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## FACE THE SUNSHINE.

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

[The following fine inspirational poem was originally written by Miss Doten at the close of a lecture in Philadelphia, Oct. 21, 1866, and printed in the Banner of Light Nov. 11, 1866. It was also read by Miss Doten at the opening of the Music Hall meetings in this city, Oct. 6, 1867. We reprint it at the request of many who wish to preserve a copy. Those of our patrons who perused the poem two years ago will doubtless read it again to-day with the same interest, if not greater, which it inspired at that time.]

Oh, a morbid fancy had David Bell,  
That across his path like a wizard spell,  
A great, black shadow forever fell.  
He turned his back on the sun's clear ray;  
From a singing bird, or a child at play,  
With a nervous shudder he shrunk away;  
And he shook his head,  
As he gloomily said,  
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

In the solemn shade of the forest wide,  
Or in the churchyard at eventide,  
Like a gloomy ghost he was seen to glide.  
There, nursing his fancies all alone,  
He would sit him down with a dismal moan,  
In the dewy grass by some moss-grown stone,  
And shake his head,  
As he gloomily said,  
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

Never a nod or a smile would greet  
Old David Bell, in the field or street,  
From the sturdy yeoman he chanced to meet.  
The children fled from his path away,  
And the good wives whispered, "Alack a day!  
The Devil hath led his soul astray!"  
For he ever said,  
As he shook his head,  
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

One Sabbath morn when the air was balm,  
And the green earth smiled with a heavenly charm,  
In the peaceful hush, in the holy calm—  
Old David Bell, with a new intent,  
Across the bridge o'er the mill-stream went,  
And his steps toward the village chapel bent.  
For he said, "I will try  
From this fiend to fly;  
And escape the shadow before I die!"

But all along on the sandy road,  
His great, gaunt shadow before him strode,  
Like a fiend escaped from his dark abode.  
Sometimes it crouched in an angle small,  
Then up it leaped like a giant tall,  
And as David noticed these changes all,  
He shook his head,  
As he gloomily said,  
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

At length, he came to the chapel door,  
But the great, gaunt shadow went in before,  
Leaping and dancing along the floor.  
Old David mournfully turned away—  
He could not enter to praise and pray,  
While that impish shadow before him lay.  
And he shook his head,  
As he gloomily said,  
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

He wandered away, not heeding where,  
To a lonely grave, where a willow fair  
Whispered sweet words to the summer air.  
But he saw not the long, little branches wave,  
For only a weary look he gave  
At his own black shadow, across the grave.  
And he shook his head,  
As he gloomily said,  
"This shadow will haunt me till I am dead!"

"Nay, nay, good David!" a voice replied,  
He turned him quickly, and close by his side  
Stood old Goody Gay, known far and wide.  
Though Time had stolen her bloom away,  
And changed the golden of her locks to grey,  
Her face was bright as the summer day.  
"Do not shake your head!"  
She cheerfully said,  
"But face the sunshine, good man, instead!"

With a hopeless look, and a sigh profound,  
He sat himself down by the grassy ground,  
Where the bright-eyed daisies grew thick around.  
"Nay, leave me," he said, in a sullen tone,  
"For I and the shadow would be alone,  
No balm of healing for me is known.  
It will be as I said,  
This thing that I dread,  
This shadow, will haunt me till I am dead."

The good dame answered, "Oh David Bell!  
Why will ye be ringing your own heart's knell?  
For I tell you this, that I know full well—  
The blessed Father, who loves us all,  
Who notices even a sparrow's fall,  
Is never deaf to His children's call;  
His love is our light  
In the darkest night,  
Just turn to that sunshine, and all is right."

"In this very grave did I lay to rest,  
With his pale hands folded upon his breast,  
The one of all others I loved the best.  
And then, though my heart in its anguish yearned,  
My face to the sunshine I ever turned,  
And thus a great lesson of life I learned:  
Which you, too, will find,  
If you will but mind,  
That thus, all life's shadows are cast behind."

He gazed in her earnest face as she spoke,  
And then a light o'er his features broke,  
As if new life in his soul awoke.  
There was something so bright in that summer day,  
And the cheerful language of Goody Gay,  
That his morbid fancies were charmed away;  
And he said, "I will try,  
For it may be, I  
Shall escape this shadow before I die."

He turned him around on the grassy knoll,  
And flush o'er his forehead and into his soul,  
The warmth of the gladdening sunshine stole.  
The good dame lifted a willow bough,  
And gently laid her hand on his brow—  
"Say, David, where is your shadow now?"  
The shadow has fled,  
But ye are not dead,  
Look up to the sunshine, and hold up your head!"

Still aghast the grave did the shadow lay,  
But his face from the phantom was turned away,  
And lifted up to the sun's clear ray.  
Then the light of truth on his spirit fell,  
Breaking forever the magic spell,  
That darkened the vision of David Bell.  
His trial was past,  
And the shadow, at last,  
Behind him there, on the grave was cast.

Oh, ye who toll o'er your earthly way,  
With your faces turned from the truth's clear ray,  
Consider the counsel of Goody Gay,  
Though shadows should haunt you as black as night,  
Be faithful and firm to your highest light,  
And face the sunshine with all your might!  
Keep a cheerful mind,  
And at length, you will find  
That the grave, and life's shadow, both lie behind.

## The Lecture Room.

### SPIRITUALISM.

An Address by B. T. HALLOCK, M. D.,  
Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Sun-  
day, Dec. 8th, 1867.

When the reality of a conscious existence beyond the grave first became an established fact in the mind of the Spiritualist, he felt himself to stand in the warmest and brightest mental sunshine that ever illuminated the intellect of man. Then, for the first time, he saw himself in the light of immortality; the mortal being suddenly transformed into the immortal; the "three score and ten years" of his earth-life lengthening into eternity.

Those of you who have been the subjects of this spiritual illumination will bear me witness that, in the early dawn of its consciousness in the soul, its auroral splendors were beyond the power of words to describe. So glorious, indeed, was the light in which the Spiritualist first saw himself—so absorbed were its rays by his own soul, that his attention became fixed upon the life which it revealed to his enraptured senses, and he did not dream that it was to be reflected back from himself as a centre, upon this life, as well as upon that which lies beyond the grave, showing the popular notions respecting both to be alike tinctured with error, and their true significance obscured to mortal vision by the darkness of universal misconception. At this period of his experience he did not realize that he might retain his position in what is called society, his place in the political party and his pew in the church, and might pursue his merchandise or his agriculture with his accustomed satisfaction; or, rather, perhaps, with far greater, because, while his business made him rich and his church-pew made him respectable, his intercourse with the spiritual world gave him the assurance of a higher life still. And so, with a comfortable prospect of the very best of both worlds before him, it was but natural that, for a time, he should continue to accept, with the old complacency, his politics as dictated by his party, his religion as taught him by his priest, and should conduct his business, as of old, upon the universal maxim, buy the cheapest, sell the dearest, and leave his Spiritualism for the private delectation of his leisure hours.

This was "sitting under one's own vine and fig-tree" to some purpose. And, doubtless, while he realized that he was only a child to be fed and nursed, it was but right and proper that he should rock himself asleep in the cradle of his own spiritual security, and awake, not to labor, but to the delights only of that easy-chair around which cluster the ministering spirits of departed loved ones. He was not then a man to work, he was a babe but newly born. He could rejoice in the light, but it revealed to him no labor, no sacrifice of personal ease; nothing to do but to eat the spiritual bread and butter so bountifully provided for him, and swing on a gate all the day long, and be happy. He could not be expected to know that natural law has so fixed it that the cradle-pleasure belongs exclusively to infancy, and that, for a man, in all this universe, there is no easy-chair except at the end of an honest day's work. Idleness is not easy; the slumber of indolence is a nightmare and its pleasure a weariness. But he had not yet discovered that the law held with spiritual idleness and spiritual slumber as well. In the Sunday school he learned to repeat the parable of the ten talents, but he had yet to know that they were the expression of an eternal, spiritual law. In short he was not yet able to read what God writes upon the wrappings of each gift to man: USE IT OR LOSE IT. Indeed, he was not then conscious that any such condition encompassed his gifts.

I trust it cannot be true of many of us to-day that we have yielded to the childlike temptation to sit down in luxurious spiritual ease. We are old enough now to know that the "vine and fig-tree" whose fruit and foliage are to yield us food and shelter are to be planted by our own hands, and the seat beneath their protecting shade is to be made easy only through the exercise of the power that is within us.

At the first it was necessary and therefore natural that the affection and intellect of the Spiritualist should be absorbed by himself, because his first work was self-verification. The lever is not a lever unless with a fulcrum to rest upon; and if it is to be of the Archimedean type, that is to say, a lever capable of moving the world, it must needs rest upon a fulcrum, the immovable solidity of which is first to be made sure. Theologians, with more honesty than wisdom, have essayed to move the world by placing their lever upon a book by way of fulcrum; spirits, with the scientific knowledge which comes from a broader observation of ways and means, place it upon the illuminated human soul.

Hence it was in due order of law that the spiritual world should take care to make the Spiritualist sensible of a degree of independence and security, which, pushed by his own folly beyond their proper limits, make of him a thorough egotist, and extinguish in his soul every spark of genuine sympathy with the common interests of mankind; but which, properly understood, make of him a substantial fulcrum for that spiritual lever which is to move the world of thought from centre to circumference.

Of all movable things, there is perhaps nothing so hard to move as an opinion received from tradition during the plastic state of the intellect and affections, and solidified by the pressure of long established custom. To say to a mountain of mere rock and sand, "Be thou removed and cast into the sea," we have only to use a proportionate number of Irishmen by way of fulcrum to the lever of our will, and it disappears. But, for example, that mountain of Jewish belief, which the Jewish people did not get from Mount Sinai, but from Moses, when, in spirit, he had come down

from thence, not only defied the power of Jesus in his time, but to this hour it stands unmoved and immovable as against the combined efforts of the world's Christianity and the world's infidelity to get it out of the way. Heathen Rome could lay waste their sacred places; blot their territory from the map of the world; leave no stone upon another in the foundation of their beloved city. Turk and Christian could shake to the very center their respective thrones in deadly conflict for the possession of its ruins; but they could not shake the Jewish faith, and they never can. Error against error, tradition against tradition, is not the adequate lever. Truth against Error, fact against tradition, if any lever will remove that mountain, this.

So it will be seen that the labor of the Spiritualist is more than Herculean. It even exceeds that of the fabled Atlas, who only bore upon his shoulders a ball of sand and other temporary rubbish, whereas Spiritualism is set to a world of error, the density of which, compared with any mere earthly matter, is as that of granite to hydrogen gas. For this reason it was indispensable that the light which was revealed to the Spiritualist this great labor, should first reveal to his external consciousness his real selfhood. He could verify nothing until first assured of himself. He must needs realize the darkness that was in him, before he could perceive the light in which the world is. The truth must be born in his own understanding before he could know it anywhere or in anything. As from the darkness that was in him, he could only exclaim with the multitude who have no eyes, "Behold, there is no light!" so now only by authority of his own awakened vision can he affirm that men may see.

It is alone from this inward concentration of light that man can see anything as it really is; and through it he becomes a light, and this light is his power. The candle makes no speeches; it does not gesticulate—it simply shines. But there is this difference between a man and a candle, namely: A man who is interiorly luminous cannot be hidden "under a bushel." That is to say, he cannot be overshadowed by church creeds, nor obscured by French philosophy, nor put out by American rationalism. Being a light, he must shine; and through the emanation of its rays from within himself, objects without him take their true forms and natural uses. It has not been in the power even of scholastic theology to wholly obscure that human luminary, lighted of God in old Judea some eighteen centuries past. It still shines. Its rays do yet penetrate the fog and mists which tradition has generated; and although the owls and the bats may prefer the darkness of ecclesiasticism, all beings with sound eyes in their heads do hail it as a "bright particular star" whose glory shall be undimmed forever. Could certain animals express their sensations in English speech, they would say at midday: "There is no light," but the sun shines nevertheless.

The power of a man is in the ratio of his spiritual illumination. Power is silent, like the sunbeam—like "the word of God," which speaks all things into form with unmovable lips. Force is turbulent and disposed to noise. At best, it is no more than the handmaid of power; and when it is not that it simply represents weakness. We read that in the olden time, upon a certain rather serious occasion, there was a great to-do with the whirlwind and earthquake and fire-fore; but when these had passed (having effected nothing) and God came, his voice was exceedingly small.

Therefore, as I read the stars, or "discern the signs of the times" in the light of history, this modern focalization of spiritual light, what is called modern Spiritualism, is to the end that it might ultimate in a new center of radiation, transforming, as it were, the comet into a fixed star—a solar orb in a new system of thought worlds. No orb has yet absorbed all the light in the universe, nor reflected it all. Infinite space has still ample room for new stars. For ages all the spiritual light of our so-called Christianity has been cometary. No continuous, fruit-bearing ray, as from the light of the sun within the tropics, has warmed it into a healthy growth. As with the arctic inhabitants, its sun went down over its disk had fairly cleared the horizon. Then came winter, in which there appeared no green thing, and thick night, and then a nebulous mass of theological speculations with a fiery tail was seen in the umbra of middle-age scholasticism, which, elongating its orbit so as to embrace the first half of the nineteenth century, makes a short curve around the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, as by the law of England "established" for its eternal centre and ultimate limit of progress.

But, says the dissenter, in all honesty of soul, "The Church of England by no means constitutes or expresses the ultimate possibility of Christianity." Now, the truth of this depends entirely upon the degree of dissent reached; that is to say, upon what the dissenter deems Christianity to be. Thus if it amounts to a dissent in toto from all that is popularly claimed to be Christianity, then may he say of a truth not only that the English Church does not exhaust Christianity in its thirty-nine "articles of religion," but that it does not even touch it. But if the dissenter stop anywhere short of a total repudiation of the entire "scheme" which passes for Christianity so far as advance is concerned, he is concluded by the Episcopal Church. He may step to the right or to the left; he may call himself by whatever denominational term best pleases his fancy; or he may go back to Rome. But while he acknowledges any authority in religion outside of his own soul, forward of these "articles of religion" he cannot go. Nor does the majority wish to advance beyond them. It is the ceremonial of that Church, and not its doctrine, to which objection is principally made by dissenters, where dissent is a matter of conscience.

But even this discrimination was only true in the days when dissent meant something. At

present, one of two things is rapidly approaching consummation—that is, either the conscience of dissenters is swallowing the Episcopal ceremonial, (by way of sauce to the doctrine,) or the ceremonial is swallowing the dissenters' conscience. For certain it is, one has only to observe our Christianity as an acted instead of a professed faith, to know that nothing beyond "The Book of Common Prayer," with the accompanying "Rites and Ceremonies" of the Church which put them forth, is expected or desired. Beyond? The fact is that the English Church herself, which originally dissented from Rome, together with every sect which subsequently dissented from the English Church, are travelling back to Rome. Every one of them are on the march thitherward; the English Church, in the estimation of some of its more steady-paced adherents, absolutely with indecent haste.

And thus it has come to pass that our American civilization is refreshed, on the one hand, by the steady march of its most cherished English Church back to Rome, and on the other by that of the entire body of dissenters back to the English Church; the former every year introducing more and more of the Roman ceremonial, and the dissenters more and more of the English. The butcher's ledger will prove to any one who cares to know, that the diminution in the sale of meat during Lent is not by any means, as of old, wholly owing to the devout stomachs of Episcopalians and Roman Catholics proper. And although, at first thought, it may seem incredible that the meat-market should throw any light upon the direction which our self-styled Christianity is taking through the glorious constellations of science which constitute modern civilization, nevertheless the butcher's block in any fashionable market-place is a better observatory whence to note the astronomy of that splendid comet, than the priest's pulpit in any fashionable church. For the priest will only give you a sort of astrological account of it; while the butcher will deal only with its astronomical, or true character. That is to say, when, during Lent, the dissenter repudiates the shroud and takes to the coffin, the priestly or astrological view of the matter refers it to a planetary influence of a super-celestial character—to a reverence for God, in short; while the butcher, considering only the science of the phenomenon, reveals the rather prosy fact that it is neither the stomach nor the conscience of dissenters which of late years is giving such an increased impetus to the fish-business during the time of the Catholic fast, but simply their extreme desire to be as genteel and as much thought of as the best Christians in the land.

But in any case, that Episcopal luminary—the thirty-nine "Articles of Religion"—is not a light for living men to work by. For those who accept it in all sincerity of conscience, it is a luminosity which emphatically "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind"—a phosphorescent phantom which does not enlighten, it only frightens; while in the estimation of sober reason, as a guide to the solution of the problems of life here or hereafter, it has not the importance of a swamp-born jack-o'-lantern. In these years, reason, which affects to quote science, is revolving around quite another center than this. Its luminary is dark, to be sure—black, in fact, as annihilation—but it is to a certain degree solid, with a sure prophecy of ultimate light and vision; but with that purely gaseous meteor of the Middle Ages, clear up the scholastic bog whence it originated, and it is gone forever.

There is no true outlook upon the things of this life save from the point of spiritual illumination. Only the spiritual eye can see men other than "as trees walking." While the spiritual consciousness is in abeyance, all is conjecture. There are fragments of truth perceptible, but there is no system—no eternal verity of which they form a part, and to which they are naturally subordinate. Within the circle of popular religion, science and philosophy we find no statement indicating a clear and comprehensive perception of human nature. Not in the entire round of popular book-making, lecturing and sermonizing do we meet with proof that author or speaker feels at all certain of what he says, or is in any satisfactory degree conscious of the real nature of what he sees. The religious-philosophical literature of the last century was profound in its power of denial; that of the present is eloquent in the expression of its doubts. There is quite as much cant in the nominally scientific as in the self-styled religious world; for, with respect to that of which the mind has no rational conception, all speech is mere cant.

The Spiritualist, therefore, who has to a good degree established his own reality as a fixed quantity in this universe, finds himself with a given quota of work due. All men do instinctively feel (like the boys in the thunderstorm who went into the woods to pray) that something must be done; but what, is the unsolved problem. Nor is how to do it quite as clear as could be wished. Suppose, by way of being practical, we assume it as granted by all parties, that America is to be done; that these United States constitute "the garden" we are "to dress and to keep"—a not irrational supposition surely, seeing that it is the land we live in. This granted, the question naturally following is, How shall it be done? What planting, dressing and laying out of landscape does it require? To these questions various answers are returned, none of them quite satisfactory; and for the reason, as it seems to me, that there is a prior question which has not been duly considered. It is this: What, in the grand economy of nationalities, does America mean? What idea does she stand for? What truth (if any) does the universe require of her to express? That is the bottom question. Answer that and all is relatively easy.

Negatively, I think we may say with positive assurance that Nature does not require of America to be a fac-simile of Europe, from the fact that Nature herself furnishes us such examples of mere imitation. Her minerals, vegetables, animals, men, have each a distinct individuality.

She cannot afford but one England, for example; nor would human nature bear another if she could. And, pursuant to the same economy, she gives us one Moses, one Socrates, one Jesus, one Jefferson—all great, all different. Columbus performed a worse than useless labor in the discovery of a new world, if its natural use be that of mere new soil in which to plant old, worn-out ideas. The Eastern Continent has ample space for these, were they worth the planting. But ideas, however venerable by the usage of centuries, which so exhausts the soil of society that it does not even bear the common privileges and comforts of life for the majority of its members, so that they annually run from it by tens of thousands, should be a hint to us, were there no other, that they are not worth growing here.

And yet, this is the very effort that is being made, the very work which is being carried on with ever increasing zeal and industry during these years, by nearly the entire population of the republic. Paris controls the fashion of the country, London and Rome its religion, a Frenchman and an Englishman its philosophy. To be sure, we have tried to get up a little Unitarianism on our own account, but we have signally failed; and with the religious and respectably par excellence, our rationalism is at a sad discount. "We want no philosophy, no rationalism here," said a very reverend divine recently, on taking possession of what the newspapers tell us is the most elaborately decorated church on all this continent—"We want no philosophy, no rationalism here; we are satisfied with the good old way." That is to say, the imported formula of faith and worship, which, from the time of Henry the Eighth of England to this hour, has been a perpetual curse to the English nation, these American rationalists will be but too happy to revere and repeat forever, and only that. They declare that it fills up the whole measure of their souls. How large, think you, must be the cubic capacity of such souls? How strong? If there be any real life in the priest who uttered that rant of perfect satisfaction with the good old English way, or in the congregation which bowed their Amen to it, how are we ever to know when a man is dead? Slink-sneer makes Macbeth to say that before his time there were simple folk who believed that when the brains were out, the man had gone; but, from a somewhat troubled personal experience, it appears that he was obliged to abandon that theory; and we know, from examples numberless as autumn leaves, that with the spiritual brain in a state of apoplexy men may still walk the earth self-deceived, and deceiving others by an appearance of life, which in reality is a death such as no mere animal carcass can be the subject of. Now, "for the dead to bury the dead," as advanced by Jesus, is sound economy; but when the dead insist upon burying the living, (which is the present effort of our accepted religion,) however gorgeous the sepulchre, or imposing the funeral ceremony, in a country not overstocked with live men, the work is certainly at variance with the practical character to which as a people we aspire.

But to return. Leaving both the dead creeds of the Church and the dead exponents thereof, as of no scientific account in the solution of any practical question under the sun or over it, looking carefully into Nature we shall have to admit that New England, for example, is not called upon to reproduce Old England. Whatever be her work, clearly by authority of Nature it is not that. And if not, then right here we run against a fact as real as dollars and cents; because the work of this New World not being the reproduction of the Old, it follows that those Catholic reverends who journeyed to Rome last spring, and these other of the Pan-Anglican type who visited London this present autumn, all at great expense of their own ease and the Church funds, have really performed no valuable work for us, for it was the express purpose of the one party to transport the church of St. Peter of Rome to the United States, and of the other, to bring hither in all its glory St. Paul's of London. That is to say, the object being, with one set of Bishops, to make this country everywhere Rome, and with the other, everywhere England. To succeed in either of these efforts, would be to annihilate America in toto. A fate which she does not quite yet deserve, although her smothering, her fashion, and her religion (all European), her threefold power, the only Trinity she knows anything about, are working for it with a zeal anything but commendable in view of its success.

We are but too apt to deceive ourselves by mere show. A body of men, acting in concert, naturally elicits the sympathy of the individual, and, if their action be popular, is almost certain to take his judgment captive. For example, imagine one of us in an English cathedral, witnessing that procession of church dignitaries (which the newspapers have described with suchunction,) sweeping through ancient nave and aisle in full-robed splendor, and with burst of organ and roar of choir, shouting,

"The son of man goes forth to war,  
A mighty crown to gain,  
His blood-red banner streams afar;  
Who follows in his train?"

And it is more than probable that the most guarded of us would, for the moment, feel that there was really something more than mere wind in this outburst of sound; nay, it would be no more than natural, should one mistake their solemn, turkey-like strut and spread of tail for the veritable march of wisdom. And they, the august bishops, are more than half inclined to believe it themselves, and are wholly disposed to make the world believe it, and, in fact, have pretty well succeeded.

But when the pageant has passed, and the imposing wind-worship of lips and organ has been hushed to silence in their respective bellows, one has only to imagine "the son of man" at the head of that procession, flourishing a "blood-red banner," to know that a soul who could conceive such a stanza, or sing it, can have a no more rational

idea of "the son of man," as he is represented in the accepted history, than the ancient Romans had of Jupiter. In fact, the Jesus of modern Christianity is a veritable myth as was any god in their pantheon, and is an object of as fulsome worship.

There is no help, therefore, for America, in these men. They do not know America; they only know the Church of England; and their only labor is to promote its interests. Our literature is of the same, or nearly the same, unserviceable cast, because it must needs measure itself by the European standard. The magazine critic makes monthly complaint that there is nothing rotten behind it—nothing been dead long enough to lend it that mellow tint and delightful fragrance which decay gives to decomposition. Unlike Europe, it has no background of abominations so infernal as to become sublime, much to the regret of the critic-soul and to the infinite damage of the American novelist. There has been not a little ink shed in comparing our ablest American thinkers with some of the best book-makers of England. But the nearest approximation to a common genius which criticism has yet revealed, consists in the fact that neither party knows exactly what it would beat. Both have shown a commendable aptness for quarrying stone, but neither side of the Atlantic has yet produced an architect.

The literature, therefore, like the religion which plants its standard of excellence in Europe, will never help America. America can never be what these strive to make her. Nature forbids that a child should exactly repeat its parents. It may be greater or less, but it must be different. Hence, all work which aims at an endless repetition here in America to-day, of what has been doing in Europe, in the way of religion, ever since the birth of European history, is simply against Nature. That solemn force of religion, with Pope or Bishop for manager, may yet keep the stage of Europe for a while; but it cannot live in America, unless in a spiritual sense it be enacted over her grave. We may remember, by way of parallel, that in the old Jerusalem, not until the crucifixion was accomplished, was there the best security for Chief Priest, Scribe, Pharisee or Hypocrite.

But if this work is not to be done for America, then what work? And again the question returns, What does Nature demand of America—what idea is she required to express? History, it is said, repeats itself, but it is always with a difference (natural law so determining); and if so, then there should be some fundamental thought underlying this Western Continent of humanity; and the ground upon which it stands, being separated from the Eastern by an ocean, should be taken as a gentle hint that the brain idea should be, if not greater than has been heretofore wrought out by any nation, at least somewhat different.

Perhaps history, repeating herself—with a difference—as she always does, may afford us some clue to its character. As we, for example, read the souls of ancient Greece and Rome through the bodies they have left behind them, we find the moving ideal of the former to have been the perfection of physical beauty; and of the latter, the perfection of physical strength. They attained their ideal and died as nationalities; just as every nation and every man must die—that is, lose the external form when this is accomplished; sooner, if there be not ability in them to accomplish it. These ancient nations fully reached it. In sculpture and architecture, representations of physical beauty—the beauty of form—Greece, by the common consent of all subsequent time, has never been exceeded. She produced great thinkers; but other nations have produced greater. Only in the attainment of her primary idea does she stand unrivaled. And the same is true with that of the Roman nationality—the perfection of physical strength. Our professors of "light gymnastics," or of heavy, have yet produced nothing superior to the Roman gladiator. This idea was the inner soul of the nation, and its gladiatorial combats were not from its delight in the mere spilling of blood, but from its struggle for the fulfillment of its destiny. It succeeded. What human muscles can, the Roman muscles did. France has far exceeded her in science, England in philosophy; but when the artist of to-day would embody his ideal of physical strength, he tries to copy the ancient Roman gladiator.

Now, we are not to imagine that Nature has exhausted herself in ideals, or that these are her highest, notwithstanding the apparent fact that all subsequent nationalities between these and the birth of our own seem void of any. These later nations are but the stepping-stones upon which Nature planted her feet on her way to this Western Hemisphere, where, if I interpret her aright, she has resolved to plant an idea, which in its ultimate development should give to man "a new heaven and a new earth," wherein there should dwell not only righteousness and absolute freedom of body and mind, but wherein there should be also a spiritual development worthy of both. That idea, then, deep down in the unconscious soul of this nation, I name SPIRITUAL PERFECTION.

Be not startled at the assertion, I pray you. Every hour of patient observation and careful thought will but more and more confirm its truth. History repeats herself—with a difference—does she not? And what have we here but Greece and Rome repeated—with a difference? This march of national ideas is not only in the order of Nature, it is according to Scripture. We read: "First, that which is natural, (physical,) afterward, that which is spiritual." Ay, marvelously does history repeat herself. Shall I say it? Greece and Rome were masculine and feminine. In their essential characteristics they were man and woman, brother and sister. The germs of our yet unperfected freedom were in them, and they live to-day in this nation. The South is Greece and the North is Rome, and they are male and female, but with this difference: they are not brother and sister; they are man and wife. And God having so made them, and so married them, quarrel as they may, no politician will be let to put them asunder.

But for the signs of this idea which I have named spiritual perfection. Find them in the universal unrest of all truly living souls in the nation. The abolitionist—who is he satisfied now that chattel slavery is ended? As an abolitionist only, is he content that that abomination has been swept away. As a man, he feels that there is infinitely more to be abolished still. Those noble women, striving for an equality of rights before the law, give them all they ask for within the power of law, and think you they would or could rest satisfied with its attainment? Who that thinks does not know of this America, that, though its commerce covered every sea, its every stream turned a mill—though its granaries were filled with bread and its coffers with gold, a mysterious unrest would still be there, to drive it on to the attainment of what a prophet's eye alone can see?

Find other signs of this slumbering, unconscious idea, in the fact that the spiritual world first made its successful and permanent communication with the outer world here, where this first national-spiritual germ was planted. Consider the idea underneath the State. It is wholly spiritual, and runs back to God. No other people ever had an

idea underlying their nationality which appealed to the Eternal for its sanction. Other nations rest their governments upon men instead of principles. Kings, not God, create the laws for the State. Popes and Bishops, and not the "Great Spirit," lord it over the spirit in the Church. Our governmental idea is, that men are endowed by their Creator, by the great "Father of Spirits," with certain immunities. There is not an idea at all; it is a notion that the life and liberty of the people may be tolerated at the discretion of the monarch. The notion is wholly animal, earth-born—a copy from the barn-yard—where the strongest horns determine the freedom of the territory. The idea is purely spiritual. It states an eternal law in the spiritual nature of man. It is not a copy from the habits of brutes, it is an inspiration from the arcanum of spiritual principles.

The immortal work, then, for what living men and women there be in the nation, is to reveal its instinct to its understanding. A spiritual instinct minus external consciousness is scorn of half its power. It is the ever persistent effort of the spirit to manifest in the external. It is the effort of the Great Spirit in the creation of worlds. As a nation, in its intellect, it is not yet conscious of an individual, spiritual existence. Those who are, have only learned it from the external manifestations of spirits from the life beyond the body. And this is their use. Why we are Spiritualists, is that we may be made conscious of this bottom fact in the science of human nature, to the end that it may be wrought in the life that now is.

By the charitably inclined portion of the multitude, the Spiritualist is supposed to be a mere enthusiast. He is looked upon as being most probably the victim of willful deception, or of his ignorance of natural law; or, if not deluded by his false facts, is at best with no practical use in him, bothering himself about eternity, while the great interests of this life are left to that purely practical, wide-awake rationalism which cognizes only the wants of the passing hour, and looks upon eternity as a bore.

The popular use of the word, at best, is always in its smallest sense, but most commonly with no sense at all. That is to say, the word Spiritualism or Spiritualist conjures up before the popular imagination a variety of phenomena which are at once ascribed to common jugglery or automatic action of the brain, or to other wise words having no relation whatever to the real facts they are used to explain, and—that is all. Spiritualism and Spiritualists, by this easy, popular conclusion, are thus easily swept out of the popular regard. Our American Dictionary indicates a broader meaning. According to Noah Webster, Spiritualism is "The doctrine in opposition to the materialists." That is it. The popular imagination has simply mistaken the proof of Spiritualism for Spiritualism itself. The facts are not the doctrine, they are simply the proof, and the only and all-sufficient tangible proof that there is a doctrine utterly opposed to that materialistic, self-styled Rationalism, which, that it may be rational, is obliged to close its understanding against the Spiritualism of the past, and its senses against the daily evidence of its existence in the present.

Rationalism, with its understanding closed against the past and its eyes shut against the present, is not likely to render a just account of either past or present. And for this reason Spiritualism is opposed to it. There is another class of persons—philosophers or philanthropists, so-called—who assume that Spiritualism, or the Spiritualist, has only to do with eternity beyond the grave. Without reference to a pun, this is a grave mistake. Spiritualism is at once a revelation and a demonstration of the inner life or eternal reality of man; and the Spiritualist, in contradistinction to the materialist, is simply one who from his demonstrated spiritual individuality, instead of his mere animality, looks out upon all that concerns humanity here or hereafter.

Eyes which merely look out from one body upon another body, as one animal in a drove sees another, improve the condition of neither. Improvement, progress, reformation is not in them. It is in the farmer, who, in place of their extra supply of legs and greater physical strength, has within him a soul of some sort, and looks out from thence upon their mere bodies and molds or reforms them at his will. So neither can a man from the plane of mere animal consciousness comprehend himself or his own necessities, or those of the nation of which he forms a part, or of the age in which he lives. They are only to be discerned from the point of spiritual observation. They do not yield to the gravity of an owl, nor to the cunning of an ape.

A man looks out upon the universe from himself, and he sees of it precisely what is in his own consciousness; no more, no less. With certain exceptions, which will take care of themselves, those who give tone to the popular religion and party politics of this nation, the priest and the editor, have no knowledge whatever of spirit, or laws of spirit; and hence, from their point of observation, they can have no more real comprehension of what they see, than a cunning animal has of what it sees. When a Churchman speaks of spirit, he means body. Notwithstanding his faith in "Holy Scripture," so far as he is from any consciousness of being "a living soul," that he does not even expect a soul when he goes home to God; he only expects, or rather doubtfully hopes that the scattered dust of the body which he supposes himself to be, will be gathered up in the incomprehensible resurrection which his creed sets forth, and he will be that again. The average editorial consciousness is oblivious of both soul and body. In his estimation, parties only have necessities. His two only actual realities are the paper which he prints and the party which supports it.

The knowledge adequate to a practical realization of this fundamental fact in human nature, the fact, namely, that man is (not will be) a living soul, can only be gained in one way—the way by which the student of Spiritualism has gained it. That is to say, it is "object teaching"—a Kinder-garten to some purpose. It is in direct opposition to the popular method of word instruction, which is the only instruction our theological schools can give, in the topics they profess to teach. That is to say, it is instruction which confers no knowledge. For as well might a child expect to gain a correct idea of a horse by reading without seeing, as for a student in theology to form a correct conception of the other life without intercourse with its inhabitants, or to know aught of revelation or of inspiration without experiencing their light and warmth in his own soul.

America is big with something, but she knows not what. Nothing satisfies her. Judging by the specimens she sends us, there is far more social enjoyment—what we call solid comfort—in Europe, when the animal wants are in any fair degree supplied, than in this country. Compare the foreign with the native population at the opera, concert, in the public parks, or in any place where amusement or pleasure is professedly the object, and it is patent that the foreign soul is filled to the brim with the enjoyment of the hour, while the American is working at an unevolved problem;

problem and solution alike a mystery to his puzzled consciousness. You meet him in the street with his bank-book in his hand, showing a comfortable balance of cash in his favor; but for all that, he looks as if something was the matter with his inside; and there is, Music in this country does not live on the American love of it. Opera in New York is mainly supported by fine dresses and German Jews. It is not possible that the American should look cheerful, or be content with his mighty unborn ideal struggling within him. To the European, in like external circumstances, the opera, the saloon, the promenade, pleasure in any form, rounds his wishes and ends his expectations.

The reason of this is, that the prominent European nationalities have culminated. They will, doubtless, still further elaborate what the peculiar genius of each has evolved, but they will never create anew. They are content with what they have, or can make of what they have. They have no aspiration reaching beyond; and the satisfaction of the nation reflects itself in the individual. With America, all is different. To the magazine essayist, who monthly sheds bitter ink and lachrymal apologies over her need of literary culture, correct taste and want of sense in not submitting herself gracefully to European criticism, I have this to say: that the real America is too much troubled with the sphinx-riddle in her own soul, to be greatly careful whether her taste be of the purest or her culture of the highest, according to the ruling standard. In fact, that she is rather indifferent, especially after the experience of the last seven years, as to the opinion of Europe in any of her affairs; beginning dimly to perceive (let us hope) that her religion, her philosophy, her music, her poetry, her art, her freedom and her glory, unrivaled beneath the stars, are all included in her spirituality yet to be!

To this end, namely, that she may awake to the consciousness of herself, is modern Spiritualism. And here, again, is history repeated. Modern Spiritualism is ancient Spiritualism more perfectly expressed and better understood. Its saving power has grown with the ages; its influence keeps even pace with the march of mind. Always in advance of the current thought of the age or of the nation in which it repeats itself, it is the veritable sphinx-riddle of every age, and the nation to which it is propounded must solve it or die. When the crude, unreasoning Israelites accepted it through Moses, they prospered and became a great nation. But when the Israelitish mind, through years of spiritual decadence, failed to recognize its repetition in Jesus, its influence was withdrawn, and—we know the sequel. History repeats itself. This is the maxim of experience, and it cannot be too well considered. In the light of it compare the spiritual condition of the Jewish Church of the times of Jesus and his immediate followers with that of the Christian Church of our time, and know that the pomp, the pride, the love of domination, the display of ceremony and the utter abnegation of all that is spiritual and real, which characterized the ancient rational religion and genteel rationalism of that day, is more (if more be possible) than repeated to-day in the reputed Christianity and materialistic philosophy of this age and nation. And what occurred in Judea just previously to the eternal sunset of that ancient nationality, also repeated itself about the middle of the present century in this country. That is to say, the spiritual world, by fact and truth, again appeared and challenged the observation of man, seeking, as of old, through its outward acts of more than mundane possibility, to make a lodgment of their inward significance in the awakened consciousness of man.

In the light of these facts of history and observation, the question that should press upon the American thinker—upon the American statesman (if we only had one), is, Shall the fate of the Jewish nation be repeated in this? Shall it, too, crucify its Saviour only to secure its own destruction? Must it pass into history with the basic instinct of its inner life, with all that can give it prominence before the ages, or favor in the sight of God, unrealized? Thoughtful minds, carefully considering the problem, must answer that the tragedies of history need never to be repeated. To that end is history, could we but read. The true, the real must repeat itself forever; ever becoming in the mind of the student more true and more real; for nothing changes but man's conscious relation to the true and real. But the blunders of history, only possible in the darkness of a slumbering spiritual consciousness, will fade into annihilation under the steady gaze of that awakened eye which is but just opening upon the sublime possibilities of this life, as they stand revealed in the light of a life which is eternal.

## FAITH.

BY BELLE BUSH.

The secret of success in any undertaking is faith—faith in ourselves and faith in God; not the indolent faith that sits down with folded hands, waiting for blessings to take to themselves wings and come to us, but the vigilant, active faith that makes us brave and strong, the faith that takes hold of the plow, the anvil, or the loom, and, getting the mastery over those ruder implements of toil, reaches up, and, laying hold of the higher forces of Nature, gives us the steam-engine, the printing-press, and the electric telegraph. Such a faith is a power in the soul which is invincible. It steps at nothing, it is daunted by nothing; it has no craven fears to overcome; it always rejoices, always hopes, and always has reason to hope, for, seeing the end from the beginning, and knowing how just and good the Father is, it sees a divine use in every event in life, and marches on, slowly it may be, but steadily and with a purpose that clears for itself a path, turning all seeming obstacles into stepping-stones to its progress, and making labors light and burdens easy to be borne.

If I wanted to know the measure of a man's strength, I would inquire, not how large he is in stature, not how many hundred pounds weight he can lift, but I would ask, How much faith has he? Did I wish to ascertain his spiritual growth and development, I would inquire, not how much Greek and Latin and mathematics he carries in his head, but how much faith he has in his heart? Tell me that, and I will tell you how much of a man he is, without stopping to ask how rich he is or what his rank in life, whether he be high or low in the estimation of the world. Faith is born of experience, and experience begets wisdom, also, so that faith and wisdom are sisters dwelling in the same spiritual home together, and with love, the heavenly visitant, making continual melody there. The soul that has this faith holds the key to that divine language by which angels commune with one another, and through which they interpret for us the mysteries of the inner sanctuary of thought, and reveal to us the heaven within with its gates of pearl and its streets paved with the gold and diamonds of truth whose treasures are abiding. This is the faith which enables us to see in God a Father, in man a brother, and in every child of earth a being of "infinite possibilities." It is the faith that teaches us to recognize in every event of life a divine guidance, and enables us to say with the heart and with the understanding, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done." It is the faith that makes us fearless in the hour of danger, calm and patient under trial, self-reliant and self-possessed in seasons of excitement. Having this faith, we become the heirs of God and enter into his kingdom, which is a city of rest and peace everlasting.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 88,  
Station D, New York City.

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

(Original.)

NELA HASTINGS.

CHAP. XI.—THE UNTRIED LIFE.

Nela was fourteen years old. She had grown to be as tall as her grandmother, and there had come to her the same fresh beauty that comes to a half-opened rose. She had lived so pure and natural a life that her body had grown as the graceful mountain ash grows. Her cheeks bore the tint of health; her hair gleamed with its magnetic life as it hung in graceful curls; her arms were rounded with their trained muscles; her step was light and firm, and in her eyes sparkled the fire and life that filled her whole being.

Mr. Graves had given a part of every day to instructing Nela, Rosa and Tony, so that they were as well educated as most children of their age in all the common branches of education, and in all practical knowledge of the world and of men and places they had a rich store, for by anecdote and simple illustration Mr. Graves had impressed upon their minds daily lessons of life as it had been in the past and as it was in the present.

Aunt Prue had always offered one night and morning prayer that Nela might remain with her until she could commence life with her fashionable parents strong in body and in spirit. One autumn morning, as she looked at her standing in the doorway, with the bright light illuminating her face and revealing her figure in its full proportions, for the first time she recognized in her darling baby the woman. Proud as she was of her in her strong beauty, her heart trembled and a tear came to her eye as she looked on her, for she knew she could not much longer keep her in the quiet of her country home. That morning's reflections seemed like a prophecy to her when the afternoon's mail arrived, bringing a letter from Mr. Hastings, saying he should be in Adams the following week.

From the moment she read the letter she began the inward struggle. She knew she must give up Nela, although nothing had been said of it in the letter; but she said to herself: "Joe has no more idea what a diamond is glowing up here, what a pearl is hidden between these hills, what a rose is blushing in our garden, what a lily is perfuming our air! He will not let her be here longer when he has once looked upon her. And why should I keep her? What is life given to us for? It is to gain from every condition and all kinds of experience. Nela's boat must be launched on untried waters. Would I keep her back if I could? No, no; she shall go as free as the bird goes to its southern home. I saw this morning a whole flock starting for a warmer climate, and I knew that very soon our pets would follow, and I said, Go, little ones! I know you will come back again. I know that all the glowing summer of the South will not hold you from your loved places when the spring shall return. And so, if Nela goes, and if she forgets us for a little she will come back again, for her heart is true as steel and nothing will break the cords that bind her to us, but they will sometimes be stretched to so fine and delicate a thread that we shall think them broken; but the cords are not like mine of flax that I spin. They are of divine life, and God has them in keeping. Oh, Nela! my baby! my darling!"

And Aunt Prue whirled her wheel with unwonted swiftness, to drive off the tempest of tears that seemed coming.

Aunt Prue was fond of an open fire, and that evening she built one in her sitting room that lighted up the walls and glowed on the windows and sparkled and snapped till it seemed like a companion, a cheerful friend that shed its best and brightest gifts for the pure pleasure of giving. Aunt Prue had a motive in this illumination; she had gathered the best wood of her shed and had laid it with extra precision, and had brushed up every particle of dust and wiped off with greatest care the andirons, and had put two smaller chairs on each side of hers; and all this brightness was waiting for Nela and Rosa, who were out for an evening's walk, for it was not yet cold weather.

"If anything and is to be talked about, have a cheerful place to do it in," said Aunt Prue to herself. "Let the brightest lights glow when you want to make trouble seem less. Twilight is all very good for lovers, but when there comes a grief to an old woman like me, give me the sunshine and the firelight. It isn't half as easy to cry in the light as in the darkness. I always practice the old hymn, 'Put a cheerful courage on,' by building the brightest fire that can glow, or going straight on to a hill where the sun shines."

Nela and Rosa came in with their faces all in a glow and their cheeks dimpled with the laugh that is so natural to girls—the foaming over of the exuberant life that cannot spend itself in any other way—the rippling of the waters that dance over pebbles. Do not check that glad life, or call it nonsense. It is Nature's expression of a heart untouched by sorrow, and that comes quickly in sympathy with the joy that lies within all life—in the fields, the flowers, the trees, in the very air.

"Oh, grandma," said Nela, throwing off her crimson shawl that her grandmother had dyed with her own hands, "how good in you to build this fire; it is brighter than the sunset, and Tony is coming over with some apples, and we'll roast them and pop some corn, mayn't we? I'll brush all up again," and she kissed her grandmother as she used when a little girl.

"Of course you may; you shall have roasted apples every night," and a little sigh escaped her lips.

"But how sad you look, grandma."

"I was thinking, my little one."

"But I am not a little one, now, grandma."

"But it is only so short a time—only a day, it seems—since you were. Do you want I should tell you a story just as if you were still my little girl that I could hold in my lap and rock to sleep?"

"I shall never be anything but your little Nela, and I love the stories better than ever, and we will live together till you get to be ever and ever so old, and then I shall have on a cap and glasses, and we'll have such nice times, and tell stories together about the time when we were little children."

Aunt Prue wiped her eyes and went to the window as if to look at the stars, but it was to lift her eyes to heaven and pray for courage and strength. She came back in a moment, looking more like an angel than ever.

"Well, to begin, for here is Tony, who knows where his seat is just here by Nela. When I was young, and my mother and father had still a watchful care of me, my mother used to wish to keep me in all her ways. She wanted I should do just as she did; she wanted I should turn my

thread in spinning just as she did; she wanted I should make my dresses just as she did, and she wanted me always to stay at home. But my father said, 'Let Prudence try new things; let her go out into the world; there is nothing like it to bring out the good qualities in her, if there are any; if there are not enough to keep her from harm, be sure she will come back in good time to try the old-fashioned ways.'

But my mother was determined in her way, and I remember listening to many discussions about the matter; but my parents never came any nearer to an agreement, so I was left to the same humdrum life at home—though it was a very good sort of life; but I wanted to follow out my own notions a little, and be Prudence Bowers.

It was no wonder that I fell to sleep and dreamed of what they had so often been talking. I remember the night was bright with the gleaming stars. I looked out and saw Orion coming up grandly through the heavens, and I remember thinking, I wonder if the stars like to keep always in the same track. Well, I fell asleep, and dreamed, and I can recall every picture of that dream as if I saw them last night.

I seemed to be walking in a lovely garden. I had my hands full of sweet, fragrant flowers. The sun shone and made them glow like the rainbow. I threw down those I did not gather, and I walked from side to side of this pleasant garden; I stopped in its arbors and rested under its trees; but after a time I grew tired of all I saw, and I thought, How much I should like to go into the fields and up the hills and down into the valleys; and as I thought thus, some one appeared beside me, and said, 'You can go if you will, but you will get scratched with brambles, and perhaps torn with thorns.'

"And what shall I find for all that?" said I. "Oh, an abundance: your step will grow strong and your spirit glad. You will find flowers that you never dreamed grew, and gems that sparkle like the dew on the grass, and you can gather the gems, and they will not disappear like the drops of dew."

"But how shall I know the way through that strange country?"

"Oh, you are to have a guide, a truly faithful friend that will always come at your call, but will leave you at liberty to seek your own ways, only when you grow doubtful he will reassure you."

"And you are sure that I shall not lose my way?"

"Oh, as to that it is impossible; but you may get into the morass or the dense forest, unless you seek to be led into the best paths."

"Then I will go," I said, and stepped forth with a courageous step. I do not think I had traveled six rods before I was in a thicket of brambles; my face was torn and my hands, and I beat my arms about till I got tired, then I sat down and cried; but all at once I thought to call on my guide, who appeared, looking more like an angel out of heaven than anything else.

"Poor child," he said, "do you weep to go back?"

"No, no."

"Then step this way," and he led me into an open space, more lovely than anything I had ever seen. There was a stream of running water, clear as crystal, in which I bathed my hands and face, and then I looked about me. The sunlight fell like a sheet of living gold, and the vines twined in such grace over the trees, and there hung such clusters of living beauty, that I could not speak for delight. I bound flowers about my head, and hung them from my waist. I was so glad I had come to this spot, I was sure I could never forget it.

But I was not content to stay forever in it. I wanted to climb a hill I saw quite near, and I started. The path looked quite direct, but somehow I lost my way, and slipped from the rocks and bruised my feet. I was silly enough to sit down and cry again, for I could not get up, and the idea that I had a guide always at hand to help me out of my troubles. So I fretted awhile, but at length called on him for aid.

"Never mind," he said, "this is not an easy hill to climb, and even with my help you will be likely to get quite weary. But if you do not seek to go back I will show you the best way, and I can promise you some rich treasures in gems that cannot grow dim through ten thousand years."

"I will go," I said, "though I have to toil harder than ever before."

I went on, and it was all true that my guide had told me. I found sparkling gems and glorious sights. I looked over a country altogether new to me. When I compared what I saw with the little garden, I was thankful that I had been led forth to so much beauty.

But even these glorious sights did not tempt me to remain very long here. I wanted to go down into the valley and up another hill I saw further on. So I started, but I had not gone far down the valley before I came to a stream that I had to ford. I tried to find some means of crossing easier than to ford it myself, but I could not; and as I had never attempted anything of the kind before, it was no wonder that I got into deep water at once. But I did not mind my own trouble, my friend, who immediately helped me out, and put me on a shore more lovely than anything I had ever known before. The way now seemed so beautiful and the whole country so fair, that I was more thankful than ever before. Here I found the path sweet with the fragrance of flowers I had never seen, and the very air seemed to hold a radiance that made everything shine with a light I had never thought belonged to earth.

But I need not tell you all that journey of my dream. I went through bright and dark places, but always found the glory greater as I went on, and my guide was always near when I needed, so that at last I learned to trust him.

In the morning I told my dream to my father and mother. "Tears came to my mother's eyes."

"May God forgive me," she said, "that I should doubt his loving care. Oh, child, in these have been shown the wondrous journey of thy life. To these has been given the knowledge of a guiding angel, whom the Father gives to every child. Go thy way, my little girl. If God has thee in his keeping, why should I seek to keep thee in my garden?"

My father kissed me and said:

"Prudence, if thou shouldst ever forget that God lives over at all times, and gives his angels charge over thee, remember thy dream."

After that I had the fullest liberty to seek for knowledge and truth, and though I often got scratched by brambles, and had hard hills to climb, I found life ever bringing me something better and more worthy of gaining. And I never doubted that the dear Father in heaven would always send a guide to lead me into the best paths.

My father always ended his morning prayer with that dream with "Guide me, O true and loving Father, guide us all our journey through."

Aunt Prue sat still a few moments, and then she took Nela's hand in hers, and said tenderly: "I have been trying, darling, to keep thee always in my garden, forgetting that the Lord might want thee to travel in his beautiful fields and climb his grand hills."

"What do you mean, grandma?" said Nela.

"Your father is coming next week, Nela, and I know he will want to take you some with him. I have been fearing lest you should have no guide through those dangerous places of fashionable life. I thought of the pitfalls and the brambles and thorns; but now, Nela, I am willing to let you go. Life is given us to gain the richest and best treasures in. No path is smooth that is not polished by the rough grinding of circumstance. But do not forget, Nela, that everywhere a loving care will keep you."

The tears gathered in Aunt Prue's eyes, and Nela laid her head down on her shoulder and wearily stroked her grey hair. All at once she raised herself up and said:

"But, grandma, I need not stay."

"The ways will seem very beautiful at first, darling. Perhaps you will forget the old places, but by and by you will sigh for them, and we shall always keep the warm fire glowing for you. Tony, let us have the apples and forget but what we are to eat every night together. Here is where we shall be weaving those bright garments of love for you, darling, that will keep you warm, be the air ever so chill about you."

Rosa's face looked pale and Tony heaved deep sighs, but Nela's eyes glowed with an unusual light. The dream of her young life had begun.

[To be continued.]

Answer to Riddle in our last, by F. C. Hispaniola.

"Oh, my mortal friends and brothers,  
We are each and all another's,  
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure, hath  
more."  
Would you lose your life, you find it,  
And in giving lose, you bind it.  
Like an amulet of safety, to the least and poorest, more!"

Mammion- worshipping Spiritualists, judge  
not from your standpoint, and think I pour the  
obvious truths for personal aggrandizement,  
think me uncharitable. "Is not that that jud  
you to condemnation, but your own *daed*!"  
the truth that accuses you of neglect of duty  
paradise, and an utter disregard of the g  
principles of your own Philosophy."

"Is not in a querulous nor acrimonious sp  
but in brotherly love, in deep sympathy for  
unfortunate condition of bondage—that is fe  
and dwarfing your better nature—that I h  
written thus directly and plainly, to admonish  
of the error of your ways, and to entreat yo  
"come up higher" and be what you profess  
true, genuine Spiritualist.

The Banner of Light is issued on a sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

### Growth that is Growth.

Buckle holds, in his History of Civilization, that no people's morals are improved and built up except on the basis of material comforts and prosperity; on the very same rule of common sense and reason that requires you to give a loaf of bread to starving heathen before you prefer your tract. On what other basis is civilization, and therefore morals, built, if not upon this? A swarming population, propagated as seed sprouts when scattered in a rich alluvial deposit, cannot begin to be civilized until it begins to contest Nature, that is, to put forth struggles both of mind and body for the improvement of its condition. Through these very struggles, great and small, and long protracted, are developed the higher order of faculties which indicate progress and growth. Merely to exist and vegetate is not civilization, and cannot therefore be growth.

In practical life, this view will be found a correct one. While admitting that Nature delights to put all pains and labor at fault by now and then producing specimens which no training alone could ever hope to produce, we cannot shut our eyes to the great need of practice and training, of labor and care, to produce an *entire class* of persons who shall be a substantial improvement on their predecessors. Free as all spiritual gifts are for men to take for their own use and enjoyment, they can nevertheless be received only by such as are *ready* to receive them; and this readiness implies certain preliminary conditions, in the nature of preparation, that it is impossible to do away with. The prime condition of growth is, in fact, that we shall have grown to a certain degree already. And Spiritualism introduces a more substantial basis for growth into the sphere of morals than any other religion that has shed its blessing so broadly over the world.

The processes of this growth, too, are delightful to contemplate as they are going forward. We read those of Nature in external objects, in plants, flowers and trees, and pronounce the very law itself a miracle. It is even more so in the case of our own being. As the trees announce their yearly expansion by annual rings, so do we overlay the growth of one period with that of another; and underneath all may be discovered those layers, or rings, of our formative experience which betray the several stages of our development. Nature employs all things as symbols. The external everywhere hints of the internal. The material is the expression and significance of the spiritual. Hence we accept these yearly rings of the tree as signs of those continually new layers of experience which signify the steady growth of humanity. These tokens may be narrowed by cross-graining, interrupted by gnarly branches and ugly knots, and contorted from their true course by the flow of vicious sap through them; yet there they are, compacted beneath, and over them it is possible—nay, it is decreed, that human nature shall produce at last a sound, smooth and wholly fair surface, the satisfaction of the individual and the glory of the race.

Now let us not rest easy until we have worked through all these unseemly excrescences of time and circumstance, and come forth on the surface clean and clear, with no blemish or wart, twist or cross-graining, anywhere to be seen. Out of these interior elements let us determine to produce at length as beautiful specimens as the forces of Nature anywhere yield. But among the elements are earthly conditions and circumstances. They belong for the present to the problem as much as the spiritual ones do. It is the combination and complication that make the problem so difficult. And it is its difficulty that makes it so serviceable to us. But if we wish to attain the end, because it is so desirable in all respects, let us not find fault with the means; rather let us embrace them with joy and thankfulness, however rough they may be to handle. Any road that takes us to our longed-for destination is a welcome one, no matter how rough it is. But spiritually considered, what is rough is really smooth. We get no experience except it is against obstacles and difficulties. If all things run on smoothly, as water passes through a glass tube, we should never be conscious of motion or activity; there would be no perceptible advance, and therefore really no progress.

Contemplation is well—it is one of the richest of the treasures of the human soul. But contemplation comes in only on the heels of effort. We must first have possessed ourselves of something to contemplate. And the alternation of action and contemplation is calculated to make such harmony in the nature as that it shall be developed and expanded at all times in the right proportions. All activity would shortly lead to dissipation of the forces; there must come in, at certain points, the faculty that performs the work of accumulating the results of all this labor of assailing and arranging them properly, of working them over into new and varied forms, and of assimilating them at last with the fibre and tissue of the being. These two processes, cooperating faithfully and without serious interruption, constitute what we style growth. It is a beautiful result of simple operations. Forces which appear to be at variance, come together in alliance to bring about the same. Nature is full of delights and surprises, but none are more wonderful than this; and it is the more attractive, because we are each one permitted to witness it in his own personal individuality.

### Muscle Hall Meetings.

Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, gave an able lecture on Spiritualism, in Muscle Hall, in this city, before a large audience, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 8th, which we print in full on our first page of this issue. No one need be asked to read it, as all thinking minds will be glad to avail themselves of the privilege.

Mrs. Nellie L. Bronson follows, Dr. Hallock. This highly popular trance speaker could only be secured for two Sundays. The West is not willing to lose her valuable services. She returns immediately, and is to speak in Cincinnati during January and February. She has more calls in the West than she can possibly fill. Don't fail then to visit Muscle Hall next Sunday afternoon, if you wish to hear her, as it is the only opportunity left.

### Mercantile Hall Meetings.

On Sunday evening, December 8th, Miss Lizzie Doten addressed a full house at Mercantile Hall. The lecture was prefaced with music from the choir: "Come, Sing to me Again," and "With Rosebuds in my Hand," and by the reading, by Miss Doten, of a poem of Alice Cary's, entitled: "Living by Faith." We give below a brief synopsis of the discourse:

The lecturer announced her subject to be "The Dignity of Human Nature." God was no respecter of persons, because he could see divine possibilities in every human being. He judged each by these, and not by their social standing and position. Modern philosophy had said there was a majesty belonging to every human soul. Too little had been thought of the dignity of human nature in the past, though the lesson of the present was to lead men to look within themselves in order to know more of that Spirit Infinite who governed the universe. Until man became conscious of the mighty meaning of his own immortality he would not prize himself as he should—he would worship his lower powers. But when he fully realized that a future, great and glorious, should illumine his soul, then it was that he was prepared to adore as he never did in the past.

But when we considered poor human nature as it was in the past, what should we say of it? Was man here without a purpose—without an aim? It was true man seemed a creature of circumstance; he looked forward and saw dissolving views—he felt that the present was his all, and he said, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" But then something told him that he had higher purposes to fulfill; so man was led to study his own organism, and to exclaim, "How fearfully and wonderfully made!" But could he see himself as the angel saw him, how much greater would all things seem. The body was sometimes considered a cage, but the soul was not prisoned in that little brain; the soul only used the body as a glass to see into the world with.

The lecturer here referred to the structure of the brain, giving the names, uses and abuses of some of its classified developments, and said that all the higher powers were centered in the coronal region, as if the tendency in man was to push upward; the keystone of all was veneration—next, self-esteem, the namers of which had been greatly mistaken, for its use was self-respect, its abuse, arrogance. All were lacking in self-respect because theology taught that only through the crucifixion of the natural man, could the spirit enter the kingdom of heaven. Thank heaven that in these latter days the revelations of that better life taught by the immortals, showed that earth was but the granary or harvest field of heaven!

In looking upon man we beheld in him a trinity: soul, mind, body. Too often man's body governed him. What led some to tell on all day for only the gratifications of the body, when they might labor also for the soul at the same time—as Robert Burns drove the plowshare deep in the soil, while he formed a beautiful poem in his mind? Some were the slaves of appetite and passion. The spirit within them declared they were for high purposes, but the body said: "Give me what I want!" So they turned from the pleadings of the spirit and fed the body with tobacco, and the aspirations of their souls went off in the smoke of a cigar.

When a man said his spirit was first, his body second, that also was a mistake. Go back to the Roman Catholic martyrs—the Hindu devotees. These passed through all extremes of physical torment, but human nature rose up in its dignity and demanded its rights. It would not let them—

"Fly nor go To reach eternal joys."

It told them their bodies were given them to fulfill good purposes; that the elevation of the body must go on with that of the spirit. Up along the sky, where planets rolled, Mother Nature demanded that the soul should elevate her. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, possessed a power in his time, which, could it have been put forth would have moved the world. And why? Because he learned first to govern himself. He taught his followers, "Pray as though you had no help in yourself; work as though you had no help from heaven;" and demanded of them implicit obedience to their superior. This was all right, when the spirit was the superior; all wrong, if not taking into consideration human infirmity.

How many were lacerated by efforts that could be of no good to themselves or others. We often saw that where man lost bodily powers, the mind suffered too. Shame on the time-serving world! Are these to be condemned? God of all mercy, No! For the spirit which could see down into the secret springs of their lives, told us that the highest and holiest gifts were most disastrous when misused.

Each man was a divine incarnation. Every little child was a new revelation of the idea. "The word became flesh, and dwelt among them." Truth was revealed not as of old from a material pinnacle, but in the Mount Sinai of every spirit; not graven on tables of stone, but on the fleshly tablets of every heart. Still, man in hours of solemn communion could go up to the Mount of Transfiguration, talk with the angels, and when he came from thence, be ready to work miracles!

The Church claimed to give a plan of salvation, yet her believers could show nothing to prove the claim, and the world laughed them to scorn. Salvation must come through the mighty efforts of the individual soul. God would not do for man what man could do for himself.

If man fully understood the dignity of human nature, he would look for it in his fellow-man; and while he saw the evil within him, would hold fast to the good, and bring it forth from darkness into light. The poor man said in his heart what could God or heaven do for him; what were angels to him, whom the world condemned to toil all the hours of light for the miserable pittance of daily bread? God had ordained that the dignity of human nature should in a measure rest on humanity itself. Man must learn to worship God in his brother man, before he dared bow before the altars of the Most High! So the dignity of human nature was to be raised by human beings. God's providence ordained that things on the same plane should work for one another. God never unveiled himself to human eyes—for, ever and ever more, the Word must become flesh. God said, "If you would worship me, justify me in your brother man; by deeds of love and mercy minister unto his necessity, and make him feel that there is an unbroken chain running through your souls to the heart of the Infinite One."

Alas for the dignity of human nature at the present day! How shall it be understood, when the old forms of the past had failed in all their efforts? The young were driven away from the churches by the repulsive machinery thereof. What should teach them the true dignity of their natures? Why, here a mother had lost her son; beside her stood his brother—a young man going on in by and forbidden ways—he believed God to be a myth, and was willing to risk eternity—but when he looked down upon the cold form which answered him not again, he was smitten like Saul

of Tarsus! In what way? Not by any of the old theologians! his brother transfigured stood before him, because his spiritual perceptions were opened, and his spirit clasped hands with the risen one, over the inanimate form. The dead one said, "Human life is past—eternity is before me—oh, remember, my brother, to live true to the highest promptings of your inner nature!" Could he go back to his haunts of sin with that brother's voice ringing in his ear? Nay! Therefore the revelations of modern Spiritualism go further than all the old theologians. Was it asked why it did not come before? It always was in the world, but was not acknowledged by it. Traces of it could be found everywhere, even ages ago in southern Africa. Was it not demonstrated that man could not be created till the right conditions came? So with the present spiritual revelations. Pythagoras stood trembling before an unseen mysterious law of the universe, when the science of numbers was revealed to him, teaching that the whole was reducible to the rule of mathematics; but to-day the point of his wonder is known to every school boy. There were in days gone by some few spiritual mediums scattered here and there, dimly perceiving the light, but the little children of the future will know it all!

The lecturer closed by reciting an inspirational poem, entitled, "Fear Not!" Mrs. Mary J. Wilcox, of New Jersey, will address the society next Sunday evening.

### Rev. Mr. Towne on Theodore Parker.

On Sunday afternoon, December 8th, Rev. E. C. Towne delivered the sixth and last lecture of his course on "Theodore Parker and Christianity." The lecturer's remarks were confined to the "Inspiration of Theodore Parker." He said he was a theist, in the grandest sense of the term, believing that there could be no failure of God's influence for good over all souls. It was objected that he (Mr. Parker) trusted to consciousness alone as the safeguard of truth. But was not consciousness—the mind—the entrance-gate of impression? how else should we determine the truth of a statement, but by looking upon it in the light of reason? Failing to do this we believed without judgment. Mr. Parker brought theology back to the judgment-seat of man's mind, and demanded it to show cause for its belief.

Mr. Parker taught, to a certain extent, the freedom of the human will, but it was only that freedom which a loving parent gave to his child—little at first, but increased as progression gave it increased power for the reception of good influences. If God was absolute there could be no evil; all the stumbles of the child and the troubles of the man were intended only as teachers for the future. A child who revered his parent would not believe him capable of folly—neither should mankind believe that the All-Father would make inadequate laws, or change them factiously, if adequate. He believed God gave the race their powers, knowing what they would do with them, but that by influences brought to bear on the inner and outer nature of man, the will of the Creator would be brought about by human means.

Mr. Parker believed that piety of mind, conscience and heart, meant love of truth, love of right and love of man; but these would be but fragmentary unless added to a belief in an infinite God.

Though Pharisees might exclaim, with reference to Mr. Parker, "We know God spake unto Jesus and Paul, but for this come out, we know not of him!" His criticisms are unjust, severe and unreasonable! yet it would be found by inquiry that what of old time was given in the ear, he proclaimed from the house-tops; that he, having fewer limitations than any prophet before him, stepped into the full light of inspiration. Amid the intellectual enfeeblement and spiritual barrenness of the Churches, there would always be a joy at these new births—these commanding minds—teaching a faith in God; and when, in the mighty discharge of their heaven-appointed work they forged at white heat the thunderbolts of truth, let those who feared the sparks keep away from the anvil!

### The Influence of Spiritualism.

We may thank Spiritualism for the progressive developments of the age. It has robbed death of its terror; it has divested the grave of its darkness and gloom; it has banished the horrors of eternal punishment; it has demonstrated the immortality of human life; it has aroused man from the sluggish conditions of selfishness; it has awakened desires and quickened efforts for doing good to others; it has stimulated thought, opened the sight to intuitive perceptions, healed the sick, softened the heart and subdued revenge. It has called the soul of man to the consideration of his present condition and his future destiny; to the consideration of his inseparable alliance with all men, and to the imperative command of Nature that in the progress of the future he must come to love his neighbor as in the darkness of the past he has loved himself. And now it invites men to see others as others see themselves, and to see themselves as others see them, whereby they may learn to do unto others as others would be done unto. And with this development comes a crisis, a turning point, a revolution, which the powers of the heavens will not fail to produce. Here comes the destruction of old institutions, moral and religious, all founded in self-love; and here, too, comes the rearing of new institutions, all founded in a strange love, now and beautiful—a love for others.—A. B. C.

### The Children's Lyceum.

Mercantile Hall was crowded Sunday morning, Dec. 8th—leaving but just room enough for the children. The exercises elicited the general admiration of all. The improvement in the school is marked, and its numbers are increasing every week. We noticed on the walls several new banners with appropriate mottoes, painted and presented to the Lyceum by the well known artist, J. Walcott, of this city. At the close of the children's exercises Dr. R. T. Hallock was invited to address the school, which he did briefly and acceptably. Dr. E. C. Dunn, being present, also complied with an invitation to speak. The Doctor, being thoroughly conversant with the Lyceum system, threw out some good suggestions which were well received.

### Mercantile Library Course of Lectures.

Henry Ward Beecher gave the lecture last Wednesday evening to an immense audience. Every seat in the house was taken, and about two hundred persons availed themselves of the privilege of standing in the passages round the hall. His subject was, "Brains and Hands."

### Miss Lizzie Doten and the Boston Lyceum.

Miss Doten has kindly offered to give a lecture in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, on Sunday afternoon, December 29, the proceeds of which will go toward sustaining the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston.

### Pictures for the People.

Nothing is more needed, in the process of our culture as a people, than to become familiar with those works of art which everywhere challenge the study and admiration of the highest taste. If we require instruction in any one thing, and the consequent elevation of sentiment and purity of thought which accompany such instruction, it is in those master-pieces of the painter's art which are current names on the tongue of the cultivated world. Our popular nature will be better for this refining process. Our homes will be more attractive for holding objects which provoke fresh admiration every time we return to them. Our social pleasures will take a new and brighter color from familiarity with noble and sweet pictures, which are of themselves a world full of beautiful wonders for our exploration.

We are led naturally to this strain of remark from having recently examined with something like critical care, the new and elegant art styled Chromo Lithography, which has been brought in this country, by the enthusiastic persistence of a single individual, to that remarkable point of success where it produces copies of the most rare and costly paintings, after so faithful a manner as to excite the surprise of artists themselves. The individual who has succeeded in bringing this modern art to such a state of admirable perfection is Mr. L. Prang, of this city, who, from humble beginnings with mosses, and flowers, and birds, has gone on, conquering obstacle after obstacle, until he has at length succeeded in producing as faithful a copy of Correggio's master-piece, the Reading Magdalene, as any that has been made by brush and colors. This art of chromo-lithography is the art of printing on stone from colors. In copying a painting, every color of course has to be reproduced on the paper. This makes necessary a large number of stones, from ten to thirty, each one of which prints but a single color. The care required in the nice details of the work cannot be conveyed in a description, but may possibly be imagined by the reader who is at all conversant with the work of printing from stones at all.

Without going into the nice processes by which these beautiful and exact copies of the finest paintings are made, it is enough to speak of the remarkable character of the work itself, and its effect on the education and elevation of the people. As it now stands, there can be but few persons who will possess and enjoy choice paintings. That possession becomes in the many cases a matter of mere pride, or perhaps of vanity; while the real work which such specimens of art and genius are capable of doing, is the schooling of the popular mind and heart with the highest influences, next to that of what we term religion itself. Now, a handful of rich persons, or a few great galleries, appropriate gems and treasures which would make the common world better and more beautiful, could they once become known; as soon as these treasures of art can be copied, in all the wealth of their rare coloring, and the beauty and strength of their outline, and the expression of their character, and be multiplied for the purchase of the people, that every house may become illuminated with the copy of works of genius hanging from the walls, we shall begin to realize a rapid advance in culture as a people, and prepare the way for the reception of refining and exalting influences from which we are now in a great part excluded.

We consider that Mr. Prang is performing such a service as entitles him to the name of a national benefactor. He believes in the perfect success of his plan, because it is inspired with an idea; and he has worked up to it, and thus far worked it out, with a singleness of faith and an unswerving perseverance that make his career worthy to be remarked by those who attend to such matters at all. We urge the public to pass by cheap lithographs and dubs of print from this time forth, and go in and study the exquisite landscapes, and animals, and birds, and heads, which are to be seen on the walls of Mr. Prang's rooms, No. 159 Washington street.

### Discussion on Female Suffrage.

Muscle Hall, in this city, was well filled on Monday evening, Dec. 9th, to listen to remarks from George Francis Train, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony, on the subject of Female Suffrage. Mr. Train was very severe on politicians of all parties. He announced himself as an independent candidate for Presidential honors. In the course of his three speeches he told many plain truths, and made a good argument in favor of the right of suffrage to women.

Mrs. Stanton is a fine looking, dignified, intelligent lady, well advanced in years, and a good speaker. She gave a brief account of their recent labors in Kansas, where the cause of female suffrage received seven thousand votes, which she considered a great triumph—for hereafter, she said, no party can succeed in that State without affiliation with the new element which has arisen in their midst, thus securing the triumph of the woman question in a very short time.

Miss Anthony is a pleasant and fluent speaker. Both ladies made strong and convincing arguments in favor of the right of female suffrage.

### The Holiday Season.

As we are right upon Christmas, everybody is buying gifts. At the Banner of Light Publishing Rooms the reader will find such a rich and varied assortment of books, of our own publishing and the cream of all other publishing houses in the country, as will fairly embarrass his choice while stimulating his desires. The whole body of modern liberal and reformatory books is on our well-stored shelves. There is scarcely any one who does not intend to present a valuable gift to a dear friend at this season, and we invite all to visit our Publishing Rooms and make selections that will ensure both pleasure and profit. For social parties and young people we have all sorts of puzzles and games, some of them so very ludicrous that the longest face finds it impossible to withstand them.

### An Active Society of Spiritualists.

James J. Norris, of Bradley, Penobscot Co., Me., writes us that the 6th of December was chosen for the dedication of their new hall—forty by sixty-five feet—for the use of the Children's Lyceum and the Spiritualist Society in that place, by social dances and festive amusements. The Children's Lyceum has been organized about half a year, and already numbers one hundred members, who meet every Sunday morning at half-past ten, and the teachers every Friday evening. The meetings are fully attended, and evince a lively interest. This is the right way to take hold of the work. We thank the members of the Society for their handsome remittance of a large number of subscribers to the Banner.

### A Good Number to Circulate.

Dr. R. T. Hallock's able lecture on Spiritualism, delivered in Muscle Hall, in this city, is printed in full in this number of the Banner. Also Lizzie Doten's splendid inspirational poem, "Face the Sunshine," and many other good things. It is a choice number to circulate. Send for copies.

### New Publications.

We receive the first number of the new series of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY—an old favorite of ours—with satisfaction and delight. The same green cover; the same samples of corn and cane; the same type and page. It is Putnam again all through and all over. It is to be sustained by a host of our very best writers. Many a graduate from the old list has made his permanent mark on our literature. The list of contents of this revival number is exceedingly attractive, and represents literary ability and skill of the first magisterial order. We hope to see its successive numbers for many a year to come, and thus to realize the expectations and hopes of the projectors of the reissue. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC is the title of a very beautiful publication, in colored covers, designed by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields as a yearly companion to the Atlantic Monthly. This, in fact, is the Atlantic Yearly. It is edited and liberally written for by Messrs. Dr. O. W. Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel"), who, with the help of the most skilled engravers and chromo-lithographers, have made up such a publication as we have not had before in this country. Not only is the calendar account well and faithfully kept, but a repository of choice and delicious reading respecting the seasons, the country, and all pleasant objects thereto related.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for December closes its sixth volume. We are happy to learn from its columns that its list of subscribers has doubled during the last year. That is truly encouraging, but not more than the enterprising proprietor deserves, for he has made his magazine one of the very best ever devoted to a specialty. He promises still further improvements hereafter. It is an honor to the Order, and should receive liberal support.

"INTO THE LIGHT, or the Jewess," is the title of a story just out from Loring's press, and it is handsome and fresh. The tale is a fascinating one, albeit nothing more nor less than the conversion of a handsome Jewess in New York from the faith of her fathers to the creed of Orthodoxy. Any one who would like to read a truly pretty tale, written to that end, will find "Into the Light" attractive to their hand.

"DORRY DINGLE" and "BILLY GRIMES'S FAVORITE" are the two latest juveniles published by Lee & Shepard, and both are exceedingly nice in their way. One is for girls and the other for boys, and they are by the pens of approved writers for the young. They will make handsome holiday presents for the young folks.

### Misdirected Letters.

According to the Postmaster General's Report, not less than a million letters were mailed last year without signatures, and misdirected, or so badly directed that the address was totally unintelligible. These were destroyed. More than a million and a half others—1,611,686—were restored to their writers by the care of the dead-letter office. Thus it seems that at least two and a half million of mistakes were made, in an operation which one would think likely to enlist the sufficient care of the writer, the addressing of a letter. These letters contained nearly \$150,000 in money, bills of exchange, deeds, checks, &c., to the value of over \$5,000,000, and over forty-nine thousand contained photographs, jewelry, &c.

### Return of Dr. J. P. Bryant.

It will be seen by a notice in another column that Dr. Bryant, after a successful professional tour to the Pacific States, has returned and opened an office at 278 West Thirty-Fourth street, New York, where he will continue to treat invalids. The afflicted will bear this in mind.

THE ARABULA.—This beautiful book, the latest of Andrew Jackson Davis's inspired productions, is meeting with a large and rapid sale. We have issued no work that in this respect equals it. Its companion volume, "The Stellar Key to the Summer-Land," will be published in a few days from this office, and the reader will find it one of the most impressive and most fascinating books of the age—a genuinely inspired production. We have to request that orders be sent in at the Banner of Light Office with all the despatch possible, that due arrangements may be made for its most effective and satisfactory issue.

N. B. STARR, THE SPIRIT-ARTIST.—It is with no ordinary pleasure that we announce to those interested in the pictured forms of the loved and immortalized, that N. B. Starr, so long a resident of Cincinnati, will be in this city on the 24th inst., bringing with him some of his recent paintings. He will come directly to our office. We are further authorized to say that he proposes to make arrangements for spending the remainder of the winter in Boston.

### "Stellar Key to the Summer-Land."

I have read with much interest the advertisement in the Banner of the new book by Andrew Jackson Davis, entitled as above.

I anticipate for this book a greater interest than for any book that has yet come into the world; for when we consider how much of mystery has ever and does yet hang over the race, veiling its origin and destiny, and all but the present moment—how that all our belief, and all our reasoning, and all our philosophy, and all our evidence is unsatisfactory to the senses and the soul of man, yet here comes a book, in this infinite maze of mind, from the most remarkable seer the world has ever had, and gives the map and geography and history of the spirit-land. He opens wide the door, draws the mystery and the veil away, and shows us those we love. Who can mistake the importance and the nearness to the soul of such a book?

Let its coming be hailed as the deliverance of the key to the infinite life beyond, and the world may sneer. Let us seek to know the reality more than the mystery.

L. U. REAVIS.

### Verification of Spirit-Messages.

In the Banner of Light dated Oct. 20th, 1867, I read a communication from Ida May Story. I will here say that I have a child who bore that name, now in spirit-life. The message given was to me characteristic of the child while in earth-life. The statement in reference to her age is correct also.

Another message in the Banner dated Nov. 9th, 1867, signed Charles Story, brother to Ida May. I also recognize as correct, although not quite satisfactory to his parents. A short time before his departure, he made a promise to his mother in private, which he has not fulfilled in this communication. As he has promised to come again, can he not be interrogated in regard to the matter? Yours for progress,

Rockford, Ill., Nov. 19, 1867.

A. J. STONY.



## 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—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

### The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 154 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commence at three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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.

Oh, Spirit of infinite power and love and wisdom, we come to thee through prayer, not because we fear thee, but because we love thee. Though we have been told that to fear thee is to begin wisdom, yet we believe that thy love is sufficient for us; and we believe if we love thee truly, that love will cast out fear, and we shall repose securely in thine arms wherever we may be; whether the tempests of human life are around us, or the joys of heaven, it will be all the same, thou wilt be ever near us. There are souls in earth-life, Oh Lord, thou knowest, who are in doubt concerning thee. They cannot see thee in the beauty with which thou hast decked creation. They cannot understand thy voice in the winds and the waves; they cannot see thy smile in the sunlight. Oh Lord, for such we pray. Do thou grant that thine angels may be able to lift the shadow that surrounds them, bringing their souls out into clearer light, bathing their brows in clearer waters. Oh grant that wherever thy children may be who sorrow by reason of death, thine angels may find way to them, whispering of life; telling them that there is no death; and guiding them surely out of the darkness that surrounds death, into the light of the morning of immortality. Oh grant that thy children everywhere may receive the blessing of this age, and praise the All-Mighty Giver thereof. Oh grant that every heart may turn to thee with thanksgiving, because it lives. Grant that every soul may worship at the shrine of truth, and how before none other. For oh, our Father, when men and women bow down before those altars of priestly erection, oh then it is their prayers do upon their lips, and their souls continue to thirst. Then it is that they do not understand that they can come into a conscious nearness with thee. Oh light all souls out of the darkness by which they are surrounded by creeds, by all that which tends to chain the soul, by all that which calls to the soul "You are depraved and born of evil." Oh lift the shadow from them, and send thy sunlight into every heart, so that the earth shall become a blossoming garden, giving forth fragrance and beauty, and causing the hearts of thy children to understand thee better, and worship thee more truly. Amen.

Oct. 22.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Whatever questions, Mr. Chairman, you may have to offer, we will endeavor to consider.

Q.—After a long separation, how are we to recognize our friends in the spirit-land?—the body we have seen and known, but not the soul.

A.—Surely you are not to recognize them by their outward characteristics alone. It is not alone by form that you are to know those who have gone on before you, when you shall meet them in the land of the hereafter. But there is a certain power by which the soul can recognize those with whom it has been familiar—let matters not whether ages have passed between them since they have met in the eternal or not. There is no such thing as forgetfulness for the soul. Memory is eternal. It is an attribute of the soul, and therefore is eternal. You need not fear that you will not be recognized by your friends, or that you will fail to recognize them, for by that law that binds you together as friends, you cannot fail to recognize them. The law is ever active, and all may make use of it whenever they desire so to do.

Q.—Is the soul subject to change the same as the body?

A.—Externally it is. Essentially it is not.

Q.—Are the surroundings and influences for good and evil the same in the spirit-land as in earth-life? If so, what do we gain by the change?

A.—They are proportionately the same, but you are just one step, and one only, in advance of the earth-life.

Q.—Is there night and day there? In other words, are light and darkness the same there as here?

A.—There is what is equivalent to night and day, light and darkness, but it is not the same as you have here. That you have here, is adapted to your earthly needs; that we have, is adapted to spiritual needs.

If there are no more questions, we will proceed to answer in brief a question which we have received from an individual who is radically opposed, as he informs us, to King Alcohol. And because he is, he asks that those spirits who declare that they have power, or can exert power over the conditions of time, will return exercising their power toward the destruction of King Alcohol. He says, "I am told that the law of chemistry is well understood in the spirit-world. Now if it is, cannot the spirits, by taking advantage of that law, destroy King Alcohol? drive him out of the domain of Nature? so that there shall be no more tears shed on his account? so that much of the misery that now fills the earth may disappear?"

Well, allowing that any class of disembodied spirits had that power to change the conditions by which you mortals are surrounded—allowing that they are permitted to exercise their power upon you—would it be well for them to carry out the wishes of him who has called upon us? Would it be well to even seek to drive King Alcohol out of the domain of Nature? We argue it would not be well. Let us briefly consider from what King Alcohol has come. Let us analyze him. Scientific men inform us that he has been born of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. These are the causes that have produced him. They are in existence everywhere. There is no place devoid of them. Life would cease to be life without them. Rob the vegetable kingdom of them

and it becomes extinct, and the same is true of every other department in Nature. Now, since it is always well to strike at the cause of every so-called evil effect, if we expect to destroy effectually the effect, we must begin at the cause. Now supposing for a moment we had the power to drive these elements out of Nature, what would be the result? Why destruction, certainly. Nothing short of it. It would be as possible to destroy the universe, to blot it out of existence, as to blot out the essential cause of King Alcohol. It cannot be done. God himself cannot do it, and at the same time sustain his laws.

We are not arguing in favor of alcohol. We argue against its abuse. But its uses are many—too many for us to attempt to enumerate them here. Now, would it be wise for us to seek to destroy even this effect of these great principles in Nature, since it can be put to so many good and proper uses? Would it be wise to seek to destroy it because, forsooth, one-half of creation seeks fit to abuse it? No, it would not. Rather seek to enlighten men and women. Rather seek to bring them upon a higher level, and then they will use and not abuse it. First, begin back—away back. Turn the leaves over, leaf by leaf, and you will perceive that nine-tenths of all those people who bow down as servants to King Alcohol, are absolutely forced into that condition by ante-natal forces over which they have no control. Seek, then, to regulate your affairs in this direction. Seek to bring men up beyond the abuse of it, and beyond the abuse of everything God has given you. Use all, but abuse none, remembering that the great All-Father has given you all these things by which you are surrounded—and alcohol is no exception—for your good. Instead of seeking to destroy these evils—evils you call them—seek to get yourselves a plane beyond them, so that you can rule them and they cannot rule you. Bring the nations upon a standard beyond the abuse of anything God has given, and then all these evils will cease, and earth will become indeed a heaven.

Oct. 22.

### Col. N. W. Daniels.

I have no power to utter what I would. I would only say through your noble sheet, the Banner, that I live, and that I live for those I have left here. I shall soon be in a condition to return, giving an account of my passage from this world to the spirit-land, and also of my condition as a spirit. I know now what no soul can ever know while in the flesh, namely, that I can return. Those of us who believed in the return of spirits, hoped we might be able to return after death, but we did not know.

I would commend those I have left that are so dear to me, to God, through the kind hearts on earth. I am absolutely unable, as I before said, to say what I would. But my intense love for those who are here in earth-life brings me back, and to this place, because I would carry from here a power by which to sustain my loved ones here.

Oct. 22.

### Sam Sanborn.

Massa feel much bad. [Yes.] I not know much about comes this way, but—I be Sam. I did much tendin' on Massa, till I got sick with the fever and died first. I got told all about coming back before I died, and I got the way all clear. I no have much trouble. [Do you remember your master's name?] My master? Which one? I got no master. I see a free man. Oh, massa, I speaking of Col. Daniels. Yes, yes, I speaking of him. He's not my master, but I no got out of the way yet—out of the way of calling people that. I did a heap of tendin' and waitin'. I got here first. When the Col. massa got along, I open the door and let him in. Yes, massa, I not have so good care, and I got out first. But, massa, it's a heap better place than the earth. I would not come back. I do not blame the Colonel for wanting to come back. He have a heap pretty wife and baby. He feel pretty much bad. But I no want to come back. I'm a heap freer here, and I no want to come back.

But I thought I'd like Massa Sanborn and Miss Harriet and Sarah to know how I was dead. They say to me when I goes away: "Sam, you will never be so happy as you are now." And I was not much better when I see free sometimes, but I'm a heap better now. I'm where there's every chance to get along. Every chance to get along here, massa. And I just here to say I am well, and that I would not come back to stay. And I'd like to tell Miss Harriet and Sarah—they are old massa's daughters; the young ladies, you know—that the Colonel—Bruce—is here—Col. Bruce, from Georgia. He was the beau of one of the young ladies, and she will like to hear from him a heap well. She do not know he can come back. [Where did you live?] Massa Sanborn here owned me down in Louisiana. Most of the time I was in New Orleans in the warehouse, but some of the time I was in Opelousas. I had a heap to do there, but I got much more to do since I come here. I'm not weak. The fever didn't take me down so much as it did the Colonel. I wasn't sick so long, and I got out a heap better, 'cause you see he have a wife and baby what draws him here. Oh, it's pretty hard, a heap hard, I tell you, to cut all the strings what binds you here. Yes, it's a heap hard.

Well, massa, I'm a heap obliged to you, and if I can do anything for you I'd like to. My name is Sam Sanborn. I was going to apply to the Freedmen's Bureau to get my name changed, and get whatever name I liked, and if I'd lived I should.

Oct. 22.

### Mary Eliza Lee.

I come to you, not because I expect to reconcile my friends to me, or to a belief in the power that governs my return. I do not expect to change them in their course of life and action, but I come because I feel I ought to come.

I was born in New York State, but quite early in life I removed to Illinois, and from there to Ohio, and when I married I removed to Virginia, and I was in Winchester when Winchester was destroyed. It seemed to me it was literally destroyed. I was sick at the time. I had been subject to so much exposure that I fell sick, and during the fight they attempted to carry me away, but I died.

Now, my friends—particularly my friends at the West—are very radical. They are so strong in their Union principles, that they cannot tolerate any one who entertains any notions that are at variance with their own. Now, my husband was not a Union man. He was violently opposed to the Union. He believed it was right for the South to secede. He took part in the Convention that was held to deliberate concerning secession, and I at that time received letters from my friends saying that they never wished to hear from us again—that we had disgraced ourselves and them, and that we had disgraced our ancestors by the course we had taken. Well, to begin with, I had nothing to do with it.

I believed it was better to separate than to live in a quarrel. But I took no part in the government, and I am sure I tried to do my best for peace, and whenever I could I always lent my aid

to the Union soldiers as well as to those called our own. But our friends here were very hard upon us, and I have no fault to find, but I only ask that they will remember that the same God rules everywhere that rules with them. We are all his children, and if he do not exclude any one of us from his love, I do not think we have the right to entirely shut out anybody else. However, if their religion teaches them to the contrary, why, their will, of course, obey the teachings of their religion. There was some difference of opinion upon religious subjects between myself and them when we separated years ago, for I embraced Universalism, while they were strictly Orthodox. I thought I did right, and they, I believe, thought they did. It is for God to decide. I do not pretend to. I only want them to know that I feel kindly toward them, and that I should be very glad to do all in my power to enlighten them upon this subject, which should engross the attention of all the world, because all must deal with it sooner or later. You must all die, every one of you that are on the earth; there is no escape; and when you do, you will all be very glad if you have learned something concerning the place you are going to; and if you learn nothing, have no knowledge concerning the hereafter, you will find it very hard, and as an old friend—an old Baptist clergyman from the West, remarked to me since I have been here—I said to him, "How is it, good father? Are you satisfied with the spirit-land?" "Oh, yes," he said; "God is good, but it is terrible up-hill work here." I asked him if he ever stopped to think what made it up-hill work. "No, no," he said. "Some seem to run, but others don't seem to have the power to run." I might have told him he didn't run very fast when he was here, for he stuck to the old Calvinistic faith so he could not move, and I don't think he did for fifty years. So I do not wonder it is up-hill work here. I should be very sorry to have it up-hill work for my friends when they get here, as much as they despised me and my Universalist faith. I would also say, "If they have claims against us—earthly claims, I mean—I would suggest that they present them to those members of my family whom I have left, and if found valid they will all be discharged. I hope they will soon think it well while to have it all settled. I am Mary Eliza Lee, of Winchester." Oct. 22.

### Rosalind Jones.

My mother said she would be willing to give half she was worth to know that Spiritualism was true. But she said she should never believe it was till some of her folks could come, so she should know it was them. [Was this said before you passed away, or since?] She said it when I was with her, before I died. I have only been here since last August. I had two uncles and over so many cousins killed in the war.

My mother's name was Cobb, and my uncle's name is Cobb, and my Uncle James Douglas Cobb is here with me. But my name is not Cobb, it is Rosalind Jones. My mother's name was Cobb, but it isn't now. Don't you see? [Yes.] I did n't live here; I lived in Memphis, Tennessee. My mother would be afraid if I should come and show myself to her. So my uncle said I had better come here and send her a letter, and let her know I could come, and then I might try to show myself to her. I don't know that I can, but I want to. [You will come in rapport with your mother when she gets your letter, and can see whether she is afraid, or whether she desires to have you come. You go there often, I presume?] Yes, as often as I can. I am only nine years old. I don't know what I shall say, so my mother will know. I do not want her to give half she is worth to know. [Don't you remember some little thing that happened to you during life that was only known to her and yourself?] Oh, Susan says, "tell her about cutting off my hair." She was a black woman, and she cut off my hair because it was such a trouble, and my mother was wrathful about it. Yes, she was very angry. She said she had almost as lief she would have cut off my head. [Was this true?] Yes. [Does it hurt now?] Yes. [Does it trouble you now?] No; but she used to pull so she said she wasn't going to have any more fuss about it, and then she said she thought my mother was going to have it cut off. But she didn't think so, she knows she did n't. She says my mother will remember it. I was six years old then. I am going now, mister. Oct. 22.

Séance opened by Frederick T. Gray; letters answered by "Cousin Benja."

### Invocation.

"Lead us not into temptation." Oh, God, our Father, this prayer has trembled on the lips of Christianity for centuries. Still thy children are tempted; still they fall in the way of life; therefore we, this hour, will only ask that we may have strength in temptation, not to resist it, but to understand it; for when combined with wisdom, the temptation that comes to the soul becomes its teacher, and leadeth it beyond the present into the future. Oh thou spirit who guideth all things, whose life we perceive everywhere, and whose power is exhibited in all things, we would thank thee for all the experiences of life. We thank thee that we are tempted. We thank thee that souls may fall in the way. We thank thee, oh our Father, that there are dark shades to the great picture of life, human and divine; for without them we could never understand the glory of sunshine. Without sorrow we could never understand joy; without all the experiences of life just as they are, life would fall to be of thee. Oh, our Father, we feel that thou art working through all the experiences of our being; and whether tempted or not, whether in shade or in sunshine, we will return the undying thanks of our souls, this day and forevermore. Oct. 24.

### Capt. John C. Starkey.

I feel a deep sense of the obligation I am under toward you, good people, for the favors I receive here this afternoon. I visit this place hoping I may be fortunate enough to reach my family and friends at the South. I have been informed that many of my neighbors have been very fortunate in that respect, and I hoped that I might be equally so. I left them in September, 1862, by the fortunes of war. For my own part, I am satisfied that it is as it is, but they are not. Their material condition is entirely changed. They have sustained losses that have so far affected their spirits that they openly declare that they never shall recover from them. So in approaching to hold communion with them from the sphere I have entered, I find it exceedingly hard to overcome their sadness. And I labored very earnestly to find some other way by which to reach them. Not because I have any prejudices against the North or its institutions, but because they have. And having them, I feared they might be obstacles in the way of their progress, as in the way of mine. But I hope their intense desire to know how it is with their friends who have died, will overcome their prejudices, and they will be ready to receive and hear us, when I look at them from their own sad standpoint. I, too, am sad, and feel to regret their condition; but when I look at them from another and

brighter standpoint, I am very glad they have been enabled to do what they have toward curing what I believe will result in not only their good, but the good of this people entire. Though a slave-holder myself, I always felt it was a great curse to the country, but I saw no way to escape from it. It was with us, and to me it seemed to be something that only the ages could wash away. But it has been washed away in blood. It is well. God knew best. I do firmly believe that had the South never known the curse of slavery, instead of being as it is now, draped in mourning, it would have been prosperous and crowned with those blessings that can come alone through industry and enterprise. I once told a dear friend who was about to bequeath to me some ten or a dozen of his black men, that I would receive the gift, but that while I considered it on the one hand a good gift, on the other I considered it the greatest curse he could confer upon me. He wished to know why I so understood it. I told him I could not tell him why; I only felt that it was a curse, and would finally prove itself so. He was giving me his slaves because he did not wish to sell them. I had no wish to buy. I had as many as I could take care of. But he was about to pass on, and he knew they would be sold by those who would come after him, so he wanted to provide them with a home such as they would be best suited with. He selected such as had families and gave them to me. Oh, there are some kind hearts among slaveholders, even; and the slaveholder was often put to his wit's end to know what he should do for the best good of the slave. It is very well for those who have not this terrible weight upon their shoulders to determine that it is very light, and easy to be borne. But it is quite another thing to those who are bearing it.

I would say to my friends, since the means are open North and South, East and West, for our return—I would ask that they avail themselves of some one of the means, that I, with others, may come nearer. We may do something toward lightening their load; toward advising them—for we do sometimes advise in the things of this world for the good of those who are here in darkness. The old notion that the soul after death has done entirely with the experiences of time, has passed away like a dissolving view, and the reality stands before us—spiritual and material wedded together—the soul-life and the earth-life bound inseparably together. If you are interested in us, we must be in you, for it is give and receive throughout eternity.

I am Capt. John C. Starkey, of Savannah. I hope to reach my brother Alexander and my wife Charlotte, my children, my friends entire. Good-day, sir. Oct. 24.

### Sarah E. Shorey.

I have returned early from my spirit home, that I might convince the friends I have left of the possibility of return. That I may be identified, I will give a few incidents in my earthly life. At the breaking out of the rebellion I was summoned from my uncle's home in New York to the home of my childhood, in Maine, that I might bid farewell to my brother and other members of our family who were going into the army. I went, in obedience to the summons, and assisted them away; and while there—it was in August—I met with several of your spiritual lecturers. I listened to their words, or the words through them, and I became interested. I investigated, and finally became satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism, and was unfilled to a certain extent as a medium, myself. By my own medium powers I was told that I too must go forth to assist, not in killing those who were opposed to us, but in alleviating their sorrows as far forth as I might be able to, in the hospital. The first scene of my labors was in Washington. I then went to Baltimore. I was then called to Philadelphia—then to St. Louis. I then went back to Washington. I then, myself, became sick, and returned to New York. There I met with a Southern gentleman of Union principles. He had abandoned his home at the South because he would not take up arms against the North. But trouble at his home induced him to make every effort to return, and by persevering he was enabled to return, and was then pressed into the Southern service. While pursuing my duties as nurse I met him in the hospital, where he had been brought, a prisoner, wounded. He got well and was exchanged. I married him, and went to Louisiana. And all this while I was an outspoken Spiritualist. I believed that the spirit could return, and unhesitatingly declared it, and for this my friends closed their doors upon me, and furthermore declared that I had united myself with the enemies of the Union, and therefore that was just cause for their closing their doors upon me.

It is only three days since my spirit was liberated, and I hasten to them, not to upbraid them, but to prove to them, if possible, that the spirit has power to return. I told them, when last we met, that as sure as I came first, so sure I believed I should be able to return, and I asked the same of them. But they made me no promise in return, because they had no faith. But I am here. They do not know I am dead. But they have only to wait a proper time, and they will learn by their own material means what I state here. I died in New Orleans, whither I had gone because of the sickness of my husband. We are both here—here in the spirit-land, and here to forgive those who so unjustly charged us—and we only ask—for their own sake, not for ours, for we have no need—that they will investigate modern Spiritualism, and know whether it is false or true.

I was Sarah E. Moody before marriage. Sarah E. Shorey since marriage. I would I were at liberty to give the names of my friends here, but they would consider it a most terrible disgrace to have their names attached to anything spiritual; therefore you see I am only at liberty to give my own.

Oct. 24.

### Alice Tarr.

I am from Maine, too, but I am from Saco. My name is Alice Tarr, and I am most seven years old now. I have come to tell my mother that I am very glad she did n't come with me, because it is best she should stay. I am doing much better here now with my teachers than I should if she had come, because she helps me so much at home. And my father, too—I am so glad he did n't come, because I would rather they would be where they are now. First I was homesick, and wanted them to come, but now I don't. I have been here ever since the flowers first came this spring. I am happy now, and I shall come very often with some message from my spirit-home. I got a great many teachers here, and they all help us when we want to come. I knew I was coming, and I knew the angels were ready for me, but I was afraid at first; but I would n't come back now to stay. I come because my mother wanted me to.

### Lucy Stinson.

They will be expecting me. I told Bess Brown I'd come back. She takes the paper. She is a medium; so was I. She wanted me to tell her how it was with me after I died. I am—I am

thinking about coming out of what surrounds me just now. I am thinking about it, but I could n't do much about it, tell her, till I had been to her. It's pretty hard to live, pretty hard to live, pretty hard to live here—not here, not here in the spirit-world, but it was hard to live here. You just say to her that I find everything just—pretty much as I thought I should, only a little different, and I shall be happy here now since I have come; and tell her I haven't—I haven't seen my mother, and I haven't seen her boy; don't know where they are at all. Suppose I shall see them, and as soon as I do I will come, and let her know. But it's true that I can come, and that's the most she wanted to know. She got all ready to commit suicide once, and I told her she better not, because I did n't think she would be any better off. Well, then she said she would n't—she would n't put herself to the trouble of doing it, not she. That was when I just began to take lodgings with her. And then I told her about what the spirits said to me—some of them, and so she got used to it, and she got to find out she was a medium herself, and so I stayed with her. I was sick when I went there—consumption, the doctor said.

I am from Five Points, from New York, sir; but I ain't no business of yours. You have no right to question, no right to think anything about it. I was told I could come, but I know just how everybody treats folks like me here on this earth. [We are very glad to have you come.] You are? [Very glad indeed.] Ah, you don't know me! That's the reason. [It makes no difference to us who you are. You are just as welcome as if you were a queen.] Well, said to me, "They like you that—I like it. Bess said to me, 'Good. I will kick you out there if you go. I would n't go there. Come back to me.' I told her I was coming, and if you said a word we'd have a fight. But you are glad I've come? Well, that changes the programme some. No chance for a fight, is there? [None at all. They do n't treat you unkindly in the spirit-world, do they?] Oh, no; and that is the worst of it—that is the worst of it. No, they were just as kind! I never had it all my life, and I did n't know—I wasn't used to it. They helped me to come here; but I kinder thought, as I'd got to tell her, I come from you, you would just tell me to waste, and I made up my mind, sure as you did, I was going to have a fight. [We had no occasion to tell you so. We hope you will be benefited by coming.] I hope I shall, too.

And poor Bess! oh, how she cried when I died! Oh, how she cried! Said she should be all alone in the world. I said I'd come to her, and so I have. Oh, dear," she said, "if I only knew—I only knew that the folks here on the other side could do anything for me!" Well, I could n't do much till I had been back this way, you know. But I reckon I can do something now. Then I'm going to hunt up some folks I got outside in the world—some rich relations. They do n't know much about me, but I'm going to hunt them up and introduce myself to them. But I shan't never tell them where I come from. No, I shan't never tell it again—no, I shan't. You know how folks feel toward anybody that ain't just right. Why, the last thing I did before I died—the last time I was able to be out, I mean—was to knock somebody down that "sarsed" me! I tell you I ain't no way to do.

I wanted to go and see that man in New York—Mr. Foster. I heard about him. I wanted to go and see him, but I could n't raise the greenbacks. [You can go now. You know how folks feel about it now, unless Bess could raise 'em. [Tell her to go there.] But she can't pay! [That won't make any difference. Let her go.] What will he say? [He will wait and see what you say.] And I may go to him, and go to her through him? By gracious! that will do! Well, tell her so in my letter. "Go to Foster!" She and I started once to get some money to go, but we could n't raise it no how. Well, now, say I want her to go, and I will see it is all right. Is that right? [Yes.] By gracious! that's right! I'm glad you put me in mind of it. Tell her to tell who she is, that she is Bess Brown, and that she expects me to come to her? [Yes, if she wishes, or not. You can tell that when you come.] Yes, I can, can't I? I can announce myself? [Yes.] Well, it's all right. I've been here but a little while, you know. Poor Bess! how she has looked in the paper to see if my name was there. I have n't given it. Lucy Stinson. Oh, how glad she will be. You put me in mind, do n't you? [We announce them, yes.] Just say Lucy is on the track. She will understand it. I want her to go to Foster just as soon as she reads it—the first thing she does. Well, I'll go now. [Come again when you want to.] Really, do you mean that? [Certainly, or I should n't say it.] Will you remember me? [Yes.] And print what ever I have to give? [Yes.] Good good! I'll get so as to learn how to pray, I will pray for you.

Oct. 24.

Écance opened by Wm. E. Channing; closed by Helen Channing.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Oct. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Josiah Wolcott; George S. Rice, of Montpelier, Vt., to his friend; Josephine Burroughs, of Chicago, to her Aunt Mary Allen.

Tuesday, Oct. 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary Eliza Truman, to her father, in Richmond, Va.; Henry S. Trinit, of the 8th Mass., to his father, in St. Louis; Mary Cowdin, 6th Mass., who fell at Cold Harbor, Va.; Timothy McCarthy, of Taunton, to his family.

Thursday, Oct. 31.—Invocation: Tribute to Ex-Gov. Andrews; Questions and Answers; Nellie R. Radcliffe, of Portsmouth, N. H., to her children; John T. Clarkson, second officer on board ship "Lord Nelson," to his father, in Liverpool; Calvin Townsend, of Charleston, Vt., to his brother and sister; Georgiana Curtis, to her father, in Norfolk, Va.

Monday, Nov. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Henry Kendall, of the 13th Mass., to his mother, in White Hall, Mass.; Prince Edward, a slave, to his master, in Galis, of Lugalla's Plantation, 14 miles from his master; Eliza, both of them, to her friends in the spirit-land.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Katie Wiseman, of Louisiana, to her father, Col. Nathaniel Wiseman; Henry A. Hubbard, of 27th Mass., to his family; Thomas Van Wyne, of Booneville, Boone Co., Ill.

Thursday, Nov. 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Sally Thurman, to her father, in St. Louis; Mary Maguire, to sister Alice, of Orleans, Orleans Co., N. Y.; James R. Dargatz, 10th Mass., to his friends.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary A. Stargate, to her mother, Miss Lizzie T. Porter, Raleigh, N. C.; Margaret Welch, Cross street, Boston, to her son, James Welch; Edward Moore, London, to his family; Willie White Campbell, to his mother.

Thursday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Henry Stinson, to his children; John Stinson, to his mother; Stephen Dudley, of Boston, to his son.

Tuesday, Nov. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Wallingford, to his son, Thomas Wallingford, Newmarket, Eng.; Evangeline Palfrey, of St. Louis, to her mother; Michael Reagan, of Boston, to his father, Thomas; Esther Maria Crane, to her friends in New Orleans, La.

Monday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Jesse Bowen, of Fairport, Mich.; Oliver Barrett, of Boston, to his children; James Connelly, of Lowell; Clara Hunter, of Cincinnati, to his mother; Capt. Theodore Soule, of Florida, to his friends.

Thursday, Nov. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Maria S. Gray, of San Francisco, Cal., to her mother; Hiram S. T. Brewer, who died in Liverpool, to his friend Miss Susan, of New York; Charles Poor, Sumner Co., of the 8th Michigan Cavalry, to his brother James.

Thursday, Nov. 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Ellen Read Wade, of Boston; William Pierce, of Newport, Me., to his brother; Matilda Frances Lyon, of Fall River, to her parents.

Monday, Nov. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Clara Davis, of Savannah, Ga., to her father; George H. Rimmont, of Pittsburgh, 10th Mass., to his son John Kimball; Thomas Houston, to Benjamin F. Butler.

Tuesday, Nov. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Cornelius Winne; Moses W. Leavitt, of Chicago; Freddy Harmon, of New York, to his mother; Sarah C. Smith, of Hamilton, C. E.

Monday, Dec. 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Henry Parker, of Manchester; Joseph Huntress; Robert Duncan Craig, of Ayshire; Mattie Anderson, of Columbia street, New York, to her mother.

Tuesday, Dec. 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Pauline Bickford, Main street, Charleston; Nathaniel Jones, of Springfield, Ill., to his brother; Priscilla A. Leona, of Florida, Boone Co., Ill.; Ida Sanborn, St. Joseph, Mo.

Thursday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Simmons, 10th Mass., to his friends; Charles Bacher, 24 Mass. Cavalry, John Harris, of Liverpool; Eugene H. H. brother William; "Sageyeatha," an Indian chief, to the Great Father at Washington.

Monday, Dec. 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Susan Brown, of Portland, Me., to her children; Lizzie Templeton, to her mother, in St. Louis; Stephen Kelley, of Colville, Mo.; Warren Mann, of Manchester, Mass., to his parents.

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