hoping to reach the landing before sundown, but night came finding us still many miles from the place of destination. The thought of spending the night on the Mississippi was to me by no means agreeable, but there was no alternative, so folding myself in a cloak I laid down, hoping to bury thought in sleep.

Among the hands was one whom I had formerly employed as a clerk, but had discharged for dishonesty. He had ever since owed me a grudge, and now, thought he, is a good time for revenge. Creeping up softly, supposing me to be asleep, with knife in hand he was about making the blow that would have settled all accounts between us, when his foot tripped across a rope that fastened the band to the sweep, and flung him almost overboard. The noise awoke me, and I saw at a glance the whole affair. There he lay with knife in hand, guilt and fear strongly depicted in his countenance. Instantly I drew my pistol, and made him fall upon his knees begging for mercy. The whole crew hastened to the spot, and being convinced of his guilt, tumbled him overboard without the least hesitation. I can never forget his haggard look as he went over the side.

Daily I found my reward in a course of virtue and good conduct. We lived a quiet and peaceful life. I was active in the management of my estate, and so pleasantly did day after day pass on, that I scarcely marked the course of time, except when Christmas reminded me that another year had gone. Cards and chess occasionally beguiled an hour, and nothing was wanting to make me completely happy, but that the memory of my lost child brought its sadness along.

One day there came on a visit one of my former companions, but not the one who first enthralled me. Our conversation naturally turned upon the scenes we had witnessed together, and a desire sprang up to again mingle among those revelries, which he urged upon me with all the eloquence he could bring to bear. I hesitated for awhile, but he at length prevailed, and I took leave for the city, contrary to the advice of all my friends. There I soon became the admiration of a circle of ruined gamblers, debauchees and finished scoundrels. Rapidly did I descend from the plane of rectitude on which I had stood for so many years, and soon became as reckless, as depraved and corrupt as any of my associates.

In reviewing my past experience, no part of my life brings up such remorse as the two years after I left the plantation. It was filled with all of crime and wickedness, save only that I shed no man's blood; but many an innocent girl had cause to weep that ever she fixed her eyes on me. Every kind of vice had become familiar, when at length my health, which had ever been robust, gave way, and thus a check was given to my hellish life. A year rolled on before I could join my companions and again partake in all their scottish vice, when another attack brought me nearly to death's door.

I now saw that this could be pursued no longer; but unwilling to separate from my associates, I concluded to sell my plantation, convert all my property into cash, and open a faro bank. Crowds came about me, and mine became the most fashionable resort of the kind.

Few have had the advantages I possessed of seeing life in all its various phases. At my table might be seen every rank in society and every profession known; for the spirit of gaming seems to be universal. The rich merchant, not satisfied with his accumulated store, must come there to increase his gains. The young man just come into possession of a large estate, and looking around on every side for enjoyment, lingers in the saloon, and a few months finds him a beggar. The clerk, with a salary merely adequate for his support, and anxious perhaps to marry the object of his choice, lays down his trifles, doubles his winnings, and for awhile all seems bright and cheering; but luck turns, he tries again, is perhaps successful, and goes home in an ecstasy of delight with a considerable sum. He is now completely infatuated, and nothing can save him. All his possessions is soon gone, and then comes crime. His employer's store suffers in goods and money—detection follows, and death often ends the scene.

Even the clergy are not exempt from the fascination of play. They generally come in disguise, but no disguise could screen them from my penetration. I have been astonished at the madness which seemed to take possession of them. No fear of detection could induce them to leave when thoroughly engrossed in play. I have read guilt in their countenance even while ministering at the altar.

And so I might go on to enumerate other classes, but one word includes all. All are subject to the baleful influence of gaming. I have never witnessed more acute agony than I have seen at my table, and more than one suicide has been the result. I could mention many heart-rending details, common to all gambling hells, but let one suffice.

There came one evening a young man, merely from curiosity. He kept aloof from the table until his companion asked him to bet a dollar. He declined at first, but at length complied, and his dollar won. He let it remain, and won again. Thus he continued until his dollar had gained a considerable pile. Great was his astonishment, for the whole affair did not occupy ten minutes. He gathered up his money, and I saw no more of

him for a week, when he came and again made his bet. Again fortune favored him, and this time he carried off one hundred dollars.

His visits now were more frequent, and still luck continued, and in the course of a week he must have won five hundred dollars. I am sure that he knew nothing of gambling. It was the strangest case I ever knew. Few could attempt this and succeed, for the advantage is always with the dealer. It caused quite a sensation among the regular visitors, and all desired his acquaintance, as though there was some secret attending his success.

After awhile his luck began to turn, and fortune was no longer his friend; but the demon of play now enthralled him, and he could not resist the temptation. Night after night was he there; at times winning, at times losing, until gradually his money slipped away, and not only his own but also a large sum he had taken from his employer. Never can I forget the haggard countenance, the blood-shot eye, the despairing look he gave as he rose from the table. He staggered out of the room, put a pistol in his mouth and dropped a corpse!

This caused quite an excitement, and for awhile I had to close the door; but in a week it was forgotten, and things went on in their usual course.

Can you conceive of a man such as I have described myself to be, living under constant excitement, witnessing many harrowing scenes with comparative indifference, and yet happy? I cared for nothing but the present moment, and that engrossed all my attention. Gambling gave me sufficient excitement—each day was the copy of that which preceded.

But a great change came over me after the death of that young man. The shocking scene was continually before me, and I could not help accusing myself as the cause of his death. I have been told since I came here, that he dogged my steps from day to day.

And yet such was my innate goodness of heart, if you will call it so, that I lost no opportunity of doing good to others. There was a man in New Orleans who had been active in ferreting out the gambling houses and lodging information against them. He had been told repeatedly that his life was not safe, but he heeded it not—in fact, he laughed at it. I am certain that he had been dogged for some time by one he had informed upon.

One evening as he was returning from his wonted cruise, he was struck from behind by a billiard ball and felled to the ground. He made some noise in falling, which was heard by myself and one of the police, and before further injury could be inflicted we rushed to the spot and arrested the assailant. Since I came here I have been told the man was not killed, and finally recovered.

About this time a man came and offered to take the saloon off my hands. I agreed to his proposal, and falling in with one going to Baltimore, I joined him, and we journeyed on together.

Traveling then was not what it is now. From New Orleans to Baltimore was long and tedious, requiring several weeks to accomplish the distance. I could have gone in half the time by sea, but that would have brought up continually before me my daughter's death.

On reaching Baltimore I called upon my nearest relative, and was shocked at the cold reception he gave. I asked for no explanation, and we parted, but I soon learned the cause. The wildest reports had come from New Orleans to my prejudice, and I found myself excluded from all genteel society. Maddened at this I cut loose from all restraint and plunged into every kind of dissipation. I had determined on a very different course from this; had made up my mind that to be truly happy one must obey the laws of morality and good conduct; had seen enough of vice to know that no peace of mind, no real enjoyment, belongs to him who is its slave. I therefore resolved to become a changed man, and but for the course my relatives pursued, I should have been so, but their treatment of me turned my heart to stone.

I am but a wail upon the troubled waters of life, drifted about by every adverse wind and rippling current; having no choice in the matter—a mere child of destiny.

Yes, I am certain I should have become a better man had my relatives extended to me the hand of kindness. I needed no assistance from them, for I had sufficient property of my own; but I could not bear up against such unfeeling conduct. I became reckless and indifferent; cared for the opinion of no one; and again launched into the gulf of perdition. A few years found me shunned by all respectable people, the companion only of sharpers and gamblers. I again opened a faro bank, and was soon stripped of my last dollar.

Now comes the darkest, blackest part of my life. With property in abundance, I was spared the temptations that attend those in need. I was now often without a dollar, and knew not where to get one. It was in vain for me to seek reputable employment. I was too well known. Pain would I have become the attendant of a gambling house, but I could find none who wanted one. I was often actually in distress for food. At length I took to cards, and few knew better how to handle them.

Thinking I might do better elsewhere I went to Savannah, but knowing no one I soon spent what little money I had, and took passage home on board a Yankee schooner. The Captain was a surly, ill-natured fellow, and was hated by all on board, while he in return did nothing but walk the deck and quarrel with the passengers.

One day he gave me some abuse, which I answered by knocking him down. He rose in a towering passion, threatening to have me punished for mutiny. I answered that by knocking him down again. He lay prostrate for some time, pretending I had killed him, but as I took no notice of that, he got up and made for the cabin.

On arriving at Baltimore, he lodged a complaint

and had me arrested. I summoned the passengers to give an account of the fray, and they all testified in my favor. He got nothing by his suit, but had the costs to pay. He was a man of very vindictive feelings, and this aroused in him the most determined spirit of revenge. He watched his opportunity as I was coming from the theatre, and dealt me a blow from behind that felled me to the ground. I lay insensible for some hours, and even when consciousness was restored, it was some time before I could realize what had occurred; but then I well knew from whom the blow had come, and I too determined on revenge.

About a month after this I fell in with him at a drinking house. He turned pale the moment his eye glanced upon mine, and quailed before me; but I pretended not to recognize him. He could not feel easy, however, and soon left the room. I followed him at a short distance until we came near a vacant lot. Here was now my chance. At a single bound I was upon him, and before he could utter a word, my knife was in his heart. The affair made quite a noise at the time, but not the slightest suspicion was cast on me.

Soon after my return I went to Washington, hoping to find employment, but the same ill luck attended me there. While returning in the public stage, I found with me a lady whom I had known in New Orleans. In the course of conversation she told me she had been deceived by a man I knew well, and who was then in Baltimore. I determined to make him marry her, or else expose him before the world. I told her of my intention, but that she was not to speak of it.

As soon as I reached Baltimore, I went in search of the man, whom I found in a tavern. He tried to make me believe he did not understand me; but I told him flatly that I knew all, and it was in vain for him to deny it. He then acknowledged the whole affair, but said she had deceived him, for although she made great professions of love, she did not care a straw for him. I asked what proof he had of this; he gave none and I saw clearly that he was tired of her, and did not intend to keep his promise. I then told him what he had to expect, and gave him one day to think about it.

He had rich relatives in Baltimore, and he knew that such a story to get out would ruin him, especially with an old aunt who intended leaving him her property, and who was a devoted member of the church.

I called on him the next day, and found him completely changed. He promised to make her his wife before a month had elapsed; went immediately to see her, and continued his visits every day. They were married, he inherited considerable property, and one of the first families in Baltimore sprang from that union.

I had intended giving an account of my eventful life, but death prevented. I was a striking example to what depth of degradation a man can fall by intercourse with bad company. I began life with every advantage which wealth and social position could confer, and there was no office to which I might not have aspired. My first downward step was when I left for Tennessee with a party of reckless fellows. Then was sown the first seed of corruption, which sprang up and rapidly matured in New Orleans; was checked for awhile, but again became rank and exuberant when temptation was thrown in my way.

Month after month rolled on, still finding me helpless and in poverty. By no means could I earn a support; when driven by necessity I penned a letter to my uncle, informing him of my condition and begging for assistance. Having kept it a month he returned it, saying he desired no intercourse with me. Still I looked about for something to do by which I could earn my bread, but all in vain. Becoming desperate, I resolved to bear it no longer. Getting on board a ship bound to New York, I fell overboard and was drowned.

I have already told you that I had no belief in a future state, but thought that when we quitted this world there was an end of us. How long a time elapsed before consciousness came I cannot say; but think it was but a few hours. My first impression was that I had gone into the country looking for employment. All appeared so perfectly natural. Here were trees and rocks and streams, just as I had often seen them, but not an individual did I behold; and wondering where the people were, I resolved to keep on till I could find some one to inform me of my situation.

At length I discovered in the distance, through an opening in the trees, some dark object, and kept on, hoping at last to find out something to relieve me of my perplexity.

As I drew near there lay before me a wretched plain, extending as far as the eye could reach. It grew more dismal as I advanced. Oh, how can I describe the picture of desolation that now fell upon my bewildered vision? Stretched before me was a barren plain; not a shrub or spear of grass could be seen; rocks and precipices on every side; dark and murky was the air; a profound stillness prevailed that filled me with awe. Fear came over me as though something dreadful was at hand. I could see but a short distance ahead, and the gloom seemed to thicken.

At length I heard a rolling noise as though coming from a multitude of voices. Then burst upon my astonished view an immense throng of people—men and women mingled together, all shrieking at the top of the voice, and impelled, it seemed to me, by some irresistible power. I fell to the ground, hoping they would pass on without my being discovered. But no; they came upon me, yelling and shrieking, caught me by the hair, and dragged me till I became insensible.

How long I remained in this condition I know not; but on opening my eyes I beheld crawling toward me an immense serpent, covered with glistening scales of all colors, with fiery eyes and a tongue that seemed dripping with blood. Horror took possession of me, and I could do nothing but close my eyes and submit to my fate without a struggle. He came and folded me in his slimy

embrace, licked me all over, and one by one I heard my bones crack beneath his crushing coil.

Again I lay insensible. When reason was restored I felt a moving mass about me. For a while I lay quiet, wondering what it could be. At length I felt something crawling over my face, and then discovered it to be lice. I sprang up and began to brush them off, but all in vain. They were in countless myriads over and around me. I set off to run, hoping to leave the place, but it was all one place, with lice everywhere. Exhausted, I fell to the ground, and was immediately overwhelmed by the disgusting mass into forgetfulness.

My next trial was to find myself struggling in a deep morass, filthy beyond description. All effort to extricate myself was in vain; it seemed to engulf me the more. Still I struggled on, until deep, deep I sank into unconsciousness.

The next was wading through a wide river. The beautiful shore seemed to recede as I advanced, and although I used every exertion, I could not perceive that a single yard had been gained; my position was ever the same, and, after plunging about for a long time, I sank down from mere exhaustion, gaining but little from my experience.

You are already acquainted with the actual condition of a corrupt spirit on his entrance here. Copy what I said on a former occasion."

[This appeared in the BANNER, Oct. 7, 1865, as follows:]

"What I have just given, you are to suppose was all reality to me, and to imagine yourself witnessing what I have described. It caused me to suffer all the same as though these events actually took place. Such is the experience of every bad man and bad woman that comes here. It is precisely what one suffers in *delirium tremens*. The suffering is intense, but you know the imagined horrors have no reality. All that I have described was during a sleep that I was subjected to; and on waking all these terrible scenes were gone."

[As pertinent to the subject, and corroborating all this, I here copy from my journal part of a communication received from my grandfather in August, 1863. I inquired of him the fate of a sinner on entering spirit-life. He replied:]

"When a dark spirit first enters the spirit-land he is thrown into a deep sleep, in which he sees all the most horrid sights that can harass upon the soul. He sees beasts of the most terrific and disgusting kind, heards snakes, creeping things, and all because he corrupted his mind with vices that corresponded with such animals. All these visions are realities to him. He continues in this sleep for some time, in length according to the degree of his corruption. When awake, he finds himself in an extended plain filled with dark beings—all as dark as himself. They soon discover him to be a new comer, and rush upon him, dragging him by the hair, yelling, shrieking, howling. Discord reigns everywhere, till he finds himself almost dead with fright. Before he can be received into the society of these devils in human shape, he must become as great a devil as any one of them. After awhile he becomes ready to torment all that come from earth as dark as himself, and soon becomes that damned soul that seldom feels a moment's peace."

Time rolls on, and he comes to his senses, begins to feel some pang of remorse, becomes penitent, and cries to God for mercy. Directly an angel comes to him, causes his garments to become less dark, and hope finds a lodgment in his breast. After he has been some time earnestly seeking God, more light is given, and gradually he progresses to happiness."

Every resting place is a sphere; in every sphere are seven conditions, and many states of development, and in every development different stages of progression. We are all developing to a higher grade, and every position places us beyond our former state, always developing higher, and never ceasing to advance."

[To continue the narrative:] "With those depraved creatures I continued for some time, delighting to torture all who had lived corrupt lives like my own. Daily did I meet with some whom I had known on earth, and with the hate of a fiend did I wreak my vengeance upon them."

After roaming about for a considerable time, I became so hardened in every kind of wickedness that none but the most abandoned wretches would associate with me. Day by day I became worse and worse, until scarcely the semblance of humanity remained. My chief delight was to torture the new comers, and often have I known sweet revenge when one of my former companions fell into my clutches."

I once came upon a man who had bereft me of some property by fraud. The moment he lifted his eyes upon me a death-like feeling came over him, and he fell to the ground in extreme terror. Then came my triumph, and well did I repay him for his treachery. He spoke not a word, but resigned himself to our will. I had with me a band of as desperate creatures as myself. We caught him by the hair and dragged him for hours, until life seemed to be extinct, and then we left him. I could relate many such scenes."

Our band once fell in with a man who had lived in New Orleans, the keeper of a billiard-room. He left no means untold to ruin all that came under his influence. Daily could he be seen standing before his door, inviting all to come that would. Many a young man fell a victim to his arts, and suicide itself was not unfrequently the result of his machinations. At last he died, and on his coming here the first he encountered was our band."

There were among us two who had been his victims. One had lost all his property at billiards and other gambling; the other had also committed suicide. He seemed paralyzed the moment he saw us, for he knew that no mercy was to be expected. We sprang upon him at a bound. He shrieked in great agony, but in a few moments he fell bereft of all consciousness. That man is now one of the most active in torturing others. Such is spirit-life among the lower orders!"

Years rolled on without any change in my condition. All that I could think of was the extreme folly of my life; and remorse filled my soul with anguish inconceivable to you. You have been told of liquid fires smoking with sulphur, into which the damned are plunged. That would be heaven compared to what we suffer. Gladly would we make the exchange, especially if after ages of perpetual burnings escape were possible. But the teachings of the church have their influence even here, and all believe their condition to be eternal."

You can imagine nothing so dark and dismal as the scene around us. The light, if it is to be called such, is so obscure that it is with difficulty we can find our way. The ground is bare of everything like vegetation. We see no laughing child at play, no cheerful face, no guileless smile, no one free from care, no peace, no quiet; but despair seems fixed upon every countenance, a general gloom prevails, and all appear driven by remorse to walling without hope of end."

But although dark spirits, we are not altogether bereft of the common feelings of humanity; we are not totally depraved. We even sometimes do good, if at the same time we can derive amusement from it. I will relate an instance that occurred not long since:

There lived in the State of New York a man in humble life who earned his support by cutting wood. He had a straw of a wife, who made him very unhappy by her constant vituperation. He

could not please her, do what he would. This came to the knowledge of a band of dark spirits, and they resolved to give her a lesson, and that she should remember their visit to the end of her life on earth."

One night they began by lifting up the bed till the couple fell out; and hardly had they got back before they were out again. This was repeated several times, until they became terribly alarmed. Noises were heard, too, all over the house, and the different articles of furniture changed places in every direction. Nightly did this continue, till they were almost distracted."

At length when they were ready to leave the house, a message was brought from a distant part of the country telling the wife why they were thus annoyed, and threatening to treat her still worse if she did not make her husband happy. This had a good effect, for from that moment not a happier couple could be found."

I could fill volumes with accounts of our devilities. I have been often in saloons where men assemble to drink and gamble, and there met with those I formerly knew and associated with. Little did they suspect me to be so near, and I had my revenge by stimulating them to still further excesses. Many a brawl and fight, and even many a murder, have thus been brought on by evil spirits."

A man is not dead because the breath has left his body. He is possessed of the same feelings, affections, passions, likes and dislikes he ever had, and some of them even more intensified. Every dare-devil act that thrills the community with horror, is generally the work of evil spirits. Every reputable person will call to mind how at times he has been urged to commit some act of folly at which his soul had ever revolted. This is the whispering of evil spirits, and let them but once get the advantage, and that man has no security for the future."

After many years such as I have described, a spirit came to me and asked if I would like to improve my condition; giving me to understand there was a way of escape. I thought at first he was trifling with me, for such a thought had never entered my mind; but there was a look of sincerity gleaming from his countenance that soon dispelled such an idea, and I fairly quailed before his honest face, nor could I fatter a reply."

He spoke again—told me there was no revengeful Being, but a loving Father—no eternal fires, no everlasting burnings of a guilty conscience—no implacable God, but one ever ready to hear the penitent's cry; no perpetual sorrow, but a calm reliance upon the Father's love—nor should I fear to pray, for prayer is but the uplifting of the heart to God for mercy."

I said not a word in reply, for I could not drink in such a thought—it overwhelmed me; and when I looked upon the wretches that surrounded me, and knew that they had been a long time in that condition, the thing seemed absurd. Yet to doubt his sincerity was impossible, for there he stood, in glittering array, truth beaming forth from every lineament. He bade me reflect on what he had said, promising to come again. I did reflect, but the thought made no lodgment within my breast; I was too corrupt."

He came again, bringing with him a bright spirit, whose first glance threw me into inexpressible emotion. It was my child. She waited for me to speak, but I could not. At length she said: "Father, it is I, your dear child. You will believe me, I am sure; I come to lead you from this horrid condition, and assist you in your upward progress. This dear friend has told me all about you, and I cannot be happy till I see you so. Let me instruct you, dear father, and know that you are a child of God, as am I, and that you can become as bright a spirit as any that chants the praises of God."

Then spoke her companion, and said: "You must no longer despair, my friend. Know that we are sent to proclaim freedom to all, to every child of God, however laden with sin. Know that all your crimes can be obliterated by repentance, and that even the painful remembrance of them will pass away. No longer mourn then over the past, but lift up your heart in fervent prayer to God, and be assured you will be heard."

Is it not wonderful that such an appeal did not reach my heart? So hardened was it, and corrupt, that but little impression was made. Yet I could not banish it altogether from my mind, and often those words came upon me with great force."

I inquired who was my first visitor, and learned that he bore your name—he was your son. This was several years before I made your acquaintance. My daughter came often after this and renewed her entreaties, but to no purpose. I was too much enthralled by the vile wretches among whom I first was thrown, and by their influence was I kept in the same dark condition until I met with you; yet often thinking of what your son and my child had said."

Thus it was, when, more than three years ago, I made your acquaintance at your sister's in Northampton. I come at first merely for amusement, and thought of nothing but to tax your credulity and make fun. You could not conceive of such duplicity in the spirit-world, because your experience hitherto had been only with your bright friends. I saw where to touch the tenderest spot—I knew the secret grief that weighed you down, and on that I brought all my efforts to bear. How flattering were the hopes excited, and how poignant the disappointment. Never have I witnessed more acute mental agony than when first the cheat was discovered. And this was followed by another and another deception, but inflicting not the like pain, for distrust after this was ever present."

I am not so dark as I was then. Your instructions have done more to enlighten me than all else beside. Be not surprised at this. You would naturally suppose that bright spirits would have far greater influence; but it is not so, as all dark spirits will testify. You are nearer to our plane than they. When you speak it comes as though from one of us, while bright spirits are so far above our comprehension, that what they say makes but slight impression. They talk at us, while you speak to us."

At first your conversation fell upon me as idle words, but not so with all who heard you; and you cannot imagine what crowds assembled when you gave one of your lectures to dark spirits—pressing against each other to catch every word; and at each lecture the throng increased, until it numbered thousands. How astonished will you be, on coming here, to find yourself attended by many, very many spirits whom you never knew on earth, or even heard of. These were once dark spirits who have profited by your instructions, and who attribute all their present happiness to those lectures."

You ask, have I not too been benefited? I have, but not to the same extent as others. I have eagerly listened, and anxiously desired to drink in every word, but there is something about me which I cannot fathom. Intellectually, I believe in your truth, but it does not reach my heart, so that I can do the good I see it has done to others. Yet I am a better man, by far, than when first I came,

The patient endurance you manifested under such persistent persecution, did more to rouse within me better feelings than all your teachings; and often when I thought of practicing another deception, your calm and earnest appeal turned me away."

There is one part of my conduct for which I cannot forgive myself. You were doing a good work in those circles, but I put a stop to them by telling you that it was all folly to suppose that spirits could be benefited by anything you could say, and that it was only a subject of meritment to them. At this you became disheartened, and no more circles were held. Many curses have been thrown upon me for this, and I reproach myself exceedingly."

Let me explain why it is so difficult for us to progress. We are constantly attended by groups of spirits who form a little community. Every thought is known as soon as it finds lodgment in the brain, and if teachings such as you have given, or such as we receive from bright spirits, should make any impression, all around are excited, and no peace can that spirit know until he manifests his indifference by some great act of devilry."

But there are exceptions. Recently I came across a spirit who had been attending your circle, and your words had made a powerful impression. He kept aloof from all society, and took no pleasure in the scenes he formerly delighted in. As soon as this was known, strong efforts were made to bring him back, but all in vain; he stood firm as a rock. Months rolled on, as you compute time, and I lost sight of him, until recently he came as a minister to dark spirits, and the change I witnessed in him was beyond all description. He had laid aside his dark garments, and now appeared clothed in bright array. But the greatest change was in the expression of his countenance; it fairly beamed with love. I give this as a remarkable instance, although I must admit that I have known many such. His name was Andrew Addison."

Occasionally one turns aside to his meditations, but not long is he alone, for soon a bright spirit is at his side, whispering words of consolation; and I have never known one who had taken the first progressive step, whom I did not afterwards see in bright apparel, come to instruct us."

Thus, my friend, I have given you an account of my eventful life, both on earth and since I have come to the spirit-world. It is full of instruction, and should be published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, for the benefit of others. You can avail yourself of the hints I have given to ascertain the truth of every word. I died at the advanced age of 65, on the 5th of July, 1835."

I have no objection to give you, in confidence, the name of my father, B— L—."

[Before you go, please explain, if you can, how it is that you have impressed me with all this—given, I am sure, in your own words—now as great a mystery to me as ever.]

"When I wish to impress you with certain words I first fix my thought firmly upon them, and then breathe them upon your brain; immediately the impression is made. At times I am at fault; this is because I did not sufficiently intensify my thought, and I have to try again. Sometimes the difficulty is with you, when you suffer your thoughts to wander, or your attention is attracted by other influence, but you are the best medium I have yet found."

Baltimore, Jan. 18, 1867.

*One of the first families in Baltimore.

CONSOLATION IN SPIRITUALISM.

The warblings of the captive canary arrest the attention of the nursing infant, the calyx of whose soul is just beginning to open and to disclose the embryo bud of that rare and beautiful flower, reason. With what seeming eagerness and wonder he grasps after the sunbeam that finds its way through the half-closed blinds into the nursery. "Too bright for your tender sight," says the fond mother. Everything that surrounds him is an influence that tends to develop into a higher and more perfect understanding, till the blossoming mind ripens into the fruit of intelligence. And then what follows? Do we find him still listening to the voice of Nature till her varied accents have a meaning and become as familiar to his ear as those variously modulated tunes of his mother's voice? No; we find his soul embalm'd in prejudice, wrapped about and as impervious to surrounding influences as the mummied form of a long buried Egyptian. The hand that shielded his first tender sight from the too glaring sunlight, shaded his mental vision also from great truths; sitting herself in the shadow of darkness, the same reflected upon him. Later, the world took him into keeping, and it said, "Here you find paths wherein are the footsteps of ages; walk ye therein." They are overgrown and shaded by the parasite century plants of old thought and superstition; milestones of what has been hedge the way, and he plods as others have done, not daring to let a glance fall beyond the posts, for the great Cycloplan eye of the world is upon him, and what would it say if he should launch forth to set a few new stakes? yes, what has it said, and what does it say? Why did Columbus's aspirations meet with such rebuffs? Why was he called a fool and a maniac? And why did Galileo's scientific investigations bring upon him the condemnation of death? And why, in every age, coming down to our own day and generation, have men been persecuted who outgrew the awarding creeds and opinions of their ancestors? It is because they have appeared in the horizon, a star in the east, indicators of new truths, before the world has fully ripened to receive them."

He who refuses to accept inexplicable theories thrust upon his understanding, but who claims for Nature immutable laws fixed by a higher intelligence, is set aside as a fanatic, or worse, and it is only from a spirit of compassion that he is tolerated in so-called good society. You scarcely storm the citadel of thought nowadays, but to find within a wrestling against Orthodoxy. Men and women keep up a continual strife with reason, rather than open the doors and windows of their understanding to let in the searching truth of God's own light, which alone can convert this desert world of doubt, of fear and illiberality, to a garden of revealed evidences that will arouse within us a consciousness that we are akin to angels, who guide, guard and sympathize with us."

In this staid Quaker city, of uniform red brick blocks, with unadorned white marble steps and white board window blinds, turned back, having the appearance of so many tablets set in the walls, as if awaiting the coming of the recording angel, upon which to write the deeds of men, I am the guest of one who grieves under the burden of sorrow, caused by the recent departure of her mother to that sphere of existence where the spirit is free to set unfettered by the clogs that made it, here twin sufferer with clay. In relating to me incidents of her last days on earth, she says, "My mother was not a Spiritualist, and never gave heed to any of her *spurious* opinions; but there was

something very singular connected with her illness. For months she was almost wholly confined to her own room, and when I would insist upon having some one remain with her, she would say, 'Oh no, I am not alone; two forms are ever by my side.'" And when her weeping daughter stopped to catch the accents of her scarcely audible voice, "weep not," and turning her head from one side to the other, smilingly she said, "They await to bear me hence." There was no longer speech, the spirit had fled."

"And now," adds the daughter, "I sometimes hope that she lingers near me. I feel her presence, and my interrogatories to her seem to be answered. She reassures my grief."

Ah, how sweetly comforting would be these seeming evidences of an angel mother's presence, if she could accept them as realities, and could be convinced that heaven is not so far away but that our souls may hold endearing commune with those that go across the placid stream before us. How we long to see these fettering bands of *isms* broken, that hold enslaved the soul, staying the outgushing expression of all that is in us worthy a relationship with the Divine. When creeds give way to truths, and the prayer book to the utterances of the soul, then shall we live toward the perfecting of a higher existence, where longings for more life, more light, more love, are satisfied. Philadelphia, March 11th, 1867. M. J. S.

Written for the Banner of Light. RURAL SUNDAYS.

BY J. BOMBER, JR.

'Tis sweet to hear the mellow bells Ring on the Day of Rest.

'Tis sweet to hear them softly knell O'er sparkling wave and hill and dell, Till their faint notes with Echo dwell, Like whisperings of the blest!

Churogging bells! churogging bells! Thou art pathos to the ear!

When o'er the hills we love so well, Thy symphonies in beauty swell, Apollo strikes his tuneful shell, And wakes the holy teal!

'Tis on a quiet Sunday morn In balmy month of May,

When cattle with the crumpled horn Delighted scent approaching Dawn, And blushing, rosy-fingered Morn Speeds smiling on her way.

The prudent wife with pious care Hides Tommy's toys to-day,

While good granddame in easy chair Doth comb the quirming urchin's hair, Which makes the youngster almost swear At being kept from play.

Deep in the chimney-corner snug Is grandmère stowed away:

With feet upon the homely rug, In easy reach the cider-mug, The old man doth his Bible hug And puff his pipe of clay.

'Neath well-sweep, just across the way, Old Tige lies in the sun;

Young Hopeful, mindful of the day, Unto the barnyard wends his way, To scare the chickens from their "lay," Till Monday has begun!

Screened by yon fragrant hay-cock's height— Sub rosa lies the pledge—

Are scapegrace sons of Parson Trite, And Deacon Jones, and Widowsmitel The young scamps puff in huge delight Pipes, short and black; and all unite In game known as "Old Sledge!"

Adown the road in solemn state Slow rides the godly Deacon;

Little cares he if he is late— He knows the choir will for him wait; So, wiping sweat from ruddy pate, He cries "Hud up! Hud up, old Kate!" And Jogs along to meeting.

By yonder creek, I'm grieved to say, With boots down at his heels,

Lurks truant boy on Sabbath day! Good Lord! what would the Deacon say, Should thirity nag take him that way? No doubt he would the youngster flay, Who slyly bobs for eels!

In yonder house with steeple tall The salnts have met to pray—

Or doze. We hear the parson draw, "In Adam's fall we sinned all." "Thus saith the Lord, and thus St. Paul," And, "Fourthly," hear of his "last call" To Heaven lands away."

While in the gallery, hid from view Behind the singers' screen,

Or, haply, in yon silent pew, Laughs graceless lad, who graceless throds Those beehnuts at the Deacon's cue! Woe, woe, young lad! woe unto you— When he wakes from his dream!"

Fond mothers in the churchyard stray, The morning service o'er;

They wander 'mong the tombs to-day To sadly weep, or silent pray, Or prune the rosebush o'er the clay Of loved ones, gone before!

Rest, rest, my Muse! Keep silent here! Let heart-incease arise

In holy thoughts of those yet dear! Thy loved ones surely linger near, Though faintly comes "my title clear" To mansions in the skies."

Look up, bereaved ones of earth! Thy clouds with brightness blend!

Freed from this world of little worth, We'll meet them round a Heavenly bench, Joint-heirs to an Immortal Birth, Whose Sabbath ne'er shall end. St. Albans, Vt.

Infant Damnation Doctrine.

The Watchman and Reflector, referring to Rev. Mr. Chamber's article in the Universalist, conclusively showing that Orthodoxy has taught the doctrine of infant damnation, says: "no one read in dogmatic history would think of denying that many theological orthodoxy have taught directly or by implication, the doctrine of infant damnation, some as a logical deduction, or as a loose inference, from their creed at one point and some at another. The denial of it by any one is sufficient evidence that the person, however popular as a preacher, or prominent in general denominational matters, is not an authority in dogmatic history; and to catch up the loose *dicta* of such, and then overthrow them with a parade of learning, is to say the least, far from scholarly. "Perhaps our contemporary would modify its opinion somewhat, if it knew from whence the denial came. Nor do we think the learned clergyman who made it, will very much thank the Watchman and Reflector for the compliment. Dr. Beecher, once denied it, and was repelled by a Unitarian minister. Perhaps Dr. B. was no authority in dogmatic history. The Watchman and Reflector, then, acknowledges that the doctrine has been taught by Calvinistic writers.—The Universalist."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON WAGES.

NUMBER TWO.

Q.—After all, what would the laborer do without the capitalist?

A.—The question is answered by another question: without the surplus of product taken from the laborer, where would have been the capitalist?

Q.—Ah! but if the capitalist does not employ—

A.—Let us go back to first principles: without labor there is no wealth. If the capitalist, who has accumulated by opportunity and unjust laws made in times of oppression, withhold from the laborer, even wherewithal to barely live, he menaces his own fortune, which is absurd—besides doing a wrong.

Q.—In what manner?

A.—Suppose an extreme case. If all capitalists followed the same rule and could leave the people without employment, within a given time the great mass of the people would perish; the greater number of the middle class would then be reduced to ruin by the want of purchasers of their goods, and finally the richest men would fall and perish.

Q.—Could not the middle class (traders, &c.) be sustained by the rich?

A.—It is the millions who buy to eat, to clothe themselves, to procure shelter, warmth, comfort, to travel, to obtain fair prices, who support the traders, merchants, manufacturers, &c. The rich man spends more in proportion than a poor man, but chiefly in the way of luxuries, and much of his extravagance is less directly beneficial, as it is a means of supporting artificial and even demoralizing industries.

Q.—And yet a vast mass of our goods are purchased only by the rich?

A.—If we go back no more than a hundred years, we shall find that many things are common among the laboring class now, which were exclusively enjoyed by the rich of that time.

Q.—What has caused the change?

A.—Two things: improved mechanical skill, enabling us to sell such luxuries and necessities at a low price, and improved condition and intelligence of the laborer, which enables him to procure better wages, and requires him to live more like a man.

Q.—Then we get back to a former statement, that the nation is more prosperous.

A.—Certainly. The more people are employed at good wages, the more money is put every day in circulation, and the more the demand for good workmen of all kinds is increased, by everybody being able to aid in the operations of doing more business and interchanging more money.

Q.—Then you place the rich in the second place in a country?

A.—For the reason that, without the millions whose heads and hands change the raw materials of nature into articles of food and raiment, &c., they could have had no existence; further, because, in sustaining our markets by what they personally consume or use, they necessarily do very little.

Q.—Yet we regard them as the very life and soul of a nation?

A.—An eminent Catholic Bishop in the twelfth century, says: "Only two classes are recognized in a nation, the clergy who pray and the nobles who fight." The people, he says contemptuously, "are not reckoned in the State." Do we still "reckon" the laborers of so little importance? Or do we not overrate the social position of the children of opportunity?

Q.—Then what is the true position of the merchant or trader?

A.—They are a sort of middle-men—the farmer who raises crops—the manufacturer who weaves goods—the miner who digs for metals—the laborer of every kind, both of head and hand, who by his industry creates a useful, saleable article, is not always able to sell for want of time and occasion; he therefore disposes of or trusts his goods to the middle man, who for a commission or per centage, in addition to the original price, undertakes to find purchasers, or transports them to places where they are required.

Q.—But this operation may not be very beneficial to the laborer?

A.—He, the creator of the wealth, holds the lowest position. In the first place, the land is claimed as the property of a rich man; he lets to another, and he probably sublets to a third, who, speculating on the necessities of the many who cannot get foothold of land or right in the material, employs them at the lowest price—the middle men and the proprietor, who do nothing but own, requiring the large profits which impoverish the workmen.

Q.—But who is to blame in all this?

A.—No one in fact. The condition in which the people of the twelfth century were, (being slaves,) did not allow of much improvement for many centuries. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, some of the worst features of slavery were modified; but not until laborers, even clerics, traders and merchants, were regarded as having no rights that the superior classes need respect.

Q.—Then our social and class prejudices are only a modification of ancient barbarisms?

A.—Undoubtedly. The savage in man is not yet conquered, and therefore all those who have the opportunity think themselves justified in profiting by it.

Q.—Supposing our rich recognized the source of their wealth, and resolved to make the laborer a fair sharer with him, would he not be ruined?

A.—That is hardly possible. For if the effect of it was at once to double the amount of wages, the result would be necessary to an equal increase in the business transactions of the country, and consequently a larger remuneration to every well-to-do man.

Q.—How so?

A.—If ten millions of dollars a week have been paid our laborers, and the amount was suddenly increased to twenty millions a week, or a thousand millions a year, the capacity of the workers to buy in the market is doubled. And as each dollar is capable of being the vehicle for many purchases or exchanges—each one who receives it being able to use the same dollar to procure what he requires of somebody else, and so on—the business transactions or exchanges must far exceed the mere circulating medium used for that purpose.

Q.—When the people were slaves, money could not have been much wanted?

A.—There was little of it. The circulating medium is mostly useful among the people and for limited purchases. The larger transactions require for the most part little of it. In the old times even the rich were comparatively poor, and to support their retainers they allowed them to make raids upon towns and villages, traders and travelers, so that for many centuries in Europe highway robbery and burglary were common "pastimes."

Q.—Then the progress of civilization is mostly due to the recognition of the rights of the laboring classes to a fair equivalent for the work produced.

A.—Exactly so. In the conflicts of classes, in the antagonism of interests, in the struggles for power, in the eagerness for place, the great fundamental rights of the rights of man were very slowly but surely developed, until even those most unjustly treated and despised came in for a share of the blessing. Thus justice works itself out through the selfishness of man. The wrongs exercised toward individuals have excited reflections which have reasoned out the rights of all. And hence the oppressed, whether noble or priest, merchant, poet or philosopher, in laboring for their own cause have labored unknowingly to break the yoke of the tyranny of bad habits, and sow the seeds of a more peaceful and prosperous future.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS.

Crocus Vernus.

The spring crocus has sent up its delicate blossoms, pushing them up through the rough soil as if in too much haste to utter the beautiful prophecy of summer to wait for the coming forth of the leaves and stalks.

In walking through the busy streets of a city, all sorts of life was to be seen. Here were gay young ladies after their spring bonnets, and young men hurrying to their business.

What a beautiful illustrated margin to this great book of life and death! These little blossoms were ever dear to me, but now they seemed dearer and tenderer than ever.

It is laid in ancient fable that Crocus and Smilax loved each other. But for some reason the course of their love did not run smoothly, and that Crocus was changed by the Gods into this lovely spring flower, and Smilax into a beautiful flower, whose name is not given to us.

These little flowers are very much like the lives of some people, nothing but bloom and beauty. They make me think of a little family whose history is written down by the angels as an illustrated margin to the great black letter book of New York City.

Oh what wretchedness can be found in one avenue of a great city! Who would ever think there could be any blossoming of beauty there? In the midst of all the filth and misery, in a wretched tenement house, a father and mother were both dying.

When all was over and the little ones had cried until there were no more tears, and the baby had been quieted with a little plain fluid that is called grocer's milk, there came a gleam of sunshine into that darkened room.

"Bless your hearts! and do n't you know Margery, dearies? It's no one else, sure."

And she caught up the baby and covered it with kisses, and patted Mary, the oldest, on the head, and drew Frank, the round-cheeked boy, who could thrive on a crust and a drink of cold water, close to her shoulder, and laid Jennie's head down on her knee.

When all was over, and the few little things that belonged to the father and mother were collected, Margery began her new life.

"I can do with little sleep," she said to herself. "I'm strong and hearty, and I feel so comfortable looking at the dear little creatures sleeping close by me."

"I'm strong and hearty, and I feel so comfortable looking at the dear little creatures sleeping close by me. I've looked up at the picture many a time, and I'm sure that the eyes look at me, and the head nods."

And Margery crossed herself, and then gave another look to the blanket that covered the baby.

But cheerful as Margery was, she found it getting some work. She had to be up early and get the breakfast ready, and everything prepared to leave.

At first Margery thought she must have meant every day; but that would not do, it cost too much; so she saved that for her Sunday's luxury, and she managed to keep the children healthy on other food.

What a busy life she had. Up early in the morning, sweeping, dusting, caring for the baby, getting breakfast, leaving the dishes for Mary to wash, and she was off by seven o'clock to her day's work.

But all the weariness of toil departed when she was at home again with the baby in her arms, and Jennie by her side. Supper over—for Margery would go through all the forms of getting a good supper when she had only bread and a bit of tea without any sugar—and the children at last asleep, she began her night work, which consisted of patching and darning in a clumsy way, for Margery had never been used to nice sewing, and it took her a good while to do a little.

She never went to bed until twelve, but patiently strove with her sleeplessness, that she might keep the children decent.

And in all this hard toil she was never sorry that she had to do, and never wished that she had not begun it. It could not be supposed that the children would be altogether a comfort to her. The baby, left to hands that did not love it, and to poor milk and such food as the other baby got, was often cross, and had half-waking sleep.

At last that greatest of all trials to the poor came: they were sick. And now Margery had to leave her work, and watch and nurse them by day and night. The little money that she had saved for their clothes must be taken to pay for medicines and a doctor.

"But if it dies you would have less care," said some one.

Margery was angry. She want less care! She want to get a little more comfort by such a loss! No, no. And she prayed and watched, and carefully nursed the little ones into life again, and then went back thankfully to her work.

One day Frank seemed to be really lost. The corner groceries could give no account of him. He was not to be heard of in the baker's shop; the alleys and ash barrels gave no trace of him.

"Never you mind, he'll turn up," said one. "Such troublesome fellows always come round."

"Troublesome?" said Margery, bridling up, "and where's a better boy than my Frankie? Didn't he kiss me this morning, and say he'd never be a bit of trouble more?"

"It's all because I was thinking to myself that I was tired and wanted a little rest. I'll never do it again, if only the blessed Virgin will bring him back."

Before ten o'clock the police brought back the runaway, and never a bit of a scolding did he get, but such a hugging and kissing, and a great piece of cake as he had not had for many a day.

Perhaps you will think this is a homely sketch, but it is true to life. The last I knew, Margery was toiling on in cheerfulness and hope, glad in every care, and willing to perform all her labors for those she loved.

But her life is to me like the beautiful bed of Crocuses. From out that hard, rough life, those beautiful blossoms of love are springing up. There seems to be no growing up to bloom, but a blossom out of the soil—beauty right out of the roughness of that coarse life.

One thing we may be sure of: Margery is the same faithful toiler, the same cheerful, hopeful, careful friend to the little orphans that have fallen to her.

How glad the angels must be as they watch her patient, lovely life! Do you not think they find blossoms about her path, bright bouquets of love that they can gather and bear to heaven?

INSECTS' WINGS.

The buzzing and humming of insects proceeds from the motion of their wings, which move very rapidly. An ingenia instrument has been invented for the purpose of ascertaining the rate of vibration of any sound.

"I do not comprehend the meaning of 'intuitive faculties'—'inner senses'—these inner senses work in most persons; they witness or they sense and testify to much that lies outside the reach of the external senses."

loste and thin, that fifty thousand placed upon upon the other would not form a heap more than a quarter of an inch high. And yet in each one circulates the life and flows the living power of the insect.

GUESS WHAT I HAVE HEARD.

BY MRS. FOLLEN.

Dear mother, guess what I have heard! Oh, it will soon be spring, I'm sure it was a little bird—Mother, I heard him sing.

Look at this little piece of green That peeps out from the snow As if it wanted to be seen— 'T will soon be spring, I know.

And oh, come here, come here and look— How fast it runs along; Here is a cunning little brook, Oh hear its pretty song!

I know 't is glad the winter's gone That kept it all so still, For now it merrily runs on And goes just where it will.

I feel just like the brook, I know; It says, it seems to me, "Good-by, cold weather, ice and snow; Now girls and brooks are free."

I love to think of what you said, Mother, to me last night, Of this great world that God has made So beautiful and bright.

And now it is the happy spring, No naughty thing I'll do; I would not be the only thing That is not happy, too.

(Original.)

FLEUR-DE-LYS, OR FLEUR-DE-LUCE.

The early kings of France had an emblem on their crowns and sceptres which was quite singular. Some supposed it to represent the three petals of the Iris; others thought that the original emblem was three toads, which was gradually changed to look like no particular object and called Fleur-de-Lys.

Answer to Enigmas in our last.

There are two high mountains.

Reply of Dr. Horton.

My attention has been recently called, by my niece, Mrs. Bradford, a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT, to an article in the issue of April 6th, under the signature of "N. M., Roxbury, Mass."

The writer says, "If I comprehend his mental condition, testimony will not satisfy him, and testimony is all that can be furnished through your columns to satisfy such wants as his."

Now lest I should be thought querulous, I think proper to confirm the statement made in my first communication to your paper, Jan. 6th, viz., "that I am willing and wish to be convinced of the truth of spirituality. Now all I ask is for such testimony as shall convince my understanding—such evidence as shall not require me to ignore all former experience—such evidence as shall not cause me to stultify myself by laying aside judgment and reason to believe the ipse dixit of any man."

To the main objection presented to my mind, and stated in my second communication of March 9th, I have received no response. I made the assertion that matter can and does think—that is to say, matter organized by Dely; that the mind, soul or spirit commenced to be formed in early life, through the medium of the senses; that the soul had not a previous state of existence; or if it had, we, in our present state, had no consciousness of such existence; and therefore it was no concern of ours. The conclusion arrived at from these premises was, that it would be a legitimate deduction to say that that which had a beginning must have an end; that when the body ceased to exist, as an active organized being, the soul, consequently, which had its beginning with the body and was dependent on it, must also cease to exist.

Now I must beg leave to differ from your correspondent when he says, "Testimony will not satisfy him." Truth has been the object of all my inquiries, through a long life; and such testimony as would convince me of the truth of a proposition, was all I ever required to yield assent. But I claim the privilege of judging as to the nature of the testimony. That kind of testimony which would convince a Catholic of the truth of transubstantiation, would have but little effect on my mind. That kind of testimony which would induce an Orthodox Calvinist to believe the story of Jonah and the big fish—of Joshua and the sun standing still—of Hezekiah and the sun going back ten degrees on the dial of Ahas—of the monster which is represented in the Apocalypse as having seven heads and ten horns—with numerous other monstrosities of that wonderful book called the Bible, would be insufficient for me. Now the testimony that I should require to convince me of the truth of a proposition must be different from all this. It must be able to stand the criterion of reason.

When I said, "Man is a religious animal," I stated an acknowledged fact. Most nations have some kind of religion. I think not all; for the Japanese are Atheists, and have no religion. Why it should be so, I suppose it would be wise for me, as well as for your correspondent, to reply, Nescio—I know not.

When your learned correspondent undertakes to explain the reason why man is such, his reasoning becomes incomprehensible to my limited understanding.

I do not comprehend the meaning of "intuitive faculties"—"inner senses"; these inner senses work in most persons; they witness or they sense and testify to much that lies outside the reach of the external senses." This is all Greek or Hebrew to me. I do not understand it.

Again, "one-half the world is feminine; that half is said to reason with the heart, or intuitively." Now I am willing to concede all possible goodness to what is commonly called the heart of woman; but when I find a grave philosopher undertaking to prove the truth or falsity of a proposition by the reasoning powers of a woman's heart, I am inclined to think that he is hard pushed for an argument.

And again: "Is it well, is it right, is it indicative of mental acumen and mental nerve to ignore the

capacities for visions and intuition, and shrink from grappling with the forms and facts which they bring forth?"

That crazy man John (commonly called a saint) had a great capacity for visions, but I have seldom found a sane man that could comprehend his visions. Dr. Adam Clark, who wrote a learned commentary on the Bible, when he got to the Apocalypse said, "I do not understand the book."

I never had much veneration for what is called intuition. I have never met with a great mind from intuitive genius. Great and correct knowledge is only to be acquired by patient study, deep research and calm investigation. To speak of the intuitions of the heart is nonsense, unless heart is used metaphorically for brain. My heart can no more think than my hand. Females claim great credit for their goodness of heart, and we are willing to accord to them all they claim; but after all it is the head whence the goodnes arises, and is conveyed through delicate and sensitive nerves to regulate their finer feelings.

When I shall be able to comprehend the visions of Spiritualism, I shall accord to John, of the Apocalypse, all he claims for the monstrous productions of a disordered mind; and to Baron Swedenborg his visions when in a cataleptic state, which he mistook for realities.

W. L. HORTON, M. D. Lynnfield Hotel, Mass., April 24th, 1867.

AFTER THE STRIFE, VICTORY AND REST.

BY WILFRID WILEYS.

Why are you downcast, oh my brother, treading With steps sublime the weary march of life, While round your way the evil fiends are flaunting With bloody hands the crimson flags of strife?

Dost deem, to-day, that Heaven with brazen arches And windows closed, o'erhangs the way ye tread? Dost weep, heartsick, that all your toilsome marches Seem but to lead to valleys dry and dead?

Whilst struggling hard with life's besetting evils, Whilst battling hard with life's low aims and ill, Dost deem it all a mirage, demon painted, The lovely greenness of the far-off hills—

The far-off hills that ever rise before you In emerald glory, mocking the estate Of treeless wastes, and valleys rude and stony, And sandy deserts, wide and desolate?

Faint not! Faint not! the brazen skies shall open, Oh! footsore toiler on the sandy plain; And earth grow green, with more than emerald raptures, And joy shall greet your mourning souls again.

There are deep vales, wild hills and thorny deserts, And stony wastes, for mortal feet to cross, Ere souls may sit in Gain's eternal presence, With garlands crowned, victorious over Loss.

But yet—trust God—there is a realm Elysian, Where rest will come to all our wearied feet; Where, after strife, the war-scarred soul reposes Amid the joys of that divine retreat,

Whose emerald hills entranced our pilgrim vision, With bowers of balm that scent the cloudless air;

Th' abode of souls that crossed the flood before us, Whose victor palms are beckoning for us there!

Spiritualism in the M. E. Pulpit—An Extract from Dr. Fisk's Sermon.

It was my privilege and pleasure quite recently to listen to a sermon from the Rev. Stephen Fisk, M. D., LL. D., of New Albany, Ind., one of the most eloquent and learned preachers in the West. The Doctor's text was (Exodus xxiii: 20), "Behold send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared." He said that the doctrine of the text was, that God provides the Christian with everything necessary and useful for his pilgrimage through this world, and that he has prepared for him a resting-place at the end of his journey.

God sends angels before the Christian pilgrim—spiritual messengers before him—to keep him in the way and to bring him into the place which he has prepared. God, he said, has use or employment for all the creatures he had made; for every saint on earth, for every angel in heaven. He would that none be idle. He has a mission for every one. Man's duties are revealed in the Bible, but angels and the spirits of the just, who live in the light of his divine countenance, go and come at his bidding. He speaks and they obey. Angels and archangels, cherubims and seraphims, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and reformers, and all the holy hosts of heaven, are his ministering spirits, frequently dispatched to minister unto the strangers and sojourners of earth. He sends forth these spirits to guide and guard his contrite children through this wilderness world to their promised place at his right hand.

Oh, consoling doctrine! Angels are around us. The spirits of the departed good encamp about our pathway. Who knows how many times the sainted spirit of Paul has been our guardian-angel, protecting and defending us from the ingenious stratagems of Satan, leading us on in the path of duty, and enabling us to bear with patience and fortitude all the ills that checker the scenes of our mortal existence? Who can tell how often Marah's humble spirit has surrounded our thorny pathway, stroking it with heavenly flowers and the golden fruits of the tree of life, and perfuming the atmosphere we breathe with celestial fragrance.

Who knows how frequently the sainted spirits of Benson and Watson and Clark have hovered over our minds, directing them to the sound doctrines of the Gospel of Truth; and how often has the fervent spirit of Wesley inspired us with zeal, and the spirit of Luther with holy boldness to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. And how often has Bunyan's blessed spirit lingered around our path, to lead us on to God. And who knows, brethren, but it is the inspiring spirit of the flaming Whitefield, or Hall, or Chalmers, that sometimes sets on fire our stammering tongues with heavenly eloquence, as we feebly try to preach the Cross of Christ?

Beloved brethren, our dear Redeemer sends an angel—a holy convoy of angels before his saints; to keep them in the way which leads to his saint; but as soon as they arrive at its vestibules and pass the golden gates of glory, and have taken possession of the harps and palms and crowns, he commissions them back again to earth or to some other region of his vast universe, as his ministering spirits.

Christians, have you a dear companion in heaven, a father, a mother, a son or daughter, a

brother or sister, a wife or husband in glory? Behold! they are this hour crowding around thee—going before thee—keeping thee in the way. They loved thee on earth; they love thee not less in heaven; and hence they wing their flight through the trackless ether down to the earthly atmosphere where you dwell.

"To guide and guard your doubtful way Up to the realm of cloudless day."

My friends, I have a child in heaven. I have a little infant cherub whose spirit this moment is wandering in a cloud of glory, through the aromatic gardens and over the delectable mountains of the blest. She spent here below a few days of sorrow and disease, but now she plucks the fragrant flowers and the delicious fruits of Paradise, leans her lovely head upon the bosom of Jesus, and sweetly slumbers in a beatific vision of the throne of God. I have often fancied, in the hours of darkness and despondent gloom, that her glorified spirit lingered around me, whispering words of consolation and hope. I have imagined that it was the echo of her lute which made sweet music in my heart, the hallowfulness of her presence that drove far from me the tempter with his wicked doubts; and the rustling of her wings of glory which seemed to pavilion me around with star-lit irradiations from the eternal throne.

Yes, I have a daughter in heaven! I have one golden chord which transmits the electric spark of divine love from the throne of the Lamb to my poor, unworthy heart. Glory to God we have dear friends in heaven! Parents, husbands, wives, children, brothers, sisters and associates have all gone before us, and they are now looking down upon us and watching over us with the deepest solicitude; and I sometimes fancy I can hear them sing as they fly down from the vestibules of glory,

At God's command from heaven we fly, To guard the bed on which you lie, To shield thy forms by night and day, And scatter all thy fears away.

Letter from the Translator of the Works of A. J. Davis.

(Translation.)

BRESLAU, Jan. 23, 1867.

MR. A. J. DAVIS—My Venerated Teacher: I am happy to lay before you my German translation of your Reformer, Vol. IV, Great Harmonia.

Years of toil were necessary to bring out this first production of my love of your Harmonial Philosophy, which, as you remember, I hoped to have printed "with golden types on silken sheets." That my labors have thus been crowned by so happy a result must principally be attributed to the influence of your own spirit, which was felt at the seeming boundaries of civilization, far out in Russia's deserts. There the spirit of a man was awake from the night of dogmatism to the light of Harmonial Philosophy, willing to lend his powers to the grand task to disseminate those heavenly teachings. And to this man you will find my translation dedicated.

All that is spiritual ever throws off light. The treasures of spiritual gems which were placed under my guardianship could not be kept in the dark. The various efforts made for years in your country and in mine to accomplish the German publication of your works, had disclosed my name to many of your admirers, and here and there in German periodicals it was mentioned in connection with that of my venerated friend, Nees Von Esehörk, as co-laborers in the glorious field.

Thus, by a happy chance, as many would call it, the eyes of my Russian friend and patron, Alexander Aksakow, were directed upon me. This gentleman is a descendant of a high-standing family, and is a successful writer and translator (of Swedenborg) himself. Without his ample means, and over all without his advice and influence, it would have been impossible for me to succeed, even if my exertions could have been increased.

In consequence of my first steps to find a publisher, my best MSS., viz: the "Staff," "Revelations," "Physician," "Teacher," and "Seer," were at that time in the hands of a publishing house in Bremen, which, expecting pecuniary help from American friends, delayed the actual printing of the "Seer." When I met my Russian friend first, I had but the "Reformer" ready for the press. We did not wish to lose any more time, and it was resolved, therefore, to print the "Reformer" first. Meanwhile I did the necessary steps to recover my valuable MSS., in which I succeeded after months of hard labor, and only by paying fifty dollars indemnity, and were refunded by Mr. Aksakow. *Alca est jarla!* The first die has been thrown; the others must necessarily follow! The printing of your "Staff" has already begun; next shall come the "Divine Revelations," and then all your other works in chronological order.

It seems to be a fortunate incident that we had to begin for Germany with the "Reformer," for just this volume handles themes of paramount interest for us. The German way of looking at and judging things may be somewhat different from the American one, where the actual facts of Spiritualism are more accessible.

At first I was inclined to begin with the "Seer," which seemed very well adapted to teach our material and sensual philosophers, so much estranged to all spiritual perception. But in place of the "Seer," your "Staff" will be a very interesting and popular substitute.

Unfortunately my MS. was badly spotted and interpolated in Bremen, so much so as to require partial re-writing.

All my end and aim is to finish the task which was begun, and to translate completely all your writings before going to any other spiritualistic work, the translation of which might seem judicious. I must keep my whole energy concentrated on one task. To fully succeed in it, it would be very desirable to have my worldly circumstances eased, more so than they actually are. I hope that some pecuniary success derived from the publication of the Reformer will help a little to this end, and that I then will be enabled to fully come up to all that remains to be done.

In order to facilitate the sale of the American edition of your writings, I added to my Prospectus an English Catalogue, hoping thereby to add another mile toward the dissemination of the Harmonial Philosophy and the realization of the beautiful dream of your beloved mother.

Many other points which I have to omit in this letter, can be talked over between you and our mutual friend, H. Sibirbaum.

Let me soon have a few lines from you. Let the glory of spiritual truth shine brightly from your spirit over all the world. The latter is deeply buried in darkness, and needs strong beacon lights to find its way to the bright springtime of love, and to the golden harvest days of wisdom! Truly bound to you in spiritual harmony, I remain your devoted friend,

GREGOR CONSTANTINE WITTO, No. 18 Bültner street, Breslau, Prussia.

What lady preaches in the pulpit? Minnie Still.

Letter from London.

Many of our friends in this country will remember the writer of the following letter, Edwin Harrison Green, Esq., who spent three or four months in visiting various portions of the United States last summer, going as far West as St. Louis, Mo. He takes a deep interest in the Philosophy of Spiritualism. The proceedings of the Convention he alludes to we shall print in our next paper.—E.H.G.

To the ever-welcome Banner of Light:

As the phoenix from its ashes, so I rise from the dead of this death-like silence, and desire in writing to record my grateful thanks for the courteous and warm-hearted welcome I had the pleasure of receiving from the staff of this great exponent of our beautiful, philosophical and harmonious religion. Thanks to the great Father God and to His ministering spirits, I arrived safely in old England, after twenty-one days buffeting with and tossing about on the boisterous waves of the Atlantic.

A meeting of delegates from the different countries in England, representing the various circles of which they are members, having been convened by the Huddersfield Spiritualists, in order to receive from myself a personal report of my transatlantic tour, brought me in contact with many devoted friends of spiritual truth, who are earnestly and zealously working as pioneers to bring a knowledge of the reality of spirit communion to the thirsting masses, who are but awaiting opportunities to investigate, in order to become good and earnest Spiritualists.

I have just returned from visiting London, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, etc., to which places I had gone to form the acquaintance of the friends of progress.

In London, I had the pleasure of being introduced to D. Home Lyon, Esq.; also to the estimable lady who has so kindly provided for the temporal wants of our true-hearted brother and colporteur. I found her a true, earnest Spiritualist, of advanced and liberal ideas, and in courtesy and true ladylike deportment all that her munificence toward the good cause had led me to expect. I regret to have to state that Mr. Lyon's health is so very delicate that his physicians have ordered him abroad. He desires me to say, through your columns, that his heart and soul are devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, and that while the great Father gives him strength, he will ever labor to promulgate the true interests of humanity.

In the great metropolis I met many devoted friends of the cause, able and willing to work for the reformation of the masses and the education of the rising generation, upon which our hopes of the future are depending. There are several thousand Spiritualists, but—alas that it should be so—they are comparatively unknown to each other. There are also many excellent, reliable and trustworthy mediums, through whom I received several excellent communications, and some very good tests—the physical manifestations are very good.

The Convention of progressive Spiritualists is to be held in London in June next, and from this meeting we are hoping great things—more especially anticipating the great good that may be done by the collecting together those isolated reformers, and the being able to teach them that in harmonious union there is strength.

In Wolverhampton the cause is very prosperous. The friends meet in a public hall which is very well filled on Sundays. Several meetings are also held during the week, these meetings, lectures, etc., being presided over by Bro. Slunkis and lady, who is an excellent trance medium. They have several promising mediums in process of development. May the All-Powerful bless and assist them in the good work.

Next in order comes Birmingham, where the truth is steadily and surely progressing, and angel teachings are recognized and becoming daily dearer and nearer to the hearts of the people.

In Nottingham there are eighteen circles, a fact which speaks volumes, all these circles having been organized in an incredibly short space of time.

Manchester, York, Liverpool and Bradford all have their earnest, zealous and devoted believers and hard-working laborers, striving to assist the angels to bring light and truth to the minds of the masses.

As to Huddersfield, I will let the report of the delegate meeting speak for itself. With an earnest desire for the prosperity of the BANNER and sincere thanks to its editors and publishers, also to Mrs. J. H. Conant, including all connected with it, for the great courtesy and kindness shown to me whilst in Boston, I remain, for the truth and progression, E. HARRISON GREEN.

Brotherton, Yorkshire, England. P. S. We shall be happy to receive any papers to be read at the coming Convention from our American brothers and sisters in spiritual truth.

From the London Spiritual Magazine.

Progress of Science and Spiritualism.

From the liberal manner which you and the American Spiritualists have criticised my paper upon the "Atmosphere of Intelligence, Pleasure and Pain," in your notice of the Report of the Second Convention of "Progressive Spiritualists," I feel induced to revert to the topics so interesting to all investigators of the substantiality of thought and of inspiration. Whilst writing upon the infinitesimal divisions of matter, as shown by the Spectrum Analysis, my thoughts reverted to what had been, thus after time, communicated to our circle, namely, that all bodies in space throw off a portion of their essence, light-giving bodies and light-reflecting bodies into space, where they commingle, and from whence they are ever ready, under God's law, to be sent in answer to the prayer of man; and I thought if this be true, is it not possible that the thrown-off particles of our earth may be mixed up in this? And if this be the case, is it not possible that by which we ascertain the elementary constitution of sidereal bodies, is so delicate, how can their influence pass through the vapor in our atmosphere without affecting the lines on the spectrum? I wrote down my thought; I crossed it out again. I thought of our scientific investigators, and of how they would call the knowledge of ignorant "spirits" to task. Since then I have seen the November number of the Intellectual Observer. Imagine my surprise when the first article my eye fell upon, was on the thrown-off vapor in the atmosphere causing dark lines in the spectrum; and that Mr. Jackson has proved by satisfactory experiment, that large portions of the dark lines of the star spectrum are terrestrial, and are due to the vapor of water. "He found that the dark lines became feeble in proportion to the height above the level of the sea; while, on the contrary, when the light of firewood, which afforded a continuous spectrum, was made to pass through several miles of air, in contact with the Lake of Geneva, and therefore saturated with its watery vapor, all the dark lines of the solar spectrum were produced, and the higher the dew point the more distinct the dark lines of the spectrum became." And if this be the case, is it not possible that by which we ascertain the elementary constitution of sidereal bodies, is so delicate, how can their influence pass through the vapor in our atmosphere without affecting the lines on the spectrum? I wrote down my thought; I crossed it out again. I thought of our scientific investigators, and of how they would call the knowledge of ignorant "spirits" to task. Since then I have seen the November number of the Intellectual Observer. Imagine my surprise when the first article my eye fell upon, was on the thrown-off vapor in the atmosphere causing dark lines in the spectrum; and that Mr. Jackson has proved by satisfactory experiment, that large portions of the dark lines of the star spectrum are terrestrial, and are due to the vapor of water. "He found that the dark lines became feeble in proportion to the height above the level of the sea; while, on the contrary, when the light of firewood, which afforded a continuous spectrum, was made to pass through several miles of air, in contact with the Lake of Geneva, and therefore saturated with its watery vapor, all the dark lines of the solar spectrum were produced, and the higher the dew point the more distinct the dark lines of the spectrum became." And if this be the case, is it not possible that by which we ascertain the elementary constitution of sidereal bodies, is so delicate, how can their influence pass through the vapor in our atmosphere without affecting the lines on the spectrum?

ber that He opens to those who knock, gives to those who ask, and when we see that our spiritual guides can give us the truth, subject to an Almighty Ruler, we shall be much in fault not to take advantage of their teachings. The atmosphere must be an ocean containing many things which have never yet been "dreamt of in our philosophy." Many circles will feel, as we have felt at times, a want of reliance upon the mysterious power by which the real truth-seeker is at all times surrounded. Take courage, my spiritual brethren; Spiritualism, if studied with high and holy desires, will lead us to true science, will be a light by which our feet will not stumble, as do those who are led in the path of Materialism. Let us go through matter and divide and subdivide, dissolve and redissolve again and again into still finer and more rarified conditions, until we feel satisfied that solid as the world may seem, fiery and bright though sun and star shine upon us, yet sun and star, and far-distant nebulae, are alike composed of particles infinitesimally smaller and finer than our most powerful instruments can detect, and through which we shall look in vain to see the food which is taken into the organism of the millions upon millions of life-germs that are ever around and about us; nay, which are ever being breathed into our very selves, and which are even beyond the clairvoyant powers of the highest developed medium the world has yet been blest with. Let us go forward as men knowing that truth alone can live—that truth is alone from God, and that He is both light and love. THOS. FICHALDS.

Huddersfield, Eng., Feb., 1867.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1867.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.

LUTHER COLBY.....EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON.....ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

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

The "Church Union."

The Philadelphia News copies a paragraph from a Romanist paper published in New York, in which the character and tendencies of the above named journal are discussed. The News seriously objects to the "Church Union," that "while it professes to be a religious journal, it is a teacher of infidelity," and adds—"It is fearless enough and independent enough in the publication of the productions of those from whose pens its columns are filled, but, alas for the 'religion' of the concern! it has none." Now what upon earth is the meaning of this cantankerous onslaught on a paper that certainly has as good a right to live on the sect it serves as the Independent of New York, the Congregationalist of Boston, or any other similar paper? Here is the sum total of the charge, in a paragraph. We have seen the sheet in question ourselves, and thought it "Orthodox" enough for any of those persons who do not know how, nor have the courage, to do a little thinking of their own. But it seems we were not inside the secret; though by what sort of a pass-key so "secular" a paper as the Philadelphia News gets in, we are at an entire loss to understand.

The paragraph says that the offense of the "Church Union" consisted in the publication of the speeches of individuals who were wont to speak, with ecclesiastical authority, in Sansom-street Hall, before it was converted into a type-foundry, and the paper "reflects these meetings, and the columns of that journal are the repository of as many heresies on the general subject of religion as can be crowded into them." Furthermore and moreover, says the News, men who occupy Orthodox positions in the communities in which they live, because it is to their interest to maintain such a status, but who have had hearts, rush to the columns of the "Church Union" for the purpose of relieving them of the skepticism and infidelity with which they are charged. "They dare not do this before their congregations, if they are preachers, nor in the social circle in which they move, if they are laymen, because to do so would at once bring them within the condemnation of their congregations or their associates. But in the columns of the 'Church Union' they can do so anonymously, presenting their heresies to the public in the shape of editorials, for which no one can fairly be held responsible."

Now the "Church Union" is nothing to us, nor we to the "Church Union," so far as we know; but we could not resist the occasion to parade still more widely before the public, which ought by this time to be thoroughly disgusted with such toydism and bigoted zealotry as is displayed in the News, the evidences of the significant fact that even the churches are defended by certain journals not "religious" by profession, rather than by their own. This proves conclusively that these secular sheets look to ecclesiastical influences for their support, and makes it plain that the churches look to public newspapers, as well as to all sorts of social organizations, for their assistance and defence. It is partisanship and proselyting, from beginning to end. As for the "religion" that is in it, the News betrays its spirit quite as well as the church deacons and clergy.

Rich Bishops in a Poor Country.

The oppressive character of the Established Church in Ireland is well shown by a list recently published in England of the Bishops that have died in the former island since 1822, and of the assets left by each, in hard cash, exclusive of real property the deceased may have purchased, and independent of any settlements that each may have made on members of his family. The list begins with the Bishop of Cashel, who contrived to put by \$400,000. Three others died with loose cash exceeding \$350,000 each; another with \$300,000; another with \$275,000, and so on. The average of the whole was \$200,000, and the aggregate was \$4,300,000! And yet the English Church comprises less than one-eighth the people of Ireland—a country that has been growing poorer and poorer since 1822, and pouring off its life-blood through every emigrant ship. No wonder. It is as difficult to see the Christianity as the political policy of such an overgrown and rapacious system of ecclesiastical oppression.

Foreign Affairs.

Late news by cable telegrams state that Queen Victoria has written a letter to the King of Prussia, in which she takes ground in favor of the recent and more moderate propositions of France in regard to the disposition of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, and advises him to accept the plan of compromise to which the Emperor Napoleon is willing to accede.

The New Asylum in Chicago.

In a recent number of the Chicago Times we read a communication on the Magdalen Asylum just founded in that busy and wealthy city. It was an earnest and touching appeal to the citizens, without respect to position or place, to contribute of their ability to a project that is founded on pure benevolence toward an unfortunate class, who, after all, are the really wronged ones in the social system to which we all consent. The writer consistently urges that the support of such an institution ought to come out of the community that renders its establishment necessary. The grounds taken are not easily shaken. From so pertinent and pathetic an appeal—and let us add, too, from so effective an one—we cannot refrain from making the following extract:

"Oh for language to convey my thoughts—for choice selected words, that would soften and go home to the heart—that, with one swoop of my poor pen, I might attempt to obliterate from memory the long-existing, foolish prejudices held in the minds of sensible people against these poor, unfortunate, fallen flowers of creation, destroyed by men. Oh! when will men and women learn wisdom, to become humane, and to view things in their proper light? Christ forgave one of the worst of women, and told her to go and sin no more. Are we superior to or wiser than the Son of God? Oh! what a field for contemplation and immediate action for all truly good, high-minded men and women—who should, at the same time, bear in mind that men frame our earthly laws, and that men enforce them; that men place these women in the position that they now occupy; and even then, I regret to say, that there are men who, under the disguise of law and otherwise, can coolly conspire together to rob these poor, wretched, ill-constituted, worldly possessions or means of support, and thereby continue to sink them lower and lower year after year, into the very depths of degradation and vice, until at last poor human nature gives way, and they are lost forever. Now is this right, is it honorable, is it manly? and, if not, who is to blame, and where is the remedy?"

We hope that these words have been thoughtfully read by all Chicago, and that they will produce their proper result. If such a retreat as the one projected for this unhappy class of beings—made such by the selfish lust of men who should finally be made every whit responsible for their conduct—if such a retreat, we say, cannot be self-sustaining, it assuredly ought to be supported out of the resources of the community. This moral leprosy in a community should be confined within the smallest possible limits. The taint should be put away from the blood of the next generation. The sentiments of purity and honor deserve to be shielded by every means from contact with influences which are sure to destroy them. But quite as much as all the rest, and possibly more, young girls that have been rushed into the maelstrom of vice are to be rescued and redeemed by a society which only commits suicide by leaving them to their fate.

The writer calls on the authorities to put a stop to the growth of places of immoral practices by indicting every one that can be discovered, at least once every month. It would not be a bad suggestion on the top of this, that such houses, when brought before the authorities by their keepers, should be compelled to pay into the public treasury, besides the other fines imposed, a sum expressly for supporting this Asylum. That would be natural justice. The earnings of vice would thus go to pay for its evil results, so far as they could be so diverted by the law. We are glad, at any rate, to observe that Miss Hardinge's appeals in the West are productive of such results.

Children's Lyceum in Bridgeport, Ct.

The Spiritualists of this beautiful city have at last arisen, buckled on the armor of righteousness, and shoulder to shoulder are ready to fight the good fight of progressive principles against the powers of darkness in fashionable Orthodoxy. On Sunday, April 14th, under the direction of the "Lyceum missionaries" A. J. and Mary F. Davis, the leading Spiritualists met in Lafayette Hall and organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum, a full corps of Officers and Leaders volunteering to serve temporarily, or until the election of the permanent officers should occur. There were present only seven children! But the fathers and mothers present (whose young children and grown up sons and daughters were at that very hour being taught old theology in the sectarian Sunday schools of the city) would not be disheartened. On the contrary, after some explanatory remarks by the "missionaries" aforesaid, the earnest ones freely pledged or at once contributed funds to purchase a full set of equipments, which had already arrived from the manufactory of E. Waters & Sons, Troy, N. Y.—one generous brother, James Wilson, Esq., putting the fair, round sum of one hundred dollars into the Lyceum Treasury—and thus the good work was commenced, notwithstanding the many difficulties and discouraging circumstances which seemed insurmountable on every side. The seats were arranged by the "Guards" in a few minutes after the organization was consummated, the targets put up in their proper order, the Librarian distributed the Manuals among the audience, and Mr. Davis acting as Conductor and Mary as Guardian for the occasion, the preliminary exercises and illustrative parts of the programme on page 50 (abridged Manual) were regularly instituted—all in the hall, irrespective of age or sex, taking more or less part in all the proceedings. Thus ended the first Sunday session. On the succeeding Sabbath the Groups were well filled, there being fifty children and young folks present, and the Lyceum went through its functions very creditably. But now the prospect is that the Spiritualists of Bridgeport will build up and sustain a flourishing movement. From the Bridgeport Standard we clip the following notice:

"A NOVEL SUNDAY SCHOOL IN BRIDGEPORT.—Last Sunday, the Spiritualists of this city organized in Lafayette Hall an educational movement called a 'Children's Progressive Lyceum.' It is composed of twelve classes adapted to the different ages and capacities of the young. These classes are indicated by different colored cards called 'targets,' with the title of the group and age of the members printed in good style. It is a part of the plan to wear badges significant of the degree of progress attained in the classes. Thus, each group wears a different color; the lowest is red and the highest is white. The exercises consist principally of singing the songs in Lyceum Manual, a responsive reading termed 'Silver Chain Recitation,' followed by a kind of free gymnastics, styled 'wing movements,' then a general conference on the question which was selected by vote of the children, and lastly by a procession of all called a 'Banner March.' The Spiritualists hold that a child has a body, as well as a soul, to educate. They say that the spirit can not manifest its highest attributes unless the body is in a healthy and harmonious condition. Therefore they undertake to discipline and educate the physical as well as the spiritual. It remains to be seen how well the Spiritualists build upon this basis. The plan and objects of this novel Sunday school should arrest the attention of all who have not heard the morals and well-being of the community. The proceedings are open to the public at 10 o'clock every Sunday morning.

English clergymen are making it a very general practice to spend vacations in America, in the same way our ministers do when they go to Europe.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

"The Mysteries of Sleep and Death," was the subject of Miss Lizzie Doten's lecture Sunday afternoon, April 28th, in Mercantile Hall, in this city. Previous to the lecture the choir sang another new spiritual song and chorus, by Dr. J. P. Ordway. It is a very sweet melody, and is much admired.

The discourse was the best Miss Doten has given during her present course. The theme was demonstrated in a scientific, logical and philosophical manner.

At the close of the lecture, while the choir were singing, another influence took control of the medium and gave this excellent poem, harmonizing finely with the lecture:

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by H. F. Gardner, M. D.)

Night drops her mantle from the skies,
And from her home of peace above,
She watches with her starry eyes,
As with a tender mother's love,
The sounds of toll and strife are stilled,
And in the silence calm and deep,
The word of promise is fulfilled—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

The weary soul oppressed with care,
The young, the old, the strong, the weak,
The rich, the poor, the brave, the fair,
Alike the common blessing seek.
The child sleeps on its mother's breast,
The broken-hearted cease to weep,
For answering to the prayer for rest,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Beneath the churchyard's sod there lies
Full many a weary form at rest,
With death's calm slumber in the eyes,
And pale hands folded on the breast.
Oh ye who bend above the sod,
And tears of silent anguish weep,
Lean with a firmer faith on God—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Sleep for the eye whose light has fled,
Sleep for the weary heart and hand;
But not the sleep of those who tread
The green hills of "the better land."
No restless nights of pain are theirs,
No weary watch for morn they keep,
But through release from mortal cares,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

There is that sweet, exceeding peace,
Where love makes every duty blest,
Where anxious cares and longings cease,
And labor in itself is rest.
Oh we will trust the power above,
The treasures of our hearts to keep;
Safe folded in his arms of love,
"He giveth our beloved sleep."

Before Miss Doten had taken her seat, another spirit controlled her and said she would take this occasion to answer a question which she had long wished to, but till now had not been able to avail herself of the opportunity. In a cemetery in the town of Hingham, she proceeded to say, is a tombstone on which is inscribed "Our Mother fell asleep Nov. 12, 1841, aged 61. When will the morning come?" Then turning to Dr. Gardner, addressing him as "her dear son," she related incidents that took place at the time of her death and burial; then proceeded in a beautiful and touching manner to answer the question "When will the morning come?"

The scene was quite affecting, and evidently took the Doctor by surprise, which he afterwards admitted in his remarks corroborating the statements made by the spirit. He said the inscription referred to was the one on his mother's tombstone; and spoke of the doubt and uncertainty in regard to the future life which pervaded his mind at that time, hence the question, "When will the morning come?"

Dr. Newton, the Healer.

We called upon this noted healer, at his rooms No 20 Boylston street, on Wednesday last—not for the purpose of medical treatment, but to witness his marvelous powers in the cure of others. Judge of our surprise when the Doctor approached us, and siddely pressed our eyes with his fingers, saying at the same time, "You were sent here by your spirit friends, although you are not aware of the fact. From too close application to business your eyes have become weakened, and you have recently been inconvenienced by the twitching of the nerves running through the under lid of the right eye, as well as by frequent pains in the eyeball. Had you neglected to heed the impressions of your spirit friends, and consequently postponed your visit to another day, the result would have been disastrous to you. You are here at exactly the right time, and I can instantly relieve you of all pain." Doctor Newton the second time rubbed our eyes for a single moment, when the pain entirely ceased.

Some time has elapsed since our visit to the Doctor's rooms; and as the former pain about the eyes has not returned, neither the twitching of the lid, it is but justice to attribute the cure to the voluntary manipulations of the eminent "healer" in question. The treatment, although novel, is far superior to the old method, viz., the application of leeches and blisters, in our humble opinion. At least, we liked it best.

Great numbers of our people who need the Doctor's services, are daily availing themselves of the present opportuity of testing his wonderful powers of "healing by the laying on of hands."

We have a letter from W. Foster, Jr., of the Providence Evening Press, wherein he states that Dr. Newton occupied the platform in Pratt's Hall in that city on Sunday, April 28th, and explained in an address the nature of the gift of healing. A synoptical report appears in the Press. We have room for only the following extract:

Dr. Newton said he had a faith that greater things than had yet been seen were to be accomplished in no distant future. He believed that the morals of men would be improved in a similar manner. When we become cognizant of the mental and spiritual forces which reside in us, and let the love and Christ-principle dominate, we shall become mighty to the pulling down of strong-holds. He then said he would throw his power upon the audience and cure those suffering from acute pains. He requested such to rise, and probably fifty stood up. He then, on the platform, put his hands together, drawing them toward his breast, then suddenly threw them outward and said, "you are cured." He then requested those whose pains were cured to sit down. All but one lady did so, and after one or two movements of his hands as before, she sat down, declaring herself relieved. A remarkable fact was observed as the Doctor threw out his hands in the first instance. There was a sharp detonation, similar to the crack of a percussion cap when it is struck. It was distinctly heard by hundreds. The invalids then went upon the platform, and a large number passed under the Doctor's hands. We heard many declare themselves cured, and many say they had sensibly improved.

There is scarcely any class of readers who will not find something of special interest to themselves in the narrative on our first page.

Thirteenth Radical Lecture.

Sunday evening, April 28, Miss Lizzie Doten gave the thirteenth of the "course of Radical Lectures," in Fraternity Hall. Every seat was filled, and the audience was by far the largest of the course. It was not curiously to hear a woman speak that drew the people together, for Miss D. has spoken hundreds of times in this city; besides, Olympia Brown gave one of the lectures a few weeks previous, but not to so large an audience. The fact is, the people had rather listen to inspirational discourses that give forth the essence of Spiritualism, for that, to many, is the all-absorbing theme at the present time. Well written essays, no matter how eloquently read, do not touch the heart or sympathies of an audience so completely as the living inspiration fresh from the Invisibile world.

"The outer and the inner life" was a very fitting theme for an inspirational lecturer to dwell upon. As a basis to start with, the speaker quoted, "None but the pure in heart shall see God," but did not use it as a text. Then with a readiness of thought she proceeded by saying that a pure heart was the holy of holies in a true Christian's breast, and the more pure the heart becomes the more clearly do we see God. Then it is that our religion takes hold of the heart and becomes so perfectly beautiful that it attracts the soul. Religion is born in the heart, and is not created by outward conventionalities. You cannot create religion, any more than you can create thought in the mind of a person who cannot think. It is true that some men are born with a genius for religion, as others are for philosophy, for poetry, for science and military renown, and these men forecast their own destinies and the destinies of others around them. They pass up and over every obstacle to achieve the victory. Yet it is no merit on their part. They were born with this powerful religious motive, this inner life that enables them to see beyond the controlling influences of all outward formalities. The speaker then considered at length some of the mysteries of this inner life, and remarked that if we ever expect to follow the teachings of the old heathen philosopher who wrote a book in two words, "know thyself," then we must stand in this chamber of mysteries and hold high converse with our own souls. The power of genius is simply the inspiration of the inner life. The same inspiration that thrilled through the soul of David, also touched the souls of Shakspeare, of Byron, of Goethe and others who were true to the deep movings of the inner life—the life that speaks with the accent of the Deity. Then it is that everything that is noble takes hold of their hearts as well as the hearts of the multitude, and touches the inner life of the people. When Theodore Parker broke away from the religious attitudes of the old theology and commenced direct with his God, he became inspired—he went to the religion of the heart instead of the church, and found his God and our God in the hearts of mankind. God fired his heart with his presence; and his prayers, instead of being petitions, became songs of thankfulness and praise. In further considering the subject, the speaker aimed to demonstrate that man can find no peace until he goes home to the tabernacle of this inner life—till he finds a religion devoid of mystery and choked with creeds and temple conventionalities, and in perfect accord with the dictates of reason, the teachings of science and the well known and beautiful instructions of common sense. She then proceeded to illustrate her subject, and show the power of the perception of the inner life as exhibited in Milton with his "sightless orbs," and others who were sorely afflicted with some physical disability. In concluding her remarks she dwelt at some length upon the manifold beauties of this inner life, and the struggles it has to contend with in breaking away from the old forms of religion—from the teachings of a Calvin who never touched this inner life, within which is a broad and beautiful avenue that leads upward to the divine life. Man must be his own church and his own creed, and never can he have faith in God until he has faith in himself, which is born only of this inner life.

For an hour and a quarter the audience listened with close attention, and seemed to regret the lecture had come to a close so soon.

"News from the Spirit-World."

The above is the title of a good-sized folio sheet, edited by Mrs. A. Buffum, and printed in Chicago, Ill. It was started last March, to be issued monthly at one dollar a year, if patronage warranted. The number for May is before us. It seems that the enterprise has received so much encouragement the editor announces that it is the "design to enlarge the paper and make the June number the commencement of the volume, the previous numbers being introductory." We are pleased to note this success, and hope it will continue more abundantly. The editor further says: "We have arrived at that point where it is plain to see that future numbers will appear. The growing interest fully warrants that it is being carried along by accelerated motion. It must be borne in mind that this paper is started for the benefit of earth's inhabitants, and its success depends upon the interest which every individual shall take in it, and every one should feel that its success rests upon them."

A. J. Davis in Maine.

The Spiritualists of Bangor, Me., have secured the services of A. J. and Mary Davis to organize for them a Children's Lyceum, on the first two Sundays in May. Now is the time for the Spiritualists of Bath, Augusta, Portland, &c., to take steps toward the establishment of Lyceums. Mr. and Mrs. Davis can remain in the State until the first of June; and, if the friends in the localities are ready for the work, their services can be obtained. Letters on Lyceum business can be addressed to A. J. Davis, care E. P. Baldwin, Esq., Bangor, Me., until further notice.

Educational Notions.

At a recent educational meeting in England, the Duke of Argyll said that he believed the time was near when the people of England would press for the American system, where education is supported by the public rates and religious education is left to the churches and Sunday-schools. This is sensible, and there is no doubt that the tendency is in this direction everywhere. It is an essential condition of both intellectual progress and religious freedom that the State should provide for the secular education of its citizens, and leave religious education free.

Williamsburgh, N. Y.

We are pleased to learn that the "Williamsburgh Spiritualist Society" has been reorganized, and that regular lectures will be given as formerly, each Wednesday evening, at Continental Hall, on Fourth street. Judge Edmonds was to favor them with an address at their last meeting. Efforts will be made to secure other able speakers, who will contribute to the spiritual enlightenment and edification of the thoughtful in every branch of the community.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of...

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond...

The Circle Room. Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

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

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation. In the name of the Holy Trinity, the glorious Spirit of Faith, Hope and Love, the Past, Present and Future, we are here assembled.

We know, oh Holy Spirit, that thou art leading thy children through many paths of human experience, nearer and still nearer to thee.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we will now enter into a consideration of whatever queries you may have to propose.

Ques.—By J. F. Sulpea, Richmond, Va.: In reply to my third question, on Monday, 24th, whether the spirits that "tear" (or seize) men now are similar to those devilish spirits which Christ cast out, you said, in effect: "There are no 'devilish spirits.' We believe in none such.

Ans.—All the revelations of religion appeal to every individual soul differently; therefore there can be no two souls who can understand precisely alike.

I would like to find some way by which I can have a good social chat with my brother Aleck—Major Aleck McCook.

Now, then, if my brother Aleck will procure me one of these persons through whom I can speak, and if I am able to control such an one as he provides, I think I can give him advice that will be of great value to him.

external structure of things; turn within and behold the spirit thereof, and talk face to face with thy God.

Q.—By the same: Again, on Tuesday, in reply to my first question, you affirm that "angels and spirits were synonymous."

A.—The wisdom of Paul is beneath the wisdom of God. The record concerning Paul has not grown, but the spirit of Paul has grown.

Q.—By J. Williams: Your answer to our question, "Can a spirit in the earth-form leave the earth, and speak through another organism in the earth-form?"

A.—It is not necessary that the spirit who has been unclothed of the flesh should absent itself from what your correspondent is pleased to term the spiritual body, in order to control a physical body.

Bishop Fitzpatrick.

I am as yet in the infant life of my new home in the spirit-world. I cannot act as the strong man would act, for my spiritual faculties are somewhat enfeebled by the circumstances which belonged to my earthly existence;

The glorious feature of law that men call charity, is most abundantly displayed in the second sphere of life.

I have received many most urgent calls from those minds who have dared to look beyond the Church; who have dared to hope in the communion of departed spirits on earth.

I can only understand that my home there is made up of the experiences, the thoughts, the deeds of my earthly life.

I have learned that there is no line that divides the material from the spiritual world. I have learned that mind in the body is ever in rapport with mind out of the body.

But if I were to advise those I have left at all, my advice would be exceedingly simple. Seek first for knowledge, and all things else will be given you.

Daniel McCook.

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My brothers Charlie and Robert have both been here; and as they were so very successful, I had thought perhaps I ought to be doing something in that direction.

James A. Peckham. Be kind enough to allow me to say, through your paper, to an old friend of mine, Charlie Hiscock, if he will to Mr. Foster, when he comes to the city, I will tell him all about that ring, and a great many things beside.

I am here to give a message for my grandmother; yes, sir. She is very anxious to come back and give Aunt Eliza the test she promised she would if she could come back.

She sends a great deal of love to all the children and grandpa. And she says it makes her very happy to know that John—that's my father—is so spiritual-minded.

Michael Sweeney.

How do you do, sir? I think, sir, if I can come back under the wing of the Bishop, I'm all right. I've been waiting something of a little while to know whether it was best for me to try these things; but when I see such ones as he coming, I said, if they can go over the bridge, it's very safe for such as me to want.

Now, sir, what I want is somewhat to get into the track, so I can open communication with my folks and myself. I suppose what I may have to say to them is not of so much account as what some others may have to say, where there's a great deal pending, but it's of account to me, anyway.

My name, sir, is Sweeney—Michael Sweeney, and I want some way to find—I don't know how—so I can come to my friends.

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Mary Anderson. I want you to tell my mother I come. I'm Mary Anderson, and I live in Centre street, New York; yes, and my mother is a medium.

What's your name? [White.] Yes, you're the one she told me to come to. [Did your father lose his arm in the war?] Yes; he was in the war, and he had his arm cut off, and so he died.

What's your name? [White.] Yes, you're the one she told me to come to. [Did your father lose his arm in the war?] Yes; he was in the war, and he had his arm cut off, and so he died.

Can I go? [When you're ready. Have you said all you wanted to here?] I would n't say it all, I would n't say it all I desired to if my mother was here.

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a second person, who had eyes, ears, faculties, and ordinary integrity, she could not snap the strings, either by machinery, or by hand, without being detected. And the things she saw it was so perfectly broken; and demonstrated that it would excite only derision to question those who witnessed it.

Correspondence.

The Work in Minnesota.

You have frequently seen it stated that the atmosphere of high, dry climates is peculiarly adapted to the manifestations of our friends who have passed into the conditions of a purely spiritual life.

The first in course of these two speakers was Mrs. Wainwright, who has proved herself, with courage and pen, and a defense of herself and her principles, albeit she suffered under the shocking stigma of being a woman.

But they could find no excuse in the proprieties for refusing to turn out to hear the very live and most manly man who succeeded Mrs. Wainwright.

At the second lecture the hall began to fill. By the fearful heresies of this "Infidel" were refuted upon the streets, and in the larger beer parlors—of which we have a thriving majority in this town—and at night people came to see if it was true a man could talk so wickedly.

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