

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light,  
**WHEREFORE?**

BY GRACE LELAND.

Why these dim, entangled pathways,  
Leading through the maze of grief?  
Why the storm-cloud, darkly brooding,  
Following sunshine glad but brief?  
Why the stumbling, from the blinding  
Of the weary, burning tears?  
Why the spirit's dumb despairing,  
Overcome by doubts and fears?  
  
Why the homeless little children,  
Knowing not a father's care,  
Knowing not a mother's blessing,  
Breathing ne'er sweet childhood's prayer?  
Why the sacrifice, ne'er ending  
Till the good has been attained?  
Why that every path of progress  
Must with martyrs' blood be stained?  
  
Hush thy murmuring, Soul, be patient!  
He whose searching eye can scan  
All the vast, eternal arches,  
Sees divinely—not as man!  
In the great and holy purpose  
Of the Infinite, the Good,  
Lie a mercy and a wisdom  
Here but dimly understood.  
  
Thorny pathways, dim, unlighted,  
Lead to yonder fields of bliss,  
And the grave is but the gateway  
To a better world than this.  
Storms are passing, but the sunshine  
Waits in Heaven divinely fair;  
From earth's tears are bright flowers springing,  
That will bloom in beauty there!  
  
And the rest—though ye discover  
Only pain and anguish sore,  
Well ye know that God the Father  
Loves His children evermore.  
What ye blindly term the evil  
Is but good that hidden lies,  
Working out its winding progress  
Upward toward the smiling skies!

## The Lecture Boom.

### The Living Temple.

Mrs. Corn Daniels lectured to a good audience on the above subject, at Music Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, April 12th. We give below a synoptical report of her remarks:

"The perfect word by Adam trod  
Was the first temple built by God;  
His feet laid the corner-stone,  
And heaved its pillars one by one."

A distinguished French Abbé in his report on his explorations among the ruins of Central America, had made known many remarkable facts concerning the early religious customs and beliefs of that people; he had found a key to the hieroglyphics which covered the crumbling relics of their ancient splendor, and among many other sentences had translated the following, which was written in one of their chief temples: "And then the Most High created man; he was the child of whiteness, the son of light, and he became the temple of the living spirit."

From the earliest ages man had possessed a desire for a place of worship, some location set apart from all things else, and devoted to the use and symbolization of the gods he worshipped. This might be thought to be unnecessary, but by reference to the history of the ancients, we should find they had gods in form, and must have a place wherein to deposit them, or they would be worn out in process of time, and contaminated by the constant contact of every-day life. The first temples were found among the Egyptians, and to so great an extent was this idea carried among them, that all public edifices were dedicated to some God.

We had every reason to believe that this idea of worshipping in temples belonged to, and was handed down from the barbarous ages of the world, and owed its origin to that portion of the earth's history when outward life was the symbol that represented to mankind the Divine Mind. This we could see clearly marked in the sacred scale of the Egyptian, sliding from the veiled Isis—mother of time—down to the beast and bird; in the Roman's faith in Jupiter, the controller, Mars and Minerva, Venus and Apollo, with their various attributes of valor, wisdom or pleasure. We also, by reason of our knowledge concerning the more remote religions of the earth—those of the Chinese and Japanese—had every reason to believe that they had temples to represent to them the idea of a potent deity.

For three thousand years from the ordinarily reckoned birth of time, (according to Hebrew belief) God had no fitting temple among his chosen people. He was represented among them by certain itinerant altars and tabernacles, and by the ark they carried on its staves from place to place, but these represented to them but poorly the God they worshipped. The Egyptians had their temples, wherein the initiated entered to perform their devotions, while the uninitiated remained outside, and brought daily to the doors of the sanctuary they might not enter, presents for the gods they adored. But not so the Hebrew; reference to his life of wandering, of bondage, of flight and final freedom, showed that differing characteristics and differing circumstances had developed in him another form of worship, whose outward manifestation did not fully appear till Moses borrowed its insignia from the Egyptians. They had not a temple for three thousand years. If God needed a temple, and consecrated therein to dwell; if the Most High demanded precious stones and molten brass, like that which adorned the temples of Egypt, then there was no worship in this world for three thousand years, save the casual

altars of Abraham and Moses, reared anywhere at time of need.

All this time were we to suppose that God had no interest, or presence, in the world? that there were no spoken utterances save those given from Sinai's trembling crown? It was a fit subject for discussion among those who believed in the necessity of temples wherein to worship, as to whether God was compelled to absent himself from the hearts of his children because no place was set apart where he could commune with them.

When the Christian era dawned, not one of all these mighty temples in the world—save those at Jerusalem and Samaria—were recognized as sacred by the new-comers. Indeed, it was never said, except to Moses, that there should be a temple set apart for the Most High. Moses was skilled in all the veiled mysteries of Egypt; the name "Jehovah's shrine," which he gave to his altar, was borrowed from them, and so determined was Moses that no one should ever discover the source of his information, that he commanded that none of his followers should ever say *Jehovah*; and to this day no true follower of the Israelitish church would pronounce the name.

Taking this idea to be the true one, all temples and shrines, and all the ornaments which adorned the Jewish or Christian churches, were borrowed directly from the Pagan; even to the threefold God of the Trinity, representing that triad of deities of the past, the Jehovah of the Hebrew, the Jupiter of the Roman, and the Osiris of the Egyptian. How could we in the blessed light of this progressive age, when God the spirit speaks and acts daily in the world, bow down our heads and bury ourselves under these wrecked monuments of a darker age, hiding the glorious sun of truth from our gaze, without attitudinizing our mental, moral and spiritual powers? Must we then consent to believe that God had no temple for three thousand years? that he was not able to enter human hearts and breathe therein divine inspirations till a man arose to blend the cedar of Lebanon with the gold of Ophir in a material habitation dedicated to his praise? Had no one any spiritual perceptions? Were all compelled to borrow from Pagans their ideas of religious communion? Must we cling to the old temple of Ephesus, of which it is said,

"The spring youth who freed the Ephesian dome  
Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it,"

and ourselves strive to elevate shrines of pomp and wealth, which at best bore no physical comparison to the gorgeous piles of Greece and Rome? If God must have outward temples and shrines, why should we wrinkle down into insignificance and erect buildings without ornaments, calling them places of worship? Let us do away with that idea and build in the true sense of the middle and remotest ages fitting temples for the Most High, which should be true representations of all that was glorious and beautiful in earth or sky. Let us borrow in our symbols the broad shield of the sun, and hang it over the lofty dome; let the sphynx stand guard at the entrance; let the charmed serpent, the sacred bull, the winged Isis be there, to image forth the mystic powers of the Divine; let us rob Minerva and Venus of their symbolic utterances and unite them all in a portrait of our God! Or let us take for our model the temple of Solomon—the fruit of three thousand years; a temple not erected till the children of Israel had been enslaved, had wandered in the desert, had fallen away from their God to worship the golden calf, had been punished, and finally reached the land of their destination; a temple which was seven years in its construction, and then was not so fine as the one reared by Solomon for the expression of his own temporal kingdom. Or let us fix our gaze on that wondrous work of Michael Angelo's artist soul—the dome of St. Peter's in Rome. Let us revert back to the ages, and with all our golden store erect an edifice of which we can truly say, "Here is the sacred temple of God, and here is the only dwelling place of the Most High"; instead of rearing the thousands of domes that rise on every hand (with as many varying significations) in his name to-day.

Even amid all the severity of the Protestant church, yet lingered the idea that God needed a house on earth in which to dwell. This temple, this place of worship, had been the bugbear of all religious systems in all ages. The Hebrew declared the necessity of mysterious, measured aisles, golden candlesticks and choice paraphernalia. Why? To enchain the sense of all, and attract them to the temple of the Most High; and this idea is the same to-day in the Catholic church, and really so, in a great measure, in the Puritan branch of Christianity, which at the same time is ready to almost condemn Michael Angelo for contributing his labors in the building of St. Peter's.

If it was necessary for God to have these temples—if he needed them at an earlier time—who should say that those of Egypt and of Rome were not his also, and if they were, what became of the Christian ostracism?

We must confess that the place where we worshipped to-day had some relation to the ancient temples of the sun—that our vast edifices of wood and stone, with their stained windows (but poorly representing the jewels of olden days), had rather some connection with ancient ideas, or that we were but repeating a mockery. We either confessed by their erection that our God loved only one day in seven, or else we were driven in shame to allow that we had utterly failed to perceive the real significance of God's true temple on the earth—that we had altogether mistaken the Deity—that mortar and bricks were not essential to his habitation on earth.

Protestantism denied the heathen, Pagan and Roman Catholic shrines, but still it borrowed from them, and built miniature St. Peter's in every town and parish in this land; indeed, some were ready to copy even the ritualistic formulas of the Hellenic nations. The temples of to-day were a farce, a sham, to what they should be, if they really would represent what they are pro-

claimed to be the images of—the habitations of the Most High. If God needed them, he must be very angry at their poor quality; and if not, he must be pained at seeing the degradation of his children! Did any one think he would leave that glorious temple whose pillars were before the world; whose dome was in the upper sky; whose paintings more glorious than the summer sunset dyes; whose carpet more gorgeous than the green robe of spring studded with early flowers; whose amber walls caught and reflected the radiance of the remotest star—to come and abide within a few feet of brick and wood—to reside for a brief season in a narrow box constructed by man, where no light of truth could enter, but where all sat as in the grave, with no hope in their hearts and no light in their eyes? It was true that to-day [Easter Sunday] flowers adorned the churches all over the land, as an outward symbol of triumph over death, but really they were like the flowers scattered in a sepulchre.

These were not the temples whereof the spirit spoke, when it said to our inner ears: "Behold, the Lord is in his holy temple—let all the earth keep silence before him!" Was it among those dim vaults, from whence the happy faces of childhood were excluded, and the lame and blind kept out for fear of contamination—there where masked in hideous faces, the thought pictured God in the agonies and death-throes of supreme sacrifice—was it there God called on us to worship him?

They who believed in the necessity of church edifices were like a boy who, having constructed a box, went forth to capture the sunshine, that he might carry it home for his special use; but when the cover descended, lo! it was all darkness in that box, while outside the glorious sun was shining, bathing all in its refulgent, life-giving rays. Just so man made a box, a church—wherein to imprison the light of God's presence, but within its closed door reigned darkness profound.

There was another class of people to-day, who said, "I'll have none of your churches; I'll go to the shrine of Nature, and there present my offerings, and catch my inspirations from the voices of the air; my organ shall be the song of Orpheus among the swaying pines; I will lie down under the open sky and learn of God. Poor mistaken misanthrope—did he not know this was a sort of self-worship only, when he thought he communed with God? God spoke whether he was there or not; the winds blew over the flowers, the waters flowed the same when he saw them not—Nature did not swing her censor before one intruder into her sacred presence, and the song of birds rang out all day as clear as when his ear heard it. Mistaken man! Neither in the depths of the wilderness nor in the aisles of the Cathedral should he find God; not where mountain waves dashed on the resounding shore, nor amid the dim cloisters of the calm monastery.

Where then was the true temple, fashioned of God, attuned to all sacred harmonies, having shrine and priest, organ and choir all especially appointed; with lovely chambers and vaulted ceiling, graced with all the precious gems of light and beauty; having Love and Justice, Truth and Harmony for its corner-stones; the temple where no imperfect thing could enter in? whose walls were adorned with thoughts and prayers, like living panoramas painted by the hand of God; whose fountains of baptism were formed of the tears shed by mortals on the graves of their loved and lost. This living, true temple was MAN! the soul was its priest, its oracle, its choir! How many of those present knew aught of this temple? We built sacred edifices, carpeted the aisles thereof, adorned their walls, searched the globe for wonders to improve their appearance, and for musicians and organs to join in the worship of God; but of the living temple fashioned by him how little did we know. Did we listen to the choirs of living melody poured out from the avenues of its senses? Did we know all its mystic recesses? Were there not chambers in it that till our day had always been closed? Did we recognize that this was not only the place where God occasionally visited, but where he dwelt forever? Did we comprehend that all its utterances, its prayers, its praises were given to him? This living temple was made that it might become the fit representation of God's glory on the earth; and yet we veiled its lovely windows with thick curtains of bigotry, we defiled its shrine with disease, we allowed rank corruption and death to roam at large within; we permitted ingratitude and sin to enter and take up their abode like serpents, and fears and doubts to sit and fro, like bats amid ancient ruins, scaring away the lovely messengers of peace. Chiefest of all we allowed dark Death to rule supreme, and with his wild attendants hold high carnival in the place made for the Most High. Speculation, love of gold, injustice to man, ambition, all unholy desires abounded, till this temple made for the worship of God became the sepulchre where lay entombed the hopes of years gone by.

Oh spirit, within the windows of that glorious temple! look forth and see the glory of the hour; see how the Osiris, truth, no longer stands veiled, but is free to the gaze of all. See how its beauties adorn the earth! Man is the temple—God is the living spirit. He bids us arouse from the darkness of error, the grave of doubt, and behold how he abides forever in the temple which he has reared for his occupancy. See angels waiting to awaken the soul, (as the sun awakens the flowers), and guide it through those mysterious aisles; listen to their words: "Behold! the Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him!" Cease your loud organ peals, your mocking hymns, your wailing sounds of despair and sorrow—cease defiling this temple with material money-changers, and hear the voice saying: "I am the temple—all must worship me!"

The lecture ended with a solemn invocation of aid from those holy angels whose celestial forms more fully represented the living temple, that we might be better fitted to shadow forth God the spirit on the earth.

**Recent Writings of A. J. Davis.**

"ARABULA" and "THE STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND," the latest inspirational productions of Andrew Jackson Davis, being fairly before the public, we propose to show the thousands of the Banner of Light readers what has been said, *pro and con*, by the journals of the day on their character and merits. They have each been greeted with a very wide reading, whether by those whose views they at present meet at all points or not. More striking works have not been presented to the public in this generation. Their popularity proves the awakened state of the public mind to subjects which but a few years ago would have failed to interest it, and shows that true spiritual doctrines and ideas are everywhere supplanting the old fictions of theology, with their conditions of a cramping obedience. The bonds of superstition are loosed. The heavens are opened. Angels are ascending and descending continually.

The Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times says of the "Stellar Key" as follows:

"To all who are fond of the fanciful and speculative doctrines of such 'seers' as Andrew Jackson Davis, the idea of a zone teeming with spiritual existences from this and the other planets of our solar system—a zone located in the nebulous distance of the milky-way, and as real as the globe on which we live, is certainly full of fascination. Although in this chrysalis state, we can but feebly grasp it, the mere thought is exhilarating, clears the mental and spiritual horizon, and lifts one up on wings for a brief moment to walk among the stars.

Mr. Davis, to meet the wants of what he calls the 'atheistic logic of the times,' elaborates his reasoning and arguments on the inductive method—cites the best known scientific authorities, and rules out the evidence of clairvoyance as being of no account to inductive reasoners and positivists.

The result or conclusion of the argument appears to be that spirit is matter or substance; in fact, the most substantial of all things—that body is merely spirit-materialized, and spirit, body refused or spiritualized—that all elements are originally spiritual and eternal, and that all matter, in its last analysis, takes on its original or spiritual form."

Says the Anti-Slavery Standard of "Arabula":

"We do not undertake to criticize the mystical portion of this book, the part which 'Spiritualists,' probably, will prize most, because we do not understand it. But since all sorts of reproaches are cast, by representatives of the principal religious sects, upon the character, the tenderness, and the procedure of Spiritualism, it seems only fair to testify to the high moral excellence, purity, nobleness, of the ideas of reform and the plans for reform incidentally touched upon in this book.

A curious feature of this book is the 'New Collection of Gospels' it contains. The compiler's idea seems to be that every clear and high expression of truth, every striking statement of ideas suited to make a purer and better people, belongs in that same category of 'good news,' or 'glad tidings,' in which the writings first called 'Gospels' belong. So he gives us grand and spirit-stirring thoughts from old Indian, Persian and Chinese prophets, and also from St. Gabriel [Derzhavine], St. John [G. Whittier], St. Gerrit [Smith], St. Theodore [Parker], St. Emma [Harding], St. Calvary, St. Ralph, St. Mary, and others. Since we write these lines these have been selected as truly adapted to reform mankind, and must permanently benefit the whole race in proportion as they are reduced to practice, we see not why they may not properly be called Gospels."

The Boston Congregationalist (Orthodox) comments on both of Mr. Davis's books together, in the following strain:

"They are stuffed full of the wildest vagaries, the most ridiculous assumptions, and the most impudent infidelities. The latter volume devotes nearly sixty pages of fine type to a new collection of gospels, which the author says is 'now imperatively demanded in the cause and interest of truth.' After selections from the writings of several ancient heathen such as the Zoroastrian, the books of Abraham, etc., he proceeds with the gospels of St. John [Pierpont], St. Gerrit [Smith], St. Theodore [Parker], St. Calvary [Frothingham], St. Emma [Harding], St. Ralph [Waldo Emerson], St. Selden [Johnson Finney], and others. We suppose there must be plenty of fools to take down all this rubbish, or it would not be printed and bound; but the thought is not an inspiring one when one inquires concerning the upward progress of the race in common sense and—other kinds."

The San Francisco Bulletin goes off on this strain of remark respecting "Arabula":

"A good deal that he writes is unintelligible, a good deal is maudlin, a good deal is the dearest commonplaces; but now and then he starts us with a truth so full of point and resonance that we hardly know whether to consider him a humbug or a man of genius. His last work, now lying on our table, is one of his best as well as worst. It is strangely blended of sense and nonsense, of piety and blasphemy, of philosophy and folly. There are passages of real beauty and wisdom between the most incoherent polysyllables and the most nauseating twaddle. The author publishes what he calls a series of new gospels from divers saints not found in any Christian calendar."

The New York Home Journal gives over a column of review and extract from the "Stellar Key," of which this excerpt is a fair sample:

"A notable curiosity in current literature is 'A Key to the Summer-Land,' a book recently put forth by Andrew Jackson Davis. Emanating from the acknowledged leader of the Spiritualists—a body which has grown astonishingly in numbers during the last score of years—and representing one of the prominent movements by which the present age is striving to attain a complete self-consciousness, and to solve the problem of human life and destiny, the work has a value as a sign of the times, far beyond its merits as a contribution to science, reason, or revelation. Blunder as are its claims, both in method and material, viewed from a strictly scientific and logical standpoint, the student of the history of ideas and human development will find in it abundant suggestions for thought and reflection. The author sets out to show the location in space, the laws and characteristics of the realms inhabited by disembodied spirits. He aims to demonstrate the light of the most advanced physical science the possibility and probability of the extension of spiritual abodes or zones in the interstellar regions; and he summons clairvoyance, spirit-communications, and a sort of intuitive sense to prove the certainty of the existence of these spheres and their exact location. This task is not accomplished in the present volume, but as this is only a part of the series in which the author designs to execute his purpose, it would be unfair

to pronounce upon his success before the appearance of the entire work."

The confused correspondent of the Orange (N. J.) Gazette confesses to this extent:

"Whether all this proves something or nothing is to be determined by those who read and make a study of that which teaches us 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are spoken of in our philosophy.' I must, but admit that there is a something about Spiritualism as yet unexplained by me, and that I, although open to conviction, have never understood. Those who would learn, and profit by what they learn or read, should secure 'The Stellar Key' and be prepared either to recommend or condemn the teaching of Spiritualism."

The Lyceum Banner (Chicago) says of "Arabula":

"We can only say to our readers, be sure to read Arabula and then listen to the voice which will say to every sincere, earnest soul—I am Arabula; I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall have light and life; he that loveth me keepeth my commandments."

The Cape Cod Gazette, of Sandwich (Mass.) remarks on both publications:

"A glance at the name of the author and publishers of these works reveals their character. They are both devoted to the inculcation of Spiritual or Harmonical Philosophy. In the first, 'The Arabula,' which seems to be a revelation made to Mr. Davis, is a collection of 'New Gospels,' according to Saints Confucius, Galand, Theodore [Parker], Ralph [Waldo Emerson], Emma [Harding], and several others. The other volume, 'A Stellar Key to the Summer-Land,' is designed to furnish scientific and philosophical evidence of the existence of an Inhabited Sphere or Zone among the suns and planets of space. These evidences are indisputable, being adapted to all who seek solid, rational, philosophical foundation on which to rest their hopes of a substantial existence after death. So says the author."

Says the Tri-Weekly Publisher of Haverhill (Mass.) on the "Stellar Key":

"Whether the reader subscribes to the ideas advanced or not, he can hardly fail to be interested in the subject and the able manner in which the author treats it. The fact is too prominent to be winked or sneered out of sight that a great change has taken place in the minds of the mass of the people, in relation to the important subject of man's future destiny, within a few years past, and the topic can never cease to be of the most intense interest, whatever conclusion may be arrived at from the investigation of new theories, based upon scientific and philosophical foundations."

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican remarks on this wise:

"Andrew Jackson Davis, the Spiritual seer, has written many volumes on the 'Summer-Land,' which his admirers find to be very pleasant reading. His latest work is a volume of considerable length, and is called 'A Stellar Key to the Summer-Land.' It is published by William White & Co., Boston. It has engravings of celestial scenery, supposed to have been drawn from recollection by Mr. Davis, who has a way of making the most remarkable journeys among the spheres. The 'Summer-Land' is a wonderful zone, stretching through the milky way, and must be a very agreeable place of residence, as Mr. Davis describes it. We wonder he does not spend his winters there."

The Boston Cultivator says of "Arabula":

"Those of our readers interested in this kind of literature, will welcome this new volume of one of their most eminent writers."

The Liberal of Chicago, says of "Arabula":

"This volume contains many good and suggestive ideas, mixed, we must candidly say, in our opinion, with much that is worthless. An attractive feature of the book is the modern 'gospels,' or parables on the gospels."

And of the "Stellar Key":

"This is a representative Spiritual work. In a very different sphere of thought from ours, and containing much that any but Spiritualists must consider matter for merit rather than serious thought, it ought to be read by those desiring to know the ideas of phenomenal Spiritualism. The book contains a picture of the 'Summer-Land,' a sort of brilliant white zone poised in the clouds—something like a rainbow."

The Universalist, published in Boston, gives extracts from "Arabula," and comments thus:

"Whoever has the leisure, patience and taste to beat up a mountain of chaff for a few kernels of wheat (which after all own no kindred with that chaff) may find an object for the exercise of his intellect in a very remarkable book, just published by that remarkable man, Andrew Jackson Davis. Arabula, or the Divine Guest, is the title of it, and while we make out no special purpose in it beyond exhibiting the capacity of Mr. Davis for writing baldheadedly interminably, we trace what seems to be the 'experience' of the author through various mental conflicts until he finds Arabula. When at length he so far conquers his 'selfish intellect' as to come fully under the influence of this 'Divine Guest,' he is favored with almost continual revelations and visions which are detailed with tedious and pompous particularity."

This is the language which the New York Herald holds in relation to these remarkable books, which is characteristic yet readable:

"Among other whimsical questions propounded by Charles Lamb to Coleridge, while the latter was studying in Germany, was the following: 'In a future state will the mind acquire knowledge by laborious investigation or by some awkward process of intuition?' This, at least, was the purport of the question. It is obvious from this, as well as the other works of the Poughkeepsie Seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, that he prefers, even in the present state of existence, some awkward process of intuition. Nevertheless, in the present volume he professes, in approaching the regions of ideas and essences, to ask for such facts and illustrations as can be seen and admitted by philosophers and skeptics of the most materialistic habits of thought. 'We seek,' he says, 'for data in the recognized fields of positive knowledge, for scientific facts and recent discoveries in matter, which shall serve as stepping-stones for the millions, whereby they can, intellectually and rationally, gain a clear vision of spheres celestial and heavenly.' There are, therefore, interspersed throughout the most rhapsodical passages of the volume ample evidence of the fact that Mr. Davis is not so unfamiliar with the latest scientific works as his early disciples used to claim that he was. We have not forgotten their attempts to make it out that he was almost wholly illiterate, in order to render more marvellous the revelations which he made, which he favored the world. Under the guidance of the erudite George Buel, we have been told that Mr. Davis accomplished a most extensive course of reading. Whether he ever profited or not in his youthful days by a rare little collection of books in the rear, if we mistake not, of a tanner's shop in Poughkeepsie, the fruits of his extensive reading, as well as his own peculiar

methods of mental and spiritual training, are, as we have intimated, visible in the "Stellar Key." The object of the book is to furnish scientific and philosophical evidences of the existence of an inhabitable sphere or zone among the sun and planets of space. "These evidences," says Mr. Davis, "are indispensable, being adapted to all who seek a solid, rational, philosophical foundation on which to rest their hopes of a substantial existence after death." The book is illustrated with diagrams and engravings of celestial scenery. If we were sure that they were from "photographs taken on the spot," they certainly would fortify our belief in the glowing descriptions of the text. Mr. Davis has become a most voluminous author, and the large number of his ardent disciples must secure a large sale for his works."

### Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we really see  
About our best and that we are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(LAWSON HOVE.)

(Original.)

#### A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

Guzkow was a Jew from Poland, and he followed the calling of Shepherd to a nobleman. But he loved nothing as he loved music; it seemed to fill his whole being. As he cared for his flocks he sought to gratify his love, and made reeds and flutes from the wood of the different trees that grew about him.

He soon made an important discovery: it was that the different kinds of wood produced different tones, and he became so expert in detecting the sounds produced by the different kinds of wood that he could tell from what trees they came.

He played with such skill on his self-manufactured flutes, that he attracted the attention of people, and was soon called upon to delight the nobility by his sweet music, instead of tending flocks. Men never tired of the sweet melody that he produced; but it was found that he was pouring forth his life in sweet sounds. It was said by wise physicians that he must stop his playing or die.

He resolved to atone for his loss by finding some new method of gratifying his love of sweet sounds. He gathered pieces of wood from different trees, making them smooth and round. These he bound on to four sticks of wood, seemingly in the most irregular manner, for some were long and jutted beyond others, and some were short, but all were seemingly in great confusion. The whole looked like a small raft, and it was placed on a table to be played, and was struck with two ebony sticks.

From this rude contrivance Guzkow produced the most wonderful melody. It was said to entirely charm those who heard it, as if it was the music of heaven.

The Emperor of Austria heard it, and determined to take Guzkow under his special patronage, and he only occasionally allowed him to give concerts in some of the large cities. At such times he was accompanied by a full orchestra. At first the sound was of some one striking wood, then the orchestra rose higher and higher and drowned all sound, till gradually growing after the instrument rose clear above all sounds like a warbling bird. The orchestra rose again higher and higher, but now above them all the wonderful bird-like melody was heard, liquid clear like a sky lark. It is described as far surpassing Paganini's violin.

The musician had a very marked countenance. His eyes were dark and large, while his face was very pale. He looked haggard and wild, as if his thoughts were too great for expression. In accordance with the custom of the Jews, he covered his head with a black velvet cap, but his long glossy black ringlets fell beneath it down his shoulders. He wore a long flowing black robe. His soul seemed forever striving to express the divine harmony of sound, but his frail body could not long enough contend with the inharmonies of earth, and he had to finish his melodies in the spiritual life.

(Original.)

#### MARCH WINDS.

BY COUSIN JULIA.

"Hurrah! hurrah for the March winds!" shouted Frank Percy, throwing his hat into the air. "I'm so glad they've come. Won't my kite sail up to the clouds, and maybe get caught on their jagged edges. Come on, boys, and let's have a regular kite-flying time."

"Yes, yes," they answered, "let's go home and get them. Hurrah! hurrah!"

And away scampered Charley and Harry Fenn, their shouts not a whit less boisterous than Frank's. Poor little Tom Campbell was far behind in the race, and though he flew nimbly over the ground, was unable to overtake them. He was small and delicately formed, and unused to out-door amusements, which would probably have strengthened him. But there was a world of patience and perseverance in his little body, that sometimes led his tortoise-like paces to accomplish more than the boasting hare's. His weak, squeaking voice echoed the glad cries of his runaway companions, with a break in them now and then as he stumbled and fell in his eagerness to catch up with them.

"Never mind," said the brave little fellow to himself, "I'll have the prettiest kite, for auntie bought me a new one the other day, and now I shall have a fine time to try it."

Breathless and exhausted, with flashing eyes, crimson cheeks, and hair disordered, Frank rushed into his mother's room, screaming at the top of his voice, "Where's my kite? where's my kite?"

"Why, Frank, what's the matter? Speak in a lower key," said his mother. "You must not enter my apartment in so turbulent a manner."

"Excuse me, mother. I'm in a great hurry, for my boys are going to have lots of fun with our kites, and I want mine. Where is it?"

"Can't you wait until to-morrow?"

"Why, mother," laughed the merry boy, "I guess you never were a kite-flyer. Don't you see how the wind blows? It will make our kites go up beautifully."

"Ah, my son, you are just like the March winds. Eager, impulsive, rash, you follow the bent of your inclinations without a moment's reflection. Only yesterday when you discovered a poor harmless rabbit near the house, you gave chase to it, and a dozen dragoons could hardly have overtaken you. In what a plight you returned—your coat and pants covered with mud, and torn by briars, and your hat bent and curved as if belonging to a ragabash. Indeed, I scarcely recognized my Frankie."

"Well, mother, I should not have got in that plight if I had looked, but I was in such a hurry that I didn't see a large stone on the edge of a mud-puddle, over which I stumbled and fell into the splash."

"That's it, Frank—you should move more slowly."

"But if people don't go ahead, what's to be done? It wants a few rousers to start Johnny Go-slows. And I'll tell you what 'tis, if I hadn't walked into Dick Hood the other day I should have lost my kite forever."

"Perhaps if you had requested him, in a gentle manner, to return it, he would have done so; but you demanded it in a loud, angry tone of voice, and with a manner far from conciliating. When a little girl I read a fable, which I have never forgotten. I will repeat it, hoping that you, too, may remember and profit by the moral. The Sun and Wind were one day boasting of their strength, each contending that he was superior to the other in that respect. Whilst thus disputing, a traveler appeared, warmly clad in a cloak. The Wind proposed that each should exert its greatest powers in dressing the man of his outer garment; to which the Sun assented. Accordingly the Wind commenced blowing furiously upon the poor pedestrian, but every blast only made him wrap it more closely around him. The Sun then tried his powers. He bent his warmest rays upon the chilled traveler, who soon became uncomfortably warm, first loosening it from his neck, and then throwing it off altogether."

"That does very well for a story, mother. What makes March so much more windy than the other months? See how it bends the tops of the tall pine trees, and tosses up the dead leaves, and twirls them about in the air."

"March, my son, was named from Mars, the God of War."

"Ah! that's it. 'Tis the war month. It wars on all creation, from the seventy-six gun-ship at sea, to a straw upon the ground."

"Don't interrupt me, Frank, if you wish to learn the derivation of the name. The Saxons called it *lenct month*, or length month, because the days begin to exceed the nights in length. That Saxon word is now termed *Lent*, which means spring—hence spring month. They likewise bestowed upon it the title of *llyd month*, which means stormy; and so it bore its appropriate appellation of the Storm month. It is indeed a rude, blustering month, sweeping everything before it, like a certain little boy I know of. Yet, though March is noted for its incivilities, it faithfully performs the duties assigned by the All-Wise Director. These winds are useful. They dry up the superabundant moisture of the earth, and prepare it for the tillage of the husbandman. Now is the time for the tapping of the maples. The Sun is traveling northward, warning the earth, till every little rootlet feels its influence, and sends up the sap for the expansion of the buds into leaves and flowers. This king of the forest is a generous monarch, and freely pours out his golden wine."

"Mother, let us go to Grandfather Percy's next week to a maple-sugar feast. Oh I must go."

"Perhaps, I would like you to see the operation of tapping the trees, and boiling the sap, and note the swelling and expansion of the leaf-buds, and the few hardy wild flowers that dare show their faces. The Trailing Arbutus, one of the earliest, as well as most beautiful, is now pushing aside the dead leaves under which it has lain all winter, and peeps out to see if any of its old neighbors have returned; and the Liverwort watches beside a dissolving snow-bank, and now and then an Anemone or Wind-flower may be seen on a slight elevation, nodding to the winds, perhaps thanking them for expanding its delicate petals, and telling them—

"To go to it, I know it, mother. I've heard them a thousand times; but please defer the rest of your sermon till I come back. I must go now. Where's my kite? Oh, here it is."

"Oh Frank! Frank! Where do you pick up so many low phrases? How I wish I could see the buds of gentleness and meekness springing up within you."

"Have patience, mother, and you'll see them some fine day all nicely blown out, and as large and red as a hollyhock."

"Frank, you are incorrigible."

"Well, I don't know what that is, but it must mean something good. Good-by, darling mother; and with a kiss upon each of her cheeks, the wild and wayward, but kind-hearted and generous boy rushed from the room, slamming to the outer door, and with a hip, hip, hurrah, that set the dogs barking, stumbled over little Tommy, who was just mounting the steps with "the prettiest kite." The other boys were close at hand, and their merry shouts as they bounded up the hill were distinctly heard by Mrs. Percy. Frank's grandmother, who had been an amused listener to the conversation between mother and son, remarked with a smile, "that he reminded her of the colt and the lightning. A man offered his horse for sale, enumerating amongst other qualities his wonderful fleetness. 'Why,' said he, 'when he was a colt, there came on a tremendous storm one day, when the lightning chased him around the pasture, but he was unable to overtake him.' I think this strong March wind will find its match to catch Frank."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the anxious mother, "I wish he was less wild and noisy."

"Do not be uneasy; daughter; he will become more quiet and gentle by-and-by, as surely as mild April succeeds boisterous March."

#### THE SECRET.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

What selfishness asked for  
Was vain;

What selfishness that asking  
Brought pain.

Heaven's manna in keeping  
Was spoiled;

All beauty self-seeking  
Hath soiled.

Complacency blazoned  
Dull disdore.

No gain came of hoarding,  
But loss.

Gain! none save the giver  
Receives.

Yet who that old Gospel  
Believes?

Nor pauper, nor beggar  
Then be;

Nor niggard of bounty  
Most free.

But one way is Godlike—  
To give.

Then pour out thy heart's blood,  
And live!

SLEEP.—Many children, instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, are as withered and wrinkled as last year's apples, because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This I cannot say certainly; but I do know that those little folks who sit up late nights are usually nervous, weak, small and sickly. The reason why you need more sleep than your parents is because you have to grow and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking and working, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not, you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with. Very few smart children excel, or even equal, other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy; so they cannot sleep, rest, and grow strong in body and brain. Now, when your mother says, Susie or Mary, or whatever your name may be, it is time to go to bed, do not worry her by begging to sit up "just a little longer." But hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful man or woman.

### Correspondence.

#### Letter from Emma Hardinge.

Correspondence of the Banner of Light.

A thousand kindly greetings to my ever remembered friends across the water, and most earnest congratulations on the glorious anniversary which will be celebrated the 31st day of this month throughout the length and breadth of the great New World. Lack of interesting matter, or at least such as would enable myself and American friends to meet on common ground, restrains my pen when my heart and memory are most full of America; but when I read in the first March issue of the Banner that it was proposed to celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism, I felt it would be heresy to the grateful throbs which in one heart at least will beat in unison with millions of American Spiritualists on that great occasion, if I failed to send you my word of greeting, and assure you that if depth and earnestness of feeling can compensate for paucity of numbers, Emma Hardinge's celebration of the birth of our glorious cause, in England, will not be an unworthy addition to the sum of earnest gratulation that must animate so many hearts on this momentous occasion.

In turning the page of history, I have lived with the Swiss patriots in their day of self-earned and magnificent independence. Again and again, by voice and pen, I have thanked God with American freemen for the liberation of the New World from the rusty fetters of effete monarchism. It was my happy privilege to add the dusky children of Africa, in California, in their first anniversary celebration of the immortal emancipation act. And again it became my honored lot in many an assembly of the reunited States to re-echo the jubilant voices that proclaimed the bright day of peace after the dark reign of the great American conflict was ended. On all and other occasions of equally momentous human interest, in sympathetic memory or personal congratulations, I have lived and rejoiced with my fellow mortals in the various epochs at which the Genius of Liberty has gained successive triumphs for humanity; but I can neither recall from the pages of history or experience, any period so fraught with spiritual freedom, joy, revelation, consolation, and important though astonishing significance to the whole human race, as the anniversary of that wonderful day when the first scientifically constructed telegraph between the natural and spiritual worlds was put into successful operation.

It is only by a careful analysis of what we have gained, thought and learned, and remembering how much some of us have lived since the commencement of the "Rochester Knockings," that we can begin to form a just estimate of the value of the mighty change that Spiritualism has wrought for all mankind. The array of doubts, fears, hopes and despondencies that formerly veiled the close of our mortal existence is dispelled, and the fact of the soul's immortality is settled. The questions of all life's issues are resolved in the general philosophy of the communications which are rendered to us concerning the conditions of the life hereafter. If we do not know in detail the exact nature of those conditions, we do know that it is necessary to inform us of the general results of our life actions and the characteristics of our future existence. Our beloved dead are restored to us; an intelligible and open communication is established with them, and all doubts, fears and anxieties concerning their welfare are forever dispelled. The beneficent and satisfactory element of eternal progress has been made clear to us, vindicating the justice of the Almighty toward the lowest of his creatures, and opening up the glorious vistas of limitless advancement for all.

A perfect world of new ideas has been silently infused into our minds, irradiating all our perceptions, revealing the purposes of life, death, sorrow, pain, health, happiness, and every thought of man, with an entirely new and eminently beautiful view of Divine love and wisdom, so that in our own great mental change we perceive the inauguration from within of the promised new heaven and the new earth, whose kingdom is to be found in the heart of humanity. Besides various other agencies started by the phenomena of our world's conquest over Death, and the fear of the grave, restoration to long lost friends, an explanation of life and its purposes, a solution of a thousand spiritual problems, and sources of strength, comfort and instruction innumerable, the combination of all these influences in Spiritualism must and does really affect our conduct.

Only very recently a gentleman returned from America assured me that his love and devotion to that country was misplaced; that he had heard and read a narrative of a man, and by some names include those I had deemed my best friends, and on whom I had actually heaped benefits; that my untiring efforts to assist, as far as possible, the poor and needy, were not so much forgotten as remembered in causes of slander and charges of self-interest against me. He added, "Your name is generally forgotten, your services slighted or sneered at, and all your years of labor thrown away. As the gentleman gave me various suggestions of the truth of some of his assertions, in some directions, I felt I am fully justified in repeating them; but I do so in no unkind or even irritable spirit of complaint, but simply to illustrate the force of my faith in the use and beauty of Spiritualism. History affords us abundant evidences that human hearts have been incinerated even to the death by the world's ingratitude and the venomous tongue of slander. I can remember the time when my own pen would have been sharpened into a sword, to strike back at a slanderer, and my spirit would have writhed in mortal anguish at the memory of seeming misdeeds spent efforts, wasted on an envious and ungrateful world. Now the venomous tale awakens in me nothing of pain for myself, though many regrets for others. Confident that in the spirit-world nothing is lost, no really honest or kindly endeavor wasted, that no misconceptions can exist, or no ingratitude trample past service out of sight, that here and hereafter angel witnesses know us, and deal with us for what we really are, not for what we seem to be or others may represent us, I heard and dismissed the unkind rumormongering as much indifference as a Spiritualist can ever feel for the faults of another. A sigh for the past, indifference for the present, and triumphant assurance for the future, is mine; and all that because I am a Spiritualist. And this, and a thousand fold more than these hasty lines can record, have grown up to me from Spiritualism, and measurably to some ten or twelve millions of my fellow creatures besides.

Surely then we have cause to rejoice on the Twentieth Anniversary of "the Rochester Knockings." And if twenty years have done so much for us, what may we not hope in a hundred for all mankind? Perhaps not with the same startling phenomenal interest, but with a far better instructed and assured faith than ours, the next generations will carry the work of Spiritualism forward from the circle and the Sabbath meeting, through the spring bud of the cause, the Children's Lyceum into the whole world. Already I can see the leaves working far, far beyond my own home and hearts into that of hundreds of my fellow creatures, whilst they again report the same progress for the radiating circles of which themselves are centres.

Truly might the astonished crowd assembled in the little spirit house at Hydesville, on the 31st of March, 1848, have cried, "Behold the beginning; who can predict the end? or when and where will we meet them?"

In words like these my American friends—where I know I still can claim many an one by this sacred name—I rejoice with you, with a joy that I believe the ages of eternity can never dim; and I believe that if ever mankind had cause to believe in the promise, "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth," that cause was made manifest in the stupendous opening of the gates that in the simplicity of a germ seed was sown twenty years

ago in the humble but divine movement you celebrate the 31st of this month.

And in closing, permit me to say to the well-wishers of the glorious cause everywhere, that we are not sleeping at our posts here in England, although but few of the army are in the field, and still fewer are the sentinels who have courage enough to shoulder the musket in defence of their belief. Some new mediums are being developed in private circles, where extraordinary although (to the practiced American Spiritualist) not very interesting phenomena transpire. The new circle still has its level and diametral ways over the mind of the marvel-seekers, but the medium power is there, and I live in hope of seeing it emerge into the light of critical investigation. We have amongst us a lady (in strictly private life, however) who is an excellent medium for voices. On one occasion I observed some Indian spirits present, and had scarcely mentioned the fact, when the war whoop was given with startling power and graphic tone. It was repeated several times, although I venture to assert that neither the medium nor any one present had ever heard it but myself and my mother. The Indian accents in this circle also danced, giving the sounds of their feet enmeshed in moccasins with great power. At my request, an Indian boy, who purported to speak for the rest, sang a war song. I could not translate the words, but the tones and style were unmistakably those of the Creek Indians. This band of red men's spirits claim to have come over "in the big ship" with me, to be my warriors in "fighting darkness with the sword of spiritual light."

I venture your readers may have seen in some of the English periodicals accounts of Mr. D. D. Home's last exhibition of phenomenal power, which consists in the extraordinary fact of his body being elongated. He appears during the process to be in his normal state, laughs and jokes over it, invites witnesses to place their hands on his feet to note that they are flat on the ground, and that the motion is in no way influenced by any muscular action of his own. The process appears to go on chiefly in the trunk between the ribs, and extends the body until his head rises up against the wall by measurement from five to eight inches. The phenomenon takes place in brilliantly lighted rooms, and conveys the most undefinable and strange aspect to the elongated medium. I have seen this remarkable phenomenal act three times, and on the last occasion it was succeeded by Mr. Home's being shortened, and without the least appearance of any voluntary contraction of the joints or motion from him, appeared to actually and I may say fairly shorten, until he appeared to be a stumpy little man of about five feet high.

I am sure it will gratify the friends of this amiable and long-suffering champion of the cause to learn that his recent persecution at the hands of Mrs. Lyon—the woman who adopted and then as suddenly repudiated him—has only affected his health and mediumship most beneficially; both are wonderfully improved, and the aspect of the suit in Chancery which has been filed against him, and which it is expected will shortly be tried, is so very dark "lady" and shines so brightly on the martyred medium, that those best acquainted with the facts of the case anticipate an equal triumph for himself and the cause he represents.

The "Spiritual Church," of which I have been the speaker during the winter months, is still in session, and will continue to hold meetings until May, when I have required a recess for the summer months. Up to this period, the success of the undertaking has exceeded our most sanguine expectations, considering the very possible difficulty, whether of a financial, organic or personal character, has had to be overcome. Little means, less of interest, less still of numbers, no experience, no suitable hall, nothing, in fact, to start with that could reasonably promise us success, was the capital of the "Spiritual Church" in its incipency, but still we live and move and have our being, and expect to continue in life during this season and to take a new lease next autumn. At present I am the only speaker of the said Church. Our worthy and indefatigable Secretary is Mr. Thomas Slater; our Chairman, Mr. Luxmoore, a gentleman of position, great heart and progressive mind, and our Committee, Mr. Robert Cooper, one of the most faithful and well tried soldiers of the cause. And thus our Church works; and if its machinery is simple, it is at least harmonious, our attendance equal, and sometimes a little beyond the capacity of our hall, and composed of some of the best minds in the country.

Two most successful week-evening meetings have already been given in a large and crowded hall, and another takes place next Wednesday.

And so the ball moves; and though at present I stand alone in the public field, I trust my cry of "come over and help us" will yet be responded to.

I have not spoken of the shadow side of the picture. Nevertheless, I can confidently assert that it exists. The noble trio who so faithfully support me, represent a large class of progressive minds outside but not within the pale of Spiritualism. Of the real character of most of the believers in the phenomena, I can only say that the Rev. — Edwards, and Emmons, of American celebrity, represent a large portion. There are some, however, who rally round us who are able to ask other questions than, "Do you believe in Christ and him crucified?" "What have you to say to a narrative speaking in Church?" But the number is small, and my audience are for the most part "floating population." "Yet still they come," and the work goes on, the cause advances, my letters and visitors thicken upon me; and I feel confident that any good test medium that could be induced to come here, give manifestations of intelligent communion with spirits in the light, and wait for the spirits to do the work without helping them, would be well supported, and a valuable work for themselves, and add hundreds of willing converts to the cause.

I send enclosed a small bill of the Spiritual Church, not for publication, but as a reassurance to those whom it may concern to know the fact that I am still laboring at my post, and now, as ever, the faithful servant of the spirits, and the co-worker and well wisher of all true Spiritualists throughout the length and breadth of the earth.

With every kind wish and cordial greeting, I am, dear Banner, yours for the truth,  
EMMA HARDINGE.  
6 Vassall Terrace, Kennington,  
London, England, March 19, 1868.

#### Saint Louis Letter.

Correspondence of the Banner of Light.

Spiritualism at St. Louis—Robert Dale Owen—The Spiritism of Missouri—The Rivers Land, Climate, Fruits—Southern Missouri Minerals, Riches—Advantages of coming to Missouri—Here is Freedom, Growth and Power.

It would be hard to deny that Spiritualism is a settled fact in St. Louis. Personally I write in the independent mood. Not the less valuable will be the statements which I make on the subject.

The audience I saw at the Philharmonic Hall last Sunday, was singularly thoughtful and intelligent in appearance. There are many highly respectable people connected with the organization here. On their platform, great freedom of thought, largeness of ideas and comprehensive views, have voice and scope. Whatever else it be, Spiritualism is a great advance on the old theories; and I am not without hope that real intellectual progress and great good may come through its organization in St. Louis. I am in favor of the largest and freest thought. Immaturities, crudities and absurdities will fall away, when Spiritualism has completed its structure, like the scaffolding that drops from the finished building, only the better to show the excellence of the material, or the elegance and symmetry of the architecture.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

He delivered lectures last Sunday—in the morning on the Law of Kindness; in the evening a narrative argument, in support of the reality of spiritual manifestation—a solid, sensible, thoughtful man, whose oratorical graces consist, for the most part, in the sincerity of his manner, and an earnest belief in what he utters.

THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

But I must tell you something about this great State, of which St. Louis is such a noble part. It contains almost sixty-eight thousand square

miles, and lies in the centre of the United States. The Mississippi river sweeps along its eastern frontier for four hundred and seventy miles. Both banks of the mighty Missouri river for nearly five hundred miles are in Missouri. Then it separates Kansas and Nebraska from the State and Iowa, before it stretches far off into the Northwest.

The State is divided by one, and washed by the other, of the two great rivers of the world.

Missouri is unequally divided by the river of the same name into two parts. That portion of the State lying north of the river is generally a fine rolling prairie country, and contains perhaps twenty-five thousand square miles of territory. Here millions of buffalo, in former times, swept over these ranges, and covered these rich prairies with their immense herds.

These prairies are intersected with numerous streams and skirted with timber. They are not level like those of Illinois, but consist of successive undulating hills, and the summits of them are called divides.

There are rich and fertile lands, situated in the best climate of the United States. Here the cold winters of New England, or Minnesota, do not affect us. Summer lingers along into a charming and beautiful autumn, and autumn wanders into December, which is not bleak and dreary as on the New England coast, but bright, fair and sunny. And for these reasons, myself a New England man, I long to have Eastern people come and enjoy this climate, and reap the splendid advantages of this country.

Here fruits of all kinds grow, including the finest varieties of grapes, and every description of tobacco that took the foremost prize in the World's Fair, if I do not mistake. There are no government lands for sale in North Missouri, for they were taken up long ago. But there are millions of acres unoccupied and ready for the settler, at low prices, compared with those in the East. And there are several hundred thousand acres of railroad lands, in alternate sections, along the track of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Rail Road, which I understand can be purchased for modest prices in New England, or Minnesota. But any special information about them may be obtained of George S. Harris, Land Commissioner, Hannibal, Mo.

SOUTHERN MISSOURI.

All that country south of the Missouri River goes under the title of Southeast and Southwest Missouri. This is the larger portion of the State, and wonderfully rich in minerals. Copper, lead, zinc, tin, as well as coal, which underlies so large a portion of the State, are abundant. Fortunes have been made, and greater fortunes will still be made from the wonderful mineral wealth of Missouri. The country south is very much more broken and rocky, and is not uniformly so fertile as the northern portion. It shows, nevertheless, rich valleys, and is almost everywhere, except in its flint hills, richer than the State of New York. Many streams, and some large rivers, like the Osage, flow through this region, and mighty springs leap forth with force enough to carry the machinery of a common mill.

There are many counties in the extreme Southwest, where cattle and sheep can be raised at great profit, and cattle grown. Indeed, Missouri is remarkable for the variety of her productions, for the excellence of her soil and climate.

ADVANTAGES OF EMIGRATING TO MISSOURI.

First. Here is a new country, where, for small outlay, one may secure a farm that in coming years will grow to great value. Here, thousands can gain from credit, where nothing more than a living can be hoped for, and enter upon an agricultural life, at once free and independent. And then here is to be the great centre of population—where the human mind will be freed from the cramps and narrowing influences of an old state of society like that in the East.

I greatly admire an article in the Banner of April 11, which touches this point, and is entitled "The Great Field of the West." You say in it, "The Western man already shows a broader, larger and healthier development than his brother in the East." The culture, thought and scholarship which Germany has introduced into the West, would astonish New England people. We demand more of a public speaker than you. People from New England after being here a while lose their mere New Englandism, and launch out into a broader life of free thought. But our modes of business, ignoring pennies; the wide sweep of our laws, practices and rivers; our immense herds of cattle, and our great lumber and mill-bushels of grain that we produced in the Valley of the Mississippi in 1857, indicate something of the new state of life that is springing up in the West.

We are receiving the best blood of European nations, and mingling it with the best blood of the English races. And from all this we shall deduce a style of intellect and manhood superior to anything the world has ever seen. We shall control in the great West the nation of the South, and overcome the undue influence of the East.eward was right when he said that while the Northern and Southern States were quarrelling with each other, there was a mighty power growing up in the West that would control them both. It is not boasting, but simple truth to say it. Here in the great centre we can reach one hand out to California and the Pacific States, and another to the swarming millions that inhabit the Atlantic slope.

Our political power increases every day, while that of the older States must relatively decrease, and yield us the supremacy of the control of the Union.

But I must close my letter, already long, which perhaps is none the less interesting since it gives variety to the columns of the Banner.

MARTIN W. WILLIS,  
1621 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, April, 1868.

#### A New Word Needed.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Although I sometimes find fault with general conditions, and complain of the needs of my own sex in particular, I think you will give me the credit of not complaining on my own account; yet even to me—fortunate woman that I am—I may truly be said, "One thing thou lackest!" for ever since my early memories I have occasionally felt the need of something which I could never by any possibility obtain, and for the simple reason that, to my knowledge, it has never yet had an existence!

Now you will probably say that, such being the case, I have no reason or right to complain; but I am not alone; others, also, are sensible of the same want, and the time is coming when this something will be felt to be so necessary that some one will create it. This I could myself easily do, with the advice and consent of the proper authorities, but unless thus sanctioned, I might create hundreds, and not one would answer any purpose whatever.

The little nonentity of which I write is a personal pronoun of common gender, and when the word, Male, is stricken from the Constitution of the United States, with its corresponding pronouns, then this necessity will appear so great that the word will be added to our language, which can no longer wait do without it.

We have now the pronouns, he, she, it, the last being of the neuter gender, and applying only to animals and inanimate things; therefore we need a pronoun which may signify either he or she, in order to avoid repetitions which must otherwise occur, if we would speak grammatically. But the usual method is to set grammar aside on such occasions, and use the pronoun they, which will apply to either sex, but, being in the plural number, will not apply to the individual of whom we would speak.

Our language has probably always been destitute of this necessary word—this word which will be so gladly accepted and adopted whenever it shall appear before the public. In the absence of any proposal, what if we were to name the word, huma, which is not in our language, if in any, (and which is suggestive of the use to which it is to be applied,) as the much needed pronoun of common gender, which is to be the grand distinction between itself and the pronouns now existing, so that whenever and however needed, there may be a word which will designate the human being irrespective of sex.

M. S. L.



**Jesus no Fabricator of Worlds:**  
(But only declared to be a son of the Deity, having an inheritance in the exercise of power, by authority of the Father, in a spiritual Kingdom, here on earth, called the Kingdom of Heaven, and as such, being the principle—their Father—and also declared to hold in the spiritual realm above, the Kingdom of God in the heavens, pre-eminence place—that which pertains to Primogeniture alone—place above that of his brethren of the whole human family, in earth or in heaven—these brethren, if having passed away to the spirit-world, being designated as the dead or as angels, but if still remaining in the flesh, being called men—such pre-eminence locating him, in administration, on the right hand of the Father, before all things, not in the matter of time and events, but of rank and dignity, and investing him with powers plenipotentiary in all things pertaining to the spiritual Kingdom. Notwithstanding his elevated position in that Kingdom, by virtue of the law of primogeniture, he always recognized the Kingdom as the property of the Father. Hence the description of Peter Noster—that formula of prayer given by him to his disciples.)

**COMMON VERSION.**  
For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.—Matt. vi. 13.  
And Jesus came, and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.—Matt. xxviii. 18.  
Giving thanks, and the Father, which hath made us next to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light:  
Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the Kingdom of his dear Son:

In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins:  
Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature:  
For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him:

And he is before all things, and by him all things consist.  
And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence.  
For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell:  
And, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven.—Col. i. 12-20.

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets,  
Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds:

Who, being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high:  
Being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they.—Heb. i. 1-4.

**GREEK TEXT.**

Ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ ἡ Παύλα, καὶ ἡ ἑστέρια, καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι τοῦ ἀποστόλου, ἄνοιον.—Matt. vi. 13.  
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**The Religion of Humanity.**

Such is the title of the so-called "new" religion just introduced to the public of New York, under the personal auspices and exertions of Mr. Henry Edger, a devoted disciple of the European philosopher Comte. His discourses, of which we happen to have seen but two, are exceedingly instructive and spiritually stimulating, and are calculated to do great good in breaking the old theological fetters by which intelligent, but confiding people have so long been bound. Some of his ideas are, in their nature, such good seed of themselves, as to furnish all the excuse we seek to make for picking them out for the seed-wheat in the field of general thought.

Mr. Edger began by stating that what this day and age stood most in need of was, the development of a sentiment of veneration. Where all persons were taught that they were equally good with all other persons, there can be no expansion or growth. The lack of this sentiment he held to be more opposed to progress than it is even to order. "He that recognizes no such distinction as that of superior and inferior," said he, "can hardly have even a conception of any higher sphere to which he may aspire. The man who is as good as any other has no occasion to strive to be better; and he that looks up to no other man will not look up to his God." He noted and deplored the utter lack of reverence, both within the church and without. Although what the preacher himself may say teaches that all theological beliefs are destined to pass away, it nevertheless teaches that the decay of the sentiment of veneration is "one of the most serious of the dangers that are a constant menace to the very existence of our modern civilization." And the lecturer added that "the social reconstruction which is becoming more and more obvious and inevitable, is simply impossible till the holy sentiment of veneration, which is the centre and pivot of all true religion, can be restored."

By a law of the human mind, said the speaker, theological opinions yield to scientific principles. Theology must die out, and religion seek another basis, which was to be that of science. The evils of superstition he sketched in graphic phrases; and he argued that it must be for the sake of some very great benefit that we suffered ourselves to cling to religion which has been inseparably identified with superstition. But, added he, with an earnestness and force which must have created an abiding impression, "superstition itself is not so great an evil as the error which confounds together religion and theology." The power of the ideal over man he held to be the distinguishing feature of humanity. It is not merely reason that distinguishes man from the brute, for it has been proved that brute reason, and reason, too, as man reasons; nor is it in affection that such a distinction exists; but it is in the power of voluntary devotion to an idea. This privilege belongs exclusively to man. He is a being capable of social life, and, therefore, of social progress.

To sum up the peculiar and controlling characteristic of the Positive Philosophy, which is the name by which that of Comte is known, Mr. Edger said it could be expressed in the formula—"Man ever tends to become more and more religious." Religion, in the individual, is the unity which results from the complete subjection of the lower faculties to the higher; in society, it is the entire harmony of feeling and purpose which results from that subjection. And since that desired harmony can never be complete, this definition of religion he would have taken for simply the ideal toward which our race is converging. A sketch of the history of religions was then taken, from the Fetichism of the early nomadic tribes up to the positive conception of the supreme ideal of humanity. After Fetichism came the national gods of the ancient civilized nations by which a national bond of union was formed. Next came the Christian monothemism, by which a bond of union was formed, capable of retaining several independent nationalities without destroying their individuality. The ideal of the Christian Church is to embrace all mankind in one bond of union, and this was very nearly realized in the best days of the church, as far as it could be under any theological system. The task which Positivism has set itself to do is to fully accomplish the purpose and intent of this ideal.

Comte's own language is—"Religion is first spontaneous, then inspired, afterwards revealed, and finally comes to be demonstrated." It is a striking commentary on the innate goodness of human nature that it has been thus upward, notwithstanding the loyness of the state of the race at first. Worship, the lecturer regarded as simply "culture"; and on this part of his subject he enlarged in a strain which we would not be guilty of marrying by a fragmentary quotation. We therefore give the close entire:

"Religion is a state of unity; worship is the culture of that unity. There might be many different systems of worship, just as there might be different systems of hygiene or medicine for the conservation of a state of health. But religion is but one thing, as health is but one. The parallel is not a mere artificial one. On the contrary, the inherent integral unity of the religious system constitutes health, not personal health only, nor social order, nor moral purity, nor intellectual strength, not one or two, or any partial number, but all of them together. We are beginning to find out that physical health, once broken, cannot be restored without regard to social or moral laws, and it is at least equally certain that moral health cannot be completely irrespective of intellectual and material conditions. In one word—health is unity, and unity is religion. No doubt the most powerful exercise and effective culture of our religious faculty is the doing of good actions to others. But this is not possible so continuously as is necessary for due culture. Worship institutes a kind of exercise which is more completely optional, more universally attainable—in addition to the practice of benevolent actions—for the development of the social sentiments. Simple utterance develops a sentiment. Especially is this true of united utterance. It is high time that we had a worship that should be a more direct culture of the ideal perfection of humanity than the past modes of worship; that should be religious without being theological. The best men of the theological churches are gravitating toward this point. Humanity is in a more broken condition at the present day. Much of what passes for

Christianity is no Christianity at all. The noblest efforts of the churches do not evoke not in the name of God but of humanity. The men who on Sunday preach God, on week days make their appeals in the name of humanity. The shell of their system is the ancient and venerable name of God; the kernel, when it has any kernel, is our adored humanity. This devotion to humanity, however, can only obtain full sway by systematic culture. We owe it to humanity to institute such a culture. Surely such a worship as I have indicated would draw up to higher moral aspirations myriads who have forever turned their backs upon theological doctrines. We would not draw a single worshiper away from the other churches, but we would provide for those who have already left them, and this class makes a clear majority of our population."

**The Power of the Invisible.**

We find in a late number of the Methodist, a denominational paper of New York, a full sermon by Bishop Simpson of that Church, on the theme above-named. Did our space permit, we should be glad to publish much more copious extracts than those which we are about to give to our readers. The Bishop directed his thoughts to the propriety of the habit of fixing the spirit's gaze on invisible things, first, in order to steady the purpose and concentrate the forces of the individual life, and, secondly, to elevate the nature, expand the sympathies, and make spiritual things supreme. From a perusal of parts of this discourse, we should say that Bishop Simpson is an unconscious Spiritualist; he cherishes, to be sure, the dogma of unending punishment, but he clings with a far more eager desire to the belief in a heaven into which attending spirits are ready to introduce him while occupying the tabernacle of the flesh. To illustrate and enforce our remarks, and especially to satisfy all persons of the Methodist persuasion that one of their own Bishops does hold to a faith which they would be afraid of under the name of Spiritualism, we proceed to subjoin a few extracts, as follows:

"Man rises on the triumphs of art just in proportion as he approaches toward the invisible. The studies of men lead in the same direction. We commence with the simple elements around us—the visible. We take hold, in philosophy and chemistry, on what might be termed the alphabets, the elements, the grosser forms. As we rise in our speculations, we go still higher, and light, and heat, and electricity, and magnetism, in all their impalpable forms, pass before us in review; and, to a large part, as chemical and philosophical sciences advance, the reference to the impalpable and imperceptible element, and science rises to its highest glory as it lays hold of the invisible. Now, if we find that man rises in civilization just as his thoughts are directed toward the invisible, shall it not be so that the Christian, in grappling with the highest possible thoughts, shall find himself passing over toward the unseen? So far from this habit of mind being unreasonable, then, we find it to be in harmony with the laws of God."

If we can know that we shall be the sons of God and heirs of a glorious inheritance, with this assurance, we can look out into the invisible with calmness. There is none of us that does not have a feeling that the invisible is near us. It gathers about us, its very shadows seem sometimes to fall upon us. We know not by nature what that invisible is, but that there is an invisible the very business of our lives, who has not trembled at the thought of the invisible? Who has not been anxious to lift the veil that shrouds it from our view? Who has not thought of friends who have just passed over the boundary-line? Who has not trembled by the side of the death-bed and the grave, when the eternal seemed to come so near and the invisible to move in view? And why that feeling? We have a relation to the invisible. The heathen are in dread because of it. They have peopled the air with genii, and fairies, and goblins, and demons, and they read the invisible book of darkness hags upon it."

But to the Christian, the invisible flames with light—Christ hath brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel—and we know that while there is the invisible, there are safety and joy beyond. The very grave itself is a passage into the beautiful and the glorious. We have laid our friends in the grave; but they are around us. The little children that sat upon our knee, into whose eyes we looked with love, whose little hands clasped our neck, on whose cheeks we imprinted the kiss—we can almost feel the throbbing of their hearts to-day. They have passed from us; but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers that educated us, that directed and comforted us—where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our life, that walked along life's pathway, those with whom we took sweet counsel, and who dropped from our hearts where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? They are very near us, in the heaven of light and of love. Is there anything to alarm us in the thought of the invisible? No. It seems to me that sometimes, when our heads are on the pillow, there come whispers as of joy from the spirit-land, which have dropped into our hearts thoughts of the sublime and beautiful and glorious, as though some angel's wing passed over our brow, and some dear one sat by our pillow and communed with our hearts, to cheer our affections toward the other and better world."

The invisible is not dark; it is glorious. Sometimes the veil becomes so thin, it seems to me that I can almost see the bright forms through it, and my bending ear can almost hear the voices of those who are singing their melodious strain before the throne of God. Oh, there is music all around us, though the ear of man hear it not; there are glorious forms all about us, though the eye of man see them not; there are thoughts all round us, though the mind of man cannot reach them. The veil of the future will soon be lifted, and the invisible shall appear. And when you and I shall just step beyond the veil, oh how glorious! We shall look back to life and wonder why it was that it did not flame with light, even while we were treading the pathway here below. Oh, that look into eternity! We see the invisible, and it gives us joy. Our friends are there, our loved ones are there, and they are not far from us. Whether they are connected with the drooping of winter, whether they are in the light, or in the dark, or in the grave, and beyond it, I cannot just say; but as I grow older, it seems to me that the invisible has greater and greater attractions for me from year to year. Never did I ponder so much on those beautiful passages where the life of the future is brought to light, and where immortality seems to glow all around me, as I have done in recent times. I have seen such a fullness in that passage where Jesus is represented as being light and life, and that light not the Gospel, that my soul has sometimes seemed to be almost filled; and as friend after friend passed over, I hold sweeter and sweeter communion in my thoughts with the spirit-world."

After demonstrating from Scripture history that the dead, when they come back to earth, do recognize old scenes and friends, and are fully alive to old interests and occupations, the Bishop breaks forth in the following strain of triumph, which is but breaking through the old barriers of ecclesiastical dogma, and planting himself on the solid ground of spiritual faith and religion. These are his words:

"Oh, they do care about earth! they do come back to earth! The glorified saints love our earth still; our kindred in heaven love us still. The mother who counseled me, and who bore me when an infant, who talked to me in my riper years, and whom I laid in the grave a few months ago, she is my mother still. Beyond the dark curtain which hides immortality from view, oh, she is the same as well. She loves me still; she waits to welcome me. If I but give my heart to God and discharge my duty, she waits to welcome me in the spirit-world. Oh, our kindred and mothers and fathers wait for us; wives and husbands wait for us; the little children—sainted cherubs—are waiting for us! The song of joy is going up just on the other side; and methinks white hands are beckoning to some of us. They are sailing on and upward. A little longer bear earth's torments and toils, and then go up higher. The invisible is flaming in light; and as I look out, it becomes a source of joy to my heart."

**Mercantile Hall Meetings.**

On Sunday evening, April 19th, C. Fannie Allyn addressed a full house at Mercantile Hall. The exercises were commenced by a song from the choir, "Over the River," after which the influences controlling selected from a number of subjects handed in by the audience, one entitled the "Morning Bride," upon which to improvise a poem. The choir then sang from the "Psalms of Life," "Tell me not in mournful numbers."

On examining the questions presented in writing by those present, the medium found many of a purely personal nature, which could not be of any possible interest to the audience generally. We would here remark, parenthetically, that this state of things should not be tolerated. Persons selecting subjects for lectures should avoid thrusting themselves and their affairs before the public; the brief time allotted to the speaker should be employed in the consideration of matters of interest to the cause generally. Under a multiplicity of varying interrogatories the connection of the remarks is destroyed, and no good derived by those listening.

Some six or eight questions were propounded, the first of which, and the one on which the lecture was based, was, "What is the difference between Natural Science and Natural Religion?" The lecturer went on to show how the impulses of science had led men, in times past, to scorn the bonds of ignorance, exploding false theories and revealing undreamed of knowledge to the nineteenth century. There was no science but natural science; any other was a counterfeit, and all the revelations of natural science pointed man upward to the fulfilling of his highest ideal in the world. This was the result of natural science. How was it united with natural religion? for one might as well ask what was the difference between natural light and natural life. Natural religion was never founded on bigotry, any more than science could be founded on untruth. A skeleton re-clothed upon (were it possible to mortals,) by its habiliments of flesh, would be a skeleton still; so would be that science and religion which were not the children of Nature. As natural science had hidden its followers come out from the clouds of ignorance and shed their light on the material world, so had natural religion stimulated its followers and called forth the Nazarene, inspired Joan of Arc, awakened Emanuel Swedenborg. Each effort of science was only, after all, a new revelation of a natural religion—a desire for truth—struggling in man.

To a question as to whether there was not a connecting link between impression, intuition and inspiration, the influence controlling answered in the affirmative.

To a question contained in Genesis xxxii: 27, "What is thy name?" it was stated that this interrogatory had a spiritual significance which referred to the consciences of all present, and was to be answered for itself by every soul.

To the question, "Is the Bible a special revelation?" it was replied that it was a revelation, and so were those of others embodying the ideas of spiritual life; it was better than any other book only so far as it did more good to the individual perusing it; it was a dead letter to any soul if it did not meet its highest aspirations.

In answer to several other questions she stated that "soul-affinity" was not to be classed with the epithet "free love." The latter meant only material attraction, and the holy name of love should not be degraded to its level. Persons should never act against their conceptions of right, but they should be first sure that they had the right conception of right.

The services of the evening closed by an inspirational poem from a subject chosen by the audience, entitled, "Our Dead Heroes in the late Rebellion."

**Church and State.**

The New York Independent says: "The blindness of conservatism has had no more striking illustration in our day than is afforded in the example of Disraeli, who frankly declares that 'the union of Church and State has hitherto been the chief means of British civilization, and the only security for religious liberty.' To an American this seems too preposterous to be treated seriously; for, if there is one sentiment that is universal among the people of the United States, it is this: that a union of the Church with the State leads inevitably to the corruption of both religion and government. That the wealthy and titled dignitaries of the Established Church should cling to it with all their might, is no more than we should naturally expect; but Disraeli, in attempting to frighten his countrymen by the plea that religion and civilization would be endangered if the Church were to be divorced from the State, cuts a sorry figure before the world in this age of progress and enlightenment."

**Amusements and Churches.**

Harriet Beecher Stowe's liberal ideas in regard to indulgence in rational amusements, as expressed by one of the characters in her last work, do not please the straight-laced Presbyterians. Mrs. Stowe thinks—

"If the different churches of a city, for example, would rent a building where there should be a billiard table, one or two ninepin alleys, a reading room, a garden and grounds for ball playing or innocent lounging, that they would do more to keep their young people from the ways of sin than a Sunday School could. Nay, more, I could go further. I would have a portion of the building fitted up with scenery and a stage, for the getting up of tableaux or dramatic performances, and thus give scope for the exercise of that histrionic talent of which



Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Constant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life...

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

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

Circle Room—Reserved Seats.

It has become necessary, owing to the increasing interest manifested by people far and near to learn what disembodied spirits have to say through our medium, that we shall hereafter reserve three seats in our Circle Room, for the accommodation of strangers, up to within five minutes of closing the door.

Invocation.

Come near unto us, oh Holy Spirit of Infinite Truth, and sweep away our ignorance, even as the glory of this day hath swept away the shades of yesterday.

Q.—Am I to understand that the world will grow like a human being? A.—Not exactly, no. The knowledge of it will grow.

Q.—Then this spirit of exploration toward the North Pole is the same that led Columbus to this country? A.—Certainly. The desire to know all that there is to be known, the desire to stretch out the capacities of the human mind to their utmost extent, is perfectly legitimate, God-given.

Q.—What relation does mesmerism bear to Spiritualism? A.—It bears a very intimate relation, so intimate that we can scarcely tell where to divide the two. Mesmerism, or the mesmeric aura, may be called one of the most essential agents by and through which the disembodied or the embodied spirit acts upon any other spirit.

Q.—A lecturer (Dr. Willis) at Music Hall, Boston, a few Sundays ago, stated that a shower of fresh and various flowers fell upon his bed, on which he was lying, at midnight, in severe weather in midwinter, and that the stems of the flowers appeared as if faded off and not cut, and as if from a current of electricity, leading to the conclusion that they had been conveyed to him from a warmer climate, where they grew.

Q.—They are both true. Sometimes, under certain conditions, those spirits who are conversant with the science of chemistry are able to form out of the atmosphere, and the spiritual kingdom; when they create little plants, without the aid of soil or matter. So their experiments are constantly going on. This, referred to by Mr. Willis, is doubtless one of them.

Q.—I would like to inquire whether Emanuel Swedenborg's description of heaven and hell may be relied on as correct? A.—Not exactly. It was as nearly correct as could be given him by his guardian spirits at the time. It was as nearly correct as he could perceive through his medium.

Q.—During the reign of the lower faculties of human nature, it was doubtless necessary to work by force—some kind of force—it matters not whether it be the force of mystery or the force of arms. But when the moral and spiritual faculties began to gain the ascendancy over the lower organs of human life, then men and women began to rebel against force, whether it might be in mystery or in arms.

Q.—I wish to come into communication, if I can, with my brother, William Buck, of Montgomery, Alabama.

I have a variety of strange feelings in coming here, and doubtless were you to know my sad history you would not wonder at it. I have an earnest desire to meet my brother, and other members of our family. My sister Lucy I wish also to meet.

I feel that my dear friends may be glad to hear from me. I feel that they are stretching out the arms of their love toward me, and would be rejoiced to know that I could reach them. So after various unsuccessful attempts I am here.

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not. Nor would I dare to say that anything, however imperfect, was not the expression of God. The little rilllet cannot be the ocean; the majestic river cannot be the dewdrop. And yet in Nature all are God's. So it is with regard to the realm of mind. The further we advance in mentality, the more we believe in a God everywhere. I do not believe that the soul is bound to obey the ipse dixit of any religious writer whatsoever. I do not believe that God calls upon the soul to believe in anything it cannot understand.

Q.—Some time ago, in answer to a question here, relative to the inhabitants of our earth, it was stated in reply, that there were many such who are yet unknown, and their territory yet undiscovered. As our maps and explorations cover nearly all the surface of the globe, please give us some further information as to the locality of these unknown inhabitants.

A.—To begin with, your correspondent has made a very great mistake in supposing that our maps cover nearly all the surface of the globe. Hundreds of years ago the savage, looking out from his rude hut, saw the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and he thought that this was all. He never dreamed that there was anything beyond the range of his vision. He had never heard of it. No sound from the far-off lands had ever reached him. His senses had never been appealed to. He knew nothing concerning the great world which lay beyond. To a certain extent you are all savages. You have gone a great ways beyond his standpoint, but you have a great ways further to go. So have we all.

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much from what they were in my earthly life; but, still, all that went away with me at death, all that survived the wreck of the body, is here today.

I am very anxious that Edward should know that I can come. I am very anxious to overrule all his unbelief, because I know he will feel more happy, and be better fitted to die than he could possibly be by any other process. And when his dear father and mother talk to him of these things, I do hope that, instead of turning away coldly, he will seek for himself, and after seeking earnestly, if he is satisfied there is nothing in it, then it will be well to say so. But I know I can convince him if he will only give me an opportunity myself. I do not expect to do a great deal by coming here. I only want to let them know I can come, and that I shall be ready to come now wherever there is a medium with whom I can come in rapport.

I want to say to dear father and mother Stratton: "Oh, I thank you so much for your kind thoughts for me in my spirit-home. It has helped me much."

And with regard to little Mary—I am constituted her guardian spirit, and shall watch over her, I cannot tell how long; it may be all through her earthly life.

I want all my dear friends to know I am happy in my spirit-home, and nothing would cause me to return here and dwell again, as truly as I love the dear friends I left, caring away coldly, he will seek for himself, and after seeking earnestly, if he is satisfied there is nothing in it, then it will be well to say so. But I know I can convince him if he will only give me an opportunity myself. I do not expect to do a great deal by coming here. I only want to let them know I can come, and that I shall be ready to come now wherever there is a medium with whom I can come in rapport.

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soldiers. Seems to me that with all your institutions of learning, with your many churches, and with all the facilities you have for being good and great—seems to me that the army should have been better morally educated than it seems to have been. I do not blame you. I only speak of the thing as it is.

Much advice might be given by our father and mother, but I will not say that, because, if they will only give them the opportunity to come and speak with them face to face. They are very desirous of reaching William, and of reaching other members of the family. They see their distress. They know all they have passed through, and can do very much for them. But you know that a medium is necessary, some kind of a medium, in order for us to reach our friends. So I am here to ask that my friends will make use of the usual means, and see if good will not come of it.

I want to say to dear father and mother Stratton: "Oh, I thank you so much for your kind thoughts for me in my spirit-home. It has helped me much."

And with regard to little Mary—I am constituted her guardian spirit, and shall watch over her, I cannot tell how long; it may be all through her earthly life.

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Q.—Is it only by the cultivation of our moral and spiritual natures that we enter into the kingdom of heaven? A.—Yes, the further we advance in moral virtues, the higher we rise in morality, the more of heaven we have. The higher we rise over the inharmonies that are attendant upon all the lower orders of existence, the nearer we are to heaven. When we shut out the discordant scenes of the outer world, and enter within the closet of our inner lives, and there hold silent but sacred communion with the great spirit that sustains and loves us, then it is that we may be said to be standing in the gate of heaven. When we are at peace with all the world and with ourselves, then we are in heaven. It matters not where we are located, whether on the earth or in spirit-spheres beyond the earth, it is all the same.

Q.—When one person treats another with abuse, and provokes him to say and do things that are not right, will he feel the greatest condemnation in spirit-life, the one who provoked to anger, or the one who did not restrain? A.—I should say that the one who provoked to anger would feel the keenest remorse, and for this reason: he would find that he had not only sinned against himself, but against the law of another. He had not only trampled upon his own highest law, but did the same by another; therefore to him it would seem that he would receive double condemnation.

Q.—How do you explain the word "seer," as used by the ancients? A.—Seer is another term for clairvoyance, or the spiritual condition—a condition in which the spirit can enter the past and future, as well as the present.

Q.—Did not these seers, being as you say "wiser than they knew," actually foretell events? A.—Perhaps so. At all events, they were not styled prophets.

Q.—Are we not to understand that the history contained in the Bible is as authentic as the works of Josephus? A.—No, by no means.

Q.—Will you give your reasons? A.—Yes. There is not a single book composing the so-called Holy Record that has not been sifted through and through by priestly influence. Over and over again it has been revised and thoroughly changed, till its simple, original truths are almost entirely lost. Is it authentic then, after having passed through such a crucible? By no means.

Q.—I believe I am the unfortunate individual who had the controversy with Dr. Channing with reference to the star of Bethlehem, and I believe he acknowledged that there was such a star, that did come into existence at the birth of Jesus, and went out at his death. I would like to ask the influence if it is not as reasonable to suppose that a star came into existence as that an angel appeared to the shepherds and foretold to them that what was about to transpire in Bethlehem? A.—No. Angels appear to men and women every day in the present. But stars are not born into existence to suit the caprice of any one individual. Natural laws are not infringed upon. Angels watch over the coming of every little baby in this world, and to some loving, waiting souls they talk of their coming, and we are told that in some instances they shadow forth their future.

Q.—What is meant by election, as spoken of in the Bible? A.—The Bible talks of a great many foolish things. It means simply this, and nothing more: A reflection of priestly ignorance, bigotry and sectarianism. It is that spirit which says, "I am more holy than thou art. There is a kingdom of heaven for me, but not for you."

Q.—Is anything impossible with God? A.—Certainly to me there is. The breaking of his own law would be an impossibility. He would destroy himself and annihilate all the forms that are in being. I do not believe that God can step outside of himself. He must always live in his own being. To perform a miracle, according to my idea, he must step outside of himself, he must trample upon his own law; he must disregard all that which constitutes the law of life. No, I do not believe it is possible for God to create a world in six days, or in six thousand years, nor in six hundred thousand years. No; to me there are many things impossible, even unto God.



