

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## THE LESSON OF SORROW.

IMPROVED AND GIVEN INSPIRATIONALLY BY MRS. CORA L. V. DANIELS, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MRS. E. B. BROWNING, ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 10TH, IN BANGOR, ME.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

I've seen the billows, by the tempest driven,  
Bend low in supplication on the strand,  
Their snowy foam, like white locks, fiercely riven,  
All torn and mingled with the sobbing sand.

I've seen the forests, laden with bright green,  
Bow down in fear, and tremble when the storm  
Swept o'er them, turning their pale, silvery shoon  
Toward the Giant Whirlwind's mighty form.

I've seen the summer clouds, like lambs of gold,  
Resting upon the calm, coruscant sky,  
Hunted by the wolf, Thunder, from their fold,  
And in the lightning's flame to moan and die.

I've seen the solemn, "overarching hills,"  
Press with calm brows the snowy hand of God,  
Then suddenly go down in fiery rills,  
When'er the hot, fierce earthquake's wrath them trod.

More terrible—I've seen the human soul  
Torn, tossed and riven by every fury wild,  
Or swept by passion's dread and pale control,  
Till dark despair brooded o'er earth's poor child.

## Original Essays.

### INDIVIDUALISM;

OR THE  
INDIVIDUALIZATION OF THE SPIRIT ESSENCE  
IN THE SOUL OF MAN.

BY MRS. S. C. WATERS.

Let there be rejoicing on earth as well as in heaven at the birth, or awakening, that dispels the darkness of ignorance and error from out our mind. Let there be shouts, not frowns, in greeting of the morn that ushers in the effulgent day of wisdom in the soul; that opens the eyes of intellect, of reason, to spiritual illumination; that establishes the kingdom of wisdom on earth, as a branch or dependent of the heavenly kingdom above. But prior to the meridian effulgence must come the whispering dawn, audible with promise and beneficent with breezy incense; the twilight, dim, uncertain and shadowy; the strengthening glow upon the horizon, diffusing itself over the whole heavens, and the rising of the sun from its couch of repose to dissipate from off the robe of earth the tears shed in an hour of darkness. Such is the dark debut of spirit into the sphere of earth or primary existence; such its gradual dawning of light and awakening to effulgence and glory. Let us listen for its first whisper in our ear—the dark and dreary hour of one in individual existence. The cock hath crowed a midnight heralding of the new-born day, but it is still cradled in the lap of night, too silent and slumbering to open its eyes upon its destiny. Infancy, childhood and youth are but the hours to dawn—the time of stargazing; or, to some, of dreary, cloudy darkness, without a visible star to guide the compass of intellect.

Now spirit-essence, or the spiritual principle, originally and collectively considered, is God—an eternal, indestructible, all-pervading and progressive principle, an essence, intelligent in its comprehensive outworkings, lofty in its affluities, strong in its inherent love of freedom and its thirst for draughts from the fountain of all truly spiritual waters.

Thrown off from the fountain of spirituality to become one of the individual entities of the spiritual universe, it is still endowed, in some measure, with the original attractions and repulsions belonging to its source of parentage—the Infinite of spirit.

Spirit divisibility from the fountain is a law too subtle and supernal to be explainable, demonstrable and comprehensible, if we approach it with our finite apprehension. Above all that opens to our vision lies the ever divisible or germinal spirit-essence—the oneness of Godhead and the multiplicity of offspring; the electric fountain of spirituality, outflowing through all ages and infusing to all organisms; outworking in individualities and attaining to definite proportions through growth or attraction. Overlying and underlying all the laws of Nature is this mysterious union, above the grasp of intellect or buried in the depths of unexplained philosophy, evident yet inexplicable, clear yet obscure, simple yet intricate, lowly yet sublime, a breeze of Nature, yet a breath of the Infinite, lifting each structure on its animating wing and wafting it along the orbit of development or progression.

Life—the union of spirit and matter—is an enigma to the illiterate which he cannot answer; a problem to the scientific which he labors long to solve; an allegory to the poet and painter, recounting pleasure and pain, anticipation, disappointment and fruition; but to the spiritually visioned or superiorly illumined of every class it is demonstration of great value, a gem of great brilliancy, a struggle with gladiators in the arena of time, and a triumphal entrance to the realm of light beyond, a door opening to the regions of eternal fruition, a passport of individuality admitting him to the holy of holies—the highest of

the celestial spheres. Such being the sum of its gifts, it is man's privilege and duty to enter into the closest scrutiny of the structure, from its foundation and vaults of gloom, throughout all its spacious saloons, airy chambers, lofty galleries, winding corridors, ay, its turret, dome and spire, for he should not deem it his privilege to rest in the vault with all these capacious and pleasantly decorated rooms remaining untenanted and unexplored above his head.

Coming upon our subject—individualism—we are to commence with the earliest effects, or, as we could better express it, the anterior causes and forces governing our individual dawn in a greater or less degree. Let night's sky be overcast with lowering clouds, too thick to be penetrated by the beams of loving stars or watchful moon, and dismal and dreary is the sunless dawn, belated into an hour that had else been radiant with Aurora's blushes, odorous with perfume and glittering with dew-gems.

Shall we marvel that there are not sunlight tints on the intellect that is being born of a cloudy night? that spirit carries a cloud on its face far into the day, or sets at the evening of life in a mist still undispeled? Shall we even marvel if the sun of eternity is long in dissipating the cloud and mist from around that form with which it was born as a fountain of sorrows?

Deity sheds abroad his influence, his breath, his presence in the inmost of man's nature; leaves in the inner door of his soul the key to unlock all the caskets of imperial treasure; writes "immortal life" upon the tablet of his spirit; bedecks a chamber of the mind with hope's fair visions; lifts the curtain of the future enough to let him dream of fields elysian beyond; leaves him the standard author—intuitive wisdom—by which to test, compare and judge all teachings before giving them a place among the lore treasured in the library of his soul—in the studio of his individualism.

Glorious gifts are these, could they but be exhumed from beneath the rubbish that overlies them. As man now is he inherits or is born with a contradiction in his inner structure; with inversions of faculties; with his intuitions buried beneath the sands of materiality, while the "still, small voice" is hushed or drowned by the clamor of a noisy current of popular opinion which is opposed to stillness and powerlessness to vitalize the dove of his bosom, which should soar to bring him back leaves from the tree of eternal life.

Ignorance and intolerance are the roaring but chained lions that lie beside the path leading to the gates of spiritual freedom. Ignorance is ever intolerant; chains and fetters are its armor, the stake its avenger on liberty-loving thought. Ignorance is to be dethroned before freedom of spirit can be achieved. Ignorance is the dark lap of night that cradles the new-born soul. Spirit is but born into the dark hours that precede the dawn; individualism is yet unborn, as the day is yet to be woven of the web of future time.

To avail himself of the gift of existence man must first correct the aberrations of his nature and learn to live in harmony with the eternal principles implanted in his spirit drawn from the fountain of equity, truth and love. These interior principles working outward will burst the fetters of inheritance, circumstance and habit; will expand the soul and tend to equalize and fraternize humanity. In the distance of the future lies a "golden age" for the children of earth, when they shall learn to set their house or intellectual domain in order for the future occupant, furnishing it only with such articles as shall be useful and admissible in the edifice of individualism.

With the wardrobe of spirit, stript of the useless appendages, the cumbersome and inappropriate surroundings that envelop it in gloom and error, the work of individual progress were easy, and growth unimpeded; but bound, fettered, hedged, buried, how difficult is progression, how slow emancipation. Bound by the enchainment of proclivities of birthright; fettered by the closely fitting shackles of established public opinion; hedged in by circumstances uncongenial and unpropitious for spirit-inspiration, and buried beneath the accumulated clouds and dust of materialism, sleeps in silence the true essence of spirituality, the latent divine attributes of man's inmost being; or struggling feebly beneath the overlying rubbish accumulated thereon, gives forth only a sigh of captivity in lieu of shouts of triumph and acquisition. Individualism, the structure reared on this basis, on this primal foundation, is the intertwining of the fabric of circumstance, emotion and action, with the framework of principle, of spirit essence and of eternal destiny.

Boldly we assert the rights of individual sovereignty to achieve this labor, to consummate this work, to build its own temple in accord with the architectural laws recorded in the inmost volume of each soul, in accord with the revelation inherited from the Infinite Father, the true parent of spirit. Love is the centre of every soul, the pivot on which it turns without friction, because of an even balance. Souls are thrown off this balance—off this pivot, by their ancestors, kept off by the non-adjusting tendencies of unprogressives, and pacified into acquiescence by the lullaby of habit.

As familiar intercourse wins a cordial embrace, even for kind-like forms, so are inherited deformities hushed closely in the embrace of man's individualism. Born as a part of the garniture of his individuality, he cherishes them as trophies, or regards them as breakers too formidable to be removed, folds his hands to await their successive shocks, or courts them by a spread of sail when the wind veers toward them.

As to each is given the germ of Deity, so shall each ultimately attain to the pure and unblemished expression of those gifts of spirit which are included therein. But ages of time may elapse before some souls will become fully adjusted on the pivot of love and learn to turn in harmonious evolutions, unfolding continually the flower—the variegated rose of individuality. Ever varied is

the written character of individualism, as one rose differs from another in the variegating of its petals, but unlike the leopard and the rose, each can change its spots, diversify, beautify and embellish its character by adding new tints and arranging them more harmoniously. Individualism is the woven fabric commenced in the loom of time; but the warp of life, spirit-essence and intellectuality, is spun forth in unceasing coils throughout eternity. Let the artisan add fresh skill, better colors and finer wool as he proceeds, forming continually a fabric less gross, infinitely more beautiful and commensurably valuable. Out of the undeveloped conditions and events of his future life, is each child ushered into existence to weave the fabric of his individualism upon the warp of original spirituality and intellectuality. At first he is but an unlearned piler of the shuttle, ignorant of his calling and experimenting in the loom of life. Borne with an unsteady hand, sometimes his shuttle is plied with blind haste and sometimes with a sluggard's indifference; sometimes it is filled with shreds of raw, uncolled material, rather than with a silken thread carefully spun. What marvel that the unskillful hand of the artisan leaves imprinted in its texture? Can we doubt assurance, rendered doubly sure by continued illustration, showing us the fabric of individualism in every degree of manifest imperfection—lessening in its airy contours and confusion of colors as fast as it merges into a clearer development through a further progression? Conscious of the fact continually illustrated before our eyes, let us dissect the subject—individualism—revealing its secret structure and laying its fibres open to the gaze of every eye, while we disclose the fact that spiritual vitality courses through every hidden artery and surficial vein of this structure when in a healthy condition, but stagnates around the heart when checked in its flow by the pressure of adverse conditions.

Lifting the covering of ignorance and superstitions awe from the face of Nature, we see all things governed by immutable laws, bearing the impress of eternal wisdom as the seal of their origin and of their competency to reach their ultimate; while in individualization is as plainly revealed the reiteration of every law instituted for spirit.

Let reason—the lamp of intellect—be lighted by the torch of wisdom and fed by the oil of truth, or thou rebukest harshly the undeveloped child of the Infinite Father, for he is swayed by a current thou couldst not breast of thy own strength better than he hath done.

Ask of thy vision to give thee an impartial, undistorted view of the fibres as they are imbed in the structure of individualism, and we will lay them in order before thee as separately as may be done; but remember these severals read and disfigure the blending connections, leaving the detached organs confusedly scattered and but vaguely understood.

First, is the gift of God—the pure germ of spirit—the beautiful bud of promise, that shall finally unfold from its inmost centre, a gift alike pure to all; alike allied to heaven, to angels and to God; but transmitted in connection with a greatly diversified inheritance of original tendency.

The spirit principle or essence is from the first enveloped in this covering of individualism woven by ancestors of several generations. These are coeval one with the other, and to separate them is to give ourselves a task of microscopic intricacy.

It is impossible in many parts to distinguish the separation between them with our unassisted vision; hence man is quite frequently spoken of as "a totally depraved being," as being in bondage to original sin from which there is no escape but through faith in the blood of Christ shed for the remission of sins. In this belief error claims a hearing dressed in the garb of truth. Man is not wholly depraved. A germ of truth, purity and love lies in the inmost of every soul, but it is wrapped closely in the smothering embrace of that intellectual and moral impulse which has been awakened before his entry upon an individual and separate existence; hence, although this is coeval with the attainment of a separate and independent spiritual existence, they are, however blended and dependent, still capable of a measure of distinction; and to the one alone belongs the stigma of evil, or rather of deformity. Held captive by this, his individualism is outworked in obedience to the impulse while he is under the psychologic influence of educational training, and the atmospheric pressure of surrounding physical and mental conditions; hence he is not the author of his own individualism until years of earthly life are passed.

Deity plans the structure; gives a life-impelling impetus to the work; lays the corner-stone, and beneath it registers and deposits the swelling impulse of spiritual emotion, breathing in the breast of the Infinite; but the edifice is added unto by many hands, each passer by bringing a stone, some hewn and polished, some rough and inappropriate in the structure. This is continued until the individual comes into possession of natural powers, and awakens to a consciousness of his own ability and responsibility to erect a more consonant structure. Oftentimes this awakening is deferred long after the termination of earthly existence.

Education is outward, teaching each soul to draw to itself the thoughts, views and feelings of others, ever burying deeper the inmost of the soul, the expansive tendencies of unfoldment; and closing up and choking the avenues of reciprocal attraction open between it and the Infinite, leaving it only in contact and communion with the finite; then let there be joy on earth when one of her children is born into the sphere of spiritual vision while tarrying in her courts; for such shall shed abroad a light upon the hearts of men, that shall "burn brighter and brighter until the perfect day." But in the presence of this light, is

revealed the deformities of the structure reared in darkness, and immediately the work of regeneration should commence.

No blood will atone for the incorporated sins or defects of individualism, be they of inherited, educational, contracted or cultivated origin. No crucifixion but the crucifixion of evil in each individual organism will avail; the weeds of ignorance and vice must be rooted out and exterminated before regeneration is attained.

Love is the Christ-principle for the soul, the attractive magnet for all that is good and pure. Within the sphere of its attraction all is harmony and easy labor, therefore are its opposites first to be rooted out. It is of the most vital importance that the children of men be enlightened concerning their spiritual growth, for by neglect of this they are defrauded of their peace and joy unobtainable throughout ages innumerable of the future.

Whatever becomes a part of their individualism, obtains a ruling power over their desires and actions, sometimes lifting them on mountain waves of aspiration, and sometimes forming a current as resistless as the maelstrom, and tending down to dark abyssal depths. Each act, each thought, each wish incorporated in the structure of individualism leaves its impress on the soul for ages to come. Each desire or feeling awakened by surrounding circumstances becomes a part of the attracted and concentrated surficial covering of the spirit through which it must manifest its existence, and often savoring the manifestation with pestiferous fumes, and coloring it with the sombre hues of darkness. Born of manifest error by right of lineage, destitute of educational advantages, unsunned by the genial beams of love, and left exposed to example and precept too terrible for contemplation, it is not surprising that the degraded and downtrodden of earth should be just what they are; but a blame attaches itself to those in higher stations—on a higher plane of life—when their voices are not heard in reiteration of the truths revealed to them.

All are in some measure surety for those less favored in knowledge, for all are parts of the same whole. Beams of loving light from the Father point the way of eternal life, but those whose vision is not penetrating enough to discern them are dependent on the far-seeing for a suggestion as to the direction; still each must see and act for himself, or the goal can never be attained.

So each must bring to bear the powers of his own judgment and reason; must light the fires of his own intellect; must awaken the vibrations of his own inherent loves and harmonies; must create an impulse that will break down the barriers to internal growth and unfoldment.

Now while we see and lament the conditions that chain and enslave the debased of earth, so that they are unable to rise superior to them, and beautify their individualism with repairs of the dilapidated and ungraceful structure, we also see a lamentable want of energy in many whose lives have fallen to them in pleasant places. Shattered by the established opinion of the community in which they live, they yield implicit acquiescence to the tyrannical standard of thought established for the limit of human aspiration, by those perhaps less pure but more aspiring and despotic than themselves.

Here is the sluggard's couch of repose whereon the but half awakened occupant indulges the draught offered him, "asking no question for conscience sake," as to whether it is for or against his eternal interests. Educated to believe that one man lived for the whole world, and died to redeem it, they are fain to excuse themselves from action, and willing to let a few think and reason for the whole at the present time. But, pause here! Whose is the individualism? His who thinks and acts, to be sure! Not his who says the pope thinks, the priest thinks, or the philosopher thinks.

What hast thou gained in thy hours of sleep but rest and strength? What hast thou gained in thy hours of inactivity but languor? What hast thou gained in thy hours of wakeful earnest thought, of deep research, of prayerful aspiration, and of earnest energetic effort? Was it not the gushing forth of some pent up fountain of truth in thy own soul, the finding of some hidden mine of wisdom, the bursting of some enslaving chain of bondage to the past, and the unfolding of new petals in the flower of thy individualism?

Think of this: let thy eye be single that is alive for the unfoldment of thy spiritual powers, and a halo of light will ever encircle thy pathway, and an atmosphere of love emanate from thy presence.

Behold the glorious view of spiritual unfoldment through an eternity of progression, and remember that on earth are forged the chains that fetter and prevent this glorious consummation for ages indefinite. Mortal insight cannot penetrate the fathomless duration that must elapse before this enchainment influence can be entirely overcome, and the disfiguring scars be obliterated from the beautiful form of spirit individuality. Eternally will they bear enough of the impress of circumstance to render them separate and distinct in organism, though harmonious at last in their location as the tones of a harmonic union, each giving forth its vibrations consonant with the whole, but the most tensely attuned ever giving forth the theme of divine love, while those so far below may yet be attuned to sound the bass in the eternal harmony.

While we argue the possibility of eventual progression and the attainment of purity, we at the same time see the agony entailed upon those who are by birth or circumstance fitted to start from a low plane of development; and we desire to impress upon all the duty of laboring for such, and the importance of commencing early to control the emotional, intellectual and executive powers or departments of their own internal, so as to beautify their lineaments and enlarge the scope and boundaries of their action, which is

giving unrestrained freedom for the out-birth and fullest development of the spiritual principle, at all times reasoning of God and of the judgment which is present as well as to come.

Wisdom, the reason principle of the soul, should be the test of all teachings, the thermometer of the inmost, should record their pressure and teach thee to gauge thy effort. If ye look not there—if ye hush this truth-telling voice, and depend on outward indications, ye wander from the light, and may trust yourselves to be led by the blind like yourselves.

Since every thought, emotion, desire and action, becomes incorporated as a fibre of individualism, it behooves all to be watchful and diligent, guarding against impurity and inactivity, and laboring to attract, implant and unfold whatever is truthful, harmonious and beautiful, for thus do they shun whirlpools of agony and despair, and climb the ascent of progressive and unalloyed happiness.

Could a plant out of its sphere be contemplated with emotions of admiration? Learn of the inanimate, to be as true as they.

By eternal progression through the spheres, the original and cultivated blemishes and deformities of individualism are gradually obliterated, so that the original spiritual principle is enabled to manifest itself with less obstruction; but an indefinite, if not eternal delay and hindrance is the result of incorporated evil in the structure, and consequent bias and derangement of the impulsive forces of the soul or individualized spirit.

Beneath the covering of outward and surficial calmness sometimes lie the volcanic fires of passion, like the burning of volcanic eruptive regions that bear the quiet hamlet, the sleeping peasant, or the gay town upon their heaving breast, until the moment of disengagement comes, when they are buried in the burning lava of whirling destructiveness. There is no safety until the internal structure of individualism is purified, harmonized and fortified, to express the true emotions and interests of spirit, until by an unimpeachable purity of purpose, spirit shall assert its indestructible and undeniable prerogative, to conform every lineament of this structure, to express the purity and beauty of its true and natural unfoldment. Love becoming the centre, reforms and stills the hobbling gyrations that each exhibits while doing battle on those around. Harmony is the result of love, as effect of cause. Discord is the child of hate and sorrow, the descendant of evil in every form.

Oh man! think not that thy sins—thy deformities of spirit—will fall from thee at the portals of the spirit-world, for they are not separate and distinct from thy individual existence, but bound and incorporated as a part of thy very self. Only by renewal and reorganization canst thou free thyself from the burden and the contamination. Effort, determination and labor are the forces that are to achieve this work. As are thy aspirations and thy exertions, so will be thy deliverance and thy progress.

Commensurate with existence and indestructible as life, is the distinct identity of outwrought individualism; a glorious gift, if we have trained it to aspire toward all that is good and pure—toward light ineffable and glorious; but alas! the chains of bondage, grossness, materiality and earthly-mindedness, blindness, ignorance and superstition, discords, hates and contentions, that so often bury themselves in their tight embrace of individualism, and anchoring it immovably on earth.

Where is the Vulcan that forged these binding manacles for spirit? Oh! tyrant that he is, shall we paint him with crimes' foul visage, or let charity and forbearance veil the rougher features of the scene? A bigoted priesthood hath forged many of these chains for spirit. Skillful as a Vulcan and tyrannical as a Jove, it has bound its captives with chains of error, and condemned them to confinement in ignorance, fed them on rations of bigotry and superstition, and bade them labor to perpetuate their bondage. Doomed, servile and cringing, they have prostrated themselves before adoring despotism, and have been crushed by the ear of Juggernaut, or have offered on the altar of submission their every aspiration—their every thought. Infectious as a plague, this servile spirit has spread through the dominions of earth, prostrating the feeble at every step. Tyranny is contagious, like its contemporary servility. It rages in the feverish bosom of power, while servility like an aqueous away the chill form of the unillumined soul.

This disease has been not only religious, but political and social; blending itself into all classes and conditions of society, and becoming perpetuated by every generation by lineal descent. Hence the heirs of tyrannical robes, be they of whatever order, still clasp the wand of power, and point to the ritual of established usage as the boundary of thought and the standard of action. But the disease is fast spending its power; thousands and millions of convalescent souls are rising in their strength to cleanse the earth of this pestilence, while they open the windows of heaven for breezy draughts of the atmosphere of love, laden with the incense of Truth—balmy breezes that shall invigorate the feeble, and cool the flushed brow of the self-imposed dictator, overtaken by his efforts to stop the ball of progression, launched by the Infinite, and attracted toward the holy of holies.

Let the current of each life be curbed and directed to flow on a silvery stream, mirroring the beams of truth—the eternal light that shines down upon its surface. See ye the inherited tendencies that deform, the surroundings that enchain, the tyrannies that enslave, the attractions that overpower, and ask ye the way of reform? It is through the law of progression ye are pointed to the ultimate, and step by step the ascent is to be accomplished.

Bid the child of error go no lower into the dark valley; bid him bind no greater burden upon his shoulders; bid him turn around and face the light, and bend his footsteps toward a higher plane of development—toward the elysium of souls; toward love and wisdom, the possessions of that realm—the wealth of spirit life.



## THE PROBLEM OF AGES. The Mystery of Life—The Logic of Death.

NO. IV.

BY DYER D. LUM.

### II. The Psychological Argument.

5.—Eternal progression is required by the mind of man. The brute, however intelligent, cannot rise above the environments of his being. Their aspirations are granted by Nature, while

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast.  
Man never is, but always to be blessed."

But, it is objected, hope, expectation, desire for happiness is often crushed. Man desires much which he never can obtain here or hereafter. Hope is necessary even if the soul be mortal. We rest no argument on the mere desire of man for happiness, but we do insist upon the fact that the capabilities of the human mind are such as to absolutely demand more than our ephemeral existence in the physical form. Its powers are insatiable, ever ascending and looking upwards. The dying words of that highly gifted and representative man, Goethe, "More light," is the soul's truest utterance, even though enshrouded in a worn-out and enfeebled body ready to crumble into the dust.

Onward! upward! still higher! is ever its aspiration, and the seal of its immortality. It would fain transcend the bounds of time and space and unite itself with the Central Fountain of Life, thereby declaring its generic difference to substance, form, extension, weight, and other qualities of matter. Oh skeptic! look within and listen to thy soul proclaiming its superiority to the things of time.

"Who reads his bosom reads immortal life;  
Or Nature there imposing on her sons,  
Has written fables—Man was made a lie!"

6.—Human consciousness is persistent. The material structure may ripen, loosen, decay; but the attributes of the mind, sensation, reflection, memory, volition, are not subject to the laws of disintegration. As they survive known changes, remaining unaltered and uninfluenced, can we say that they will succumb to unknown changes? The mind gives out its own phenomena without its own appearing, and itself originates in no previous phenomenal compound. It is not phenomenal, a state of some other thing, but has its own successive states, while it perdures through them. Nor is it ideal, for that pre-supposes a mind to construct the ideal, and the mind perdures through all its ideal constructions. Consciousness remains intact from childhood to old age. "Its phenomenal experience varies in time, but itself perdures through time." All mental action is conditioned to some object or end of action. There must be the agent acting, and the object as end of action, and the mind discriminates between them and assigns to each its own distinct identity. Its acts only appear in consciousness, and while its successive states come and go, there still remains something, a *residuum* produces them, which does not come and go. The mind lies under the act, and is a ground for it. Its agency is its own and originates in its own causality. To use the words of Dr. Hicok, (*In Empirical Psychology*, p. 78), "When we have superadded to all the forces in matter, whether gravitating, chemical, or crystalline, a proper vital force—which takes up matter, penetrates it, assimilates, and incorporates it, and thus builds up about itself its own organized body—we have an existence self-active, self-developing, spiritual; which originates motion from itself, and spontaneously uses inert matter for its own ends. When this vital force rises from simple spontaneity in the plant, to that of sensation in the animal, and from this to distinct self-consciousness in man, we have the higher forms of the spiritual; and, in the human mind attain to a manifest discrimination of it from all that is material in its inherent self-activity."

We have already called attention to the fact that man alone provides for and foresees his death, and we would urge with emphasis the fact that death—extinction—is inconceivable to the mind of man. We cannot produce a state of consciousness that admits of such a paradox. It not only perdures through all states of consciousness, it refuses to be limited by time, thereby declaring its generic difference from finite relations and material creation.

"What crucible," says Dr. Alger, "shall burn up the ultimate of force? What material process shall ever disintegrate the simplicity of spirit? Earth and plant, muscle, nerve, and brain, belong to one sphere, and are subject to the temporal fates that rule there; but reason, imagination, love, will, belong to another; and immortality fortress there laughs to scorn the fretful sieges of decay."

7.—The soul's supremacy. A thinking principle or mind is undoubtedly possessed by the animal world. "Instinct," says Morrell, in his *Elements of Psychology*, "plainly betokens mind, only in a lower sphere; for all the actions which it prompts are as distinctly impressed with the laws of reason as those which rise above it." Dr. Laycock, in his *Correlation of Consciousness*, explicitly states the same in the following words: "The difference between the mental nature of men and animals is one of degree only, and by no means of kind—that, in fact, the same laws are applicable to both classes of faculties, even as to the higher mental manifestations."

To these statements, apparently so materialistic, we offer no word of dissent. But we claim that the difference in degree is sufficient to forbid the possibility of dissolution of the human mind. The animal may reason so as to connect cause and effect, but it can never rise above its brute nature. Some one has aptly remarked, "Animals remember, man recollects." And this distinction is all-important. Where the animal requires an external cause to recall an impression, the man recalls it at will. The brute does not possess a nature enabling it to rise above its physical environments. The brute does not possess a will that can control its passions and appetites. Man alone possesses spiritual faculties that enables him to rise above physical wants and necessities. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," said Jesus to his disciples when they "prayed him, saying, Master, eat." Though weary and faint, he forgot it all in discoursing on the universality of God's love. His hunger was for the time passed; his weariness gone, and the soul's supremacy asserted. Without entering into the vexed question of free agency, we can confidently proclaim that we have the power of protecting and struggling against inherited proclivities. Herein lies our superiority to the brutal instinct. It lifts us up into higher realms of thought, nearer to the higher realms of existence, closer to the higher realms of God's universe. In its aspirations, its longings, its proud consciousness of being the real, it asserts its claim to be ranked in a different realm from that of extension and weight. It transcends the finite relation of atoms and directs its vision at once to the real essence and nature of a thing. It rises above empirical knowledge. It drinks intuitively from the World of Reality di-

vine inspiration. "Actually it resists the parts of the instrument from which they say it subsists, exercising dominion over them, pinning some, persuading others, and ruling the desires, angers, and fears, as if itself of a different nature. Until an organ is seen to blow its own bellows, mend its shattered keys, move its pedals, and play, with no foreign aid, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' or a violin tunes its discordant strings, and yields its bow in a spontaneous performance of the Carnival, showing us every Crenona as its own Paganini, we may, despite the conceits of a speculative unbelief, hold that the mind is a dynamic personal entity. That thought is the very 'latch-string of a new world's wicket.'"

In conclusion, we would urge the following points wherein the soul's supremacy is manifested: a. Its influence on the form of the body. Its influence on the body of the embryo is too well known to require any illustrations. Vices and crimes have affected the heart, rendering it hard, hairy, and skinny. b. Its influence on the health of the body. Fear has often been the cause of many contagious diseases. When two hundred died daily in Cadiz, in 1800, and the fever gaining ground, it was instantly abated by the appearance of the English fleet before the city, and the cheering of the citizens to fight for liberty. Fear, danger, necessary action, have often cured lameness, rheumatism, &c. c. Its power is seen in the formation of habits. However great the power of habit, often inherited from generation to generation, we are often conscious of a power to break from it, and this we see done every day. The mental nature of man is ever superior to evil habits when we resolutely exercise it. d. It is perceived in representing the emotions and thoughts of the mind by the motions of the body. We control the voice; modulating it in accordance with any emotion or idea. The face pales with fear; the hair stands from fright, &c. e. And this leaves its traces and impressions on the head and face. The whole science of Physiognomy is proof of this point, and needs no further mention. It is indicated by the formation of the skull. The whole science of Phrenology bears witness to this point.

Before closing this article it will be well to consider a point that may have entered the reader's mind, and that is the mentioning of soul and mind indifferently in the same connection. Before concluding these articles we will state more conclusively our views on the correlation of soul and body. Suffice it here to say that we regard the soul as prior to consciousness, existing from the foundation of the first cell germ, and pervading the whole body in every fibre and nerve. It is the ground of all mental phenomena, and the body is its expression. As Dr. Rauch has beautifully expressed it: "Form is not and cannot be the result of matter, which itself is chaotic and shapeless. Form, in man, and throughout the universe, is the result of thought. Hence life, being formed, does not proceed from matter, but is a thought of God, accompanied by the divine will, to be realized in Nature, and to appear externally as an organized body. As the thought gives the form, so the divine will, resting in the thought, and inseparably united with it, works as power and law in all Nature."

"The soul of man is likewise a divine thought, a creation of God, filled with power to live an existence of its own. But it is soul, for it comprehends itself and all that is; and not only does it comprehend itself, but it is also able to produce new thoughts in accordance with its laws of thinking. Again, it develops itself like all other life in Nature; and develops itself in a two-fold direction, outwardly and inwardly."

## The Pyreum.

### Questions and Answers.

The following questions were propounded and answered at a regular session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, in Mercantile Hall, Boston:

UNION GROUP QUESTION.—What is true Religion?  
ANS.—By Lizzie S. Q.—All nations have an idea of a God and of a future state of existence. Both Pagan and Christian nations have religious creeds, or forms of worship which they call religion. Some worship idols formed from some material substance, others worship fire, while many Christians seem to worship the cross. The cross is a symbol of the cross. St. Paul, in distinction from others, thought that visiting the sick and fatherless was religion, pure and undefiled, before God the Father. Our religion is to live to our highest convictions of right.

TEMPLE GROUP QUESTION.—What kind of food is best for our mental growth?  
ANS.—By Lizzie S. Q.—The mental and physical of man are so closely allied that what one does also does the other. Animal food has the effect on the system to excitement, because of its stimulating qualities. The best that lives on animal food entirely, is of the kind that loves to destroy. So it acts on man. Herivorous animals are free from those traits—are timid and retiring, except when attacked. Man who desires to do the greatest slaughter, regardless of the life of others, will be found of the flesh of animals. The intellectual man, whose desire and object is to be great, is content in knowledge, is abstemious, and confides his diet more to cereal food, fruits, &c., as the most healthful to him and the best for mental growth.

LYCEUM QUESTION.—What causes the wind, and what are its benefits?  
ANS.—By Lizzie S. Q.—There are undoubtedly many causes which put air in motion, or which in other words cause what we call wind. The cause may be the sun by air; its surface is varied, with mountains, trees, vegetation, &c. It has a rotary motion, that is, it revolves on its axis. The obstructions caused by these projections upon its surface, would produce wind. The condensation of water from the clouds, and its descent to the earth in the form of rain, would also cause wind. The absorption of the sun's rays, and the development of gases from the surface of the earth, would produce wind. Its benefits are numerous. It changes and purifies the atmosphere, cools and invigorates animals and men, and furnishes material for life. As a motive power, also, its benefits are almost endless.

LYCEUM QUESTION.—Of what good and what use are flowers?  
ANS.—By Daniel W. S., Temple Group.—Flowers are emblems of purity, love and chastity. They bloom for a time to cheer and brighten the dreary prospect of the dwellers on earth, but they soon droop, wither and decay, and the life-germ is transplanted in the angel world to again bloom brighter, far brighter than here. Onward and upward is the progressive tendency of all nature, both animate and inanimate. Their uses are to deck the stately mansion, the lovely cot and last resting place of the earthly form. Their aroma scents all the delicate toilets of this modern age. Their perfume sweetens the air we breathe, softens our natures, causes us to be more loving and kind toward our brother, man, and to thank and bless the beneficent giver of the beautiful flowers, our good, kind and loving Heavenly Father, God.

Q.—How should we best employ ourselves on Sunday?  
ANS.—By L. M. F., Temple Group.—In the order of custom six days have been devoted to manual or other labor, for our livelihood, and the seventh to rest or religious enjoyment. There can be no doubt that one day in seven is little time enough for release from the cares of life and for the prolongation of life both in man and beast. Then how is it best to use the time? I think about the first thing to be done (if not done the previous evening), on Sunday is an abjuration of the body and followed by clean habits. After the usual morning meal the course is varied. Is there a new hat or dress to be displayed? Attend church, where these things are fully observed and commented upon, and, in turn, will find the latest styles, more reliable than Madame Demorest's rooms can show. But should a desire be for active benevolence, visit the sick or poor; or if more intellectual, read upon some scientific, moral or spiritual subjects; and if a little recreation is desired in addition, then the Lyceum as conducted here is instructive, healthful and elevating; the movements are very beneficial. Do not stay at home and lounge away the day. Let it be a day of pleasant enjoyment. Come then to the Lyceum on Sunday, as one of the best ways to employ your time.

## THE RIVER SPIRIT.

The lily closes its chalice,  
And on the river,  
Then comes the spirit of the river,  
And makes in the lily her nest.  
The star of eve is her watch-light,  
Her curtain the rush's crest;  
The wave sings lullabies under,  
And over her the wind of the west.  
Light mists roll over the river,  
And cover her dreamlike rest;  
What guest hath a sweeter chamber,  
What chamber a lovelier guest?

## Written for the Banner of Light SYMPATHY.

BY MATTIE M. BURN.

Oh! weary heart that longs to find  
A home of rest and love,  
An ark of safety for thy soul,  
Poor feeble, lonely dove.

I pity thee  
Oh schling head that longs to rest  
Beneath some grateful shade,  
Where waving branches waft away  
The care so heavy laid.

I sigh for thee,  
Oh wandering soul that seeks in vain  
The paths of truth and right,  
Sin-sick and sorrowing with thy load,  
Afar from God and light.

I pray for thee  
Oh gentle hands that seek to grasp  
The residuals of the morn,  
Forgetting they will fade away  
And leave to you the thorn.

I weep for you,  
Oh loving eyes that yearn to meet,  
One glance more dear than all,  
Oh listening ear that longs to hear,  
The voice beyond recall.

I mourn with you,  
Oh young or old, oh rich or poor,  
Oh wretched and forlorn,  
The Father's hand will guide you each  
And every soul that's born.  
God loves and pities all.

Belvidere Seminary, N. J.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
And ours to meet; to happy air."  
—Lillian Hunt.

## UNCLE SILVER'S SUMMER.

Mr. Silver's name did not suggest anything half as bright as his genial face, which was so full of warm, generous feeling that everybody called him uncle. "What a pity he has no children," everybody said; but it was not at all a pity, for he had a great fatherly heart that loved every child; not with that love that wishes them well, and gives them sugar-plums to keep them from crying, but with a love that could find no trouble in what would give real satisfaction to a child, and that was willing to forget self in the great object of helping some little soul into a better and happier life.

"There's a real Providence in some folks having no children," he used to say; "The Father in heaven wants to try men and see how much they are like himself. It is pretty much mine and thine with those that have children, but with those of us that have none, it is all God's."

But Uncle Silver had some cousins, and these cousins had children, and he had invited them to come and spend the summer with him, and everything that he wished to do, his wife wished to do. But she was in no wise an aunt to the children as he was uncle. She loved her butter and her cheese, and her eggs and her pickles, not for her own use, but she loved the work of preparing them and counting them for market, and she kept a snug lookout after all the concerns of the home farm.

This was a real Providence too, Uncle Silver used to say, for what came so very natural to Mrs. Silver must be the best thing for her to do, and it was the best for him too, because if some one did not take the care, what would become of all the little odds and ends that make a farmer's life a profitable one. With Mrs. Silver's frugality and care everything did go well on the farm; that is, they owned fine broad acres of meadow, woodland and pasture, and owed no debts.

But Mr. Silver would be a little too easy with his "hands," as his laborers were called; but then he never wanted for men to work for him as did many farmers in the country about him, so that he had a plenty of leisure, and that was just what he wanted most, for he was a good talker and loved study, and he had nothing to fret about, he made the most of his spare time.

Haying was over, and his wife's anxieties, and therefore the city cousins, Loring, Solomon, Linnie and Esther, were coming to spend a month. They had never been before for several seasons. Mr. Silver was a plain man, and his cousins in the city led fashionable lives, and took their children to the beach in the summer, and Mr. Silver was a little dignified when he was in the presence of style and fashion, hesitated to invite them to his home.

But he went to the city in the spring and had such a fatherly pity for the pale faces of the children, and found they so much needed some one to give them what he had an abundance of, that he said without hesitation, "Come, all of you." And they all promised, and so the sea-shore was no more talked of, and bathing dresses not discussed; but what they should at Uncle Silver's farm were the only questions.

Loring, Solomon and Esther belonged to one family, Linnie to another; but they were cousins and knew each other like brothers and sisters, and loved each other well enough not to quarrel, except for some grave reasons.

They had been at "The Farm" three days, and had learned to climb the garden fence, and not to mind if a little dingy color came in spots on their garments.

"It's astonishing how little these children know," said Uncle Silver to his wife. "I do believe they don't know that a robin lays blue eggs, and they never heard of the *Sylvia Stalis*."

"And who ever did but you? I dare say they know a blue bird when they see one."

"No they don't; they don't know much of anything I tell you, though they have been to school all their lives."

"That's a pity," said Mrs. Silver, thinking of her curds and whey.

"What's to be done?" said she.

"Of course I must teach them."

"Of course you must."

"But to shut them up, that would be cruel; yes, downright cruel. No, I must take them into the woods and fields."

"So you must," said Mrs. Silver; "then they'll be out of my way."

"So they will, and the men will do the rest of the harvesting, and I can feel free."

"So you can," said Mrs. Silver, dipping into her curds.

And thus Mr. Silver had his leisure, and started off on his mission of opening the heart of Nature to the hearts of children.

He took with him four special favorites, Frank, Seth, Little and Jane, strong, vigorous, country children, whose parents led lives of toil, and did

not think it necessary that children should know anything but what their fathers knew.

They seated themselves under a black cherry tree, that grew close by the stone wall. Through the leaves the sunlight came in delicate shimmer, for this tree does not cast a heavy shadow, and had been chosen for this reason by Uncle Silver, for the morning was cool though it was mid-summer, and a fresh breeze was blowing from the northwest.

"Isn't this a pretty tree," said he. "There's a little history to it. You see its shadow falls upon the next lot, and that was owned by my neighbor. He came to me one beautiful spring morning with the air of a man with important business on his mind. 'I say, Mr. Silver,' he said; 'there's that thorny cherry tree, it keeps my corn from growing quite a considerable; it shades it all the afternoon. Now I want to know if you'd mind cutting it down.'"

"Cut down that graceful tree! I don't think I could with my heart."

"But I'll give you two bushels of corn come harvest, if you will."

"Now I reckon it would take more of a crop than you'll ever raise to buy that shadow. Why, it's one of the Lord's gifts to me, that tree, and I should as soon think of disregarding any of his gifts as that one. Beauty is cheap, sir, for it doesn't cost us much; but if you come to sell it, it's just like selling so much of yourself, it doesn't pay."

"There isn't much beauty in a black cherry tree," said he doggedly.

"Ah, those hanging clusters of white blossoms in the spring," said I. "They are like sets of pearls, and every one of them worth five dollars. Did you never notice how gracefully they hang? If you'll believe me, they made me think of the Empress Eugenie last May. You needn't laugh. I believe she would have felt honored by the thinking. And then it has such fine relations, that tree has."

He laughed a long laugh, but I went on.

"Why, didn't you know it is cousin to the roses, belongs to the same family, and then it has such a pretty name, from the good old Latin, *Prunus virginiana*."

"That is pretty," said he, "say it over again."

So I repeated it until it was well fixed in his mind. He was overpowered by the name, and really felt the tree to be quite as important as an Empress, and he never said a word about cutting it down or even trimming it. It so happened that he then had a little girl three weeks old, who had been waiting for a name, and he had her baptized the next Sunday, Prudence Virginia, for that was the way he remembered the name. Now I don't believe that any of you will ever forget the botanical name of the cherry tree.

"Not me," said Solomon; "and I remember that *Prunus* in Latin means plum."

"That's good," said Uncle Silver.

"But why is the cherry called a plum?" said Linnie.

"Because they both belong to the same genus, and therefore come under the one generic name, *Prunus*. Now we have taken our first practical lesson in botany, though I have more to tell you about birds than flowers."

But there is another part to my story of the *Prunus virginiana*. The little Prudence grew to be a sweet child. She was like a blossom. I told her father she was his dandelion, and so she was—pure gold to his life—and then she put off her golden garments, and in her spiritual ones floated to heaven. She always loved this tree, and her father used to bring her down here in his great rough arms and put her on the grass, on my side of the wall, and there she would toddle about, a wee little thing, while we worked at our hoeing, I out yonder, and he close by.

I used often to come and bring her a flower, and she would stretch out her arms to me and say, 'pretty flower,' in her sweet baby accent, that I can't repeat with my clumsy tongue.

Well, she could not stay with us more than the dandelion, and we all knew she was going. As I looked at her as she was drawing her last breath, I could not see her body, she was all soul, all light. Her eyes were closed, and we thought she had gone, when all at once they opened—she looked up, lifted her little hand, and said softly, 'pretty flower.' The angels had brought her gifts we could not see.

Her father sold his land and moved away, and I bought that field; but before he would sell to me he said, 'Never cut down that cherry tree; promise me that; it was her tree and she may miss it even there.'

"What do you mean?" said I, wishing to know his ideas.

"Oh I've a notion that what we have loved so much here we shall find in heaven, and I would wish my Prudence to have her cherry tree, and perhaps if this should wither here would be less green."

Now do you not see what beauty did for that man? It made him a poet. It is one of the prettiest pictures I look at, and I see it every time I come this way—the little child under the green shadows. But see that robin! he has come to give us a more cheerful thought. Oh what a splendid fellow he is. It's the male bird."

"I don't see how you can tell," said Esther, "birds all look alike to me."

"That is because you don't use your eyes. It is about as easy to tell the mother robin as for you to distinguish your mother. The female bird has not as brilliant a breast, and her wings and back are of a lighter ash color. She is not as handsome as the male bird."

Now let us have a little more use of your Latin, Solomon. The robin is classed by naturalists as *Turdus migratorius*.

"I am afraid I don't remember anything about the words. I never thought before that Latin could be of any use. I wish I had brought my lexicon," said Solomon.

"Well, we can make very good English from the very sound of the words. '*Turdus Migratorius*,' the Migratory Thrush. I hope none of you will forget that the robin belongs to the family of thrushes, a very fine family of sweet singers. But there is no bird more loved than the robin, for he is so fond of the company of man that he prefers to build in the orchard, or the maple near the door, rather than in the most secluded woods. Frank, will you describe a robin's nest to us?"

"I don't think I can, sir."

"Try to prove to me that there is a robin's nest in our apple tree in the corner of the garden."

"Well, sir, it's a large nest, a great deal larger than most of the bird's nests about here. It is built of sticks and straw on the outside, and then it is all lined with mud, and inside of this is soft hay and grass, and then there are five pretty blue eggs in it."

"Very well. I think the children will all know a robin's nest now. You can't tell—you children of the city—what a joy the first note of the robin gives to us in the spring. Early in March, on warm days, you may sometimes hear them. We get tired of snows and frosts by that time, and the robin talks to us about the summer coming just as plainly as the minister talks of the millennium."

"My heart has given a great bound of pleasure as I have stood in my barn door and listened to the sweet call of these friendly birds on a spring day. We don't any of us like to have harm come to them, and boys will not rob a robin's nest as soon as any other birds."

"Where do they come from in the spring?" said Esther; "I should think they would freeze."

"They come from their Southern haunts; they are wandering birds, and do not stay in one place except in the spring and summer; as soon as cold weather comes they are off to Virginia and North Carolina, where they gather the winter berries that hang on the trees and shrubs."

"Oh, how pretty," said Linnie, "to think of their traveling so far and then finding their way back."

"It is indeed pleasant, for often the same pair comes back to build near the same cottage. This was the case with a bird that was named. He built three years in those locusts there, and then we lost him. I was afraid he was killed. There is a pretty story connected with that bird that I must tell you."

I had a man that lived with me who bore so bad a reputation that no one would employ him, so of course I had to. And then when I had him and learned to bear with all his wicked practices, I thought it was a pity to send him away, for he would be sure to get into trouble. He was one of the most cruel men I ever knew, and though I would not let him harm anything that belonged to me, yet he was always doing something to distress me. I began to wonder where the little spot of tenderness in his heart could be, for I had tried to reach it in every way. I used to remonstrate with him, but he would always say, 'Have n't I been kicked and thrashed all my life? I'll give it back somehow.'

One day he caught a young robin and broke its leg and let it go; he seemed to expect the cat would be after it and catch it. In a day or two after he fell, himself, from a tree and broke his leg. It was a great misfortune to me as well as to him, for I had to give him up our east room and nurse him myself.

I had caught the young robin and had put him in a cage to keep him from harm. There I fed him with my own hand, always carrying worms and fruit enough for him to eat, but none to be left for another time. In this way he learned to expect me and to watch for my coming. By a little care I got him so he would sit on my hand in the cage, and then I let him out. He had no fear of me, and I soon taught him to come at my call, and he would wait for me on the end of the shed.

By the time I had got him well tamed, my man had got so much better that he could be bolstered up and read a little. One morning as he was lying in the sunny room, with the scent of the pinks and honeysuckles filling the room, I introduced Master Robin to him through the window. I had put one or two caterpillars around the room and some berries on a paper on the bed. I kept out of sight, but where I could see what passed. The man looked at the little strange visitor with surprise, and a smile rested on his face; he kept perfectly still and the robin hunted up his caterpillars, turning every now and then a timid look to the eyes that followed him.

Soon the robin hopped on the bed and pecked at the berries. Then he jumped upon the breast of the man, limping always with his lame foot to prove that he was the injured bird, but bore no malice to the one who named him.

I saw tears gather in the man's eyes, and I left. But I forgot not to put the bird again into the room, and in a few days he flew in and out quite at home. I always took pains to have in the room some branches with worms on them, and some berries on the man's plate, but I never said a word; the bird was the preacher, not I.

One day when he and the robin were having a quiet time together, I entered. He said, 'Mr. Silver, if it would n't be too much trouble I wish you'd let me talk to you a little. I don't know but I am going to die.'

'Die; why, my man, you are growing better every day.'

'Yes, but such strange things happen to me. That bird has made me another man. I've laid here and cried by the hour together after looking at it; for as I looked, all the cruel, wicked things that I had ever done came up before me. Sometimes I have had the room full of dogs, cats, horses, birds, and all of them—yes, all of them with some mark of cruelty I had given them. Oh it was dreadful. I couldn't bear it, I thought, but I had to; and I looked and looked until I could remember every one, and then they all marched off, and there was only the robin left. And then I saw—yes, right there—leaning over the bed, my mother. I killed her; yes, I did, though nobody knew it. She died of grief for my wicked ways. She said many a time, 'Robert, you'll kill me, and some day you'll know what it is to die of a broken heart. Oh, Robert, how I loved you when you were a baby and a little boy, and how I prayed God to let you live, but now I only pray him to let you sin die, and I shall always pray; yes, always, Robert, after I die just as much as now, and the nearer I get to God the more certain he will be to hear me, so I will do all good things till I earn a place next to his ear.'

That's just what she said, sir, though I've tried to forget, yet the robin brought it all back.

Oh, sir; I can't tell you all I have done to make people unhappy, and it's all alive, all of it, for I have seen it, seen it right here in this room. I have robbed poor widows; one poor, old, half-sick woman had a cow, and it was her all, and I choked it to death, yes I did, and worse than that—

'Don't tell it all,' said I; 'your mother's prayers have come near to God, and you are to live and be a good man. Yes, you are to undo all the wrong you have done by your exceeding kindness to everything.'

'Can I, said he, gasping.

'Certainly, that is the law of our life; we can take away all our wrongs by rights, all our cruelty by kindness. There is no other way for prince or peasant, for saint or sinner to enter heaven. The robin has taught you that.'

'I will begin now,' said he; 'yes, this minute; take five dollars you owe me and send it to—you know who. I shall get well, and I'll pay up every old score—only,' said he, 'how shall I find all that I have injured?'

'That is not necessary. Do the kindness to others, it











## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

N. Frank White, the well-known and popular lecturer on the philosophy of Spiritualism, called on us last week, on his way to the Melrose Camp-Meeting. Mr. White is ready to make engagements to lecture in the Eastern and Middle States the coming season, having postponed going West till another year. Application should be made as soon as possible, so he can better systematize his field of labor. It is hardly necessary for us to repeat that Mr. White is one of the ablest and most satisfactory lecturers in the field, as the constant demand for his services for Sundays and week-evenings, for the past eight or ten years, most emphatically declares. For the present he can be addressed care of this office.

Dr. James Cooper is busy at work in Ohio. He is doing an invaluable amount of good in enlightening humanity on the important subject of Spiritualism. He will be in attendance at the State Convention which convenes at Cleveland on the 15th inst., and will have with him a good supply of Spiritualistic works. He will also receive subscriptions to the *Banner of Light*, which we hope our friends will not fail to notice, and avail themselves of the opportunity of placing their money in such trusty hands.

Mr. George Kates, formerly of Dayton, Ohio, but now residing at Afton, Iowa, intends hereafter to devote his time entirely to the lecturing field, where he has been laboring, more or less, for the past six or eight years. A correspondent writes: "Mr. Kates is putting on the armor for a campaign in the holy work of Spiritualism. His beacon light for future work, his mission so long aspired to, has made the promise of a golden sunset in his earth-life, and now every other avenue to worldly use seems darkened, he has placed his trust in the spirit-world to use and prompt him to action for the redemption of mankind from sin, ignorance and bigotry. I wish to recommend his ability as a lecturer, his receptivity to the divine truths of Spiritualism and his usefulness as a worker, to your indorsement. He has many friends and admirers."

A. A. Wheeler, the Ohio State Missionary, resumed his labors at that capacity the first week in September. He was deprived from attending the late National Convention at Rochester on account of the illness of his wife's mother. We shall print a full report of his labors in our next issue.

J. H. Powell has located his family at 145 Tyler street, Boston. He is now ready to receive calls to lecture.

Mrs. L. V. Daniels' address during September is the Shamrock.

## The Spiritual Harp.

This new and elegant song-book, meeting with universal favor. The late National Convention of Spiritualists at Rochester passed a resolution recommending it to general use among Spiritualists. The press speaks well of it.

The *Gospel Banner* says: "This is a large and finely printed book, of three hundred pages, containing a very extensive collection of Hymns and Tunes, among which are some of the finest and most touching ever given to the public. A few pages are devoted to the dissemination of beautiful consolatory sentiments."

The *Present Age* says: "This long and anxiously looked for work is now out. Its binding and typography are in the highest style of the art. Its matter, both poetry and music, is exactly adapted to the wants of the Spiritualists throughout the country. The work is just in time to meet a demand, long felt and still growing, for musical and poetical composition for the use of Spiritualists in their public, private and social relations. Will give a more extended notice hereafter."

The *Springfield Republican* thus tartly expresses itself: "The Spiritualists, who started with an abhorrence for sects, are themselves fast crystallizing into one. Fresh evidence of the fact comes to us in the *Spiritual Harp*, a hymn and tune book of nearly three hundred pages, prepared expressly for the use of their denomination, and published by William White & Co., of Boston. It is handsomely printed and seems to be well adapted to the purposes for which it was intended. As might be expected, Watts and the other standard writers of the Orthodox hymn-books are noticeably ignored, and their places supplied by numerous modern and 'spiritual' poets, whose lyrics and love-songs have never been used as hymns before. This freedom of selection has brought together many fine poems and much flowery nonsense, all of which is set to easy and singable music."

## The Male Soprano.

Mr. Jesse Shepard, the most wonderful singer in the world, continues to astonish and win the admiration of the musical people, by his remarkable singing, in a clear, full, soprano voice of great power—with not the slightest recognition of his own. The controlling spirit takes complete possession of his organism. He will remain in this city several weeks longer, and hold séances at private residences when desired. His address is 8 Gloucester Place.

## A Picnic Photographed.

The Walden Pond picnic of Spiritualists, held Aug. 10th, was photographed by an artist, making a picture of about 12 by 20 inches in size, which is sold at \$2, at J. S. Dodge's, 127 Hanover street.

## Rensselaer, Ind.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson writes that, "The good work goes on in this part of the West, and calls roll in upon the workers; indicating an active campaign for the coming season."

## Picnic.

The last Grand Union Picnic of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, for 1868, will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, Sept. 15. All orderly people, whether Spiritualists or not, are cordially invited to join with us in the festivities of this autumnal gathering. Exercises to consist of speaking, dancing, boating, bowling, swinging, etc., etc. Refreshments in abundance and of the best quality to be obtained on the grounds at cheap prices. From all way stations between Boston and South Braintree, Plymouth and Hanson, Fall River and Bridgewater, Somerset and South Braintree, excursionists will take the regular trains to and from the Grove at one fare. A special train will leave the Old Colony Depot, Boston, for the Grove at half past nine o'clock previous to L. Y. Returning, arrive in Boston at six o'clock.

N. B. NO TWELVE O'CLOCK TRAIN.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Manager.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1868.

## Union Lyceum Picnic.

The Taunton and Foxboro Lyceum will hold a *Basket Picnic* at Myrick's Grove, Junction of Old Colony & Taunton and New Bedford railroads, on Wednesday, September 10th.

The Lyceums will go through with some of their usual exercises, after which there will be speaking, singing and dancing, as the spirit moves. The object is to have a good time for all. A general invitation is extended.

W. K. BIRLEY, For Committee of Arrangements.

Foxboro, Mass., August 10th, 1868.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Notices of grove meetings in Abington, Mich., September 8th, and Ashabula, O., September 4th, came to hand one day after our last paper had gone to press. We are always happy to give publicity to such gatherings if the information reaches us in season. If friends will mail such notices two weeks in advance of the time for holding the meetings, they will be sure to be in season.

The fifth edition of "The Life-Line of the Lone One," is just issued from the press. See advertisement.

In the essay on "Spirit-body," &c., on the first page of our last issue, the fourth paragraph should read, "We will first analyze," instead of "He," &c.

We have in press, and shall issue in a week or two, a pamphlet written by Mrs. Abby M. Ladd, of Washington.

CURIOUS MECHANISM.—A rather complicated (to the uninitiated) and curious specimen of mechanism, is the electric galvanic battery made by Dr. White and used by him in the treatment of patients, at his office, No. 4 Jefferson Place. It is worth examining, to say the least, and is effective in curing disease, under the skillful direction of the doctor and his spirit guides.

The Vermont State election, last week, went Republican by a largely increased majority.

The late Queen of Madagascar was buried in a silver coffin worth \$30,000, and a box of coin which it took fifteen men to carry was buried with her. The mourning requires all her subjects to shave their heads and go barefoot for ninety days. They must also sleep on the ground and do no work for that time.

Twenty-eight ladies, members in good standing of the Congregational church in Elmwood, Conn., have succeeded because denied the right of taking part in church meetings. Stand for your rights, ladies.

Dr. Colenso having been sustained in his right to the bishopric of Natal, Africa, by the home government, the new bishop, Mr. Macrorie, will be sustained by a voluntary society formed for that purpose, under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. This inaugurates a singular hostility of church and state, the church maintaining one bishop and the state another in the same diocese, and claiming the same powers. The end of this controversy is not yet.

The Reform bill is rapidly giving the people of England an opportunity to take an active part in the government of their country. The number of voters in the borough of Liverpool has been increased from 19,900 to 37,700.

Seeing a sexton at work, a bystander said: "Digging a grave? Why, I thought people did not often die here—do they?" "Oh no, sir; they never die but once."

Every day is in itself a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

It is not work that kills men; it's worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

The engine in Chickering's piano manufactory, in this city, has been run for a year by the use of crude oil for fuel, and gives every satisfaction. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company are about to try the experiment of burning peat on their locomotives. Such substitutes may keep coal within the reach of people of moderate means.

A little boy who was praised for never taking his eyes off the preacher, answered with all simplicity, "I wanted to see how near he was to the end."

Two priests have been engaged in a warm discussion in the French papers of Quebec, about the merits of a pamphlet by George St. Aime. The archbishop has ended the controversy, pronounced the pamphlet heretical and dangerous, and ordered the writer to retract within thirty days, on pain of excommunication. All Catholics having the pamphlet in their possession are required to destroy it, or suffer the same penalty. It is a beautiful arrangement by which the Church silences what it cannot answer, and so save the faithful the trouble of thinking for themselves.

Before Miss Menken died she said: "I have lived longer than a woman of a hundred years, and it is time I went where the old people go."

Victory belongs to him who is constant in faith and courage.

It is stated that the project of uniting Lake Huron and Lake Ontario bids fair to be a reality. The enterprise will cost \$40,000,000, one-half of which is proposed to raise in the United States, and the rest in England. The prospect of doing so is reported to be good.

Strauss has accepted a four months' concert tour through the United States, for which he is to have \$60,000 in gold.

Beware of inquisitive persons; a wonderful curiosity to know all is generally accompanied with as great an itch to tell it again.

Mr. Mapleson, the famous manager, is to visit this country the coming season, with his London Opera Troupe. The principals are Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Kellogg, Mlle. Sincio, Signor Bulterini, and Mr. Sanfley, the distinguished baritone.

Thaddeus S. Sheldon, of Randolph, N. Y., died in that place in July last. A biographical sketch of him in the *Register* says: "Many years ago he embraced the spiritual philosophy, and devoted much of his time and means to its support. With him it was a grand truth founded in the nature and fitness of things, and he believed that in it was laid the true foundation of human happiness. He contributed very considerably to its literature, by both voice and pen; and he expended considerable means in disseminating what he regarded as its fundamental truths." He was a man very highly esteemed and respected.

What look sometimes represents union without unity? Wedlock.

Robert Dale Owen, in a recent lecture on Spiritualism, after stating that a prominent doctrine of the Spiritualist church was the truth that disembodied spirits retained the affections, friendships and attachments which they had formed during their sojourn in the material world, gave some striking illustrations of the fact. One of them turned upon the discovery of a document which had been written originally by Henry III. of France, brother of Charles IX., in a cave in the wall of an ancient French abbey. It purported to be a lament of the deceased on the death of the Princess of Conde, whom he had tenderly loved.

## New York Department.

## BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Very Large Assortment of Spiritualist Books. Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, nineteen cloth, three only paper: Nature's Divine Revelations, 30th edition, just out, 8 vols., Great Harmonies, each complete—Physician, Teacher, and Reformer and Thinker, Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author, Penetrator, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Moral Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Spiritual Providence, Harmonious Man, Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, Present Age and Inner Life, Approaching Crisis, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabula, Divine Medium, and Stella Key to the Summer Land—last two just issued, and most highly interesting and instructive. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$25; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life-Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Gift of Spiritualism. Sent by mail for \$2.00.

Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$1; postage 50 cts.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed 50 cts. We are always ready to receive orders when convenient.

We can now supply a few complete volumes of twelve numbers of the new London monthly, Human Nature, edited by J. Burns, London; price \$5.00, postage 20 cts. "Ideal Athens" is being republished in this magazine at a very low price, \$5.00. Teachers of gymnastics, if not in possession of a copy of this book, would do it of expediency, but as it is a very rare book, and is not taken up with the engravings.

Fifth National Convention.

This body, which has just closed its sessions at Rochester, N. Y., was by far the most practical, most consistent, most harmonious and most devoted to the cause of Spiritualism alone of any convention of Spiritualists of a national or world-wide influence ever held in this country. We went there determined, on our part, to have order and consistent action, or to secure a "change of base" for future action. The five or six resolutions we presented at the opening were readily adopted and heartily carried out through the sessions, and secured good order and prevented the confusion of former sessions. The practical work of the Convention was:

1st, Accepting the emblem of progression (pin and charm) and releasing the claim and right of property to Mr. Drott, who had advanced the cost of getting them out. They will be extensively sold and worn, and are neat and elegant tokens of recognition. Patented.

2d, To accept the report of Mr. Drott, Chairman of Committee on Order of Eternal Progress, lay it on the table, and discharge the Committee; as the order, as such, had no delegates in the Convention and asked nothing from it, there was no action required and no recognition of it, and the Convention and its work are entirely separate from this and all secret orders of brotherhood which may cooperate with or oppose us. We trust our friends who have feared this secret order would disturb our "order of eternal progress" will now understand that they are divorced, and each runs its own machinery.

3d, They separated the Progressive Lyceum organizations from the National, and took the necessary steps to secure a separate organization and State and National Conventions for the Lyceums, where their interest can be properly and fully represented, and could not be in this and future Conventions of Spiritualists, embracing the whole subject. Steps will soon be taken to bring the Lyceum question more prominently before the people, and arouse an interest in it as the greatest practical work of the Spiritualist as yet organized.

4th, They changed the name of our organization from a National to an American representation—AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS—and provided that any person can become a member by having his or her name recorded by the Secretary and paying annually five dollars; or fifty dollars in any one year for life membership, which, however, does not entitle such member to a vote in the association. The funds thus raised and by contributions are to be used exclusively (at present) for missionary and educational purposes, under the direction of the Board of Trustees.

5th, They changed the basis of representation, confining it to delegates from State organizations, on the Congressional numerical basis, with the addition of two from District of Columbia, and a parliamentary delegation from Canada.

6th, They provided for and elected a Board of six Trustees to act with the President, Secretary and Treasurer, making a board of nine to transact business, and of which two trustees and the three officers (a majority of the board are elected annually by the annual convention of State delegates, to which they report and are accountable. By this arrangement five hundred dollars was raised on the spot for commencing the work, and the Board will soon have one or more missionaries in the field, and will soon be legally incorporated so it can legalize the bonds of its Treasurer and hold property in trust, or otherwise, "according to law."

7th, It did up all its miscellaneous business and merged itself into the new organization with a capital of five hundred dollars to begin work with. In a few days the constitution, with an address from the trustees, will appear to the public for assistance and approbation.

## Shooting Folly as it Flies.

There are no people in the world except Indians and, uncivilized tribes who travel and visit as much as Americans, and none who lose as much of the benefits by follies. Among them, most prominent, is that of eating and drinking. Families and individuals, going long or short journeys, even of a few hours, usually provide themselves with bags and baskets of food, candies, cakes and extras of various kinds, and the men with extra cigars, tobacco and "Sunday comforters" in flasks, and adding these to the ordinary home fare, try to make the pleasure of the trip consist in devouring and dividing them. The children, especially, are fed almost or quite to sickness by extra knick-knacks and kept constantly in ill-humor, spoiling their own and others' pleasure by the means taken to pamper the appetite, and destroy the pleasure of the ride or walk. The objects to be seen and sounds to be heard, are all made secondary to the appetite. Scarcely are they out of sight of home before the provisions must be broken into, and without any regard to meal-times, or the hours of eating; all else gives way to the stimulated appetite, goaded on in the young by the extra preparation and articles collected, under the high pressure excitement of going to ride or walk. The change of scene and scenery, the ride, or walk, the company and conversation, which should for the time take the mind off the track of appetite and every-day monotony, must all give way to this voracious American appetite. In our twenty years of travel, we have made many observations on charac-

ter and habits not yet written, and among them this is prominent. We have often seen families or persons with children started in the cars or a boat, for long or short trips, who would, as soon as fairly seated and before they were out of sight of the starting place, open the packages, and without the least regard to meal-time begin to devour the extra food, and keep up by supplies on the route the over-fed and stimulated appetite, to the entire loss of the beauties and pleasure of the trip and scenery.

Another foolish American habit is frequent drinking. We can eat a breakfast of salt mackerel and travel in the cars all day without taking water, and without the least inconvenience, never drink in the cars, and seldom when traveling, or at any time except lightly at or after meals, and we are sure that persons who do not use tobacco can easily break themselves of the habit of constant thirsting for water or other drinks. In children, the stomach is kept irritated by unnatural food and condiments that produce a constant and unnatural thirst. Tobacco adds largely to this in adults, and alcohol adds to the effect of tobacco, until we become a people requiring a constant stream of water to rip the machinery of the body, about as much as the water wheel of an old mill. We are a famous people for destroying the health of our bodies and harmony of our minds, and much of the pleasure of existence, by overtaxing nature.

## Convention of the Universal Peace Union.

At Plum-street Hall, Vineland, N. J., Sept. 12th and 13th, 1868—Saturday at 7 P. M., and all day Sunday.

Remove the causes and abolish the customs of war. Speakers expected—Lori K. Joslin, of Providence, R. I., Alfred E. Love, Henry T. Child, M. D., Rachel W. M. Townsend, Thomas W. Stickney, of Philadelphia, and others from Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey.

The friends of progress are earnestly invited, that we may develop the spirituality of our age.

## A Card.

The Cambridgeport Spiritualist Association would tender their sincere thanks to the following list of speakers, who have so kindly given their services in support of the meetings: Mr. Wheelock, of Ohio; Mrs. Davis, of Cambridgeport; Mr. Hodgson, of East Boston; M. L. Pelroy, of Boston.

LIZZIE G. DOLIVER, Corresponding Secretary.

## Business Matters.

Mrs. L. F. HYDE, Test Medium, 142 West 16th street, New York. 14—Sept. 12.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1102 Broadway, New York. 14—S.S.

COUSIN BENJA'S POEMS are for sale at this office. Price \$1.50

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 92 West 14th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL-MAGAZINE (price 30 cents) and HUMAN NATURE (price 25 cents) are received regularly and for sale at this office.

DR. L. K. COONLEY, healing medium. Will examine by letter or look of hair from persons at a distance. Address, Vineland, N. J.

MRS. M. K. CANNEN will sit for spirit answers to sealed letters. Terms \$2.00, and 4 red stamps. Address, 21 Wickliffe street, Newark, N. J.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th City Hall—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. Aug. 29—14

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall—New York. Open Sunday. C. D. & L. H. PRESNO, Proprietors.

THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Moses Hull and W. F. Jamieson, editors. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents single copy. August number now ready.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Those of our subscribers having occasion to change the destination of their papers, should, in order to save us trouble, and insure the requisite change, be very particular in naming the State, County and Town to which the *Banner* is sent. Without this guide, it is a tedious job for our clerks to hunt through the thousands of names upon our subscription books for the one to be changed, and perhaps then fail to find it.

## Special Notices.

In theory beautiful, in practice perfect! NEGATIVES for CHILL or AGUE, POSITIVES for FEVER, hence Mrs. Apence's Positive and Negative Powders know no such thing as fall in CHILLS AND FEVER, DUMB AGUE, CONGESTIVE CHILLS, and FEVER AND AGUE. Sept. 5—14

MATTHEWS A. MCCORD, 513 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps on hand a full assortment of Spiritual and Liberator's Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals. *Banner of Light* always to be found upon the counter. Aug. 1.

Spiritual and Reform Books. MRS. E. F. M. BROWN, and MRS. LOU, E. KIMBALL, 137 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Publishers' prices. July 18.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Thursdays.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

## PROF. C. H. WOODHULL'S

MAGNETIC AND HEALING INSTITUTE, AND Conservatory of Metaphysical, Mental and Spiritual Science, 11 West Jones street, New York, upon the combined principles of Medicine and Magnetism, for the cure of CANCER, CONSUMPTION, RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS and other Chronic Diseases, and for special consultations upon political, social, commercial and international affairs. The following conclusions have been arrived at after ten years of successful treatment of more than 10,000 cases: 1. DISEASE can be cured by the combined use of Medicine and Magnetism, when either relied upon alone would fail. 2. NO DISEASE can be treated with the positive certainty of a cure being effected, unless the magnetic system is properly controlled by a logical and scientific method. The scientific method is undergoing medical treatment. 3. All diseases that have not already destroyed vital organs necessary to continue life, can be cured by a judicious medical treatment, using vegetable remedies and scientific application of the magnetic healing power. All cases treated at the Institute are examined, received for treatment and Cures Guaranteed upon the basis formed by the above conclusions. When required, medicine will be sent by express to any part of the world. Patients who cannot apply in person, may by letter. Sept. 12—14

## NOTICE.

Closing Out Sale at Hela Marsh's Bookstore. Boston, Sept. 3d, 1868. THE undersigned would give notice that owing to the illness of Hela Marsh, he has decided to close up the Book-selling and Publishing business heretofore carried on by Hela Marsh, at No. 14 Cornhill street. All books now on hand can be obtained at a discount of twenty-five per cent. from the regular retail prices. The business will be discontinued on and after November 1st. Lists of books sent on application. Sept. 12—34

## New Music.

SOLE and quartet and chorus. Poetry by H. Clay Pears. Made by Alfred Bend. Price 20 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

## ISLE OF THE BLEST.

SOLE and quartet and chorus. Poetry by H. Clay Pears. Made by Alfred Bend. Price 20 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

## HOLMES'S ALPHABETIC PLANCHETTE.

## HOLMES'S MAGNETIC INSULATED WRITING PLANCHETTE.

MADE of magnetic substances revealed to him under spirit influence. If you would like to witness the most complete test of spirit power ever exposed, send for one of these planchettes, securely packed, with full directions on receipt of \$1.50; by mail prepaid for 50 cents extra. Address, J. HOLMES, 146 Fulton street, New York.

FIFTH EDITION—JUST ISSUED.

## The Life-Line of the Lone One;

OR, AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD'S CHILD. BY WARREN CHASE.

Two steel-plate portraits. Price \$1.00; postage 16 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

## PLANCHETTE OUTDORE!

Have you seen the Electro-Magnetic Disc? Persons by the aid of this valuable combination of metals ascertain who are in the neighborhood, and all the remarkable manifestations of spirit power may be in direct contact with the Electro-Magnetic Disc. It is a new discovery, and is a most valuable and interesting work. It is a new discovery, and is a most valuable and interesting work. It is a new discovery, and is a most valuable and interesting work.

DR. GEORGE BANCROFT EMERSON, Healing, Clairvoyant, Prophecy and Test Medium.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., at 115 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass. 14—Sept. 12.

SINGERS WANTED. Mr. W. D. DUFFLE, of East Boston, 21 Webster street, or 120 Fulton street, Boston, wants one Soprano and one Alto Singer. Apply in the evening at 42, or at 120 during the day. A supper and salary will be paid for Sunday afternoon and evening. 14—Sept. 12.

ISOLATED Spiritualists, Fruit Growers, and others, who wish to plant orchards and eventually settle together in the State of Maine, Bay County, Michigan, can unite in some plan of action, by addressing: HESLEY YODINE, Loc. N. Y. Sept. 12—14

J. S. CORLISS and A. HODGES, Magnetic, Clairvoyant, Prophecy and Test Mediums, at 81 Washington street, Boston, in a large room. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Circles Sunday and Thursday evenings. 24—Sept. 12.

A San Francisco, Cal., DR. J. M. M'GHEE, Heals the sick by laying on of hands. No fee given. Office 40 Kearney street. 15—Sept. 12.

## Important Book for Spiritualists!

JUST PUBLISHED,

BY

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

158 Washington street, Boston.

## THE SPIRITUAL HARP

The new Music Book for the

Choir, Congregation and

Social Circle.

By J. M. PEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT.

E. H. BAILEY, Musical Editor.

THIS work has been prepared for the press at great expense and much manual labor, in order to meet the wants of Spiritualist Societies in every portion of the country. It is a new discovery, and is a most valuable and interesting work. It is a new discovery, and is a most valuable and interesting work. It is a new discovery, and is a most valuable and interesting work.

The growing interest of Spiritualists in the form of a singing book. Everywhere the call was loud and earnest. The authors have endeavored to meet this demand in the beautiful gift of THE SPIRITUAL HARP.

Culled from a wide field of literature with the most critical care, free from all theological taint, throbbing with the soul of inspiration, embodying the principles of the true use of the Spiritual Philosophy, yet to the most cheerful and popular music, it is doubtless the most attractive work of the kind ever published. The Harp contains music for all occasions, particularly for the social relations of life, both religious and domestic. Its beautiful songs, duets and quartets, with piano, organ or melodeon accompaniment, if purchased in sheet form, would cost many times the price of the book. These are very choice, sweet and inspiring. Among them may be mentioned "Sparkling Waters," "Dreaming to-night," "Nothing but Water to Drink," "Heart Song," "The Heart and the Heart," "Make Him Pleasant," "Ballad," "Angel Watcher's Serenade," "The Song that I Love," "Water," "Translation," "David Him a Monument," "Where the Buses never shall With," "Gentle Spirit," "I Stand on Memory's











