

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXIII.

{88.00 PER YEAR;}
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

{SINGLE COPIES;}
Eight Cents.

NO. 14.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
ASLEEP.

BY ELIZA M. HICKOK.

An aged man, at the close of day,
Sat down by the open door,
And thought went wandering to the past
And traced its records o'er.
The soft breeze lifted his thin, gray hair,
And gently fanned his brow;
And he mused, as memory brought to mind
The scenes of long ago:

"I will turn the leaves of the unsealed past,
I will scan its pages o'er;
I will take a last and backward glance
O'er the way I shall walk no more;
For the mists of age seem swept away,
And my mind is clear to-night;
And the dream-like scenes of the past stand forth
In a clear and vivid light.

Oh, youth! when the future seemed all of joy,
And I knew not grief or care!
Ere I pass in thought from its pleasant scenes,
I will pause a moment there.
The home and the friends who loved me then
Have long since passed away;
And the dearest spot on earth to me
A stranger holds to-day.

It is long since I looked upon that spot—
For I wandered far away—
But I close my eyes, and I see it all,
As clear as the light of day.
I had loving parents to guide me then;
I had brothers and sisters, too;
But they left me here, and all passed on
To the world beyond my view.

And then, in my manhood's prime, I won
A gentle and lovely wife.
Ah, tender and dear are my thoughts of her,
For she gladdened my heart and life.
Oh, the world was blank and lonely and drear,
When she was called from my side;
But the hearts that were one through all life's
years
Even death could not divide.

Then my noble boy, the pride of my heart,
Whose young life was without a stain,
Went out to fight for the dear old flag,
And he never came back again.
Next, his sister fair, so gentle and pure,
Though dearly loved, could not stay,
And, drifting out on the chilling tide,
Was borne from my sight away.

So the loving ones that gladdened my heart
Have left me, one by one;
And I only await death's messenger,
For I feel that my work is done.
Looking back, I see o'er the way I've come
An ever-changing scene:
There are smiles and tears, there are joys and griefs,
In the years that intervene.

Now I calmly wait, for I've nothing here,
My treasures are all above;
I shall joyfully go with the 'boatman pale'
To meet the ones I love."

(From Owen Meredith's "New Poems.")
A GREAT MAN.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor self;
Content to know and be unknown:
Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that in the face of Wrong,
Establish Right.

And free he is, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By Fortune undismayed,
Hath power upon himself, to be
By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He cannot fare amiss.
Great Nature hath him in her care;
Her cause is his:

Who holds by everlasting law,
Which neither chance nor change can flout;
Whose steadfast course is one
With whatsoever forces draw
The ages on:

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He doth not fare alone:
He goeth forth with cohorts, powers,
The monarch of his manifold hours,
Whose mind's his throne.

He owes no homage to the sun;
There's nothing he need seek or shun;
All things are his by right;
He is his own authority;
His future in himself doth lie;
His soul's his light.

Lord of a lofty life is he,
Lofthly living, though he be
Of lowly birth; though poor,
He lacks not wealth; nor high degree
In state obscure.

The merely great are, all in all,
No more than what the merely small
Esteem them. Man's opinion
Neither conferred, nor can recall,
This man's dominion.

CHARITY.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of
Light, by L. M. Walsbrook.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Taylor's Story.

"I was the youngest child of rich parents. There were five of us, three sons and two daughters. My father owned one of the largest farms in — county, in the old Empire State, beside some city property. I was the pet and darling of the household, and my days passed like a summer dream. At twenty I married the man of my choice, for some years a clerk, and afterwards partner in the store of my mother's brother, in the city of New York.

We went to housekeeping in a pleasant cottage, that has since been torn down to make way for the advancing tide of business, and a splendid block of stores now stands in its place. In about fifteen months my Helen, here, was born. She grew finely; and I doubt if there were many happier homes anywhere than ours was. But alas! our sunshine did not last. True, the clouds, at first, were not dark enough to obscure our heart's happiness; still they were clouds, and heavy ones. George had gone largely into business, depending upon father to help him, if he should get into a close place. Indeed, father had encouraged him to do this; but just as he was about to avail himself of the offer, word came that through some unfortunate speculation, together with a heavy endorsement for a friend who had failed, and left the debt for him to pay, my father had lost his splendid property and had become a poor man. One of my brothers came forward and saved a small remnant of what had been so ample, but the other two were still at home, and what little they had saved went in the general wreck. The stock was too great for one who had never known aught of poverty, and poor father sank under it. Mother went to reside with the brother before spoken of, but she tarried not long. The loss of property, I believe, she could have borne, for she was a woman of great fortitude; but of a deep, strong, affectional nature; and when father left, and soon after brother Henry was accidentally killed, under circumstances that were particularly painful, the accumulation of grief was more than her frame, already weakened by disease and years, could bear.

I thought I should go wild with grief, but I saw that something troubled George, and I strove to be as cheerful as possible on his account. Finally he came to me one day and said, 'Amy, darling, I might as well tell you all. I must bring my business to a close. I can go on no longer. I may possibly save a few hundreds, but that will be all, and we shall have to leave here with comparatively nothing, go into some new place and start anew.' 'I can bear it,' said I; 'anything, if you and the children are left me.' Eloise was then about six months old; Helen five years. George had struggled for two years, after father's death, and he could struggle no longer. I said that the clouds at first were not dark enough to obscure our hearts' happiness. They were light, compared with what followed. I loved my parents, I loved my brother, but the love I felt for them was as nothing compared to that I bore my husband, and looking back, all clouds seem light compared with the one that overshadowed my life when he was taken from me; but I anticipate.

Mr. Merrill made a statement of his business to his creditors, and told them that if they would leave things in his hands, so that he could dispose of them without sacrifice, they should lose nothing, or next to nothing; but if not, there would be loss, and he could not prevent it. They trusted to his honor, and left him to dispose of his goods at the best advantage he could. Every creditor was satisfied, every debt was paid, and we saved just one thousand dollars. With this money we moved to Rochester, bought us a little home, and my husband went to clerking again, and I tell you, Mrs. Reid, I never was prouder of him in my life than then; for had he not been honorable—had he not come forth like gold tried in the fire, with not only name but conscience untarnished?

We were happy in our new home, for I cared not for wealth, so that my husband and children were with me; so you see that the clouds had not even yet obscured the sunlight of our hearts. A year sped away, a year of blissful content, and then the thunderbolt fell, and the lightning reached my heart. My husband sickened and died, and the light went out of my life. I would have gone too, but my children held me—my children, his children, and for his sake I must live and care for them. There were no debts, and George, when he bought our little home, had it deeded to me; consequently there was no court or law to step in and interfere with me. It was mine; and no one could take it from me.

So you see I had a home, but what should I do for a living? How should I support myself and children? I would sooner have died than part with them. I had no resources but my own hands and brain, and I set to work. I commenced taking boarders. I had some nice things that we brought from New York, which I sold, and bought plain, substantial ones to put in their places. I sold my gold watch, my best jewelry, and two of my best dresses, and also Mr. Merrill's clothes, for I knew that if he could see me and know what I was doing, nothing could please him better than to have all that belonged to him used for the benefit of his family. With the money thus obtained, together with a hundred and twenty-five dollars that was due to him from his employer, I put up an addition to my house, giving me more rooms, and soon I was in a condition to take ten boarders, and make them comfortable.

Helen was in her seventh year, and Eloise

about two years old, and with the help of a small girl to wash the dishes, and a woman to wash and do what else she could one day in a week, I did the work for ten boarders for six months. Then, finding that I should break down if I did not, and that I could afford it, I hired a good strong girl to take my place, and took care of the children and did my sewing myself. And this I kept up six years. I then married Mr. Taylor, the father of my little Mary. I had been acquainted with him about a year, he boarding with me a part of the time. He was not willing that I should continue to toil as I had done, so I gave up my boarders for awhile, and he supported us with labor. I say labor, for he had no means, only his salary as head clerk. Having been out of health a great portion of his life, he had never married, and never accumulated property.

We lived very happily together for about three years. He was very kind, and his love and sympathy were far better than living alone; but my trials were not ended. At the end of that time his old disease, that with which he had suffered so many years, and had finally believed cured, came back upon him with redoubled force. He was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and after six months of suffering he went hence, and I was again a widow.

I went back to my old business of taking boarders, and kept it up till some seven months since, and then, as some of my old neighbors were going to Cincinnati to make themselves a home, I sold my place and started to go with them. I came as far as Cleveland, when Eloise was taken sick, the journey proving too much for her. I stored my things in a warehouse, renting a single room for a month, and taking such things as would make her comfortable moved into it, intending to go on as soon as she got fully rested and able to travel. But she became very sick; and when she was at the worst, and so weak that I knew the least excitement might carry her off, these tract distributors came to see me. They were not distributing tracts then, but some one had told them of my child's sickness, and they came, seeming fully impressed that I was an object of charity, and would be thankful for whatever crumbs they chose to offer.

I was full of anxiety for my darling; my heart was sore with grief for her; I wept for her; and their manner was so patronizing, so condescending, so insulting, so I don't suppose that I was very gracious; and besides, I never did believe in Universalists. They took it for granted that I was a hardened wretch, who rejected God's mercy, and seeing the condition Eloise was in, seemed to think it their duty to save her if they could do nothing for me, so they began to talk to her about dying, asking her about Jesus, and other things of the kind, and I had absolutely to forbid them saying anything to her, to tell them I would not have it, ere they would desist; and then they left, filling my ears with warnings of the wrath to come. Eloise became so excited from the scene, that I feared for her life; but by giving her as strong an opiate as I dared to, I at length got her quiet.

And this was my first experience with those who are now distributing religious reading through your city, and they have been the bare of my life since."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Reid; "I do not see why they should willfully injure you."

"Well, willfully or not, they have injured me by their mean, suspicious and slanderous tongues, till I feel sometimes that I cannot forgive them, even if God does."

"Forgive us, as we forgive those that trespass against us."

"True; but one cannot always feel that. I am not like you, Mrs. Reid—I wish I was. You are the only woman that has treated me as a Christian should, since I have been in the city. Do you believe in their three Gods, their election, and their hell-fire?"

"I cannot say that I do; at least, not as these things are generally understood."

"I thought not."

"I know many good people who do."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Taylor, while Helen asked, "Do you not think that such a belief has a tendency to make people hard and unfeeling toward those who differ from them?"

"It may," said Mrs. Reid. "I never have thought much upon that point; and still it must be so, for how else can I account for the cruelty of this professedly Christian nation toward the black race?"

"What else could you expect from those who believe that God from all eternity elected some to salvation and left others for damnation? What else could you expect but cruelty, not only to the black race, but to all who do not come within the pale of their sanctified circle? But to continue my story. Eloise gained but slowly, and I saw that she was not going to be able for some time to stand a journey of three hundred miles by the slow process of canal travel, so I rented a cottage on — street, took my things from the warehouse, and concluded to make myself as comfortable as I could there."

I had been there about six weeks, when those women came again, and this time they were distributing tracts. Stanford, the owner of the house, had just been there, and his manner had been such that they were exceedingly annoyed thereby, so much so that I resolved to leave as soon as the month was up. They seemed surprised to find me there, and, feeling blither, no doubt, as they remembered my want of submission to them on their previous call, came immediately to the very worst conclusion they could possibly arrive at.

"You seem much improved in your condition since we last met," said the elder lady, glancing at the room.

"My child is some better," I replied.
"Glad to hear it; but I was just thinking of that particularly. You seemed to be already before, and that was what induced us to call; we think

it a Christian duty to see that the poor do not suffer, especially when sick. Now, however, you are well situated, with all the comforts of life about you. To what shall we attribute the change?"

"To what you please," said I, for I was vexed at their impudence. Their manner said more than their words; still I did not dream of what they were insinuating. I had passed through much, but my character had remained untouched, and I never once imagined that aught could be brought up against me in that direction.

"To what we please?" she repeated. "We should be very sorry to think anything wrong. They had already told their business, and seemed to be selecting such tracts as they thought would suit my case. 'We should be sorry to think anything wrong, but circumstances are against you.'"

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.
"It is plain enough what we mean. Your beautiful daughter, and your changed circumstances, changed from that poor, scantily furnished room to this beautiful, well-furnished cottage, belonging to one of the worst libertines in the city, and he leaving here just as we came in, and with the air of one who belonged here."

I was dumb with astonishment. I do not believe I could have spoken to save my life."

"And yet a few words of explanation right here would have saved you much trouble," said Mrs. Reid. "We need to be wise as serpents, as well as harmless as doves. Had you quietly told them of the mistake they had made—that you had just learned the character of your landlord and wished to find another house, asking them to assist you in the matter, you would have turned the tide in your favor. Alas, Mrs. Taylor, with all your independence of character, I find you do not understand human nature."

"Not the nature of wolves in sheep's clothing, I confess, Mrs. Reid, and I do think that these extra religious ones are the most impudent people upon earth; and as to doing what you speak of, I could as easily have died as to stop to make explanations and ask the assistance of those who had so grossly insulted me. As I was saying, I was struck dumb with astonishment. They took my silence as evidence of guilt, and proceeded to warn me of the consequences of sin and the mercy of God that would be extended to those who turned from the error of their ways. They were proceeding to say more, but something in my look must have startled them, for they broke off abruptly and left. I don't know what I should have done if they had not."

"They did not forget to leave their tracts, though, but I made short work of them," said Helen.
"Yes, Helen put them into the fire before the women were fairly out of the house. I tried to check her, but she was too excited to listen. I should like to have looked at them, just for the sake of knowing what selections the pharisaical hypocrites had made."

"Ah, Mrs. Taylor," said Mrs. Reid, with a smile, "you will never be happy so long as you entertain such feelings. Bitterness of spirit is incompatible with true peace of mind. Why not pity their weakness and self-conceit, and let them go at that?"

"That we may do, Mrs. Reid, when not affected thereby; but when we are so situated that they can sting us to the soul, it is quite a different thing. I know that there are not many like you, but I doubt if even you could have borne it with perfect equality."

"Perhaps not. I have borne much, however, in my time."

"Let me see: this was on Monday," continued Mrs. Taylor, "and the next evening a young man by the name of Holden came and invited Helen to go to a party with him the following night. She went, and was treated in such a manner that he was obliged to bring her home again."

"Where did Helen become acquainted with this young man?" asked Mrs. Reid.

"Oh, he was one of Eloise's friends; she always attracts every one to her. He had been to Albany on business, and came in the packet with us from Rochester to Buffalo, and there we took the same steamer for Cleveland. Well, the attraction between him and Eloise was mutual; she thought there was no one like him, and when taken sick she could not bear to have him out of her sight for a moment. I expected to go to Cincinnati, as I told you, and still intended to go on when we parted with Mr. Holden at the landing. I thought the child would be better off the Lake; but she grew worse instead, and I was obliged to remain. Soon after we moved into Stanford's house, Eloise having so far recovered that she could go out a little, the girls met their old friend—for Helen had barely spoken to him on the boat—on the street, and Eloise was so delighted that, child-like, nothing would do but he must go and see where we lived. Thus the acquaintance was renewed. We found that we were near neighbors. The young man brought his sister to see us, promised that his mother would call, and things were going on very pleasantly till those women came around. From that time everything was changed. The young man went to New York city soon after, and with the exception of an occasional letter to Helen the acquaintance was entirely broken off."

"Yes, mother," said Helen, "and the last letter I wrote him, telling him that I was not willing to keep up a correspondence, with his family feeling as they do—it was last week, you know—well, I had it in my hand, with two or three other letters, on my way to the office, when I dropped it. I should not have known it, only some one who was walking behind me saw it fall and called to me. Upon turning about, I found myself face to face with these very women."

"Did they read the address, think you?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

"I think they did. Indeed, I am certain they did; and had they known who it was that dropped it I don't think they would have called to me at all. I believe, from their looks, they would have

kept it as it was, had they had time to think before I took it."

"I wish they had kept it and given it to William's father, for then they would have known that you are not seeking to entrap their son. Yes, I wish they had; it would have been much better than now, for those saints will be sure to inform the Holdens, and it will make trouble; you see if it don't, now."

"You say," said Mrs. Reid, "that from the day these women called at your house last, the pleasant relations between your family and the Holdens ceased. What reason have you for thinking that they had anything to do with it? You have been complaining of them for drawing conclusions without a proper understanding of the facts in the case. Are you sure that you are not running into the same error?"

"Helen, my daughter, are you willing that Mrs. Reid should see the first letter Mr. Holden wrote you after he left the city?"

"Certainly, mother; I will go and get it."

The letter was brought and put into Mrs. Reid's hands. There was nothing in it but what one friend might write to another; but the portly that most particularly interests us was as follows:

"I can never forgive myself for subjecting you to the insult you received on that never-to-be-forgotten evening. Strong in my consciousness of your innocence, I thought I could protect you and make others see as I did; but you see how miserably I failed. But I am most vexed when I think how the reports against your fair form originated. I always did hate those long-faced, sanctimonious people, who are always talking of man's depravity and God's mercy and goodness. As for the mercy and goodness, I can't see it, if their doctrines are true. As I was saying, I always did hate that class of people, for if you fall to accord to them the certain degree of deference that they demand of you in virtue of their saintship, they are as cruel and vindictive as they represent God to be to the finally impenitent. Well, my folks seemed well pleased with you till these tract distributors came around and filled mother's ears with a long story of charitable conclusions drawn from certain facts put together to suit themselves, to wit: that Stanford—the old sinner—had boasted of his 'pretty bird,' and that they had found you in a miserable room with scarcely any furniture, the first time they saw you, and the next time you were in that nice cottage, with everything comfortable about you, and Stanford just leaving the house. Now mother does not pretend to be a Christian, but she always accords those who do a certain amount of respect that keeps her in favor with them; and she is particularly sensitive in regard to the honor of her family; so when I came home she began to upbraid me with keeping such company, and above all for taking my innocent sister there. This made me angry, for I had seen enough of the world to know that you were as innocent as beautiful. Would to heaven you were less beautiful, for then you would not excite the envy of cross old maids and ministers' mothers! Perhaps it is not just according to etiquette for me to tell you this, and I would not, did I not know that you and your good mother have been cruelly wronged, and I believe the most of it has been caused because you would not kiss the Pope's great toe in the form of modern Protestantism. Yes, I became angry, and in a spirit of defiance invited you to that party; but heaven knows that I would sooner have cut my right hand off than to have taken you there had I supposed it possible that you could be so cruelly insulted. One thing is sure, however: I shall never see a tract distributor without hating him."

This was all that had any bearing upon the subject in hand, so I make no further quotation.

Mrs. Reid handed back the letter without a word of comment, with a look of triumph from Mrs. Taylor said as plainly as words could have spoken it, "you see that I have evidence in the case."

After a moment's silence, Mrs. Taylor resumed: "I thought my poor girl's heart was broken. She went incessantly for two days; but she had not borne enough yet. On Saturday of the same week Stanford came back. This time he did not stop at hints, but came out boldly with his infamous proposition; offered a price for my child, and when rejected with indignation, said that her character was gone now, and she might as well be his in deed as in name, and when peremptorily ordered from the house, left vowing vengeance. This was on Saturday evening, and on Monday morning, just as I was preparing to go out to look for another house, a gentleman called and asked to look at the place, saying he understood it was for sale. He looked over the house and yard, talked with Eloise of the book she was reading, asked what books she liked, and managed in one way and another to prolong his stay till I began to be impatient for him to leave; still he was so gentlemanly and respectful that I could find no excuse for dismissing him. I noticed, however, that he was one of that class of persons who have their eyes open; keeping boarders so long made me somewhat observant, and I saw that he was studying us without seeming to do so. I saw also that he had not made known the real object of his call. At length he said to me: 'Madam, I hope you will not consider me intruding, but do you know the character of the man to whom this house belongs?'

'I have recently become aware of it,' I replied.

'How?'

'In a manner that leaves no possible room for doubt.'

'Pardon me,' said he; 'I should not have asked you that question; but if you will permit me to be frank with you, I will acknowledge that my excuse for calling here this morning was a feigned one. I am bad enough, heaven knows, but I have never yet been guilty of betraying innocence; and my advice to you is to leave this house as soon as possible. Reports are in circulation prejudicial

to you; but they don't deceive Ben Wilson. I have seen enough of the world to be a good judge of character, and I know that you do not deserve the name they give you. I called for the purpose of learning for myself whether these things were so. I am satisfied that they are not; but Stanford is utterly destitute of principle. I know him of old. He is not only a libertine, but a malicious, revengeful one. He seems to have an especial spite toward those he takes a fancy to, if they hold out against him. I have known of more than one poor girl who has been made desperate, and at last fallen into his power through reports that he first set in circulation against her. I tell you he will stop at nothing; therefore I advise you to leave this house as quickly and as quietly as possible.

"Thank you, sir," said I, "for your advice, but it is unavailing for me. I was just preparing to go out on that very errand."

He seemed confused at the promptness and quietness of my reply, but rallying therefrom said, "Madam, I know I am a villain for intruding myself upon you, and especially as I acknowledge the motive was not a good one; but when I learned my mistake I desired to make all recompense in my power for ever daring to think evil of you; and now I most humbly ask your pardon, and hope, for the sake of this sweet child, turning to Elsie, who, being absent during the latter part of the above conversation, had just re-entered the room—"I hope for the sake of this child you will allow me to be your friend, for I feel that I can learn lessons of virtue from her innocent face."

"The past is forgotten," I replied, touched by the earnestness of his manner, "and the future depends on yourself."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, madam. I will see that you have no cause for complaint," said he, bowing himself out.

I then started on my tour of house-hunting, and succeeded in finding this little retreat, where I have since lived in peace. It being near the church, Elsie has been able to go to Sabbath school, and part of the time to church once a day. Helen and I do not go, for as I was saying, the minister's mother is one of those who made me so much trouble, though they say he is a good man. As warm weather comes on, Elsie seems better, and I hope after a little to be able to leave the place. Warm weather always seemed to agree with her better than cold, and that is one thing that induced me to leave Rochester last autumn. I thought the winter would be warmer in Cincinnati than there; but, poor child, she was not strong enough to go through, and so I was obliged to stop here. Could I have foreseen how things would turn, I should have stayed where I was."

"Do you ever hear anything from the gentleman you last spoke of—the one who advised you to leave Stanford's house?" asked Mrs. Reid.

"He calls occasionally, and brings Elsie books to read. He seems kind and respectful, but I do not encourage him in his visits, therefore he comes but seldom. I should not permit him to come at all but for her sake. The child is lonely; she has not been used to such a retired life; she therefore laments his visits with delight. Then he always brings her something to read, and his selections are excellent."

Here comes in the conversation related at the close of the last chapter, when the return of Elsie puts a stop thereto, and Mrs. Reid, after consulting her to sleep, returns to her home.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE FUTURE LIFE.

In all ages the idea of a life beyond the present has engaged the thoughts of men, much as it does now. Faith in the after-life was just as positive before the advent of Christ as it has been since. The evidence which establishes this fact was as well known before the Christian era as afterwards. The percentage of annihilationists was not larger before than is styled Christianity dawned upon the world than since. The status of belief and unbelief in this doctrine, as the property of the human race, was not essentially affected by the introduction of Christianity, yet Christians insist the world is indebted to the resurrection of Christ for the first positive light that flashed upon mankind in confirmation of this fundamental doctrine of religious belief.

According to common chronology, what an idea that God, for four thousand out of six thousand years, should withhold all knowledge of the next life from the children of men. But what does the alleged resurrection of Christ prove, as the case is stated and argued by Christians? With very little dissent it is argued he was physically put to death on the cross, and that he bodily rose from the dead on the morning of the third subsequent day. But what does this prove, allowing it to be so?—the immortality of the soul? Not a word of it. It proves that a man was crucified and supposed to be dead, and that the third day his body was re-animated, or resumed the functions of animal life. But if the resurrection of Christ is a type of the resurrection of all men to an indissoluble life, must not his resurrection and theirs be the same in kind? But the more enlightened of the Christian family of sects deny that these physical bodies of ours have any part or lot in the truly Christian resurrection. Then what becomes of the physical resurrection of Christ as an evidence of the resurrection of all mankind, his being physical, theirs spiritual, with no analogy between the two?

What we want is an evidence of the immortality of the soul. Christ might have died and been bodily raised from the dead, without affording the slightest supposition that man has or ever will have a soul that will never die. The future resurrection of all the physical bodies of all the members of the human family that have or will live on the earth is simply absurd or preposterous. What we want is proof that man has an immortal soul, or a deathless entity, that survives the dissolution of the body, and is nothing to us what became of Christ's body, or the bodies of the millions who have or who will live and die on the earth. If Christ's resurrection is a type of ours, and ours is a resurrection of the soul out of the body at death, then this must have been the nature of his resurrection to have any bearing in the case. But from Adam to the latest of his posterity this kind of resurrection has been going on, so that Christ's resurrection was neither the first nor the last.

According to the revelations of Spiritualism, these resurrections are going on every day, and ever have been since death invaded the ranks of the human family. Time runneth not, since coeval with the human race spiritualistic or angelic ministrations were not common, proving if a man die he shall live again. Taking the Bible for authority, it was just as absolute proof man will live hereafter, when Samuel appeared at Endor in the presence of Saul, or when Moses and Elias appeared on the mount of Transfiguration, as was the resurrection of Christ, whether physical or spiritual.

Reasoning from the premises of the Church,

what becomes of the doctrine of a continued life beyond this world, were the infidel to prove Christ never rose from the dead in any sense? Are we not all in total darkness? "Great God, on what slender thread hang everlasting things?" What can such feeble logicians do toward converting intelligent unbelievers to faith in the doctrine of life and immortality beyond the grave? Spiritualism gives a satisfactory solution to these questions. Nevertheless, how impetuous the Church is to the unanswerable arguments of the spiritualistic philosophy. Having ears Christians hear not; having eyes they see not. Yet the hopes of the world rest upon the alleged facts of Spiritualism. As a clergyman, I cannot do less than make use of the data Spiritualism furnishes. For so grave an offense as this, the chances are that I shall be thrust out of Christian fellowship.

Nothing has more astonished me than the attitude the churches have assumed toward phenomenal Spiritualism, when I think of the weakness of the attack of the clergy on the citadel of unbelief. It is too late now to tell men to believe theological absurdities or be damned. Argument is what is wanted. And why should the clergy make use of the revelations of Spiritualism to win the honest unbeliever to a belief in the spiritual realm? Spiritualism has become a power. Its evidences cannot much longer be ignored by candid minded people, in or out of the Church. If the Church persists in ignoring it, then Spiritualism will prove to be the rock on which if they fall they will be broken; and if it falls on them, it will grind them to powder. To ignore Spiritualism in discussing the future of humanity would be, as logicians say, like leaving Hamlet out of the tragedy of Hamlet.

CLERICUS.

RESPONSE TO "PHYSICIAN."

In the *Banner of Light* a few weeks ago, I read an ably written article over the signature of "Physician," in which the writer takes the ground that the living fetus does not receive the divine principle—the living soul—until about the seventh month after conception. This, he says, (I do not pretend to quote the exact language,) is ascertained and proven by scientific and physiological investigation. What mode of investigation could be instituted leading to conclusions so momentous, we are left in doubt in regard to—any, in utter darkness, as no anatomical investigation can possibly lead to the first spiritual fact. Spirit is not tangible to the touch, nor, except to the clairvoyant eye, can it be seen, and until invested with the living physical, can its presence be judged of; much less can the spiritual be understood by an examination of the lifeless form.

Aside from the evil tendency the promulgation of such a doctrine would unquestionably produce upon society in giving greater license to that alarming evil in our land—infanticide—it is, in my view, contrary to what we know of physical growth, both in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and, through inspiration, are daily learning of the spiritual.

"And how can we reason except from what we know?"

Looking to the vegetable growth in such examples as are the more familiar—for instance, take the grain of corn, bury it in the earth, where it can partake of warmth and moisture, and vital action soon takes place, resulting in all of the physical forms known in the full grown stalk, wherein is seen the form of the grain in its soft, milky consistency, containing all the properties in its individualized negative existence, which, being to the feminine portion of the future grain, sending out to the external a fine magnetic nerve or conductor, usually termed the corn's silk; while on the same stalk the swelling petals open to the sunlight, bearing in their pollen all the elements that belong to the male or positive principle, so small as to amount to a mere particle of the finest conceivable dust, yet perfect in every essential going to make up the masculine in the perfected grain.

Here then are the two individualized forms; first, the female in the grain's envelope or shell, and second, the male in the pollen; each holding within itself the spiritual belonging to its individualized physical nature. Now what is it that takes place having the effect to produce or create the new existence? There is but one mode, and its action is governed by a natural law, as fixed and immutable as the God who gave it. The pollen, or male form, is parted from the petal by some passing breeze or otherwise, is drawn to and falling upon the silken cord by the law of sympathy or attraction, they embrace, the positive physical with the negative physical, and the positive spiritual with the negative spiritual, both at the same instant of time, and a new creation, both in body and spirit, is formed, needing only the developing nutriment to produce the perfect grain.

Analogous to this is the reproduction of the animal or human, differing only in this, that the male and female principles in the corn are protected separately upon the same stalk, and are matured to that perfection necessary to the production of their kind in a few weeks, while the human—male and female—walk the earth for years before reaching the same degree of individualized perfection. And not until a similar union takes place, in all its particulars, in the human, as the one just described in the vegetable, is a new creation formed.

From the parallels thus maintained, and from the teaching, through clairvoyance, that all physicals have their spiritual forms also, I argue that the man holds all the elements in his constitution, individualized in the physical and spiritual male forces, necessary to reproduction; and that it is the same with the opposite sex, except with her it is of the feminine or negative order; that these principles are individualized as body and spirit—the one in all its essentials as the male, and the other as the female part of a new creation—held in abeyance until by the law of sympathy and attraction they are united, forming a living body and a living soul; and thus united, they can never in the spiritual be separated.

The physical may take new forms, because all materiality is subject to the law of change, but the soul-principle—when thus united, the male with the female—at once becomes an individualized entity—an emanation from and as indestructible as the intelligence who directs and governs the universe.

As all material substances of like nature, when in liquid form, are drawn to and unite with each other by the law of affinity, so is it with the spiritual. In connection with these views, I hold that as these male and female principles predominate in the ante-natal condition, one over the other, so will the sex be determined and brought into existence. Furthermore, that these principles—the positive and negative—throughout nature, in all its ramifications, are equally balanced, however much isolated cases may seem to oppose such a theory.

T. A. M.

Terre Haute, Ind.

Regret not a golden age that is behind. There is one before, and it beckons you.

Children's Department.

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

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

UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

"Oh, Uncle Oliver," said Susy, running to him almost breathless with excitement, "isn't it so lucky? we've found the nicest little trowel you ever saw! It was just what we wanted to work with in our garden. We found it beside the road, almost up to Covey Brown's, and we are going to have it altogether. Reuben is coming with it."

"Yes, here he is," said Uncle Oliver. "A very good trowel, and it evidently belongs to a mason. You found it not far from Mr. Brown's. He is quite a skillful mason, I have heard."

There was a pause, for all the children, who, meantime, had arrived, seemed to be pondering Uncle Oliver's remarks. There was something in the simple expression, *belongs*, that was more powerful than a sermon. At last Reuben spoke:

"We found the trowel, and of course it belongs to us; it is not our business who left it there. Of course if any one misses it it will be inquired for, and then we should return it."

"If Caleb had taken your jacket that you left beside the fence the other day, instead of bringing it to you, what would you have called him?"

"But then that is different; he knew that the jacket was mine."

"His knowing made it more difficult for him to escape detection, perhaps."

"Why, Uncle Oliver," said Susy, "you talk as if we were all thieves."

"If one takes what does not belong to him, what shall we call him?"

"But, Uncle Oliver," said Reuben, "we don't know whose trowel that is; we simply find it; we couldn't leave it, of course, and we bring it home and call it ours till somebody calls for it."

"Now you know very well," said Uncle Oliver, "that there is but one mason in town. You also know that he lives on the road where you found the trowel; you know that he is a poor man and has a sick child. Now I do not wish you to decide about this matter in a hurry, because I want you to feel the right in such a case. So if you choose to listen I will go back to one of my recollections."

"Oh, do, Uncle Oliver," said Susy, "but please don't make us think we have been stealing."

"You will have your own free thoughts, my little one, and no one is really condemned that does not condemn himself. But I will hasten and draw your thoughts from yourselves, that you may see just how this principle of justice and right should operate: There lived in the city of Munich a poor cobbler. He was a thorough but not an expert workman, and, though he toiled faithfully, he gained only enough for his simplest necessities. When he was sorely pressed one cold winter, when work was scarce, there fell to his care a grandchild, Gerta by name—a bright, fair girl, with sunshine in her heart that shone through the old man's very soul and made life warm, beautiful and holy to him."

But with all this beauty there came the care and anxiety for the little one. It was necessary for him to toil in his slow plodding way every moment to gain money enough to barely live. But there came times when he could get little to do; then he had to suffer from fear and anxiety lest his dear Gerta should lack some necessity of her young life. After such a season he fell sick, and then came the time when he could not get up and look after his little one. Gerta grew pale and thin, and her face took on the shadows that belong only to age. The good old man groaned in spirit, day by day and hour by hour; but at last he got able to sit up, and tried to work a little at his tasks.

"Oh, Gerta, if only thou couldst find me some light work, how well I could do it!"

"So I can, grandpère. I will get work from a princess; only let me tie up my hair with a new ribbon and put the great handkerchief over my shoulders, then they'll think me a woman, and I'll tell such a nice story about you that everybody I speak to will send you work. Will you try that?"

"If only I knew thou wouldst not beg."

"Is there a beggar's look in my eye, and do I walk like a beggar? No, I'll hold my head like a queen, and I'll not even ask for work; but I'll get it."

And so Gerta went forth with her handkerchief folded over her shoulders, giving to her young, sweet face a look of peculiar womanly beauty. Her first efforts chilled her zeal a little, for no one wanted shoes mended. But she was determined not to be baffled in her efforts, so she went from house to house, wondering why she saw only common servants and no fine ladies.

At last she saw entering a carriage a woman so beautiful and stately that she thought her a queen, and hardly dared approach her; but there was on her face a smile so kindly and full of the goodness of the summer-time, that she ventured a few steps nearer. The lady saw her and thought she wanted shoes, and said gently:

"Come here, little one, you shall have what you want, for so dear a face can only entreat for what it needs."

Gerta dropped a courtesy, and approaching nearer said:

"Please, my lady, will you give me some shoes to be mended? My grandfather will do them as if they were his own, and with never a stitch to be seen. Oh he's a famous hand at his work."

"Shoes to mend? why, my little one, don't you know we have no need to mend, but can give away our worn shoes? Shall I give you a pair?"

"Oh no. I only want work; please don't give me anything. I told grandpère I would never beg."

"Stop a minute," said the lady; "now I think of a pair of slippers that could never be replaced, and if your grandfather can mend them, I'll pay him double what they are worth. They were bought for me by one who'll never buy anything more. I'll run and get them. No, you come with me; I want to ask you something."

So Gerta followed the lady into an elegant mansion, such as her little feet had never entered, and she saw sights of loveliness that she had only dreamed belonged to heaven, when she looked through the clouds of sunset to the golden light far over the hills. There were pictures and statues and vases of flowers, and singing birds.

Gerta stepped softly, as if she was indeed in heaven, looking about with a glad smile, and with her little hands clasped before her. She entered the private room of the lady, and stood, while she made a little package of the slippers, that Gerta could see were embroidered in gold on a velvet ground. The lady then pressed Gerta to take

something for her comfort or use. She showed her tempting things; a little shawl, a piece of gingham for a dress, but Gerta would take nothing. She said simply:

"Why, grandpère wants only work."

"Well, then go, but go directly home, for if anything should happen to this little package, it would be worse for me than to lose all that is in this room."

Gerta hurried out, and ran home without pausing a moment. With breathless haste she found her grandfather, and gave him a history of all that had happened. He looked with glad surprise on his beloved child, and thanked God for this wonderful luck. He wrapped the slippers in their cover again, and put them in a safe place until the next day, that the sun might be bright and clear and his slight return when he began so important a work.

The next morning while Gerta yet slept, he roused himself to begin his work. He had scarcely examined the delicately embroidered slippers, and now unfolded them with the greatest care, and began to fit a last to them. But something resisted his hand as he pushed it on. He put his hand into the slipper, and found in it a little leather case. He opened it, and it contained four large diamonds.

Now Pierre, the cobbler, had once known intimately a lapidary, and had become familiar with all kinds of precious stones. He immediately recognized the great value of these. His eyes gleamed with delight, in response to the flashes of light that shot forth from the exquisitely cut stones. Pierre was a good man, but he had never had any great temptation. He felt now the full delight of holding something so valuable, and this delight soon began to take the nature of a real sense of pleasure in possession. The stones seemed fairly to grow to his hand, they seemed to belong to him.

Was it not, after all, he reasoned, intended by some good power that he should in this mysterious way get possession of that which would make him forever a rich man? No more labor, thought he, no more want, and my Gerta forever free to do as she wishes. Then he began to dream of a snug little home in the country, of a little garden such as his father had, and everywhere Gerta was like the queen, reigning over all his pleasures.

After all, it was Gerta he wished to bless, he said; as for himself, poor old man, he could do with very little. It must have been a Providence that had heard his prayers, and had thus answered them.

But Gerta suddenly entered, shaking the sleep from her eyes, as she shook into place her gleaming hair.

"Ah, grandpère, you have cheated me," she said. "I slept so long, and I was all the time longing for a peep at those slippers."

"Never mind the slippers, pet, but run and get me some breakfast; my hand is unsteady even now." And he hid the leather case in his waistcoat pocket. Gerta soon had his porridge and bread ready and began her busy chat, but the old man listened her so sharply, that she wondered what had so suddenly come over him. When he had finished his meal, he said:

"Now go out and see if you cannot get another job for me. You are a fairy, and have wonderful power; but hurry, you may miss a chance."

Gerta was surprised at her grandfather's mood, but she left him and went out to wonder if other kindly faces like the lady's she had met were to be seen in every stately house.

When Pierre was left alone again he opened the case and held the precious stones to satisfy himself that they were really there. His eyes were more and more excited as he added up their value and thought of all that was his by the possession of them. Did he never think of returning them? Did he never say they were not his? Oh yes; but he tried to reason away all such thoughts, and to convince himself that they could not possibly belong to any one but himself.

"How do I know," he repeated over and over; "how do I know to whom these belong? I never took them; they came to me; they were forced into my possession; should I not be a fool to let them go?"

When Gerta returned she was surprised that the slippers were not mended, but she was delighted to see her grandfather so well. For many a day he had not seemed so strong, yet he was so full of life, wishing all the time to get her out of the way, that she did not much enjoy his changed condition. The truth was, Gerta was a continued reproach to the old man. Her artless questions, her simple, truthful pictures of all she had seen, drew him from the ambitious thoughts that were burning within him; nothing but solitude seemed to serve him now, and the time spent alone was devoted to gazing at his treasures.

At last the slippers were mended, and Gerta carried them to the lady. She had longed for the day, and had taken particular delight in arranging her hair and making herself as trim and neat as possible. She was ordered by the servant to go as before to the lady's room. Here she met the same sweet smile, the same kindly manner, and again she dreamed she was in heaven. She lost her timidity, and talked freely of herself, telling in her sweet, artless way, many pleasing things of her life with her grandfather. The lady seemed to have perfect trust in her, and left her alone in the room.

A few days after this Gerta went out for her grandfather, as he had urged her, and she did not return. Nightfall had come, and the little room was desolate without her. Fearful apprehensions seized Pierre's mind. He felt not the security of a mind at peace. All night long he turned upon his pillow, wondering about the dear child, and if harm could really have come to her. He could not but associate her absence with the leather case that he had thought so valuable.

The next morning he could see nothing but gleaming diamond eyes staring at him, and could hear nothing but "thou shalt not steal." He hid the case of jewels before it was fairly light. In an hour officers filled the room and the case was found. It had been missed, and Gerta was suspected and was imprisoned.

The terror of her situation in the darkness and alone, the thought of her grandfather, the injustice of her accusers, all came upon her like a tornado. It was too much for her; she bent her head to the ground, her brain reeled, and she knew nothing more. Gerta was a maiden.

Old Pierre seemed stunned by what befel him, but he roused his courage and went to the owner of the slippers and told the whole story; but no one believed him, and all said, "It is the child that he wishes to screen." He went home, laid down on his bed, and in a week died.

After all this was over the lady one day remembered that she had herself put away the case for safety, and that all the old man's story was true. She took Gerta home and cared for her with all the tenderness that a mother would care for a child, and gradually she recovered, but it was years before her mind was wholly restored.

Now all this sad history has but one moral: that which does not really belong to us can do us no good. It may bring a temporary pleasure, but in the end it brings trouble.

"Come," said Reuben, "let us hurry up to Mr. Brown's with the trowel. I expect it is his; in fact, I have no doubt but it is."

"So let us," said Susy; "I had been thinking where we could hide our treasure; that's a sure sign there was something wrong about it."

"That's true, little one; nothing needs to be concealed that is right."

"Only think," said Mary, "we came near being thieves!"

"A miss is as good as a mile," said Reuben; "thanks to Uncle Oliver, we are all right yet."

good. It may bring a temporary pleasure, but in the end it brings trouble.

"Come," said Reuben, "let us hurry up to Mr. Brown's with the trowel. I expect it is his; in fact, I have no doubt but it is."

"So let us," said Susy; "I had been thinking where we could hide our treasure; that's a sure sign there was something wrong about it."

"That's true, little one; nothing needs to be concealed that is right."

"Only think," said Mary, "we came near being thieves!"

"A miss is as good as a mile," said Reuben; "thanks to Uncle Oliver, we are all right yet."

Washington Irving's Ideas of Spirits and a Spiritual Theory.

As the following very interesting remarks were written by that great and good American, whom all delight to honor, long before the advent of modern Spiritualism, it may be well to place them before our readers, to let them see how one of America's brightest literary stars expressed himself on this subject. He says:

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village, and the moon rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick coming fancies" concerning those spiritual beings which

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Are there indeed such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradation between the human soul and divine perfection that we see prevailing from humanity downward to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine, inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of the welfare of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Nothing," says St. Jerome, "gives us a greater idea of the dignity of our soul, than the fact that God has given each of us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to have care of it."

Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been debased by the absurd suppositions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime. However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion; its prevalence in all ages and countries, and even among newly discovered nations, and the numerous interchanges of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and almost instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be perfectly eradicated, as it is concerning a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Everything connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty."

We are fearfully and wonderfully made; we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. Who has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul, its connection with the body, or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist; but whence it came, and whence it entered us, and how it is retained, and when it is sent, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation and contradictory theories. If then we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its powers and operations when released from its earthly prison house? It is more the manner, therefore, in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Take it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloss and human associations which it has been surrounded, and none of the whole circle of visionary creeds could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly soothe the heart, than the doctrine of a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of our mortal separation.

What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare? That affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours? That beauty and innocence which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those best dreams wherein we dream of happy hours of past endearment? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect even in our secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honored were invisible witnesses of all our actions. It would take away, too, from that loneliness and desolation which we feel at the hour of death, and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, nor revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

There are departed beings whom I have loved as I never again shall love in this world; who have loved me as I never again shall be loved! If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at the close of the day, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight. In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world; they would be incompatible with the nature of this imperfect state of being.

We are here placed in a mere scene of spiritual thralldom and restraint. Our souls are shut in and limited by bounds and barriers; shackled by mortal infirmities, and subject to all the gross impediments of matter. In vain would they seek to act independently of the body, and to mingle together in spiritual intercourse. They can only act here through their earthly organs; their earthly loves are made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship—of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist? We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few moments, and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other. Or granting that we dwell together for the full season of our mortal life, the grave soon loses its gates between us, and then our spirits are doomed to remain in separation and widowhood, until we meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul will dwell with soul in blissful communion, and there will be neither death, nor absence, nor anything else to interrupt our felicity.

With this noble example before us, any man may esteem it an honor to be a consistent believer in Spiritualism.

"True, this was the state of the case when the great and true-hearted author penned his views on the subject. But since then, the facts, truths and teachings of Spiritism have been given to the world, and good spirits have again and again declared that they have now come expressly to remove 'the vague doubt' and 'perfectly eradicate it,' and further, to show to mankind that it is 'a matter that does admit of positive demonstration.'"

There is a young Prussian violinist who executes difficult compositions without arms, of which members the artist is utterly deprived by nature. He places his violin on a stool before him, and presses his bow between the toes of his left foot, and presses the strings with the toes of his right. He has given several concerts at Berlin and Leipzig, and is soon to perform in Paris.

"A wet May," says an old saw, "makes plenty of hay," which is some slight consolation.

Letter from Manchester, England.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Having become acquainted with you, through your very valuable and interesting paper, I thought I should like to make the acquaintance of your readers, and tell them what we are doing in England for the cause of spiritual progress. You know John Bull is very slow to move. We are thoroughly conservative, and cling to old customs, old habits and Old Theology, most tenaciously. But there has ever been a band of radical reformers—whose ranks, I am happy to say, are fast increasing—who have bid defiance to the old heresies, and entered the contest in behalf of the principles of truth.

Spiritualism has made but slow progress here. Very few, comparatively, believe in it. Just now, as your readers will be aware, a most remarkable trial has agitated the public mind—that of our brother, D. D. Home. Spiritualism by this means has been brought to the foreground. In Manchester, where we are thorough go-to-heads, some nine months ago we formed an "Association of Progressive Spiritualists," and we have been the means of opening the eyes of a few skeptics, adding to our ranks daily.

About six weeks ago the spirit of a dear friend of mine, Washington Wilks, impressed me to give a lecture on the great spiritual truths, at Hyde, (a little town about eight miles from Manchester). I arranged accordingly for a meeting. It was the first time Spiritualism had been imparted there. A few thoughtful men came and discussed with me. I went in a few Sundays after to give a second lecture, and the enthusiasm was great, about two hundred persons being present. Several circles were formed, and at one of the meetings led to the discovery of a missing man. The excitement became intense, and on Sunday, May 10, when I went over for the third meeting, the room was densely crowded, and two or three hundred could not obtain admission. It was clearly the largest meeting on Spiritualism ever held in England. The spirit of inquiry has been set on foot here, and the good spirits are at work, healing the sick and giving loving messages and consolation to the mourners. A few of us in England are developing the "double" very rapidly—being able to converse audibly when many miles apart. This, to me, is an interesting development.

I wish we had some of the fire and earnestness of our American brothers, so that we might boldly go out and meet the prejudice and objections which are ever brought against our great truths. I long to meet my brothers across the Atlantic, and I hope ere long to be able to shake hands with the warm-hearted pioneers of the Harmonical Philosophy. I intend visiting America some day to make your acquaintance. If you can find a corner for a letter occasionally, I shall be glad to send one, and let the brethren know how we are progressing here.

We are just starting a new penny spiritual monthly, to be entitled "Daybreak." Will send you a copy when ready.

Hoping I have not trespassed too much on your truly valuable space, believe me,
Yours in the bond of truth,

JOHN F. MORGAN.

Manchester, England, May 17, 1868.

*See the account on our third page.—ED. BANNER.

Physical Manifestations.

DEAR BANNER—Last evening I had the pleasure of attending one of Mr. C. H. Read's séances, 45 Carver street. Of the many physical manifestations he has witnessed, I do not hesitate to say that those that were seen last evening were quite as extraordinary and most satisfactory of any of them all. As far as at least as the proceedings of that evening were concerned, the truthfulness and perfect honesty of the medium were transparent, and the genuineness of the phenomena placed beyond a doubt, especially that of the removal of the medium's coat. This was done in several instances under the best of test conditions, and in one where a skeptical gentleman present refused to be fully convinced until he was permitted to take the collar of that garment, whilst on the medium, and in the light, firmly in his hand; but no sooner was the light extinguished than the coat fell upon the floor; and on the lamp being relit, the gentleman, to his surprise, found his hand still firmly clutched in vacancy—the collar having unconsciously escaped from his grasp. He said he was convinced.

Those whose spiritual development is not sufficient to enable them to receive spiritual truths without the aid of material or physical evidence, should attend one of Mr. Read's séances.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Boston, June 9th, 1868.

Professor Denton in Buffalo.

Prof. William Denton has just finished a course of lectures on Geology, before an audience composed of some of the best minds in this city; and it is the unanimous expression of his hearers that for thrilling interest and instructive matter, they excel any lectures ever given in this place. It was with extreme reluctance we bade farewell to one who—with his scholarly attainments and purity of private life—combines so many of the genial qualities of the true gentleman. If the Spiritualists of this country could only realize how necessary a knowledge of the various sciences is to give solidity and grandeur to the great temple they are striving to build, they would keep such speakers as Mr. Denton continually in the field, cost what it might.

S. H. WORTHMAN.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 5, 1868.

UNIVERSALISM, Old and New.—The Rev. Miss Olympia Brown, the Universalist minister at Weymouth (Mass.) was one of the speakers at the meeting of the Free Religionists, referred to in another column. It seems odd to see women in the preaching business; but it is one of their "rights," no doubt, if they are fit to exercise it, yet we are sorry that any of them are loud in their "rights" and "freedom" as a "free" people. Miss Brown is a woman of intelligence, but not so pleasing an orator as her sister, the Unitarian minister, Miss Lizzie Foster, the Spiritualist, who was also a speaker at the above meeting, and spoke very well indeed. She is one of the few women speakers of the day who appear to good advantage on the platform.

Senator Martin H. Doree, of Wisconsin, by whose exertions the gibbet has been abolished in several of the Northwestern States, intends next winter to enter upon an anti-hanging campaign in New York and New Jersey, in furtherance of the cause to which he has devoted his life. We trust he will find many and powerful helpers, and that his efforts may be crowned with success.

The late Samuel Gorgas, of Philadelphia, bequeathed a farm worth \$50,000, and \$50,000 in cash, to found an asylum for indigent women.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENGLAND.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, 1ST STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH, CHARLES H. CROWELL.

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

All letters and communications forwarded to this Office for publication must, in order to receive attention, be addressed to Luther Colby.

Free Discussion at the West.

We have read complaints of a want of liberality in the matter of free speech, in certain parts of the West, that argue but poorly for the practical working of that large spirit of liberty and toleration which stamped itself on the local institutions of that section. An Iowa paper before us makes the charge distinctly, that those who, in this spirit of charity and liberty, had donated handsomely to the erection of churches, now find the doors of the same closed to them when they would listen to a speaker whose views were opposed to the individual occupying the pulpit. Which is as much as to say, that after the priests had once succeeded in getting hold of possession, they had resolved to act on the well-known maxim of the law that "possession is nine points in the ten," and to defy the approach of any and all outsiders in opinion, even though they contributed generously to the erection of the house the priests afterwards occupy.

There is much in such treacherous conduct to excite honest indignation, yet it is a question if the mere expression of the same is likely to lead to any good result, or at least to any practical one. We must perforce take the world as we find it. Men are just what they are; and so long as unworthy ones are ready to scheme and plot for a temporary advantage, it does not become us to halt on our way to quarrel with them, but we shall find it far better to leave them to the enjoyment of their imaginary triumphs, and leave them far behind, too, by reason of our own steady progress. We should be fatally at fault if we gauged our conduct by that which we know and declare to be mean and unworthy; and if we refuse to do that, then, too, we are summoned with equal reason to refuse to stop and fight a spirit which draws its very life from being opposed. Keep scattering the good seed, rather, and leave these partisans to their own devices. When the harvest is at last bending to the reapers it will be a poor satisfaction indeed for them that they are disqualified for going into the field, and that the world will move forward without their influence or company. This is a better result than can be attained by fighting them, for it is a clean and unqualified victory.

If the ecclesiastical establishments would not undertake to assume so much authority and so many airs, there is no doubt they would be treated with much greater respect by dissenters of every sort. But as they show little or no tolerance for others, but on the contrary set themselves up with all the importance of rulers and governors, to whom the dissenters only provoke the opposition of others, incur their prejudice, and excite their passions, and the result is anything but what people could desire whose purpose it is to become more religious, being the excitation of feelings and sentiments just the reverse of those which are the natural fruit of religious aspirations. If the churches at the West are going seriously to enter on this hateful career of censorial life, thundering their anathemas against all who dare to disagree with their dogmas, then there will as surely come a warfare with them some day which will end in their overthrow as there is intelligence and freedom enough left among the people of the broad West to challenge the combat. For this is no age for the imposition of yokes, whether by pulpit or convention. The human mind is struggling for freedom in every direction—not for more bonds. It will not be long before these same intolerant pulpits will find themselves permanently out of repair and their occupants out of a salary.

Parker and Willis.

The Radical for June, in its table of Book Notices, takes Mr. Willis to task for not apparently fulfilling all the intellectual conditions of Theodore Parker's well-known earth-life in the single inspirational narrative which the former has given of Mr. Parker's spirit-life. There is no special criticism in the notice, whether the work of Mr. Willis or Mr. Wasson. The burden of the story is, to make out that Mr. Parker did not, and would not, communicate concerning his condition in spirit-life through a medium which the writer, implicitly at least, regards as insufficient for such a work. Mr. Parker was neither afraid nor ashamed to offer of his personal friendship and sympathy to Mr. Willis, when in the form, after the latter had been driven from the Divinity School of Harvard College because he would not disavow the spiritual phenomena; should he be loath now to come to the friend whom he then went to rescue and comfort, and to speak to him and through him words of similar import to those which he was wont to use? The trouble in this matter is here: the biographer of Theodore Parker wants him all to himself, and would have the world think he would communicate through no other channel. He neither relishes the matter nor manner of the narrative, but prefers to disbelieve everything, with a patronizing sneer.

It is amusing to note the conceit of some men. If not themselves gods, they would be thought to carry the keys of the room in which the gods are kept. Mr. Willis, or Wasson, is in mortal fear lest Parker shall not get his own through this simple representation of Willis. In his fear we detect a good deal of the old Unitarian aristocratic hatred which cherishes such intolerance for those who are not willing to become its creatures. He cannot bear to believe that Parker loves flowers and vines, bowers and cool cottages, smiling gardens and happy children, in the spirit-sphere, instead of knocking down opponents with his double-barreled arguments, and denouncing and defying all those forms of evil against which, in this life, his soul was so deeply stirred. He is simply willing that Mr. Willis shall cherish a proper feeling of gratitude and veneration for Mr. Parker, in requital for the friendship which the latter offered him when in trouble and persecuted; but as for Mr. Parker's presuming to speak to the world through such a medium, who, of all others, is the very one for him to lay hold of, he much prefers to be happy in his naked disbelief of the probability of any such thing. Were religion to rely on such cold allies as this critic, it would penetrate but few human hearts.

Another Alleged Swindle in the Sale of Indian Lands.

Here is another specimen of the way "justice" is done the Indian. If he presumes to denounce a war of extermination is waged, to defend such swindlers against the "ingratitude" of the red man. The New York papers of the 8th inst., publish a telegram which states "that in Washington, last Wednesday, the Commission appointed to sell the reservation of the Osage nation, with the Indian Commissioner Taylor at their head, by fair promises, some intimidation and a few presents, induced the Osages to sell eight million acres of land to Mr. Sturgis, of the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad, for \$1,600,000, being exactly twenty cents an acre, payable in fifteen years. This is the greatest job ever put through, and only awaits the action of the Senate and of the President of the United States to become valid. The lands are the best in Kansas, and are worth at least \$15,000,000. There were other and better bidders, but Mr. Taylor and his commission paid no attention to them. Gen. C. A. Blair, of Fort Scott, bid \$2,000,000, with the guarantee of a reservation for half-breeds and school lands, of which no mention whatever is made in the Sturgis treaty." Comment on such a transaction is hardly necessary.

The Senate last week ratified a new treaty relative to the so-called Cherokee neutral lands. A compromise between the two parties to whom the lands had been sold by the different Secretaries of the Interior Department is effected. By the terms of the treaty the Indians receive about a million dollars, and the rights of the old settlers are protected. We hope the Government will protect the Indians also in their rights.

The "ring" of land-sharks, supply speculators, Indian hunters and camp followers at the far West have renewed their shouting this season, calling out "Indian depredations!" "driving off settlers!" "destruction of the white settlements!" and all the old stock phrases which have formerly stirred up war between the Government and the tribes of the Plains. This "ring" is growing hungry for more of its accustomed provender. It has so long lived and thrived off of these luscious assaults on the Indians, that it has come to regard the red man as their main resource—their chief stock in trade. Their shouts of bloody murder and scalpings last year were proven, in the fall, to have been false and hollow, and so they will be shown to be now. There are stories of the Cheyennes having left Kansas reservation, and moved on Lyon Creek, where they are destroying everything as they go; also that "five hundred wild Indians" (tribe not mentioned) were on Diamond Creek, driving off stock and committing other "depredations." We shall wait for confirmation of these stories. A word from the Peace Commissioners is worth a whole month's howling from these land-sharks in the shape of grasping white men.

Matters Needing Legislation.

The Superintendents of Insane Asylums, at their recent Convention in this city, had a long discussion on the question of a general law in regard to the commitment of insane persons to asylums. There was a wide difference of opinion in regard to requiring a judicial investigation, but a proposed law was finally adopted, the most important section of which provides that insane persons may be placed in a hospital by their legal guardians or by their relatives and friends, but never without the certificate of one or more responsible physicians, who must also be acknowledged before a magistrate, who shall certify to the genuineness of the signature of the physician. It is high time the existing abuses in regard to insane, or those pronounced so by mercenary interested parties, received the attention of the lawmakers in every State.

The Massachusetts Medical Society also held a session in this city last week. Among other matters discussed was the treatment of children. The committee on the infant mortality in hospitals reported that its excessive rate was due to inefficient management, especially in food. At Tewksbury they were fed only on skimmed milk, and that is a general rule. Perhaps our wise legislators may not consider this subject too juvenile to command their serious attention. These evils are easily remedied when there's a will.

A New Poem—"The Three Voices."

Mr. Warren S. Barlow is about to bring out a new Poem, of which he is the author, entitled "THE THREE VOICES"—divided into three parts, and showing up the right and inconsistent features of Orthodoxy at a telling rate. This new and striking production comprises the Voice of Superstition, the Voice of Nature, and the Voice of a People. The first Voice is much the longest, and is designed to illustrate the real character of the pretended conflict between God and Satan, in which the latter is represented to have come off victorious. The versification is pleasing, and as smooth and flowing as the polemical character of the Poem would reasonably allow. There is a burden of real, weighty meaning to the verse, and those to whom portions of it have been read from the manuscripts, have testified their extreme pleasure by at once ordering from one to five copies each. We expect that this Poem will create a positive stir in the world of thought and faith, if it does not make a profound sensation. It is cordially endorsed by A. J. Davis and the well-known poet William H. Burleigh, who, with whatever of candid criticism has been spoken of this production, has not hesitated to pronounce it a remarkable affair. We shall publish "The Three Voices," and have it for sale at our Boston and New York offices in a few days, and shall be prepared to fill orders to any number.

Tree Planting.

Much is said about planting trees on the Western prairies, to break the force of the winds, to provide more regular and abundant supplies of moisture, and to furnish that amount of wood from whose lack the country is likely to suffer, unless some artificial arrangement like this be carried out. The better to secure the benefits proposed, it is suggested that the work be performed by large tree-planting associations. The whole country is being rapidly denuded of its forests. Unless some counter provision is soon adopted we shall be without timber. No country can long go on as we have gone, and not come to the end of the chapter. That means a catastrophe; for we must needs raise our building materials, in a country so extended as this, or we are at the mercy of other nations that can at any time take advantage of our condition.

Picnic in New Hampshire.

The Spiritualists of Cheshire County will hold a picnic at Chesterfield Pond, June 24th. We hear that Dr. S. D. Pace, of Fort Harn, Mich., the well-known lecturer, healer and clairvoyant, will be present, besides other good speakers. A pleasant time may be expected. Should the weather be unfavorable on the 24th, the picnic will be postponed to the next fair day.

The Talmud.

Rev. Dr. I. S. Nathans read another lecture, on the evening of June 9th, at the Warren-street Chapel. He touched upon the gospels in the Talmud. Some of the Talmudical writers were contemporaries with Jesus. The Christian gospels, especially those parts which treat of the Messiah, may be called a tract from the Talmud.

Allusion was made to a story of Jesus, recently published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that he was of rare beauty and with wonderful eloquence, and worked miracles. This he did by using the omnific name of Jehovah, which he obtained by entering into the Holy of Holies in Jerusalem. But while asleep it was taken from him, and then he fell a prey to his enemies. This legend, though supposed to be, Dr. Nathans declared was not in the Talmud, but was taken from another Hebrew work.

In the temple were apartments appropriated to the different offices of the Mosiac law. There was the great hall, where the Sanhedrim or senatorial body held its sessions. Another apartment for the convenience of scribes or scribes, and those who needed their services in the drafting of deeds, contracts, and copies of the sacred writings. And another part was used as muniment rooms for the safe custody and preservation of manuscripts. The approach or grand entrance way, was called the gate of the temple. Into the temple no youth was permitted to enter until he had passed the age of thirteen years.

A story from the Talmud was read, narrating that as certain Rabbis were sitting in the gate, a lad passed by. "Here comes one," said Rabbi Eliezer, "not born in wedlock," alluding to a current rumor that Jesus was not the son of Joseph. "How are we to understand that word?" said another Rabbi. Then they referred to and canvassed various texts, to sustain their different interpretations. From this Talmudical legend arose the New Testament story that Jesus was found in the temple in the midst of the doctors; both hearing them and asking them questions. As Jesus was, at the time of the alleged incident, only twelve years old, he would not have been permitted to enter the temple, and Dr. Nathans thought the New Testament writer had misapprehended and erroneously related the matter. The phrase Son of God, really means Son of Strength. Synagogues were teaching-houses. The dogmas of the resurrection and of immortality were taught in the Talmud. Hillel taught that the earthly life is but the entrance to another life, as a hall is the entrance to a house. Another Talmudist says, the righteous are constantly perfecting and developing themselves. To them there is no rest, no death; they go on from host to host. The Talmud was canonized in the second century of the Christian Era; that is, it was then declared and written down that the Talmud was closed.

Dr. Nathans expressed his desire and purpose, if he should receive the necessary assistance, to prepare a narrative of the life of Jesus, to be taken from the Talmudical writings. He referred to Renan's remark, that as Christian theology and Jewish theology really follow two parallel paths, the history of either cannot be well understood without the history of the other. Numberless material details of the gospels find their commentary in the Talmud.

It was announced that the lectures would be suspended during the summer. A. E. G.

Spiritualism in England.

We are permitted to print an extract from a private letter addressed to Rev. F. R. Young of London, England, recently received by us, and nominally a Unitarian clergyman, with the culture peculiar to the denomination, he is free, bound by no chains, and in deep sympathy with the spiritual movement. We are all highly pleased with him:

"On Monday evening we had our private circle, ordered by the spirits, consisting of seven persons. The wonders we had were most wonderful. The spirits presented themselves in form to those who could see. Though I saw but dimly, I felt their presence. Our big table was lifted up, turned right over, and gently put on my head. [Mr. Young says it is a very heavy circular table.] Mr. B. went into a trance and was taken up into heaven; but what he saw he says it is impossible for mortal to describe.

On the following evening we had another sitting, with the same phenomena, and very nice talking, too. When Mr. B.'s spirit is taken away, the feeling and the appearance are very much like death. Last night we had a sitting in Brunel street, and Mr. B. instead of going into the spirit-world, was taken back twenty years to the potteries, where you and Uncle Ben appeared to be; and in this state he related some of the pranks you were playing. Then he sung a song in a stentorian voice and repeated much of Shakespeare's poetry. It was very interesting. This spirit has promised to entrance me in a fortnight, and take me to where she is. Won't that be glorious?"

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. J. F. Coles, trance speaker, 737 Broadway, N. Y., will start on a lecturing tour West the last of June. She would like to make engagements to speak on the route to St. Louis.

Mrs. S. Helen Matthews, the well-known lecturer, who, on account of ill-health, has not been very actively engaged in the lecturing field for the past year, has so far recuperated as to be able to enter again upon active duty. She will answer calls to lecture or attend funerals, and will also give psychometrical readings of character. Her address is Quincy, Mass., care of Dr. Roundy.

C. B. Lynn, the lecturer, may be addressed at East Mansfield, Mass., till further notice.

H. L. Clark speaks in Thompson, Ohio, the first Sunday, in Leroy the second, and Wiloughby the third Sunday of each month.

The Picnic on Thursday.

June 18th is the day selected by Dr. Gardner for his first grand Union Picnic of the season, to take place at that favorite picnic ground, Island Grove, Abington. If the weather is favorable thousands will gather there to partake of the festivities of such an occasion. All are sure of having a good time in this beautiful grove, where they can breathe the fresh and invigorating air, sheltered from the rays of the sun by the tall pines, whose branches spread out with an especial regard for the comfort of their guests. Good speakers will be there to provide the mental feast of the day. Let no one miss being counted among the happy throng.

The Lyceum Banner.

This excellent monthly for children is improving by age, and gaining a strong foothold with the young folks. It should be introduced into every Lyceum in the land. It is edited with ability, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and published at Chicago, Ill.

One of the nearest, most central and airy dining-saloons for ladies and gentlemen in Boston, is that of the Messrs. Presko, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue. Meals served at all hours of the day, Sunday not excepted.

Receiving the Embassy.

The formal reception of the Chinese Embassy by the House of Representatives—the body which stands politically for the whole people of the United States—was so unprecedented and interesting a public ceremony, that we make it a matter of record here by giving it as reported in the proceedings of Congress. The Occident and the Orient meet and join hands. The mystic chain of brotherhood has been bound about all the nations of the earth. It is, as Mr. Burlingame remarked in his response, a "mighty revolution," for it opens the new era of universal intercourse and a common brotherhood. Here are the proceedings:

Soon after the opening of the House, June 9th, and while the Clerk was reading the Journal, the Chinese Embassy were announced. The House received the visitors standing, and they entered with the Reception Committee, Messrs. Schenck, Banks and Brooks.

Mr. Schenck, after the Embassy had reached the front of the Speaker, said:
"Mr. Speaker—The Committee charged by your appointment with that duty, have the honor to present to the House of Representatives His Excellency Anson Burlingame, and their Excellencies, his Assistants of the Chinese Embassy."

The Speaker, rising, pronounced his speech of welcome in the following words:

"Your Excellency—The House of Representatives intermits its ordinary labors to-day to receive in this Hall the Embassy which the oldest nation of the world has commissioned to America and Europe, and in the name of the people of the United States we bid you welcome. Spanning a continent in our area, from the Bay of Fundy to the granite portals of the Golden State, we turn our faces from the fatherland of Europe to clasp hands in closer relations than ever before with those who come to us from that continent, which was the birth-place of mankind. No man can at least our pleasure that the Chief of this Embassy, transferred as he was from membership here to diplomatic duties abroad, so won the confidence of his Imperial Majesty to whom he was accredited, that he returned to our midst honored with his distinguished associates as the custodians of the most remarkable trust ever committed by an Emperor to his Envoys."

This Embassy of the Chinese Empire, which has attracted such universal attention, has been hailed throughout our land, not only as marking an onward step in the world's history, but as being of peculiar interest to this Republic, and to our western States fronting the same Pacific sea on which the millions of China have looked ages before our country was born into the family of nations; with our Pacific Railroad rapidly approaching completion, and destined, with the steamers plying from its masts east and west, to become the highway of commerce between Asia and Europe; with our possessions on the Pacific slope nearest of all the great nations to the Empire from which you came, we hail your appearance, at this Capitol, as the augury of closer commercial and international intercourse. We welcome you for you cordially greet wherever you may go on the Thames and the Seine, the Danube and Rhine, the Baltic and the Atlantic—I give you again an earnest and heartfelt welcome."

Mr. Burlingame responded to the Speaker's address of welcome. He said:
"Mr. Speaker—In behalf of my associates and myself, I thank you for this warm and unusual reception. It transcends all personal compliment. It is the greeting of one great people by another. It is the Occident and the Orient for the first time in that electric contact which touches the whole world kin. It is the meeting of two civilizations, which have hitherto revolved in separate spheres. It is a mighty revolution. Let us hope, sir, that it will go on without those convulsions which are too apt to mark great changes in human affairs."

New Publications.

ARTHUR DEAN: or, Maimed Man. The World of Spirits; its location, extent, appearance, the route thither; inhabitants; customs; societies; also sex and its uses there, etc., with much matter peculiar to this Republic, and immortality. By the author of "The Adamant Man." Boston: Printed for the Author.

In this extraordinary work Dr. P. B. Randolph discusses a subject which is so generally and so much misunderstood as to be well known. No one can read a page without confessing the author's powers, although many may question his infallibility, or that of the spirits who make him their instrument. The book is eminently a suggestive one. Dr. Randolph has seen a good deal of life and human nature, and has passed through most of the extraordinary phases of mediumship. We may not always agree with his views, but we must admit the ability with which they are presented, and the glimpses of high seership which he gives us. We commend the book to all investigators; as it contains matter well worthy the attention of the philosopher, the psychologist, and the inquiring Spiritualist. Here is a good specimen of the author's style:

"You cannot see air, gas, or clear glass, yet all these are gross and heavy. You cannot see a man. We are just as intangible before, as after death. We are just as skin, blood, bones, nerves, brain; his qualities and properties all the time, but not himself. Spirit forever eludes physical sight, and under extraordinary conditions, quite exceptional to the rule. We universally speak of my body, because we instinctively know that the body is not a man, nor ever seen another, for the reason that man himself resides in sealed chambers in the brain. The body is his general organ, his nerves the feet and his eyes the windows through which he knows the outer world. It is no argument against immortality that souls are unseeable; for we cannot see the essence of anything whatever; and at best can become only partially acquainted with anything."

The whole argument on immortality is carried out with much originality, freshness, and force of illustration.

Cecil's Book of Beasts. By Selim H. Peabody. Chicago: Clarke & Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This is a handsome illustrated book—the first of a series on natural history—describing the habits of the beasts. It is a young people in particular will follow its pages with unalloyed delight, and it will prove of permanent value to them, as well as to their elders. "Cecil's Book of Beasts" is well known among readers of natural history description. This volume is published in very handsome style, and will command instant patronage.

UNCLE TIMOTHY: or, Our Bible Class. By Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin. Chicago: Clarke & Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

The authors of this Sunday School and Family Tale wrote "Rebecca; or, A Woman's Secret." The title conveys its scope and purpose. It is a book of 350 pages, and published in the attractive style of the entertaining book that announces it.

"FOOT PLANT," the new novel by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, is published in handsome paper, covers, by Ticknor & Fields, and all the idiosyncrasies of the authors are provided for. The illustrations always pertain, and are full of point. This story has been running through every Saturday, in which it attracted marked attention. It is highly dramatic, and its scenes are shifted with great rapidity and skill. He ever sits down to read the first page will read on till he comes to the last.

"WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?" is the title of the address delivered by Thomas Gales Foster at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 27th, 1867, and which is published by William White & Co. It is just what Spiritualists should read and circulate among skeptics. Price 25 cents.

J. Burns, of London, publishes a pamphlet entitled, "Modern Spiritualism: A Lecture, by John F. Morgan, of Manchester, Eng." It duly sets forth the salient points and attractive features of our common faith.

The Petersons publish in cheap but excellent style, for the million, "ST. ROMAN'S WELL," by Scott, and the "WRECK OF THE GOLDEN MARY," by Dickens. Lee & Shepard have both on their counter.

"Deacon Dye" has written "LIVES AND EMINENT PUBLIC SERVICES OF GRANT AND COLFAX," and appended to the same the platform of the Chicago Convention.

We had the pleasure of meeting in our office, a few days ago, our friend, J. H. Atkinson, of San Francisco, Cal., who is making a brief business visit to our city. He has been an earnest worker in our cause on the Pacific coast. He is strong in his faith, and his soul is strengthened by his knowledge of the spiritual philosophy. Success attend him wherever he goes.

Robert Cooper died at Manchester, England, May 31, aged forty-eight. He was well known as a liberal and socialist lecturer. He is the author of several books, such as the "Infidel's Text-Book," "Scriptures Analyzed," etc.

A parrot died recently in Durham, England, at the age of seventy-five years.

learning to come. [How long?] Over three years.

