

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 1.

Literary Department.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF THE VICAR OF WILTSHIRE.

Translated from the German of Zachokke, for the Banner of Light, by Cera Wilburn.

15th of December, 1764.—Received from Rev. Dr. Snart, my patron, my half year's salary, the sum of ten pounds sterling. I had to endure many humiliations, much that was disagreeable, in receiving my hard-earned wages.

I waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-chamber, before I was summoned to the presence of the Rector. That gentleman sat at his ease in a capacious arm chair; the money lay ready counted upon the table. He answered my bow with a majestic nod, as he slightly moved his fine black silk house cap an inch or so upon his head. Indeed, he has much dignity. I cannot approach him without a feeling of awe. I could not look upon the King with a higher degree of reverence.

He did not ask me to sit, although he might have known that I had walked eleven miles, and that in bad weather, that morning; and that waiting an hour and a half in the ante-room was a poor rest for weary legs. He motioned with his hand toward the money.

My heart beat painfully as I endeavored to put into words my long-thought-of petition for an increase of salary. What a pity it is that I cannot overcome my timidity, even in the most innocent, the most just cause! With an anxiety, as if about to perpetrate a crime, I twice essayed to speak, and faltered; memory, words and voice all forsook me; the beaded perspiration stood on my forehead.

"What do you wish with me?" he asked condescendingly.

"I am—everything is so dear—I find it impossible to live—upon so small a salary in these hard times."

"Small salary, sir? what are you thinking about? I can get another Vicar any day for fifteen pounds a year."

"For fifteen pounds! Well, if he is without family he may be able to sustain himself."

"I hope your family has not increased, sir? You have, I believe, only two daughters?"

"Yes, your reverence; but they are growing fast. My Jenny, the eldest, is eighteen; and my youngest, Polly, is almost twelve years old."

"So much the better; cannot the girls work?"

I would have replied, but he gave me no opportunity; he went to the window, and tapping with his fingers on the panes, told me he had "no time to spare to listen."

"Think it over," he said to me, "whether you wish to retain your place at fifteen pounds per annum. If you cannot, I wish you a better Vicarage for a New Year's present."

He made me a polite bow, and again touched his cap. I took the money, and gave him my parting salutation. I was thunderstruck! He never received me so coldly before. Some one must have prejudiced him against me. He did not even invite me to stay to dinner, as he had always done before. I had relied upon the noon-day meal, as I had left Creeklade without eating any breakfast. I went to a baker's shop and bought a loaf of bread, and departed on my journey homeward.

How wretchedly despondent I was upon the road; I went like a child. My tears fell upon the bread I hastily devoured. For shame, Thomas! Shame upon thy doubting heart! Did he not the old and true God live? And what if you had completely lost the place? Now it is only five pounds less. Of course it is one-fourth of the year's salary; scarcely ten pence per day for three persons to be fed and clothed. But what more? He who clothes the lilies in the field, he who nourishes the young ravens, will care for us! We must retrench and leave aside all luxuries.

December 15th.—Yes, I believe Jenny is an angel! Her soul is lovelier even than her person. I am almost ashamed to own myself her father; she is better, wiser, far more pious than I am.

Yesterday I lacked the courage to tell the girls of our misfortune. When I told them to-day, Jenny was serious for a moment, then she smiled and said:

"Are you troubled, father?"

"How can I help it?"

"You can help it; you must not feel so."

"Dear child, we cannot keep out of debt and care. I do not know how we can exist upon so little, and we are in need of so many things! The fifteen pounds scarcely suffice for our necessary provisions; who will give or lend us now?"

Jenny put one arm round my neck, and with her other hand pointed upwards: "The One above!" she replied.

Polly sat down on my knee, and caressing my face said:

"I will tell you something; I dreamed last night it was New Year's, and the King had come to Creeklade. There was pomp and splendor such as I had never seen. The King got off his horse at our door, and came right in. And then we were so busy cooking and baking! But the King had some of his own victuals, brought on dishes of gold and silver. Outside, the trumpets and the kettle drums made noise; and think of it! to the sound of the music was brought to you, on a cushion of satin, a Bishop's hat, made of gold! It looked funny, like the painted things the old Bishops used to wear in the picture books. But you looked very well in it. I had to laugh so I lost my breath, and then Jenny woke me. I was really angry at her. That dream must mean something. And it is only fourteen days to New Year's."

I said to Polly: "Dreams mean nothing; they are idle foam."

She replied:

"Dreams come from God."

I do not believe in anything of the sort; but I have written down the dream, to see whether it was indeed given as a consoling sign from heaven. It is not impossible that I may receive a New Year's gift, and what a God-send it would be to us!

I have spent the whole day making calculations. I do not love to do it; money matters distract my head, and leave my heart empty and yet very heavy.

December 17th.—All my debts but one are paid, thanks be to Providence! In five different places I have paid out seven pounds eleven shillings; there remains two pounds and nine shillings. With that I am to keep house for six months. God help me!

The black pantalons that I saw at tailor Culbay's I must no longer covet, though I do urgently need them. They have been worn some, but are in good order, and the price is cheap; but Jenny needs a gown. I pity the poor child in her thin stuff dress this cold weather. Polly must be content with the one her sister patched and fixed for her out of her old gown.

My interest in the newspaper that I took with me when Westburn, must also be given up. That hurts me badly. Here in Creeklade we can only hear of the doings of the great world through the newspaper. At the last horse-race in Newmarket, the Duke of Cumberland won a wager against the Duke of Grafton of five thousand pounds. It is wonderful how the words of Holy Writ find literal fulfillment. "To him who hath, more shall be given;" and it may well be added: "he who has but little, from him shall be taken." I had to lose five pounds from my poor salary!

Fie, Thomas! grumbling again? and what for? Because you can no longer have a share in the newspaper? Feel ashamed of yourself! You can hear from others whether General Paoli maintains the freedom of Corsica. The French have promised the help of their troops to the Genoese; but Paoli has twenty thousand men, old soldiers.

December 18th.—We poor people are very happy after all! For a mere trifle Jenny has bought herself a brown gown from the peddler woman, Barde; and now she and Polly are busy ripping and re-arranging it, so as to make it as good as new. Jenny can bargain and haggle better than I can, and no one resists her when she pleads so fitfully angelic. Now there is great joy in the house. Jenny will wear her new gown for the first time on New Year's day. Polly makes all kinds of mischievous remarks and prophecies. I am sure the Boy of Algiers was not more delighted with the costly presents of the Venetians—the two diamond rings; the two watches encircled with brilliants; the pistols inlaid with gold; the beautiful carpets and horse-coverings; and the twenty thousand zechins in ready money.

Jenny thinks we must save from our table the price of her gown. We can have no meat till New Year; that is quite right.

Weaver Westburn is a generous man. I announced to him yesterday that I could no longer afford to take my share in the paper. He shook my hand and said:

"I will take the paper myself, and you, sir, can read it with me, just as usual."

One must never despond. There are many good people in the world, and they are more numerous among the poor than amid the rich.

Evening of the same day.—The baker is an unkind man. Although we did not owe him anything, he picked a quarrel with good little Polly, because she spoke to him about the loaf being badly raised and burned. He declared he would give no more bread on credit—we should buy elsewhere; and he thundered so loud the people stopped in the street to listen. I felt grieved for Polly; we had enough to console upon. I cannot imagine how the Creekladers hear all the news. Every one in the village speaks about Rector Snart's appointing another Vicar in my place. That would be the death of me!

Even the butcher must have heard the rumor, or he would not have sent his wife to me with complaints of the hard times, and that in future they would sell their meat only for cash. The woman was polite and kind, and advised us to go to Calswood for our small supplies of meat—the butcher there was well-to-do, and could wait for his pay. I would not tell the good wife how that butcher had treated us a year ago; how he had demanded of us a penny per pound more than the usual price; and when I protested, and his cursing and swearing could not help him, he declared he could not afford to leave money outstanding for a year without demanding interest; and then he showed us the door.

The amount of money in my possession is forty-one shillings, three pence. How will this end, if no one will trust me? And if Rector Snart appoints another Vicar! Then I and my poor children will be thrown into the street. Well, God is in the street too.

December 19th, in the morning.—I awoke early, and reflected long what it was best for me to do under the circumstances. I thought of Mr. Littling, my rich cousin at Cambridge—but the poor have no cousins. If New Year was to bring me the Bishop's hat, as seen in Polly's dream, one half of the inhabitants of England would claim relationship with me.

I have written the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Snart and sent by to-day's post. This is the copy:

"I write with an anxious heart, for every one is saying that you intend to install another Vicar in my place. I do not know, reverend sir, what ground there is for the rumor, or whether it is occasioned by my having told some persons the result of my last conversation with you."

The duties devolving upon me I have endeavored to fulfill with zeal and truthfulness; to preach God's word, pure and unadulterated, and have heard no complaint against me, and my interior judge does not condemn me. I asked most humbly for an increase of my meagre salary.

You, reverend sir, spoke of lessening the sum that scarcely sufficed for the wants of myself and family. May your benevolent heart decide.

I have served sixteen years under your departed predecessor; under you one year and a half. I am fifty years old; my hair begins to turn grey. Without acquaintance or patronage, without the prospect of another situation, without sufficient learning to earn my bread in some other field of labor, my worldly hopes and happiness, and the welfare of my children, depend upon your favor. If you allow us to sink we have no recourse but beggary.

My daughters, with all the economy at my command, cost me more than in their childhood. The eldest, Jenny, is a mother to the younger one, and is my housekeeper. We keep no servant—my daughter is the servant, the cook, the washerwoman, the tailress, even the shoemaker. And I am the carpenter, the plasterer, the chimney-sweeper, the wood-sawyer, the gardener and the water-carrier for my household. God's bountiful mercy has been with us always. None of us have been ill; we could not have paid for medicines. Creeklade is a very small place. My daughters have valiantly offered their services to others, to wash, patch or sew. Very seldom could they obtain work. Here every household performs its own labor. No one is idle.

It would be a difficult matter for me to sustain my family on twenty pounds a year. To try to do so with fifteen, would be the hardest struggle. But I rely upon God and your compassion, and entreat you, reverend sir, to relieve my anxiety of heart."

After I had written the letter, I threw myself upon my knees, while Polly went to the postman, and I prayed most fervently for a fortunate result. I grew calm and happy. Oh, a word to God is ever a word from God. I walked out of my room with a lightened heart.

Jenny sat at the window with her work, looking calm and lovely as an angel. Her face alone as with some interior illumination. A feeble ray of sunlight falling through the window brightened the whole room. I felt as if I was in heaven. I went to my desk and wrote my sermon—"On the Pleasures of Poverty."

I preached as much to myself as for others; and if no other was benefited, I was; and if no one gathered consolation from my words, I did. It is with the minister as with the physician; he understands the power of his medicines, but not always their influence upon the nature of his patients.

The same day at noon.—This morning I received a note from a stranger, who had been stopping over night at the village inn. I was asked to go to him upon pressing business. I went to him, and met a fine-looking young man of about six-and-twenty. He had a handsome face and dignified manners. He wore an old, shabby overcoat, and the mud of yesterday had hardened upon his boots. His round hat, although originally finer than mine, was far more soiled and torn. But, despite of his poor appearance, the young man seemed to be of good family. His linen was fine and exquisitely clean, though it might have just been presented to him by some benevolent hand.

He led me into a room adjoining the public parlor, begged to be excused a thousand times for putting me to so much trouble, and then humbly and sorrowfully acknowledged that he was in great embarrassment; that he knew no one in the place, and that he confided in me as the clergyman of the town. He was a play-actor by profession, just then without an engagement, and desiring to go to Manchester. But his money was gone, and he had not sufficient to pay his lodging, even. In his desperation he turned to me. Twelve shillings would help him out of the difficulty. He would honestly return me the money, as soon as he made another engagement at the theatres. His name was John Fleetman.

It was not necessary for him so minutely to describe his troubles. In the expression of his face I read even more care and anxiety than in his words. But he must have seen something of the same sort in my face, for, looking at me, he cried in alarm:

"Will you leave me helpless?"

I frankly told him my condition; that he demanded of me the fourth part of all I possessed; that my continuation in my present office was uncertain. Suddenly grown cold and reserved, he answered:

"You tell the sum of your misfortunes to an unfortunate. Ask nothing from me. In there no one else in Creeklade, who, not having riches, at least has compassion?"

I looked at the young gentleman with deep pity, and felt ashamed that I had screened myself behind my circumstances, so as to have an excuse for being heartless. I thought of all my acquaintances in the village, but I could not name one. Perhaps I knew too little of their hearts. I put my hand on his shoulder and said:

"Mr. Fleetman, I am sorry for you! Please have patience a little while longer. You know how poor I am; but I will help you if I can. In an hour I will give you an answer."

I went home, and thought to myself upon the way: "How strange he should come to me first; a play-actor to a clergyman! There must be something in my nature that magnetically attracts the unfortunate and the needy. Whoever is in trouble comes to me, who have the least to give. If I am at table with strangers, and one of them has a dog, the animal will look eagerly at the morsels I put in my mouth, and with the utmost confidence will put his head with the wet, cold muzzle on my knee."

At home I told the children about the stranger and his request. I wanted to have Jenny's counsel. She said pityingly:

"I know what you think, father, so I have nothing more to say."

"What am I thinking of?"

"You think I will be toward the poor play-actor as I pray that God and Dr. Snart may be to me."

I had not thought so, but wished I had. I counted out the twelve shillings and gave them to Jenny to take to the traveler. I do not like to listen to thanks; they humiliate me. Ingratitude elevates me. And then I had my sermon to finish.

The same day—Evening.—The play-actor must indeed be a good man. When Jenny returned from the inn she had a great deal to tell about him. The inn-keeper's wife had blabbed much about the guest coming with an empty phrase, and Jenny could not deny that I sent him some money. Then the child had to listen to a long lecture on the thoughtlessness of the giver who gave having nothing for himself; on the danger of assisting adventurers when one could not clothe one's own children; the shirt was nearer than the coat; eating for one's self made fat, &c., &c.

I was again engaged on my sermon when Mr. Fleetman entered. He could not leave Creeklade, he said, without thanking his benefactor. Jenny was occupied in laying the table-cloth. We had turnips and eggs for dinner. I invited Fleetman to share our humble meal. He did not refuse; he had probably not eaten a very hearty breakfast at the inn. I sent Polly for some ale; we had not indulged so luxuriantly for a long time.

The traveler seemed to like it with us; the lines of care and anxiety vanished from his face, but he retained that peculiar shyness that is the mark of unfortunate persons. He thought us very happy, and we assured him we were; he deemed us richer than I assumed to be, and there he was mistaken. The good young man was dazzled by the cleanliness and order of our simple rooms, the clearness of the windows, the whiteness of the curtains and the floor, the polish of our chairs and tables, the symmetry of our common dishes. In the butts of the poor there is generally filth and disorder, because the inmates know not of economy or order. But cleanliness and order are the best economies; this I preached continually. Jenny is a model housekeeper. She almost surpasses her dear departed mother, and she is training Polly well; not a fly-speck can escape her searching eye.

Our guest felt quite at home with us; but he spoke less of himself than of us. He bears some trouble on his heart; I trust it is not upon his conscience, also. I observed that he would suddenly break off in conversation and become gloomy; then he would make an effort and be cheerful again. May God console him!

Before he left us I gave him some wholesome and fatherly advice, for I know that play-actors are a thoughtless set. He promised me solemnly, as soon as he had money, to return what he had borrowed. He looked honest, and asked me how long I could live upon the pittance left me. His last words were:

"It is impossible you should not be happy in this world; you have heaven within your breast, and two of God's angels by your side," and he pointed to Jenny and Polly.

December 20th.—The day passed quietly, but I cannot say agreeably, for the grocer Loster sent me the bill for the year. The amount was more than I had expected, for although I had written down every article purchased, he had raised the price of everything; so that caused the discrepancy in the accounts. The worst of it is the remainder of my debt of the preceding year. He demands the payment of the whole, as he is in need of the money. The collective sum is eighteen shillings. I went to see Mr. Loster; he is a very polite and pleasant-spoken man. I hoped to satisfy him with a payment on account, and promised to pay the rest at Easter. But he was not to be moved, and regretted that necessity would compel him to take the utmost means; that he had a bill to pay within three days; that a merchant's credit was above all considerations, and so forth. I could say nothing more; could I leave him to seek the law against me, as he threatened? I sent the money and paid the debt. Now all that I have in the world has dwindled down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the play-actor may soon return the loan; else I know not how to help myself. Well, then, thou of little faith! If you know not, God knows. Why is your heart so troubled? What have you done? Poverty is no crime!

December 21st.—Little joys often suffice for thankfulness. We are delighted with Jenny's new gown; she looks beautiful as a bride. But she will wear it publicly to church, for the first time, on New Year's day. She tells me every evening with what economy we have passed through the day. We are compelled to go to bed at seven o'clock, to save lamp-oil and coals; but that is not much. The girls are all the more industrious during the day, and they talk in bed till midnight. We have a good supply of turnips and other vegetables. Jenny thinks she can help us through for six or eight weeks without incurring debt. That would be something wonderful, without a parallel.

And then we hope Mr. Fleetman will prove honest. When I make a serious countenance to that expressed hope, Jenny becomes at once very zealous in her defence of the absent. She will not listen to the shadow of a doubt against the play-actor. We often speak of him; he gives us a subject for much conversation. It is amusing to see Jenny's anger when the teasing Polly says: "But he is only an actor!" Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London, who even dine with the Royal Princess; and she tries to convince us that Fleetman would make one of the best actors in the world; he had graceful manners, and well chosen forms of speech. "Of course," said the laughing Polly, quite wittily, to-day; "well chosen forms of speech, for he called you an angel of God."

"He called you so, too," cried Jenny.

"Very well," answered Polly, "I was thrown into the bargain; but he looked at you when he said it."

The chatings and childish nonsense of my children yet awaken anxious thought for their future. Polly is growing apace; Jenny is eight-

een. What prospects have I for them? Jenny is a well-bred, pretty girl, but all Creeklade knows our poverty; therefore we are not esteemed, and the finding of a husband will be difficult. An angel without money is not worth half as much to-day in the eyes of the world, as a devil with a bag full of guineas. But every one looks kinder on Jenny for her delicately beautiful face. Even the grocer Loster made her a present of a pound of almonds and raisins, when she took him the money, and assured her he was very sorry to be compelled to urge me for it, but he would, if I continued to buy of him, give me credit till Easter. So much he never said to me.

If I was to die, who would take charge of my forsaken children? Who? why, the ever loving Father in Heaven. They could, if it came to the worst, go out into service. I will not be troubled about the future.

December 23rd.—Two weary days. The festival of Christmas never before drew so mightily upon my powers. I gave my two sermons five times in two days, in four different churches. The roads to the villages were in the most abominable condition; wind and weather, terrible. I begin to feel the approaches of age. I cannot move so quick and agile as heretofore. Of course, cabbage and turnips daily, with little seasoning of any sort, and a glass of cold water, is not very nourishing diet.

I dined both days with Farmer Hurst; the country people are far more hospitable than the people here; no one in Creeklade has thought of inviting me for the past six months. Oh, how I wished I could have had my daughters with me at table! What abundance! If they could only have had for their Christmas feast what was given as remnants to the dogs! But they did receive some of the cake, and are yet enjoying it while I write. It was well that I had the courage, when the good people urged me to eat more, to ask for a slice of cake for my loved children at home. They gave me a small bag full of cake, and sent me home in their carriage, as it was raining fast and furiously.

It suffices to have enough to eat and to drink, but it cannot be denied there is a comfortable feeling about the rightful care of the body; the thoughts are clearer, the heart feels warmer. I am very weary. My conversations with Farmer Hurst were remarkable. I must write them out to-morrow.

December 27th.—We have the house full of joy! but we must learn moderation in our joys. The girls must learn and practice that. Therefore I put down the package with the money unsealed that has come from Mr. Fleetman. I will not open it till after dinner. My children are real daughters of Eve, and are dying of curiosity to know what Mr. Fleetman writes. Indeed, I am more surprised than overjoyed; I only loaned him twelve shillings, and he returns me five pounds. God be thanked! He must have obtained a good situation. How joy and sorrow alternate! I went to see the alderman, Mr. Fieldson, this morning, as I was told the Carrier Brook of Wotton Bassett had killed himself, from inability to pay his debts. Some eleven or twelve years ago, I had gone security for him for one hundred pounds, on account of some distant relationship to my wife. I never received the security back; the man was very unfortunate of late years, and had given himself up to hard drinking. The alderman consoled me by saying he did not believe the news; he had not heard it confirmed; so I returned home with lightened spirits, and prayed on the way that God would continue to be merciful to me.

Polly ran toward me in the street, and said breathlessly:

"A letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, with five pounds sterling! but we had to pay seven pence postage."

Jenny's face was crimsoned with joy as she handed me the package. I put back the scissors and knife they handed me, and said:

"You see, children, how much easier it is to bear misfortune than to receive happiness with equality. I have often admired your fortitude when we did not know how to obtain the next meal; but now you are completely thrown off your balance at the first smile of good fortune. To punish you, I shall not open the letter till after dinner."

The same day—Evening.—Our joy has been transformed to sorrow. The letter with the money was not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr. Snart. He announced to me, in answer to my appeal, that I could not remain in office longer than next Easter, and that in the meantime I could be looking for another situation, and he enclosed the remainder of my salary in advance, as I might need it for traveling purposes; and the new Vicar he had chosen was to arrive soon in the village and take from me the affairs of the church.

So the talk of the people was not all idle gossip. I heard, too, that my successor had obtained my place because he had married a near relative of the Rev. Dr. Snart, whose character was not of the best. I am, therefore, to lose my situation and my daily bread on account of the frailty of a woman, and because a man could be found to buy my place with a breach of honor. But God's will be done!

Jenny and Polly turned pale as death when I read to them the words of the rector in place of Mr. Fleetman's; and to find the money sent, not the evidence of friendship and gratitude, but the last bitterly earned and begrudged payment for my many years of labor. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the paper containing my formal dismissal. I went into my chamber, locked the door, threw myself on my knees and prayed. I heard Polly crying bitterly.

I arose refreshed and strengthened, and took my Bible; and the first words that met my eye were these: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

Then all fear departed from me; I looked up and said, "Yes, Lord, I am thine!"

As I did not hear fully crying I turned, and sitting down, I found her on her knees, her face buried in her hands, her folded hands on the chair before her; I saw back and forth, the door behind her, so as not to disturb the dear little soul.

After a while I heard Jenny coming, and I returned to my daughters. Both sat at the window. I saw that Jenny had relieved her aching heart in tears, in the solitude of her own room. They glanced timidly at my face, as if fearing to read the signs of hopelessness and despair. But when they saw me looking calm, and addressing them in my usual manner, their own cheerfulness returned. I took the letter and the money, and put them into my desk while I whistled a song. My children did not refer to the occurrence all day, neither did I. With them it was a beautiful delicacy that lingered speech; with me, it was the fear of showing weakness in their presence.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Correspondence in Brief.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS have occurred in the family of Mr. M. Keeler, in Moravia, N. Y., for several weeks past, writes Mr. W. W. Allen. They consist of audible spirit voices, heard during the circle, the ringing of bells, snapping the strings of the violin, playing on the piano, loud rapping in answer to questions, &c. The spirits close each circle with a benediction—"God bless, guide and direct you," &c.

Mrs. F. A. Logan writes encouraging words to new and partially developed speakers: She would have them trust to the promptings—true to the highest light within them. If popular Societies of Spiritualists do not receive you, lecture to the masses. Let the spirit of harmony beam from your eyes, and peace and love flow from your souls. Look not so much to become popular, as to become benefactors to the race. Elevate the spirits in prison who are groaning beneath their load of woes, and appreciative souls will respond to your temporal needs.

LESLIE LINDEY writes that every feeling of sympathy and love goes forth to influence millions; that in the infinite possibilities of the human soul every one has an influence upon every other one for good or for evil; that the great heart of humanity is a lamp of countless lights, which are made to vibrate according to the thoughts, feelings and aspirations of all human souls. When we recognize that our hearts beat in sympathy for others, we shall be nearer to the angels. It matters not whether their garments be white and glowing, or whether they be soiled by their weary journeyings here below.

THOMAS J. LEWIS, M.D., CHICAGO, ILL., writes: Allow me to correct upon the Banner the fact that when crowd divinity got sick it had to be doctored; hence the title, "Doctor of Divinity." Fortunately for the race, through the interposition of the Fox family and the kind ministrations of angels, with a view of application of their spiritual remedies for the cure of the great disease of Nature's hospital, fifty million souls have entirely recovered from their creed-disease, and all the rest of mankind are on the spiritual road to convalescence, so that in about twenty years more all may expect to recover their lost spiritual health, not excepting even the sickly doctored divinites.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M.D., CINCINNATI, O.—There have been so many views or opinions expressed by your correspondents on the origin and nature of the human soul or spirit, and none, judging from what they say, seem to have studied Nature to much purpose, I therefore feel like giving a short, succinct view of what Nature teaches me is the truth. We begin the study of Nature in its first and lightest form, hydrogen gas. Next in order comes oxygen gas, and then carbon gas. These three primary gases enter into and form everything that is made, from the lowest forms of matter to the highest spirit, inclusive, and every production in its proper order and time, from the lowest to the highest, and there is no mystery about it, no more than there is in any natural every-day occurrence. Creation commenced and progressed in this wise: The natural law of attraction and adhesion brought and held the primary gases together, forming in different degrees of union the three elements, fire, air and water, and then the action of the above elements on the gases formed solid matter. Continued action brought matter up to its highest perfection, or soul. Then the action of the elements and gases acting on the soul, produced a higher kingdom commencing with the lowest forms of vegetable life, on up and ending with the fragrant flower and luscious fruit. Then continued action of the same forces on the vegetable life produced a higher kingdom, and commencing with it in the lowest form of animal life, kept on developing in the action of the same forces, and terminated in the perfect man. Then when animal life had reached its highest possible development in the perfect white man, Nature was ready for another change, and by the action of the same natural forces on human life, produced spirit, commencing (as in the other and previous creations) with the lowest forms of spirit, and going up to the highest angelic life; and when spirit becomes perfect it is so fine that it cannot change, and is therefore eternal, and all perfectly individualized spirits are necessarily immortal. These are the facts in the case, and forever set at rest all ideas of any kind of spirit before matter, or before perfect living human bodies to produce them. Matter first, then spirit.

N. BALDWIN, FAIRLAND, IND.—There is nothing of which there is any knowledge that is not dependent upon something else in its existence. Every thing that is, bears a relation to all other things, and is correspondingly influenced by them. Whatever is, physical and spiritual, combine to form one infinite structure. There is not too much, there is not too little, to form a universe of perfection. The smallest atom and the mightiest power are equally important in the endless continuance of Nature's exhibitions. Either of them lost to existence would perhaps disturb the harmony of the universe. All bodies, when put in motion, continue to move in an opposite direction from the position applied until resisted by laws from their course by some other power. This being the law of worlds, harmony is sustained by relative influences. Disconnect the power of any one of Nature's forces, and the effect will be communicated to the whole universe by the law of relationship. But Nature is not subject to chance disturbances; certain causes must produce certain effects; and whatever was the design in the beginning, the same must be effected. The world ten thousand years ago told what it would be today, and it now tells what it will be ten thousand years hence. The causes that are now operating throughout unlimited space in the relation they sustain to each other, must produce unchangeable effects in all time to come. We cannot fully appreciate the facts that exist in Nature's causes, consequently the future is obscure and undefined to our perception; yet the future is a fact, as the past has been. If the destiny and existence of the material universe followed the conception of unalterable and perfect plans, how does it seem of spirit? Do not certain causes produce certain effects mentally? and is not the action of mind modified by the relative conditions of surrounding influences? Causes produce effects, and these effects become causes to other effects, and so on. All acts, thoughts and feelings come into existence from past influences, and impress that which is in immediate relationship to them, effecting and modifying, indirectly, acts, thoughts and impulses down into the future. Capabilities are thus given to the germ of mind, the modifying influences having originated in the ages of the past. Then the mind is not responsible for its own original qualities, but is of a germ which is capable of development and growth, effected by past and surrounding circumstances. Yet no influences can make of it any essential quality that is not contained in its original structure.

As in the seed dwells the future tree,
So in the germ of mind lies that which is to be.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin shows that the farmers of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Northern Iowa have already received \$15,000,000 more for their products of last season than they did for the crops of 1866.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE W. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 28,
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
Least our hearts, angels just are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LORD BYRON.

(Original.)

UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Uncle Oliver, as all the children familiarly called him, had lived a true, pure life—a noble, truthful life through seventy years; and as every year of goodness and every year of trustful hope leaves its mark on the countenance, you can think how he looked better than I can describe him. His tall figure was still unbent by age; for through all his troubles he had ever looked up to a power that he trusted and loved, and never looked down long, even into the grave of those he tenderly loved.

He wore his hair long, and its thin, silver threads fell about his neck, giving him a patriarchal look, and making one think of the white mists that sometimes linger about the topmost bough of a forest tree. His eyes were as tender as a mother's that has not forgotten her baby, and his mouth seemed to have grown into the mold of sweet words, for he never uttered harsh ones. He always carried a cane and walked slowly; but whether from habit or necessity, no one knew.

He came to the little village of Moorfield without any announcement, and lived the pretty little house under the large elm, and became a resident of the town. Of course everybody wanted to know who he was, and a Yankee spirited community was sure to find out. It was ascertained that he had been a teacher in one of the colleges, and was reputed learned and good. This having been ascertained, he was left to his simple life, and was not disturbed in the studies which it was reputed he loved better than anything else.

But in every community there are wise little bodies that soon learn just what a person is. Not how fine and accomplished a scholar he may be, or how much money he may have in golden coffers, or in bank stock, but whether his heart is loving and tender, and whether he thinks the world a good and beautiful place, or a place of dreary penance.

And so the children of Moorfield soon knew all about the good Mr. Dean, and they pronounced him the happiest, the best, the gentlest of men. And as he bid them, they called him Uncle Oliver, and the best fun they had during the winter—that season of fun—was in sitting by his great open fire-place and hearing him talk. He had been a great traveler, and had known many distinguished people, and he loved to make his young friends familiar with places and people.

It was a cold winter's day, but gloriously bright, when a little company of ten were ushered into his room. They had come from the little lake, where they had been skating, and their cheeks were rosy and their eyes sparkling. After the usual salutations, they seated themselves on the settees and chairs, as if they were perfectly at home.

"Ah, I see!" said the old gentleman, "when you get tired of play you come here to rest. Well, since you come it is all just right, for I've been thinking about you all the morning."

"And we, too, haven't we?" said Susan, looking out from her curls; "we wanted to come an hour ago, but thought about that great big book you were reading."

"And it is that great big book that made me think of you."

"Tell us how," said Frank, "for we none of us like great books, I am sure, unless they are full of pictures."

"Well, this is full of the best kind of pictures—of word pictures; but it was not those that made me think of you. I was thinking of the life of the author. This is Rollin's Ancient History, a book, no doubt, you will be greatly interested in by-and-by. But I remember that some of you were saying the other day that you never could be great scholars because you had to work, and could only go to school once in a while."

"That was me," said Reuben; "I have to help father in the shop every other day."

"There is a good and benevolent power that hears the wishes of every good child," said Uncle Oliver. "You may always be sure of that. The little Charles Rollin was a good boy. He patiently worked with his father, who was a cutter, and toiled without complaining at the hard work of the forge. But no confinement could imprison his wishes. He longed to know about men and things."

"Please, Uncle Oliver, how long ago did Rollin live?" said Reuben.

"He was born in 1691; just two hundred years ago. Is it not pleasant to think that the patient industry of a little boy has been remembered through two hundred years? His goodness and amiability attracted the attention of a kind Benedictine, who talked with his father about his education. Of course his parents were glad at the thought of their son's being educated; but they did not know how to gain for him the advantages that they desired."

A good Providence inspired the worthy monk to seek out a place for the boy, and he succeeded in getting a pension in a college for him; this gave him a free course of instruction. There was only one way for him to repay this kindness of the good man, and that was by his close attention to his studies.

Now I know that some of your parents make great sacrifices to send you to school; some of them need your time at home; some do not know how to get you suitable clothes; and all the benefits we receive in this world have to be won at some sacrifice. You will remember there is one way to pay this debt of gratitude, and it is a payment that may reach not only two hundred years but two thousand.

Well, the young Charles Rollin showed great excellence in composition, so that he could easily win the first place in his class. He became intimate with the sons of distinguished men; and though he excelled them, yet his goodness of heart was such that they loved him, though he won the highest place, which they would gladly have gained.

At one time the minister, M. Le Folletier, took him with his sons in a carriage to his house. Rollin's mother, seeing that he took the first place in the carriage without ceremony, reproached him for his want of politeness. She was told that such was the order of the minister; that they were to take their places according to their rank in their classes, and not according to their worldly positions.

The days were happy ones to the young student; he became attached to the university and all connected with it. He loved his study better than anything else. When he looked back to the days spent at the forge, he grew thankful that

through them he learned the true value of education.

When he had completed his education with honor, he felt that he owed so much to the college that had developed his talents, that he determined to devote himself to the University. He was made Professor, and remained so through his life, being twice made chief of the University.

It was not until his old age that he began to write those works that have made his name so familiar, the principal of which were "A History of Rome," and "An Ancient History." The latter is one of the first books of importance that I studied, and I remember I thought it rather dull. But I think if some one had told me a little about the man that wrote it, I should have been more interested in it.

Perhaps you remember reading about one of our own countrymen, called the learned blacksmith, who gained his education in spite of great obstacles.

"My father was talking about him yesterday," said Reuben, "when I said I could do nothing with my books because I had to work in the shop."

"It seems to be the fate of a great many learned men to have been born poor. Elihu Burritt belonged to a large family, and his father was poorly able to support all his children. But this boy did not intend to be a burden at home, so he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith. He worked at the anvil steadily through the day, but his evenings were his own; and when many a young man would have been off merry-making he was studying his Latin. He read through Virgil in the evenings of one winter. He next studied Greek. He carried his Greek grammar in his hat, looking at it once in awhile, and conning its lessons while heating a large iron in the forge."

Wishing some little help in other languages he went to New Haven, and studied under native teachers French, German, Spanish and Italian. But he returned to his forge again and began the Hebrew. He was accustomed to read from the Hebrew Bible before breakfast, and to spend an hour at noon in study. This was all the time that he could spare from his hard labor during the day.

He walked more than a hundred miles to Boston, with the hope of finding there some books that he desired. He was disappointed, but at Worcester he found in the Antiquarian Society such works as he sought. He was utterly destitute when he reached that place, but he found what he most wanted, an opportunity to read such books as he liked. He was able to read fifty different languages with ease.

Do you not feel proud of a man who could conquer so many obstacles for the sake of gaining knowledge?

"But, Uncle Oliver," said the thoughtful Mary, "I don't believe that Elihu Burritt would have studied his Greek lesson while tending the baby. I tried to remember my tables, and it was all a jumble."

"It is a fine thing to be able to fix one's attention upon any subject at one's will, and this depends very much upon practice. You know it is said that Walter Scott wrote his wonderful romances while his children were in the room with him playing at their games, and by practice one can forget all external sounds, and listen only to the thoughts that speak in the brain. I know I tried when I was a young man to acquire the habit of studying in the greatest confusion, so I used to go into the nursery of a good friend who had four rude, quarrelsome children. The first time I tried to write there, I put down my thoughts somewhat after this fashion: 'Proposition fourth is—put on a longer streamer on that kite, I say—that the greater pressure—give that ball a thump—that is given to a substance—I tell you put that book down,' and so on. I could not manage my thoughts at all, but kept listening to all that the children had to say. But after a time I fastened down my wandering thoughts and made them do just as I wished."

If you please we'll begin a little practice of this kind. We will all talk as we please, except one, who shall try to write on some subject, but be honest enough to write down the thoughts that come in distinctly as interruptions."

"Oh capital!" said Reuben. "I will try first, because I ain't a bit afraid of being laughed at. Can we come this evening?"

"Yes, all of you, and I will be ready with a good subject for you to try on. We'll have a new game to introduce to the world—the game of concentration."

[To be continued.]

LITTLE WILLIE.

BY MATHIAS BARR.

Willie he sits in his little chair,
By the fire-side, musing with brow of care.
What is he dreaming of, little boy—
Lesson or play, or cake or toy?

Willie has eyes that are bright and blue,
Lips like a rose in the morning dew,
Sunshine that glitters around his face,
Feet that are music about the place.

Borrow and Willie walk wide apart;
Lips hath no sadness to touch his heart;
Nothing but pleasure his thoughts to fill;
What are you dreaming of, tell me, Will?

"Father, oh father! I wonder sore
Why Lizzie comes back to you no more;
Sister Lizzie they carried away,
Over the hills that snowy day."

When you are sleeping so sound and still,
And the sun lies white on the window-sill,
She comes and stands by my little bed,
And lays her hand on my aching head.

And she looks so pure in her robes of light,
With her pale, pale brow and her wings so white,
And she smiles so sweet as she looks on me,
I know that in heaven her home must be.

And then she kisses me, oh, how sweet!
And, father, I hear her your name repeat;
I hear her murmur a prayer for you,
In her baby-voice, as she used to do;

She tells me to love you, father dear;
Never to bring you a big or tear;
Never to wring your head with shame;
Never dishonor your spotless name.

And she tells me, father, of endless day,
In a beautiful kingdom far away,
Where there is never a thought of care;
And mother, she says, is smiling there.

I think she must weep, too, father dear,
To see you sitting so lonely here,
With cheeks so pale and with locks so gray,
Thinking of her so far away.

She tells me we all shall meet again,
Oh, far from this world of sin and pain;
Where sorrow is joy, and strife is rest,
And our happy home on the Saviour's breast.

And mother is waiting our steps to bear,
Wishing and waiting the hour we are near,
When God shall call us to joy above,
And we go from earth to the land of love.

I know that your heart is like to break,
That your hair is white for my mother's sake;
That your eyes are dim and your cheek is wan,
Watching and waiting to see the dawn.

When the moon is white on the window-pane
And sister Lizzie shall come again,
I'll wake you, father, and you shall know
The words that she utters so soft and low.

Familiar Letters from "140 East Fifteenth Street."

LETTER THE THIRD.

Civilization or human progress has what corresponds to a body and a soul, because the human race is so constituted; and, of necessity, that which is the product of humanity must be a copy of man.

Like the individual, it is the subject of power and force. Power, which is spiritual, acts upon it through the instincts of each successive generation—acts unconsciously, just as the vital apparatus within the body proceeds to build up and sustain the physical manhood; troubling not the reason until the sublime work is accomplished, and then barely suggesting an invitation to that outside sentinel upon the walls of human individuality to take a look at the work and state what he thinks of it as a specimen of spiritual mechanics.

Force, which is physical, acts upon it through authority, while power (always from the spirit) becomes incarnate in what we call the instincts, or essential needs of the individual; Force (always from the animal or physical side of man) takes form in creeds, in statutes, in institutions, in the unwritten law of custom—in that magnetism, most emphatically animal, which draws New York to Paris every three months in order to know how it may shape its coat, its hat and its head-dress—which sends it every seventh day to participate in a dreary pantomime which it calls worship, and to put itself nightly, "during the season," in an armor of clear-starch, tight waistcoat and white kid, for the enjoyment of what it calls "society."

These two—Power: silent, invisible, unknown to the outer consciousness; Force: blatant, meddlesome, with its finger-boards upon all roads bidding humanity this way and that, and never by chance in the right direction—do tug perpetually at the ear of human progress, the one to move it forward, the other to hold it still.

And, as the individual at one period of development is dominated by animal force, spiritual power being in abeyance; and at another period—that is, when the growth of the body supplies for the spirit the requisite fulcrum—feels himself distinctly invited, on the one hand to "come up higher," and on the other to walk through life on all fours, so has it been, so is it, and so will it ever be, with that grand aggregate product of humanity which we name civilization. These purely animal forces, bearing the respectable names of Religion, Politics, Moral law, Civil law, Social law, etc., govern it, ride it, torment it, provoke it to act the part of a beast of prey when it is enraged, and of an ape when it is in good humor, only because, like man himself, with whose childhood it corresponds, it does not know that it is carried forward only by the spiritual power within it.

Of the existence of this power residing within it, as contradistinguished from the force which only broods over it, it has been as unconscious as is a child of the lungs, liver, heart and stomach which are within it, and upon which, and not at all upon the bandages which are put around it, ultimate physical manhood depends. Civilization, like physical infancy, grows in spite of its external bandages; and, like the latter, the freer it is from them, the more rapid and healthy is its growth. The common school geography and atlas prove this. The fact is as plain as pictures can make it, that, the world over, where there is the greatest freedom there is the highest civilization; precisely as with physical childhood, where the body is the best freed from the restraints of dress, there is the strongest muscle and the most robust health.

Now, brothers and sisters all, as we are Spiritualists, and it is self-evident that all power is spiritual and of the spirit, if we would promote our own growth and thereby aid in the growth of civilization, we should be faithful to the name we bear. To be a Spiritualist in any practical sense is not to believe simply that spirits communicate with us in the body; it is not only to believe that, but it is to know also, that, as spirit is the eternal thing—the essential man—and has to do with powers and principles alike spiritual and eternal, a truly noble or spiritual life here upon the earth, and its natural product, a pure and noble civilization, can only be reached through fidelity to these powers and principles alone. That these must inspire all action, animate all custom, inform all institutions, be the soul of all law, making every statute a faithful word-picture of the law in the soul—I repeat, that to know these things and to strive to do them is to be a practical Spiritualist.

Faith, like life, is only demonstrated through action. But how much faith in the Divine spirit, in spiritual law, in the world of spirits, or in himself as a spiritual being, has that professed Spiritualist, who finds it necessary for his comfort or conscience to accept all the prevailing dogmas of scholastic theology, or, perchance, narrow himself down to a sect, and while calling himself a Spiritualist (with the prefix of "Christian") fall prostrate before a wooden Jesus, muttering prayers written five hundred years ago in a language as dead as the men who wrote them? That man is self-deceived. He has no faith—no spiritual convictions. His only real sensations are utter feebleness, and a want of somebody to lean against.

Those who have only learned from their intercourse with the spiritual world the primary facts of spiritual existence and communication, and think (as too many honest professors of this faith appear to do) that these glorious realities of spiritual life and power can be added to, or incorporated with, the faith and practices of what is called Christianity, will find an open door in any church they may choose. That of Rome, especially, will meet them more than half way, and with every necessary concession to their profession of Spiritualism, for she admits all that such Spiritualists claim, namely, that spirits communicate, but adds, "they are all of the devil, and their doctrines are damnable, being opposed to holy Scripture and holy Church;" and he who has learned no more of spiritual law from the spiritual manifestations he has witnessed than a Hottentot knows of astronomy from the nightly observation of the stars over his head, will be very likely to believe her; and, in fact, is to be commended for so doing; precisely as a man whose own legs are too feeble to sustain him in an upright position is justifiable in accepting the aid and protection of a post.

As Spiritualists, we often congratulate each other on the progress of the cause we love so well. We say it is entering the churches—that it is a common thing of late to hear pulpits discoursesavoring strongly of modern Spiritualism. We naturally rejoice to hear it; for to know that the sects calling themselves Christian show any sign of a resurrection, out of their dead forms, is a pleasure to the philanthropic soul; but while we, as philanthropists, are pleased to learn that "Spiritualism is going into the churches, as philosophers and reformers we are concerned with the inquiry as to how it will be likely to come, out of the churches. As a matter of fact, it is not.

Humanity, in the aggregate never holds a permanent, steady relation to principle. The under-

soy so to speak, of every advancing wave of truth is sure to carry back all the weak and timid who attempt a bath in the ocean-waves of progress. The more majestic these billows—the higher they reach upon the beaten shores of custom and tradition—the more numerous the victims carried back by the under-current. The political history of our nation proves this.

The history of Unitarianism in America—the history of every sect known to civilization, save Romanism, (which never comes to the surface, which has no affinity for light or freedom, whose life and love and liberty is in an oyster immovably affixed to St. Petros at the bottom of the ocean of tradition, and of which motion is not therefore predicable) proves it. Hence it is not to be expected that Spiritualists as a body will be wholly exempt from this reaction of fear. There is a tendency to compromise too, in religion as in politics, and the temptation to do it will grow stronger with every year reveals a broader philosophy, a clearer logic, and a higher culture in our literature and in our public speakers, which, with the natural attraction of truth for all living men, will assuredly empty these churches of all but the finally stupid. This, the worldly-wise among them are already beginning to see, and hence the time is not far distant when proposals for compromise will come to us in a shape quite likely to deceive the unwary and captivate the feeble. Our greatest danger lies in the fact that the shape this compromise will take will be that of no visible shape at all; not so much even as the shape of a proposal. Nevertheless, it will be real; and within the next twenty-five years we may look to see thousands of honest Spiritualists, inspired by their own spiritual weakness and cowardice to accept the proffer of fraternization, go back to the authority of Bibles and priests—the willing slaves of a spiritual despotism, against which all noble souls instinctively revolt, and to which none but spiritual Cowards or Imbeciles will hereafter submit. For all such, let us pray.

140 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET.

THE ORGANIC WORK.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

Let me have a friendly talk with you about the great organic work projecting in every part of the country, East and West. How shall we construct our spiritual temple? Is now the all-absorbing theme of earnest Spiritualists. But what shall we build? A Babel? Such it would seem, judging from some of the material used. A Babel, or a home for the heavenly guests? confusion or order? mere experiment or stability? which?

The so-called liberal churches have ceased an open battle against us, and are now setting traps to decoy. Wreathed with sacrifices without the immediate fruits, charmed by the specious promises of rich churches, where they can "find rest unto their souls," some are swallowed up, captured as effectually as Samson by the adulterous Delilah. It is a day of fire. Everybody is to be tried in a furnace. Burn on, oh Spirit of Justice, till all the alloy is consumed!

The faithful, feeling the need of enduring homes, are organizing; but is it on an enduring basis? Are the materials "lively stones?" sound to the spiritual core? In the constructive days of the prophets and apostles, no true man dared to build without an order from the spirit-artists. "See that thou copy from the patterns shown thee in the mount." In the name of the eternal God, have we not played long enough with our edged tools? Every experimental movement of Spiritualism espoused for personal monopoly has come to naught. Whenever and wherever any have departed from divine order, ruin has followed. Have we not yet learned obedience? Must we suffer the pain of more losses ere we will be humble and faithful?

It is a simple law of our Philosophy that spirit organizes itself. Whenever a materialist attempts to reverse this law—organize the spirits—there is a monstrosity, a failure, a blasted condition. In vain may we organize where the elements are incongruous and discordant. Compromising will never make a union. Splicing and patching will never make a sound ship. Why expend so much to produce an abortion? Only the child of natural growth will attain ripened manhood.

Before we can organize a stable society we must first be ourselves organized. The society is but the individual repeated. If this is repellent, so is the society. Spirit is causation; body is the development of spirit. What manner of spirit are we of? Have we a basis of order in ourselves? If not, disaster must come.

The masses are almost dead—dead! they thirst; they famish; they ask, after we have tried to administer, "Who shall lead us to life and heavenly rest?" Too often we give a serpent for a fish! Is it any wonder so many are mad and fiery? Fed with poison, we spiritually die. Would we organize? Then warm the heart of the people. Love only is the cement. Let the material organization come afterward. Oh, for missionaries of love who shall be as suns to our wintry souls! Alas! who of us are qualified? who of us have the heart as well as the head?

Never organize until the conditions favor it—until there is a willingness to cultivate the spirit of love.

Never organize a society to be left unimproved. Somebody must superintend the gardens, else they will grow up to weeds.

When we organize let us have strong centres. All bodies must have heads.

Let us not sub-divide into too many societies. Powerful batteries do best in execution. We need self-supporting life. No society will stand without it. Health in the roots, else we have a premature death. The Spiritual Circle, the Lyceum, the Conference, cultivating home-aid, evoke this life. Lectures are but secondary. The first are essentials. Both make order and progress. Let the speakers and mediums form a band of mutual protection; let them hold pentecostal convocations. When thus we are in the spirit of love, the organization will come of itself, and come to stay.

An Appreciated Worker.

We hear a great deal about people not being appreciated, and, in truth, the sensibilities of humanity oftentimes seem absolutely deadened, as to the comfort or material prosperity of those who labor for them. Nevertheless, instances occur in character to the one we append not unfrequently occur; and with a view to cheer the hearts of those who are struggling on in well-doling, we desire to give publicity to the same, feeling that its influence and moral are most salutary.

The ladies connected with the First Spiritual Society of Clyde, last evening gave Mr. A. B. French, President of Ohio State Spiritual Association, a very tangible token of their esteem in the shape of a beautiful silver watch.

Brother French, a ten years' resident of Clyde, enjoys a most enviable popularity among his townsmen, of all denominations. The success of Spiritualism at home has been dear to his heart. He has labored ardently, with other liberals, for the promotion of our good cause. The Children's Lyceum and the increasing Society are evidence of the success of such worthy efforts, while the pleasing affair of the watch amply proves that the lookers-on and co-workers are appreciative people.

Spiritualism in Ohio is prospering grandly. The effectiveness of the State Association, already becoming apparent, and its final success is beyond question. The watch, a fitting token of appreciation, is a most beautiful and valuable gift. It is a fitting token of appreciation, and its final success is beyond question. The watch, a fitting token of appreciation, is a most beautiful and valuable gift. It is a fitting token of appreciation, and its final success is beyond question.

Clyde, Ohio, March 4, 1868.

nation that all that can be done by them shall
done to spread the influence of the divine truth

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

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Volume Twenty-Three.

This number commences the Twenty-third Volume of the Banner of Light, and with it we send our congratulations to the friends everywhere upon the auspicious condition of our cause to-day. It is true that they, as well as ourselves, have been obliged to encounter much opposition; but, faithful to the grand work entrusted to them and us, we have all passed through the fiery furnace unscathed, and have come to be a power in the land that is to outwork the mightiest results for the race throughout all future time.

It is needless to say that our labors have been arduous and perplexing, and at times we have thought we never should surmount the obstacles that were scattered profusely in our pathway to obstruct our progress; but when we were the most despondent, and faint would lay aside our armor, the good angels have come whispering words of comfort, bidding us "work on, hope on," for our ultimate success was sure. And, obeying their holy teachings, we have remained at the post of duty during eleven tedious years. We need not recapitulate the duties we have performed, nor the effects resultant therefrom—these the readers of the Banner are fully aware of.

Our whole soul is in the work. It is the cause of our common humanity. Let us labor on, then, dear friends, as unflinchingly as possible, until the entire world shall embrace our glorious, self-reliant, heavenly faith.

The Knowledge of One Another in the Other Sphere.

It has long been a favorite question among the believers in the creeds, "whether we shall know one another in Heaven." The human soul stimulates the mind to speculations of this sort, for it is about a matter which fundamentally concerns the very springs of our life, which are the sympathies. As we love and are loved here on earth, and in the form, so it satisfies our deepest longings to know that we are to experience the same joys in another state. Nor are these feelings of ours mere passing fancies; they are founded in human nature, and when we say that, we mean that they are rooted in reason itself. The simple fact, however, that an earnest wish exists for recognition in a disembodied state of existence, is all the indication which the seer requires to satisfy it that such recognition is within the scope of its enjoyment; the soul has no exalted desire which is not answered to in full in the broad economy of the Father. And on this we all rest our faith in silent secrecy, caring nothing that we can give no reason that we believe, but satisfied simply because we do.

While the preachers allow themselves to discourse pleasantly on this theme to their listeners, and seek to draw from their speculations such comfort as they may be made to yield, Spiritualism comes direct to the people with its plain and proven truths, enabling every individual to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, and filling their minds and hearts with such positive assurances as no questionings or cavils can shake or undermine. Spiritualism exposes and demonstrates the very thing about which speculation is excited. It takes the subject out of the realm of doubt and inquiry, beyond the reach of an anxious handling, and sets the proofs of the truth so profoundly yearned for out of the reach of argument, so that it becomes henceforth an established fact in the soul. We see and converse with departed friends before we go hence ourselves. We are made to realize their personal interest in our welfare and their influence over our lives. What reason and instinct only guess out, namely, that there is no change in our real nature by the natural process of vacating the corporeal tenement, Spiritualism makes palpable by bringing back to our hearing the same voices we once loved so well, and arousing our consciousness to a recognition of those we yearn to greet again.

Some of the would-be wisest ones, under the shadow of the creeds, affect to believe that all this is of trifling importance at the most; they prefer to delude the heart rather than emancipate their hard creeds. But the nature of man is so constituted by the good Father that it cannot be satisfied with the iron conditions attached to such a faith. It will have its own, whether its self-appointed teachers say yes or nay. It has always read and always heard that the angels of Heaven are ministering spirits; and how can they minister if they are not drawn to the objects of their love, recognizing them of course as often as they begin to investigate their wants. Take this belief out of life, and the light of it goes out. Extinguish this living faith in the human heart, and the springs of existence will be greatly relaxed. It is one of those fundamental beliefs, founded on the very necessity of our being, which can no more easily be torn from the heart of man than his nature itself can be changed by the will of a fellow-creature. We should not hope for a hereafter, if this abiding and increasing consolation were to be taken away. It is a comfort that accompanies us on our way through this life, and is the first to welcome us after entering on the other.

Circle Room—Reserved Seats.

It has become necessary, owing to the increasing interest manifested by people far and near to learn what disembodied spirits have to say through our medium, that we shall hereafter reserve three seats in our Circle Room, for the accommodation of strangers, up to within five minutes of closing the door. It is often the case that people visit us from a distance for the express purpose of attending our Free Public Circles. They arrive at the office just too late to procure a seat, and are obliged to retire, wondering why they cannot be accommodated. So numerous have been these cases of late, that we have determined to accommodate such visitors, if possible, especially those who notify us in advance by letter.

Annie Lord Chamberlain's Seances.

Mrs. Chamberlain's health is so far recovered that she proposes to resume her public seances Friday evening, March 20, at the house of Col. C. H. Wing, 87 Main street, Charlestown, and continue them every Thursday evening.

The Great Anniversary.

On the last day of the present month the body of Spiritualists in and around this city will assemble to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the dawning of their new and priceless faith. The appropriate committees are actively engaged in making their preparations for the event, which every day freshly assures us is to be one worthy observed.

There will be, in all present probability, a large and joyous assemblage of men and women, old and young, drawn to Music Hall by the reverential gratitude with which their hearts are penetrated for the blessings of the new era which opened on them just twenty years ago. The taps in the Hydeville cottage on the evening of the 31st of March, were as the "still, small voice" which precedes the earthquake and the storm of an entire revolution of faith. Within those eventful twenty years, what radical changes have been made! Their record will unroll to the general view on the recurrence of this anniversary. It will be like the going up of a whole people to the temple to a great feast. The time may well be observed with dancing feet and with prayerful hearts together. Music should appropriately blend its harmonious numbers with glad voices, to commemorate an event whose results are to reach rapidly to the furthest corners of the habitable globe. The managers of this Festival are right in bringing the children to the scene, that their young and brightening faces may gladden the Festival. We expect the most glorious of all meetings on the occasion, for there will be neither difference nor discussion at a time where all are happily agreed. Let none stay away where all should rejoice together.

Favorable responses have been received from Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, Prof. Wm. Denton and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, to the invitation of the Committee to be present and take part in the exercises. Judge Edmunds, Dr. F. L. H. Willis and Hon. Warren Chase have expressed their intention of being present. No doubt many other prominent Spiritualists will take this occasion to visit our city.

We rejoice to find that this Festival is to be so generally observed. The Spiritual Association of Chicago, we observe, have sent out invitations to their brethren from all the surrounding towns and villages, and generously pledged them a warm welcome and good care while present on the anniversary celebration. The prospect is that an excellent celebration will be had in that most energetic city, and the time be duly observed by believers in the new and elevating Religion.

Le Salut, the spiritual journal published in New Orleans, says that the movement in that city promises to be a wide one, and calls on all to "meet together and shake hands through the Spiritual Telegraph with our brothers at the North." And it further suggests that such a celebration will lay the foundation of the State Convention, and be a glorious date for all to start from. The spirit of the summons is the right one, and we hope here in Boston, on the 31st of March, to exchange telegraphic salutations with our brothers and sisters in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland and New Orleans, and with every other city and town in the Union.

Masonry and the Creeds.

We remark the objections made by the "Mystic Temple" to the Banner's comments on its recent statement of what qualifies a man to be a good Mason. The Mystic Temple had stated that one of those qualifications was a "belief in the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures," which we thought too ecclesiastical to meet the requirements of all of the Fraternity, if indeed any considerable portion of them felt inclined to insist on any such test. Whereupon that excellent paper proceeds to take us up for our expression of surprise that a test of that sort should be insisted on, and assures us that we have totally mistaken the truth of the case, since no such professions of belief are reckoned as a necessary qualification to sound Masonry. We are very glad to know that it is so, yet the mistake was one which the Mystic Temple itself led us into in the paragraph from which we made our quotation, a part of which we have given above. And we are twice ready to believe the statement once made by that organ of Masonry an unfounded one, from alone seeing in the same number which denies it a vigorous protest against that ecclesiastical party which is at present making an effort to secure an amendment to the Constitution, providing that the Christian Religion be recognized as the foundation of all national law—in other words, "securing the disfranchisement of all citizens who do not avow full credence in the Christian faith as a church worship." We are glad to hear the Mystic Temple avow, as we supposed it would, that Masonry "stands a barrier in the way of these ultra reformers." Ecclesiasticism would rule everything if it could. There is no Order too sacred for it to be out of the reach of its invasion. Masonry is not more safe from its assaults than other associations. Thus far it has sought to rule, and in good part has ruled, social affairs. There is no way left but for all sides to join in a determined effort to throw off the yoke of its tyranny.

Interesting Services.

Sunday afternoon, March 1st, a memorial service was held in the City Hall, Charlestown, commemorative of the life and character of Charles H. Vose, who departed this life for the real, a few weeks since. The Hall was crowded. Mrs. Stockwell read "The Kingdom," one of Lizette Doten's finest inspirational poems. Mrs. Fannie Allen offered a fervent prayer. N. B. Greenleaf then delivered an eloquent address, and at its close Mrs. Allen gave an original poem. Horace Beaver made some very fitting remarks. Then an interesting scene took place: Mr. Greenleaf was entranced by the spirit of Mr. Vose, who succeeded in completely identifying himself. He spoke kind words to his wife and daughter, who were present, and sent a message to his son, then far away from home, not forgetting his friends present. All who were well acquainted with the deceased, did not doubt that he had possession of the medium, and spoke his own thoughts to them through Mr. G.'s organism. Mr. Vose was a man of strong will and energy; actuated by a noble purpose, he was ever fearless in doing what he considered right. He was liberal in his contributions to support the Spiritual meetings in our neighboring city.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association—The Act of Incorporation.

The members of the Association will be interested to learn that the committee of the Legislature before whom, in accordance with the vote of the Association, was laid the proposition for an act of incorporation, have decided unanimously to report the same to the Senate for approval, that it may become a law. The action thus far upon the matter gives encouragement that the same treatment which is extended to all denominations in the Commonwealth is to be the rule of action in public matters where Spiritualism and Spiritualists are concerned.

Spiritual Statistics.

This important subject was fully presented to the National Convention of Spiritualists, and the benefits of a thorough collection and intelligent collation of facts bearing on the condition and growth of Spiritualism in the United States were duly made known. A Committee to proceed with the work was at once appointed by the Convention, which has made an industrious effort to answer the purposes for which it was raised; but with what measure of success will be better ascertained from the perusal of the following letter from the Chairman of the Committee. We trust that Spiritualists whose eyes fall on the same will lose no time in doing what they can to aid in carrying forward the purpose for which the movement was originally made. It is needless to say, at this period of our progress, that some central bureau should be established in the country, from which may be dispensed that general and detailed intelligence respecting Spiritualism and its living interests, which is so strongly the common desire. This is the letter referred to:

EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—Having been appointed by the Cleveland Convention Chairman of the Committee on Spiritual Statistics I have endeavored to do what I could in collecting useful information. But I have worked alone; not one of the Committee have conferred with or aided me in the matter. I have appealed twice to Spiritualists everywhere to send me reports from their respective neighborhoods without avail. I have received reports from only ninety-one earnest souls as yet. Only think of it! Only ninety-one persons to be found in this broad land to respond to a call so full of interest and importance as this. I will try once more, and I wish to impress upon the mind of all that I cannot perfect the work assigned me without their aid. I wish to know the number in each town of:

1. Declared Spiritualists.
 2. Undeclared or private Spiritualists.
 3. Balancing between the New and Old.
 4. True and good men and women.
- I now look for and beg a prompt response from all parts of the country, and if I do not meet with that response I shall be very reluctantly compelled to relinquish the effort to carry out the wishes of the Convention.

Will you please to urge the friends everywhere to action in this matter, and oblige.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,
JOHN MAYHEW.

Chairman of Board of Spiritual Statistics,
Box 607, Washington, D. C., Feb. 22d, 1868.

A Fine Picture.

B. B. Russell & Co., of this city, publish a beautiful steel engraving, with the suggestive title "From Shore to Shore," to which public attention has been widely attracted by its rare and permanent merits. The engraving is by F. T. Stuart, from a painting by Clarence M. Dobell. The picture is that of an open boat, just putting forth from one shore of a river and bound across to the other, which of course is invisible. Childhood is represented in the boat by a boy and girl in the bows, looking out eagerly in the direction in which the boat is moving. Youth is seen in a young maiden, sitting and carelessly dropping lilies in the water, while a young man whispers syllables of love in her ear. Manhood stands erect in the middle, a fond and trusting wife looking up confidently, an infant at her feet, while the father takes the guidance and direction of all. Old Age sits in the stern, in the persons of an old man and his wife—he bent and furrowed and leaning on his cane, his hat in crumple, and his countenance saddened, while she hugs a basket and dreams of what is forever past and gone. Time is the hardy rover, who minds nothing but his work, while his bright-faced little daughter creeps down and looks laughingly over the side, being the personation of the moral of this beautiful allegory, which is watchfulness. This picture is one of the most touchingly tender of poems, and will grow into the heart and life of every one who hangs it on his wall in admiration.

Mortality of Infants.

The Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Public Charitable Institutions, has been investigating the subject of the mortality of infants in the State Almshouses. F. B. Sanborn, Secretary of the Board of State Charities, in his report, gave the fearful statistics that ninety per cent. of infants in those institutions die before they reach the end of their first year. "The neglect, abuse and exposure which they suffer as the consequence of the life of shame led by their mothers," [of course the fathers of these little wails are exonerated!] "makes this frightful per centage of deaths, which is largest among foundlings, who, in the care of pauper nurses, have but slight chance for life." Mr. Sanborn suggests the establishment of hospitals exclusively for foundlings—one in the Eastern part of the State, and one in the Western; also an enlargement of the accommodations in almshouses for mothers and their infants. Humanity demands reform in this matter.

Music Hall Meetings.

All will read with pleasure the announcement that Mrs. Emma Jay Bullene is to speak in Music Hall next Sunday afternoon. It will be remembered that she was the first female trance medium that appeared on the rostrum as a public speaker on the subject of Spiritualism, in this city, years ago. The old Melodion used to be crowded each Sunday to hear her eloquent discourses, and the interest did not abate while she remained here. Mrs. Bullene has been in the lecturing field, more or less, ever since that time, and wherever she appears large audiences welcome her. We expect to see Music Hall crowded next Sunday.

Scotland.

THE SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists is before us, with an appendix in the form of an Address by Emma Handlino, on the inquiry "What is Spiritualism?" and her directions for the formation and conduct of Spirit Circles. This Report shows the commendable activity and energy which have characterized our friends and brethren in Glasgow, whose example is well worthy of general imitation. No more worthy accompaniment to such a Report could go out than the eloquent and powerful Address of Mrs. Handlino.

A Goliath Against Spiritualism.

We learn that Dr. A. Morrison, who is held by our Orthodox brethren as one of the greatest controversial giants against Spiritualism, has recently held a warm oral discussion with J. G. Fish in Woonsocket, R. I., which resulted in arousing great interest. We wonder if Dr. Morrison would be willing to meet some one of our ablest spiritual debaters in this city? Boston is an appropriate centre for such a debate, and now is the time the people demand a hearing on both sides.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

E. S. Wheeler, who has been speaking in the above hall during this month, closes his engagement next Sunday, and then goes to Cleveland, Ohio, to fill an engagement there. We shall give a synopsis of his lecture on "The Force of Evil and the Secret of Power" in our next issue.

Physical Manifestations through Annie Lord Chamberlain.

We published in our last an account of remarkable spiritual phenomena in the presence of Mrs. Chamberlain. Since then the medium informs us that there have been more astonishing manifestations than ever at the residence of Mrs. Wm. H. W. Cushman, in Roxbury. The facts are these, as given by Mrs. Chamberlain herself:

RECEPTION OF BOUQUETS OF NATURAL FLOWERS.

The first bouquet was brought while we were having a medical circle composed of six persons, viz, Mrs. Foster, of Chelsea, Mrs. Eldridge, of Lexington, Mr. H. G. Wilson, and Frank Goring, of Boston. After having the manifestations usual at these circles, a spirit-voice said: "Open the window." It was opened, and instantly a bouquet was brought in and placed upon Mrs. Cushman's bosom.

The second one came after Mrs. Cushman and myself had retired, between ten and eleven o'clock. We were talking of the flowers we had received, regretting that we had not preserved them, and said that if our spirit-friends would favor us again we would show them that we appreciated their kindness; when a voice, loud and distinct, said: "Get up quickly; call Mrs. Foster, (who occupied an adjoining room), and form a circle." We did so. Mrs. Cushman and myself joining hands. The voice then said: "Open the window," which Mrs. F. hastily did, when a beautiful bouquet of natural flowers came whirling into the room and dropped into Mrs. Cushman's lap.

The flowers will remain on exhibition in our Free Circle Room this week and next.

New Music.

From J. A. Butterfield, music publisher, Chicago, we have received two beautiful songs, the first, entitled, "When you and I were young, Maggie," at once became very popular. The other, "Maggie's Answer," is very pretty, and unlike most answers, comes up to the original in beauty, simplicity and expression. Thirty cents each.

From Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston, we have received the following new and choice musical compositions: "Beside the grave of Jenny," song, duet and chorus; poetry and music by W. C. Baker; "Christ the Lord is Risen," No. 1 of the Melodia Sacra collection; "The Avery Waltz," for piano, by Chas. D. Blake; "Oh God, thou art my God," No. 2 of sacred quartets, by J. F. Petri; "Mossy Dell Waltz," by J. W. Turner, with a fine lithographic frontispiece; "Liberty Galop," arranged from Semiramide, by A. P. Wyman.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

J. P. Cowles, M. D., now lecturing in the West, will remain for awhile at Ottawa, Ill. His address is post-office box 1374.

J. O. Barrett, of Syracuse, Ill., has resigned his position of Missionary Agent for Michigan, feeling that he can do more good by acting as a free Missionary, to go wherever he may be called. He is ready to respond to calls to lecture.

Mrs. S. A. Willis lectured in Fitchburg, Mass., March 13th; and Mrs. E. W. Sidney is to lecture there on the 22d.

Dr. P. Clark, M. D., of this city, is now located for the present at Augusta, Ga.

Austen E. Simmons speaks in Montpelier, Vt., the third Sunday in March.

Progressive Lyceum in New Orleans.

The Salut says: "Some energetic ladies have started a Progressive Lyceum in New Orleans. We attended the exercises last Sunday, and were really astonished to see the eagerness with which the children went through the course. We predict for it a bright future. The meetings of the Lyceum are held at Eagle Hall, corner Prytanee street and Felicite Road, where all parents are invited to take their children every Sunday, at 3 P. M. Take the little folks there and show them the Lyceum, and we warrant they will want to return again."

Theodore Parker in Spirit-Life.

Wm. White & Co. will publish in a few days one of the most interesting communications ever received from the spirit-world. It is from the spirit of Theodore Parker, through Dr. F. L. H. Willis, giving an account of his reception and experiences in the spirit-world. It is issued in pamphlet form. See advertisement for further particulars.

A. J. Davis's New Book.

Mr. Davis's forthcoming work will be issued from the press this week, when the orders already received will be filled promptly, and new ones attended to, in turn, fast as possible. Already there is quite an active demand for it, and of course those who apply early will be served first. For title, terms, &c., see our advertisement.

Sunday Evening Readings.

Mr. T. C. Mullin has been giving a series of Sunday evening readings, in prose and poetry, in Eaton's Commercial College Hall, 283 Washington street, to full audiences. Mr. M. has a full, clear, rich-toned voice, and gives a correct conception of the authors. To enjoy such an intellectual feast is a real luxury.

Another New Book.

We are requested to state that Dr. P. B. Randolph's new work, "AFTER DEATH, OR DISMEMBERED MAN"—the long promised sequel to "Dealings with the Dead"—is now in press, and will soon be issued. Meanwhile the table of contents is ready, and both it and the work may be had by addressing the author, 19 Church street, Boston, Mass.

Lyceum in Cambridgeport.

On Sunday, March 9th, A. E. Carpenter instituted a Children's Lyceum in Cambridgeport, with bright prospects for the future. Forty-eight children joined the school, and were highly delighted with the exercises. The number is sure to increase each Sunday.

THE Rev. Charles Burroughs, who quite recently passed to his spirit-home from his earthly residence in Portsmouth, N. H., paid us a visit on Monday of last week, and in the course of his remarks, after having made a most excellent and appropriate prayer, said his heart overflowed with thankfulness to the good Father for permitting him to return to the children of earth so soon after his departure. He was mistaken, he said, in many important points in regard to the condition of the spirit after death, before he left the form; "but now all is as clear as the beautiful sunlight of this lovely day." In conclusion, he promised to visit us often, and vouchsafed his aid and influence in behalf of the glorious scientific religion of the nineteenth century.

At the recent election in New Hampshire for State officers, the Republican ticket was elected by a largely increased majority.

Good Clairvoyants.

Thursday evening a party of friends assembled at the residence of Dr. Wm. B. White, clairvoyant and medical electrician, No. 4 Jefferson Place, on the occasion of his reopening his Clairvoyant Institute in this city. The Doctor addressed the party in some fitting remarks, and then Mrs. J. J. Clark, an excellent clairvoyant, was entranced, and gave special messages to each one present. The evening passed off pleasantly and agreeably. We give below a letter from E. P. Goodsell, of Meriden, Conn., as it will give the reader a better acquaintance with Mrs. Clark, and her powers as a medium:

Four years since I became acquainted with the teachings of the spirit-world, through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennette J. Clark, and having dear friends who have recently gone over the boundary, it is an act of simple justice to her and the cause of truth which she represents, to bear my individual testimony to the entire truthfulness of such communications. And I feel confident in saying that in more than one hundred so received, from one whose spirit and style of language I knew, not the least inaccuracy or mistake was discernible.

From this experience, therefore, and her aptness in the treatment of disease in all its forms, and her lectures on the laws of health, marriage, etc., and her powers as a developing medium, I can most heartily recommend this highly gifted and faithful co-worker for humanity. And although all of heaven's appointed instruments are worthy of our respect, confidence and support, (they shall have mine to the extent of my ability), this but feebly expresses the gratitude of the many in this vicinity who were the recipients of these complete and joyful tidings through her organs of speech.

Let mortals unite and blend their energies with the bright immortals in comforting and sustaining their media; and thus usher into our world the light that is fast dispelling the night of Pagan superstition. Mrs. Clark is now located at No. 4 Jefferson Place, leading from South Bennett street, a few rods from either Washington street or Harrison Avenue, Boston. Diseased patients at a distance examined by a lock of hair; and medicines sent by mail.

Stephen A. Brown.

[The following communication from the spirit of Stephen A. Brown, was given at our free circle, through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, on Monday, March 9th, with the request that it be printed at once.]

This power of return is so strangely new to me, that it will not be at all surprising should I make many blunders in endeavoring to reach those of my friends who still remain on the material plane. Stephen A. Brown, from Georgia. [What town?] Cartersville, you may register me from. Perhaps though it would do better to say from Savannah, as from that place I should be more readily recognized, and perhaps better understood. I am quite anxious to reach those members of the family I belonged to who were here.

Last night a document was prepared, brief in itself, in the city of Washington. To-day it has been transmitted to a certain member of my family in Georgia. What I know of that document I am not here to state; but I am here to ask that the person to whom it is directed, and for whose especial benefit it was written, may at least pay that attention to it which he will see upon its face that it demands; and instead of consulting reason and waiting till certain events have transpired which he expects will, at Washington, consult intuition, and when there is no light, say now is the time and the only time in which I may bring about salvation. No other time will do. Reason would say "wait." Intuition says "proceed at once to give it attention." Trust intuition for once. It is evident from the fact that I know of the existence of the document, from the fact that I know concerning the circumstances that it was dictated not by mortals, but by those who have gone beyond mortality, and if those most interested should seek to go beyond its surface and seize its hidden, spiritual meaning, I am sure they will be well repaid for the satisfaction of having done what was the very best that could be done in the case. The two worlds are now so intimately blended, and the process of communion is now in such perpetual activity, that it is impossible to tell when there is interference from beyond the tomb, and when there is not. It is always safe to stop a moment and ask, and if intuition says this thing is from beyond the tomb, consider it in at least as holy a light as it deserves.

Since your good journal will undoubtedly reach the person I wish to reach, I will not communicate with it, I have only to ask—and I ask it under the sanction of those who have control of these matters—that you will publish what I have here briefly and perhaps imperfectly given, in your next issue, for should you wait, the object I desire to reach, if then could be by no possibility reach. May I rely upon your word that you will publish in your next issue? [Yes.] Farewell.

Madam Suratt.

[Given through the mediumship of Mrs. S. Mumler, of Charlestown, Mass.]

Oh my God! the time will soon come that my poor son will be tried for his life again! Mr. Lincoln desired me to come to this medium and tell her that he does not wish to have my son, John Suratt, executed. I desire to publish in the Banner of Light as soon as possible.

"Dawn."

This book is really what its title says, the Dawn, the breaking of light into the unlighted mind, and we doubt not but it will be the means of bringing many to the knowledge of the beautiful truths of spirit-communion. It is suited to all classes of readers. The serious will find in it an hour's recreation interspersed with grand thoughts and ideas, and the lover of fiction will like this novel, full of interest from beginning to end. All Spiritualists ought to read it, and we would especially advise those who have some lady friends to make them a present of it; it is a nice book, neatly printed and bound; it will please young and old, and is well calculated to impart to parents, as well as to children, the light we are striving to infuse into the heart of all. It is a large octavo volume of over four hundred pages. Price, postage free, two dollars.—*Le Salut*.

Starr, the Spirit-Artist.

has just completed a fine full-size painting of "Red Jacket," said by seer-mediuns to be a good likeness of William the "good old chief of the Senecas." It may be seen at this office.

Bible Scripture not alone Useful.

(The assertion that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, with limitation to the Scriptures of the Bible, not made by Paul. Nor is it true—since every writing is a Scripture, whether in the Bible or outside thereof—and since such declaration embraces all that has ever been written, sacred or profane, during the Ages. But all literature, the world over, which is INSTRUCTIVE—breathing a Divine Influence—is deemed by Paul useful for instruction, &c.)

COMMON VERSION.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.—2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

GREEK TEXT.

Πάντα γραφὰ, ὁμοῦτως, καὶ ὁδηγοῦντες πρὸς διδασκαλίαν, καὶ ἰσχυροὶ, καὶ ἁπλοὶ λόγος, καὶ ἁπλὸς καὶ ἁπλὸς ὁ λόγος. 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

SAME SUMMATION.

Every writing breathing of the Deity is beneficial for instruction, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.—2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

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

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

Invocation.

Lead us, oh Holy Spirit, out of the darkness of the night of error unto the morning of truth, and let thy sunlight of wisdom fall upon us like a holy mantle. And oh, let the mists and fogs of early superstition pass away from us, and may we soon stand in the clear sunlight of thy truth. Thou hast called us into being that we may become perfect in thee. Thou hast led us through strange places, but thou hast not forsaken us. Our crosses have been numerous, yet thou hast always given us strength to bear them; and there has been no darkness so dense that we could not behold thy love shining above it. Oh, Holy Spirit, we seek to worship thee in the beauty of holiness; we would seek to understand thee in thy greatness, yet thou art infinite, and thy wisdom we can never fully grasp, we know. Thy power we can never fully measure. Thy love is boundless as thy life, and it will ever sustain us, we believe, wherever we may be; whether walking through the shadows of time or basking in the sunlight of eternity, thou wilt go with us, and thy protection will ever be around us. Yet with this most sacred belief, even, we still pray for strength, for more light, for a clear perception of thy truth; we still ask to be drawn nearer and nearer to thee; we still ask that the darkness of mourning may be taken from us, and the clear sunshine of thy eternal light be shed upon us. Thou hast so constituted our souls that we are restless, we are unsatisfied with the present; we seek to penetrate the future, and we seem to hear thy voice saying to us through the dim distance, "Come, oh, come higher and still higher, nearer and still nearer to me." We seem to behold thee rending in twain the veil that hides thy face from ours. Oh, Spirit Eternal, we know thou wilt never deceive us, as we know thou wilt not lead us where thou canst not protect us. So unto thee we commend all that we have and all that we hope for. And while we commend ourselves to thee, oh Lord, we would not forget all thy children everywhere, whether here or elsewhere, whether like unto ourselves or not. Oh, let every soul feel thy nearness to thee, and let the sorrowing heart rise up in the strength of that love that is sufficient for it. Though darkness be around it, yet thy love is with it still. Shall we ask thee to bless thy children who wander in poverty on the earth? Shall we ask thee to pour out thy holy spirit in benevolence upon them? We feel that thou wilt do this; we feel that there are kind hearts throughout the land, who will feel the holy influence of the benevolent angel who will touch their souls, and they will respond unto the touch, and herein thou wilt bless thy children everywhere and cause them to feel peace in thee. Oh, grant that the glad tidings of peace on earth and good will to all men may find a response in every heart; may the song of the angels still echo in this age, and may every heart hear the song and every soul respond to it; for thou art God to-day, the Infinite Jehovah, as thou ever hast been. Unto thee we offer our prayers and our praises, and in thy name we know we shall receive our answer. Amen. Dec. 21.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your queries, Mr. Chairman, we are now ready to consider.

QUEST.—Is it positively essential to the welfare of any person whatever to return after birth to spirit-life and reassociate, through mediumship or otherwise, with mundane life?

ANS.—In some instances it is an essential to happiness in the spirit-world, and in others it is quite the reverse. Some find the path of duty leading directly to earth, others directly away from the earth and earthly conditions. The experience of one is not the experience of any other one. All souls progress according to their own inner capacities for progressing, and according to their own external and internal law. No soul can unfold itself in exactly the same way as any other soul, being constituted differently, yet the souls of all are essentially the same.

Q.—Do the appetites, passions, propensities—in a word, the character, in earth-life, of the individual, adhere to him when ushered into the spirit-world, and render it unavoidable that he shall, through the mediumship of those yet in the body, perfect his character?

A.—Precisely as death leaves you, so life in the spirit-world finds you. You are spiritually no different after death. You have only passed through a chemical change which has affected the body and the spirit's relationship to the body, while the spirit itself remains precisely the same. The thief is still the thief, the liar is still the liar, the murderer is still the murderer, the drunkard is still the drunkard; yet all these lower strata of mentality the spirit can and will outgrow, pass beyond. It is not always necessary that the spirit should return to earth to take its first lessons in spiritual progress. Sometimes it is, but not always.

Q.—Have the spirits any knowledge of any plan for the re-settlement of Jerusalem or the regeneration of Palestine?

A.—Theoretically they have; practically they have not. It is believed still by many Jews, in spirit, that by-and-by their nationality will be restored, and that the vague promises made them from various sources, when on earth, will by-and-by be fulfilled. But the many who are outside of the Jewish faith believe to the contrary. It is simply a material circumstance more than a spiritual one. They deem it entirely spiritual, and they rely entirely upon the intervention of their Jehovah for the ultimatum of their hopes. In all probability they will be greatly mistaken.

Q.—We find in olden times that distinguished men had their seers, their prophets, their mediums.—David had Gad—and there were various other persons who told certain truths to the kings, both material and spiritual, which have been fulfilled. There are not hope to be drawn from these promises

that there will be a restoration of Jerusalem and by-and-by of the Holy Land? I do not know why you draw the inference that it is altogether material. What is your authority for saying these promises are vague?

A.—Upon what authority do you determine that they are not vague?

Q.—From the fact I have just alluded to. If you admit the Biblical prophecies—

A.—We do not.

Q.—Then I cannot argue with you. I have no other data to stand upon.

A.—Prophecy, as defined by the ancients, means simply poetry. The prophets were simply poets, and they sometimes spoke through poetry wiser than they knew. You of to-day define the word prophecy from another and different standpoint. In glancing over the several books composing the Bible, we find such a conglomeration of error—paraphrase as if we seem to be blaspheming, we have no such intention—that it is almost impossible to glean any truth therefrom. Many of them have no parent; they are anonymous works. Certain names, we know, are attached to them, but we also know, by historical researches, that these names are forged. Some of the persons who have been styled the writers of some of the books were known to have died years before the books were thought of. This is no fancy; it is stern reality. The Bible says that the world was created in six days, a little over six thousand years ago. Geology gives it the lie. Now which shall we believe, the scriptures of God in Nature, or the scriptures of fallible man through a book? For my part, I prefer to take God as he speaks to me through Nature. He tells me, through Nature, how long this world has been in the process of creation. That is enough. I do not need to read it in any written book. It is absolutely unnecessary. The scriptures of the infinite God never lie nor contradict themselves. They are infinite in truth, but the work you refer to is quite another thing.

Q.—You say these communications purport to be written by persons long since dead. If that violates the fidelity of the books, does not the same objection apply to the communications received here from dead men and women?

A.—The books claim to have been written by those persons in the form. It is so understood.

Q.—May it not be just as true in or out of the form? Form is only the instrument through which the spirit expresses itself. Why should we doubt the inspiration of the old volume because it was communicated by those passed away?

A.—You should not, so far as that is concerned, but it tells so many contradictory stories upon the same subject, it wanders so very far from reality, I can see no reason why we should abandon philosophy for any man-made religion. To my mind all true philosophy is true religion. God has made a countless number of glorious worlds, and has given me intelligence with which to learn concerning those worlds. He speaks in very plain language through the rock, the tree, the flower, the land and the sky. He never contradicts himself, therefore I take the scriptures of Nature as the scriptures of God. I believe in them. I reverence them. I can understand them. They never lead me astray.

Q.—Do not the communications through this speaker sometimes do this? Is it not explained by the variety of sources from which the communications come, and may not the apparent contradictions of the Bible be explained in the same way?

A.—The Bible claims nothing of the kind. Biblical scholars claim for it nothing of the kind. In this case I claim to be speaking through the subject.

Five minutes later, some one else may be speaking after me on the same subject, and may differ in toto from myself. Here the platform is distinct and marked. You understand it before you step upon it. You know just what it is. It does not claim infallibility. It does not close itself against criticism. It courts it. Biblical scholars say the Bible tells us so and so concerning earth and God, Nature, all life—and you must believe it or be damned. They plainly tell us that we must lay down our own reason and take up something which is exceedingly unreasonable. When I was in the body, I sought earnestly to understand the Bible. I weighed and measured it by all the common sense I could bring to bear upon it, but to me it was a monstrous fallacy. To you it may be quite the reverse. I shall not condemn you for worshipping the Bible; you should not condemn me for speaking against it.

Q.—I wish to condemn no one, but I would ask: Does the Bible say the world was made in six days? Does it not say it was without form? Pardon me if I am mistaken, but I think it nowhere says the world was made in six days.

A.—Biblical scholars determine that it was made, and pronounced very good by God the maker, in such a length of time. The Bible has been misinterpreted. I know there is scarce one in a thousand that has any clear understanding of the Bible; and again I say, to me it contains a very small amount of truth; so small that I prefer to seek for truth elsewhere. Dec. 21.

Julia K. Bridgeman.

It has pleased a wise intelligence, whatever that intelligence may be, to allow us the privilege of returning again to our earthly homes, and of seeking out ways and means by which we may reach those we have left here, who are still so dear to us. I was not blessed with a knowledge of these things before death. And my people are still in darkness, and I am not at rest concerning them. I am unhappy while contemplating the spiritual darkness that surrounds them. And I have been advised, as the direct road out of unhappiness, to come here and seek those I have left, asking that they will turn their attention to these things, not from mere curiosity, but from a desire to learn something concerning the spirit-world, to which they must all very soon go. I have been dead—as you say here—since May, 1860. Early in the fall succeeding my change, my attention was called to the subject of return, but I found no road myself. I came to this place many times, but to me it was inaccessible. I could not come. But to-day I seem to be favored, and I pray God, oh so earnestly, that I may be successful in reaching my friends. Not because I have any special need in that direction, but because they have. They need it so much. Every soul here needs it so much. It is worth more than all the wealth of earth to know where they are going at death, for all the sting of death is in the fear of death.

I lived nineteen years here on earth. So I have only the experience that I could crowd into nineteen years. It has some variety, but it would be totally uninteresting to strangers. I was first roused to a consciousness of the spirit-world, by hearing words of consolation spoken to my parents and friends over my body at the church, and I then seemed so near to my friends that I had a vague perception that I might speak to them, and that they might understand me. I wanted to tell them I was there. I made an effort to do so, but it was all in a vague manner. I did not understand the theory. I knew nothing about

return. I only thought as I was so near, why should I not be able to speak, and they understand me? I have quite recently visited several mediums in the city where my parents reside—New York—and I am quite sure that I can do reasonably well with many of them. I did not learn their names, I could not. But I desire that my friends seek out some one among them, and I will do all I am able to reach them through the persons they shall select. And now, my dear sir, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you mail your good paper to my father, Alfred Bridgeman? I am Julia K. Bridgeman. [Do you know where he resides?] On Third Avenue. Direct simply to New York city. Dec. 21.

Eugene Tyler.

I am Eugene Tyler, of Norfolk, Virginia. I come here because I hope to reach my mother by coming. I was killed early in the war, and my mother had no direct information concerning my death. I have long been trying to come here. I assure her that I died willingly, and was not compelled to suffer long—I think about three hours after I was shot. I was with my mother a few days since, and I came so near I was able to hear her say she thought there was hardly any justice in heaven or earth. She was almost inclined to disbelieve in the existence of a God, because our cause had not been blessed, and yours had; because nearly all had been taken from her, as from most of her friends, when she had every reason to hope it would be exactly the reverse. One of my mother's friends was assured by Mr. Davis that there was no possibility of defeat—final defeat; there was strength enough in the Southern army to overcome the Northern army, and we certainly should be victorious, and our institutions would be preserved unharmed. Now instead of that they are entirely demolished. The Confederacy is only something that was, and is not. I do not blame her for feeling very hard toward our leaders, but it is not right to charge the faults of the people of earth upon any Supreme Intelligence that is worshipped as God. It is not well to say there is no justice, because we do not receive just what we think that we ought to. I know my mother will say, perhaps, that I am philosophizing and speculating upon matters that are vague; but they are not so now to me. I used to talk upon these things before death, but I believed as my mother did, that the Confederacy would finally be victorious, and that it was right for me to go into the army against the North, and so I did; but I see things not exactly as I did here. I want my mother to be happy, and since she cannot change anything by murmuring, she can only make herself happy; can she never bring her that which is gone, the slaves are gone. Much of the property is gone, almost everything is gone, but murmuring will never bring it back. I wish for my sake, if for nothing else, she would be content, and learn concerning these things—of the spirit-world—for by-and-by, when she comes here, she won't think so much of the things of this world, and will wonder how she could ever have thought so much of them. I am alive in this world, though dead to the earth, and I am studying some of those branches I was interested in here, and have become interested in many things I had not been before. I think I have those I have left, whenever they shall think it best to receive me. I was in my eighteenth year. I thank you, sir. Good-day. Dec. 21.

Tom Aiken.

Ask my friend Smith, will you, what he thinks about settling in Jerusalem? how he would like to spend his days there?

[Mr. SMITH.—I would not like to spend my days there. I should like to spend my days here, and then the old one, I don't think it a desirable place to live in.]

SMITH.—See to it, next time you go, that you carry a good stock of eggs, will you?

[SMITH.—I will just say to the audience that I have had no communication with the medium since my return.]

SMITH.—Well, you've been in communication with me, or I with you?

[SMITH.—Who are you?]

SMITH.—I am Tom Aiken. If you had asked me I could have told you about Jerusalem before you went.

[SMITH.—Then you've been there?]

SMITH.—I drove stage there.

[SMITH.—This Tom Aiken was a stage driver. He carried the United States mail. He once came to me before I knew he was dead. I told him it could not be him, for Tom was still alive. He told me the first thing he knew there were two Toms—one lying in the corner, and one up above looking down on the other. He told me the cause of his death, and I learned afterward it was true.]

SMITH.—There's only one Tom now; the other is resolved back to what it originally was, I suppose. So you won't settle in Jerusalem?

[SMITH.—No, sir.]

SMITH.—Well, I thought of offering my services to pick out a place for you if you were going back. I had a strange notion of holding the ribs, bones, and see you safe over. Do you know what I thought of you when I found you had started for Jerusalem?

[SMITH.—No.]

SMITH.—Well, I had a good laugh to think how warmly he was welcomed, you would say. I had been there myself. And to speak as I used to, thought you was an almighty fool for undertaking it.

[SMITH.—You were not wrong; but then our folly is wisdom sometimes.]

SMITH.—That's so. You learned something, didn't you? Well, you don't need death, and I just give me a communication, and I will go ahead and make things a little smoother for you.

[SMITH.—Thank you.]

SMITH.—Can't tell what may happen. You may get it into your head to go Jerusalem. Who knows but you and I may settle Jerusalem together?

[SMITH.—It has a strange fascination. I'd like to go again, under some circumstances.]

SMITH.—Well, do not forget the eggs, will you? And be sure you have them well packed. Good-by to you. Dec. 21.

Prayer by William E. Channing; questions answered by Thomas Paine; letters answered by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Oh thou who art the guardian spirit of every soul, to thee we pray, and upon the sacred altar of thy being we lay our offering of praise. Thou hast been my guardian and guided us through all our lives. Thou hast been unto us both Father and Mother; thy loving kindness toward us hath been boundless. Oh Spirit Eternal, oh Perfect Good, we can never fully compensate thee for that love toward us; yet we can aspire to perform thy will. We can bear all the crosses of life, and seek earnestly to perform every duty. Thou art constantly telling us, through all thy creations, to worship thee in spirit and in truth; and oh, most Holy One, we seek so to do. Not alone with mouth utterances would we worship thee, but with holy deeds, such as shall live forever and forever; such as shall grow brighter and brighter, till they shine like stars in the kingdom of heaven. Oh grant that we may go to and fro through the earth seeking to minister strength to thy weak children; seeking to overshadow with love such as seem forsaken. Oh, thou who art Father and Mother, grant that we may ever find heart to thy great love, and fold in its arms the souls of our loved ones who seem to have wandered from thee. Oh grant that we may go through places where crime abounds; that there we may worship thee through duty. Oh grant that we may go through places where the darkness is deep, and there we may seek to praise thee by our holy deeds. Amen. Dec. 21.

Thou art all power, and thy wisdom is boundless as life. Thou hast no need that we shall tell thee; thou alone canst teach us. But we know that thou alone opened the volume of thy life unto us through all Nature. Oh, may we read it right,

and when the light of truth bursts upon our souls, oh grant that we may rise up in joy, thanking thee for the truth. They tell us, oh our Father, and our Mother, that there is darkness in the land in the shape of injustice; that the children do not know what justice means with the key will be wanting to unlock these things. I had been quite sick with a cold for several weeks, and I had known for some time that this brother was in trouble, brought upon himself by mismanagement, and I had done in many ways much to assist him. But it seems he had a plan laid, which to me was a very dark one. It was laid in this way: He knew I was sick, was to invite me to take a certain kind of medicine, which he said would invigorate and strengthen, and assist me to throw off the slow fever. I was glad to take anything to get well, so I went into his place and I took the medicine. I found it produced in me a very unsettled state. It was not in the least of drinking, not at all. I never had been. But it so completely unsettled me that I did not know what I was about, and in that state I signed papers for him which nearly ruined me. When I got to be clear-minded again, I of course reflected very hard upon him, but more upon the disgrace I had brought upon myself and others. Well, that weighed upon me so heavily, that at last I in reality took to drink, like a great many other foolish folks, and I drank and drank and drank, till my brain became so affected that I was considered a fit subject for the insane asylum. My friends deserted me one by one, treated me as if I was not a human being, and I was left to die a most miserable death, deserted by all the friends I had here, but blessed God, not deserted by the angels. They watched over me and cared for me, and I have been slowly getting along since death, and I have been told it was my fault, and that I should have been more careful of my health, and through this exposure to my influence him who did so wrong a thing to turn and repeat before he shall lay off the body and stand face to face with me in the spirit-world. Better to do it now than at a great expense by-and-by. For whoever is called upon to repent of deeds done on earth in the spirit-world, repents at a most terrible cost. Remember this, every one of you: you will repent at a terrible cost for every mistake you make here. See to it that your house is in order before you come—then you defraud no one, that you live honest, godly lives—then you will have no repentance in the spirit-world; but if you do not, you are just as sure to have as you are sure to go to that world; and I tell you, and I call upon the angels in proof of the truth of what I say, that you will repent at a fearful cost. I am Enoch Davis, of Troy, N. Y. Perhaps you will ask will my message reach the destination I desire. Most assuredly it will, and I have sought all this time for the means of return here, without establishing a connection there. Farewell. Dec. 26.

Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—What is the nature of the change called being born again, thus spoken of by Jesus? "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit?"

ANS.—I presume that Jesus had special reference to the change called death, or birth, in the spirit, from the material to the soul or spiritual life.

Q.—Will you explain the philosophy of prayer?

A.—All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. Matthew xxi, 22.

A.—Prayer is a deed, a deed of the heart, and it accomplishes anything. It has no external action. But a prayer that is accompanied by works is live prayer, and prayer that effects something—a prayer that does not only live in words but in deeds. When I ask if the Great Spirit will give me the wish and the will to do good on earth, if I do not pray also by actions—by coming to earth and doing all in my power toward bringing my prayer to fruition, surely that prayer is good for nothing whatever. Prayer without works, again I tell you, is of no use whatever. It is dead letter, and will fall at the feet of angels and never rise from the position you have assigned it to.

Q.—Are spirit garments merely bodily emanations?

A.—No, they are not bodily emanations; they are spiritual emanations—they are emanations from the interior of the body, and they are not in the external. These bodies are fashioned according to the internal natural germ, and in consequence with the law of Nature by which they are surrounded. So it is with regard to the spirit body.

Q.—From time to time the spirit controlling Mrs. Conant's organism at her public séances, in response to inquiries, has affirmed that it was another and different spirit from that of Mrs. Conant at those times answered to inquiries and controlled her bodily organs; that the spirit of Mrs. Conant was absent from her body and present with her friends in other places—perhaps in a remote city, or even in the spirit land. On the other hand, A. J. Davis, in his last work, the "Stellar Key," page 171, declares that "the soul is organically wedged up in the body; that no man's soul ever goes out of his body but once—then it returns, for from that moment the body is dead; that the supposition that spirits come and enter personally the bodies of mediums, as though mediums were automatons, is unphilosophical, and that there was never a more complete misapprehension." He further says, that "mediums have been permitted to say and do a great many things, because of the assumption being credited that they were not personally present in their own bodies, and that a multitude of Spiritualists and mediums are now recovering from the effects of such mischievous superstitions." Will you please to reconcile these different statements, or declare which is the true one, and what reason there is for believing one in preference to the other?

A.—There are as many shades to truth as there are souls or mentalities requiring different shades. Now A. J. Davis has received a certain portion of truth, but it is mixed up with a certain portion of error. I know that he is not a liar, and he is wedged up in mortality till it is released by death. There never was a more terrible error. The soul is ever free. It can go and come with the freedom of thought, for it is thought. The ground there assumed is to me totally unphilosophical, and can be no possibly be sustained by reason. Now, then, you are to understand that I differ in toto from it, because my experience has given me more knowledge. I know what I once only theorized upon. Understand me to say this is a false assumption.

Q.—We are to understand that this response is from Mrs. Conant in a heightened or exalted state, or is it from some other, some foreign intelligence?

A.—It is from him who was called Theodore Parker when here, and from no one else. Do not charge upon Mrs. Conant or Mr. White or any other Mr. or Mrs., what I am alone responsible for.

Q.—Are we not to understand that in all cases of this apparent separation of the spiritual from the material body, the spirit is still connected with the material by an electric cord, by which it has the power to read, write, and do anything, and in the apparent absence of the spiritual body, is not the connection with the material body still preserved?

A.—This is claimed by every returning spirit—always held as true. No one has ever told you what truth there is in this claim, and I am sure you will not believe it. The spirit-body and the body natural, except at the hour of death. Then that extreme separation takes place, and there is no return—not to that body. It is a radical, distinct change, but the spirit can go forth at will and wander through universes, even while it is attached to the material body; but the attachment is not severed, for if it were, the body material would come under another phase of law, and the spirit would come under another phase of law, therefore there would be a separation. The spirit does not absolutely separate itself from the body at death. It goes forth and comes over distant worlds, but there is no separation, and the spirit is just as free while it holds its relation to the body as it ever will be. You will all learn this truth sooner or later.

Q.—We are to understand that the involuntary action of the animal functions of the human body is kept up?

A.—Always, certainly. All functional life is properly and harmoniously sustained, otherwise death would ensue. There have been many instances upon record where the spirit in going off from the body has produced upon it such a deep and deadly influence, that the friends have supposed the body was dead, indeed, where the body has been buried, in which case, of course, the separation has been made complete. But generally the body is left in a harmonious state—generally in a state of animal repose—its functional life is not interrupted, upon not at all. The spirit who desires to communicate through the body of the medium, does so by virtue of its animal law, pays allegiance to that law, and the moment it infringes or seeks to bend that law, there is a war between the particles animal and the particles spiritual, and the spirit is at once ejected. My dear friends, we must all learn to learn. We are all pupils at the school of the science of life, and when we think we have solved a problem to our satisfaction, lo! there comes a something more to do, and we find that eternity opens unto us by slow and distant degrees, giving us just as much as we can care for for the time being, and no more. Dec. 26.

Enoch Davis.

I have some things to say which may not be well received by all my friends, but as I have not very great amount of respect for them, I do not know as it will make any difference with me whether they frown or smile. It is eleven years now since death freed me from a very uncomfortable situation. In order to be understood, I must relate a few incidents of my life, with your permission. About four years before my death, I was a very healthy man, and I was very much owned by one, whom I did not only consider as a friend, but as a brother. I did not care so much about the loss of the money, as I did about the loss of my friend. In my estimation I

thought he was good. I thought him to be an exemplary Christian. The day he died, he was in an unexpected moment he took nearly all I had, and in the most miserable manner, too. I must tell how it was done, because if I do not, perhaps the key will be wanting to unlock these things. I had been quite sick with a cold for several weeks, and I had known for some time that this brother was in trouble, brought upon himself by mismanagement, and I had done in many ways much to assist him. But it seems he had a plan laid, which to me was a very dark one. It was laid in this way: He knew I was sick, was to invite me to take a certain kind of medicine, which he said would invigorate and strengthen, and assist me to throw off the slow fever. I was glad to take anything to get well, so I went into his place and I took the medicine. I found it produced in me a very unsettled state. It was not in the least of drinking, not at all. I never had been. But it so completely unsettled me that I did not know what I was about, and in that state I signed papers for him which nearly ruined me. When I got to be clear-minded again, I of course reflected very hard upon him, but more upon the disgrace I had brought upon myself and others. Well, that weighed upon me so heavily, that at last I in reality took to drink, like a great many other foolish folks, and I drank and drank and drank, till my brain became so affected that I was considered a fit subject for the insane asylum. My friends deserted me one by one, treated me as if I was not a human being, and I was left to die a most miserable death, deserted by all the friends I had here, but blessed God, not deserted by the angels. They watched over me and cared for me, and I have been slowly getting along since death, and I have been told it was my fault, and that I should have been more careful of my health, and through this exposure to my influence him who did so wrong a thing to turn and repeat before he shall lay off the body and stand face to face with me in the spirit-world. Better to do it now than at a great expense by-and-by. For whoever is called upon to repent of deeds done on earth in the spirit-world, repents at a most terrible cost. Remember this, every one of you: you will repent at a terrible cost for every mistake you make here. See to it that your house is in order before you come—then you defraud no one, that you live honest, godly lives—then you will have no repentance in the spirit-world; but if you do not, you are just as sure to have as you are sure to go to that world; and I tell you, and I call upon the angels in proof of the truth of what I say, that you will repent at a fearful cost. I am Enoch Davis, of Troy, N. Y. Perhaps you will ask will my message reach the destination I desire. Most assuredly it will, and I have sought all this time for the means of return here, without establishing a connection there. Farewell. Dec. 26.

Janet Josephs.

Everybody has something for which to return that comes to this place. I have a mother and little sister. I thought when I went away to live with the angels that I should never want to come back. I told my mother that I did not think I should ever want to come back, when once she said she wished she could believe that spirits could come back after death. But I was not happy at all till I was told I could by-and-by come back to my mother and little sister. I was sick for quite a long time. I felt when I was very small and injured my back, and it grew out, and I was never well, and I suffered a great deal, and at last I could not get any more out of it, and I was tired of this world that I thought I should never want to come back. But we do not know what we will want to do always.

I was thirteen years old. I have been away it is now a little over two years. My mother has sometimes been very unhappy. My father was killed. He is not with me now, but I see him very often. My father was killed in the war. His name was Alexander Josephs; my little sister's is Sue Josephs, and that was my mother's name. I am Janet Josephs. Do not forget.

I wish you would tell my mother that I am straight now, and I am happy, and tell her that her beautiful sister, that she should tell me about, and whom I never saw—she died before I was born—is one of my guardian spirits—my teachers. She has always watched over me, she says, and was very glad when I came here. Of course, I know that I am not a liar, and I am glad. You will tell mother that? [Yes.] Mother told me that I do not remember when I fell. I heard her once say that I did not remember it; it was a fearful fall, and she was very glad I did not remember it. But I did, but when I knew she did not want me to, I did not say anything about it. [Do you remember where you fell? I fell over the banisters backwards. I almost killed myself then, and I used to think it was such a pity I did not die; but I do not think so now—tell mother so. And mother need not be afraid that little Sue will fall, or that something will happen to her because it did to me, for I am here, and I am happy, and I shall let her fall. If I am not with her some body else will be, and take care of her, so she won't fall.]

My letter will go to New Bedford to my mother. And Miss Howland says my mother will get it. [Mrs. Sylvia Ann Howland.] Yes, she says mother will get it, and she will help me. She has been here, she has. I come with her before, but I did not speak. [You won't feel so badly next time.] No, I do not suppose I shall. They told me I should to-day.

You won't forget my name, and how to spell it, and my mother's name, and my father's name, and when I died, and how I am sick, and how I fall? [No; we will not forget.] And do not forget to tell mother I am straight here. Good-by. Dec. 26.

William Temple.

I am thinking of the foolish idea I had at the time of my death. I never once thought that I was so that was hurt. I thought everything else had gone to smash, but I was all right. But after a while I got where I could understand that the world was on about the same, but that I, so far as my body was concerned, had come to a standstill. I was not dead, but I was not alive. I was just a thing in the world to go out with. It is a pill that does its work without much difficulty. My mother used to say, "William, I do believe you would laugh and turn a joke upon something if you was dying." I rather think I should. But that was the greatest joke that ever was played upon me—the most successful joke that I ever played upon the old lady will say, "Oh Lord! he is beyond grace in the spirit-world, as he was here." Of course I am—that kind of grace, you know, that she and some of the others dealt in. I never did anything very bad, but I could not do it, I could not have a long face. She says I was very much like my father. All right, then, if I was true to the cause.

Well, I've had a jolly time since I died, no mistake—a jolly time. [You are one of the lucky ones.] Always was. I never got into a

and 29, April 5, and May 18, in Cambridgeport, April 12, and 26; in Salem, May 5 and 17; in Lowell, May 9 and 31. Address, Northboro, Mass.

Mrs. & Miss Wm. J. Young will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of their home, Boise City, Idaho Territory.