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The Spirit-World.

MESSAGES FROM JOHN PIERPONT.

Messrs. Editors—Accompanying this I send you two papers, purporting to be communications from the late Rev. John Pierpont, who was a cousin of my mother, which the author requested me to forward for publication in the *Banner of Light*.

I am not a Spiritualist, never attended but one meeting in my life, (that was a lecture by Cora L. V. Daniels,) never met with a circle, and never witnessed any spiritual manifestations, with the exception of singular personal experiences, for which I cannot account upon any other supposition than the reason assigned by the mysterious source whence they came—that is, that I am a medium.

Upon three occasions since the death of Mr. Pierpont, I have been impelled to write, I know not why. Although perfectly conscious in other respects, my hand is moved by something besides my own volition; nor do I know a word that I write until it is completed, when I read it. Previous to writing the first one which I send, I was perfectly unconscious from eight o'clock in the evening until nine the following morning, when I asked for pencil and paper, and wrote before arising from bed. I mention this to show you that for one who has never seen any demonstrations, and is not a believer, it is somewhat remarkable. It proves to me, at least, that there is something more than imagination in your faith.

Yours truly,

COMMUNICATION THE FIRST.

Why do you speak of us as dead? That which is planted is not dead—it is laid away in the earth; but the germ of a new body is there; and the life-giving sun shines upon it, and the gentle rains of heaven fall there, and in the spring-time it shall come forth from the dust, and blossom and bear fruit after its kind—it may be of wheat, or it may be of corn, or it may be of other grain. But this we know: That every seed shall bear its own body. So with us, who were once, like you to whom I write, dwellers upon the shores of time. We left you—that is, our bodies, the material part, passed from your view; but we are with you always. A silent band we gather around you in your hours of quiet and of rest. When the twilight shadows gather over the hills, and the soft, gentle influences of the still night shut out earth and its tumults from the soul, and the mysteries of your being make themselves felt by the heart, we are with you. You cannot see us, but your heart beats time to the music of the unseen world; your pulses thrill to the harmony of the life above, and you feel the touch of invisible hands upon the brow, wearied with the weight of "thoughts that breathe"; and if you would but open your hearts to us, words that burn would fall from your lips, and others would be charmed, delighted and cheered on their way by the eloquence with which you would speak to them.

I am your friend and cousin. When first you were told "John Pierpont is dead," you said in your heart, "Oh, I wish his mantle might fall upon me." Wishes are prayers, and there was one standing near you, who, ever watchful of your welfare, because of the immortal love she bore you, caught that prayer as it arose upon the wings of the morning and bore it upward. I was new in spirit-life then. As infants who first open their eyes to the light of day shrink from the sudden brightness, so those who put off the mortal and assume the immortal are bewildered by the change. One moment there, surrounded by cares, sorrows and fears, weighed down by infirmities of the physical nature; the next moment, mounting up like eagles, free from all that can clog the spark of Divinity, roaming through the bright spheres of the new world that has burst upon the view. But I was sent to you with words of cheer and words of promise. I told you I would be with you; that by my aid you should both speak and write words that would be to others glad tidings of great joy. I have been near you through all your wanderings, have known all your struggles, all your trials with the world, the flesh, and the devil. They err who teach as I once believed, that spirits who have passed to a congenial sphere—to what theologians call heaven—cannot feel or sympathize with the griefs and trials of those they have left behind. They say it would not be heaven if there were sorrow there. This is not true. Oh, false and blind leaders! how little they know of the power of a love which survives the decay of the body, and, like Jacob's ladder, reaches from those blessed shores back to the hearts that are sorrowing below, an electric cord which bears on its surface strength, encouragement and hope. I have felt—I have sympathized with the struggles through which you have passed, as the influences which you have felt, but could not understand, have prompted you, from time to time, to listen to the whisperings of your inner nature, while pride and prejudice were holding you back.

You know my history, though it was only as a child that you heard it. You know that I had pride of birth, pride of intellect, and pride of position. And now you know something by experience of the fiery furnace through which I passed, as the flames of martyrdom of that pride rolled above my head, as I felt myself compelled to stem the tide of opposition, and combat error and sin in their most popular forms. You know my enemies sneered, and even my loved and trusted friends turned coldly from me, after vain endeavors to turn me from "the error of my ways," after trying in vain to induce me at least to remain silent as to my peculiar views. He who attained the harp of a thousand strings, only knows what I suffered during those years when I was passing through the transition from darkness to light. But I was strengthened by invisible hands, and led by a way I knew not, until at last I stood upon the broad plane of freedom from prejudice—and I found rest. And now, can I forget all this, or fail to sympathize with another, who, with far less of physical strength, is passing along the same thorny road? I have been near you in your darkest hours; I have known your heartaches; I was there when you approached the awful brink of destruction, and

contemplated laying down the burden of life, which you thought was too heavy to bear. But you were encircled then by loving arms, and they bore you safely on. They sent one who gave you new life and hope, and the dark curtain was lifted; and now I rejoice, and these others also, that you are emerging from the shadows. You have seen, many a time, the face of the landscape darkened by clouds of mist, so that the eye could scarcely pierce the gloom; but suddenly the sun would burst forth from his bed in the east, and the curtain of mist would be lifted, slowly but surely, until at length the last fold of smoke would be wafted away in the blue ether, and morning shine forth in undimmed splendor. So with you. The long, dark night of prejudice is passing from your heart, and the light of the Sun of Reason is dawning upon you. You have a mission, which you will accomplish perfectly. Be true to the inner light and fear not. Cast away pride and prejudice, and open your eyes to the light that is entering slowly, and welcome the friends who approach you with this glad spring-time; for they are coming with the fragrant blossoms of gladness and hope. We wish you to write much. You will have all. When you feel despondency and gloomy fears settling upon your heart, take your pen, and by its magic influence weakness and fears will vanish. Send this to the *Banner of Light*. The day will come when you shall not want the prestige of a name, for yours shall be a household word.

I am your cousin,
JOHN PIERPONT.

COMMUNICATION THE SECOND.

Listen to the words of the preacher, who, though he has passed beyond the physical vision of the great congregation who have been ministered to by him in earth-life, is none the less obliged to combat error, and assist the earnest inquirer after truth in sifting the wheat from the chaff, separating good from evil.

Spiritualism, like every other faith, has not only its advantages but also its disadvantages. Error has crept into the New Church, as well as the Old; error in its most hideous and repulsive form. And those who love the doctrines of progress, and would hasten the millennium, which shall emancipate the children of men from bondage to theological dogmas and impossible creeds, must look to it that the good seed be not choked by tares.

Foremost among the errors of which I speak, and most fatal of them all, is the doctrine of Free Love, so-called; the offspring of the Spirit of Evil, who intrudes his hideous front among the pure and the holy, clothing himself in the garb of an angel of light, whispering words of specious reasoning in the ear of the simple and confiding, and luring from the true path many who ought to be bright and shining lights of earth.

In my new state of existence I am often pained and distressed by hearing from the lips of many whom I look upon as my children in the faith, arguments in favor of this most heinous belief. Although I have passed from the stage of earthly toil and care, and am not now a leader among earth's children, I do not forget the old Puritan faith which still lingers among the hills of my native New England; and within the last twenty-four hours I have been shocked by hearing one who, with a noble heart and talents which ought to be, and have been used to better purpose, instilling into the mind of one new in the faith in which I passed on, doctrines which, if believed in and carried out by her, would utterly and forever destroy her for the life of usefulness just opening before her. I was there—her guardian, her spirit leader—with a band of loving ones, and she, at least, is safe from those insidious teachings. I rejoiced to see that she turned with instinctive loathing from the ideas presented, and I have no fears for her. But there are many others who are less secure; many with hearts thirsting for human love and sympathy; hearts stretching out tendrils of affection for something to which they may cling for support and strength, and these are in danger. Alas for such as these, if, when the soul cries out from the depths of its loneliness and desolation, the tempter comes with the soft whispers, the blandishments and the factitious charms with which unholy passion invests itself, to flatter, allure and destroy.

How little they know, who propagate this false doctrine, of the spiritual affinity of which they speak so eloquently. There is, indeed, an affinity which is ennobling, purifying, God-like in its character, its tendencies and its results. Spiritualism teaches that every immortal spirit has somewhere its mate; its counterpart, its other self. He who said "It is not good for man to be alone," has done no imperfect work. The great laws of Nature, which he himself established, have been by him carried out to their full completion; from man, the first, the noblest creation of his hand, to the most insignificant of the vegetable nature. But man himself, in his blindness and ignorance, frustrates the purposes of his being, and following the *ignis fatuus* light of fancy or of passion, involves himself in a quagmire of difficulties and sorrows, from which he struggles vainly to extricate himself, and thus, year after year, during the brief period allotted to earth-life, he drags a clanking chain; or, flying from the fate he himself courted, darts like the butterfly from flower to flower, rifling each of its sweetness and purity, and leaving it to droop, and wither, and die.

Oh when will society reverse its laws and its teachings, dispense with false glitter and vain show, and allow Nature and Reason to hold the reins of the chariot in which adventurous, trusting youth commences the journey of life? If those who have committed to them the care and education of the youthful mind, would themselves become educated from the book of Nature, and study well the laws which govern and actuate the human heart, with its God-given capacities for loving, suffering and enduring, what a mighty

revolution would take place in the social condition of the human family. If they would but study the universal laws of affinity and attraction as they are impressed, not upon tables of stone but upon the fair face of Nature, every where, and in every form, a more healthful tone would assume the place of the sickly sentimentalism which is now the foundation of nine out of ten of all the so-called marriages, and furthermore, the foundation of the most fruitful source of sorrow, degradation and crime.

The advocates of Free Love teach that the marriage law is a curse to the world, that society would be far better without it, for then man and woman would meet upon an equal plane, unfettered by obligations, free as the birds that come with the springtime, and having fulfilled the destiny of a season, pass with the first chilling breath of winter to southern skies, their places to be filled hereafter by others. Alas, that in this age of light and revelation, there should be minds so darkened by passion-clouds as to be able to think without holy horror of such a state of things as would ensue should this belief become general. It never will—it never can. The divine institution of marriage is part and parcel of the faith of every true man and woman on earth, and nothing can utterly overthrow its empire. I speak now of marriage as it should be, not as it is. Marriage is something more than a joining of hands, the giving of a ring, or the endowing with worldly goods. As I have said before, there is a true affinity, there is for every soul a mate, for every heart a counterpart. And would that heart but listen to its promptings, be governed by its impressions, and hearken to the voice that speaks in its every pulsation, these soul-mates would not so often be severed, doomed each to tread a lonely, loveless path, sighing vainly over the aimless, hopeless life, uncheered by the smiles which might and should have beamed upon its most troubled way, gazing eagerly down the dark vista of the future for one ray of light to break the gloom.

There is implanted in every soul an intuition which cannot err. No one can fail to recognize a spirit-mate. It needs not years or days or weeks. There is a letter of introduction, so to speak, which passes from eye to eye, the mirror of the soul; there is a subtle cord of sympathy passing from heart to heart; a sub-marine telegraph underlying the waters of the sea of conventional opinion down in the depths of the inner being, where passion-waves can never surge, which conveys to the soul the impression, "This is my other self, and together, hand in hand, we must tread the path of life, up to the shining shore beyond the river." Many sneer and laugh at the idea of love at first sight; but there is a solemn reality in it, which all would do well to realize. But there are few who recognize this teaching; and the majority ignore the magnetism of the soul which attracts those who were intended for each other, and thus they call it folly, and resolutely turn away their eyes from the orbs which have darted those sympathetic rays into them, and close their ears to the "still small voice" which is saying, "I am here! Your spirit called for me, and I have come at your bidding." Oh, sad hour, when one thus turns from the angel of his life, forces back from his lips with his own hand the cup of joy and happiness that other hand is offering, and at the instigation of pride, ambition, or other selfish ends, unworthy of that holy name, clasps another hand at the altar, in a marriage which is but a mockery, and then sits down for all the dark future, amid the ashes of a wasted life, ever singing Hope's dirge-song, "It might have been." But if that hour is a sad one, how much deeper the sadness of the time when that heart awakens—as sooner or later it must do—to the fact that nothing remains of life but its duties and its sorrows; that it will nevermore throb with the joy of a happy love. That is the hour when Free Love steps in and strives to patch up the broken life with promiscuous and unhallowed pleasures. Listen to the tempter, as he tells him of the pure joys that spring up in the path of one who has courage to defy the world and be free, and stand forth in the dignity of manhood, in defiance of human and divine law. And weep tears of blood, as the victim of his own folly once more closes his ears to the voice of his better nature, ignores the obligations he has voluntarily assumed, and starts upon his career as destroyer, denouncing marriage as a curse, and boasting that he has the right to secure his own happiness in his own way.

Brothers, sisters, whatever may be your names, wherever you may be upon earth, I beseech you, listen to one who is with you in spirit; one who loves the pure faith of the New School, and would gladly, oh, how gladly, give his influence, now as ever, to rescue this faith from the obloquy which this baleful doctrine has cast upon it. Join hands against this monstrous fallacy which evil-minded ones have brought into the fold. Let it be no longer said, as it now is, "Spiritualism is but another name for Free Love—no one can be a Spiritualist without being also a Free Lover." You know this is not true. I know it is not true. I know that in the heart of every true Spiritualist there is a loathing of this horrible doctrine. And yet the Giant lives, and grows stronger day by day. Broadcast through the land the seed has been scattered, and this Unas tree is spreading its branches in every direction. Hearts are breaking every where, homes are being desolated by the Destroyer's hand, families scattered and dispersed, and crime and murder, even, follow in the footsteps of this Destroying Angel. And Spiritualism is regarded by many as the author of this great evil, and Free Love is supposed to be its offspring. My dear friends, this must not be; and you are to provide the remedy, or a still darker cloud will settle over your fair temple, and the loud thunder tones of denunciation will strike terror to your hearts.

You must unite, as one man, to expel this vile presence from your midst. Let one united voice

ascend from every rostrum whence the doctrines of the Progressive Philosophy are promulgated, let every book, pamphlet and paper published under your auspices, proclaim that Spiritualists hold no affinity with Free Love; that they repudiate its teachings, and that without dissent they uphold and sustain the true marriage relation. When once this fact is made patent to the world, the New Church will arise in its strength, redeemed from this reproach which is now casting over it so dark a shadow. Its doctrines will be more fully investigated, and the minds of the pure and true, who now shrink from becoming identified with those who are understood to hold faith in common with the advocates of no marriage, will be opened to perceive the beauties of our faith, and the benefits to mankind which would follow a general recognition of the truth as accepted by us. There is a mighty revolution in progress through all the earth, a volcanic upheaving in the minds of mankind, an universal reversion and overturning of old and established principles and opinions. Old things are passing away, and all things becoming new. A brighter day is dawning, and soon from the ashes of the past shall arise a new and a fairer temple, wherein shall be gathered all nations and peoples, and darkness and error shall flee before the bright beams of the Sun of Truth.

Brothers, sisters, I am with you, and I sympathize with you in all that pertains to the great principles of the new life. We who have passed the portals of the earth-life are not excluded from the pale of your joys and sorrows. The hands which labored with and for you are still. But we have yet a mission toward you, which we perform as opportunity is afforded us. Be not faithless, but watch and wait, for the harvest time is coming. Be true to the inner light, and cast from you all that can hinder in the true progression; for there are higher fields than any you have known, there is a life above all of which you have ever dreamed. See that you keep your hearts pure, your hands unstained, and the garments of the spirit white and unsoiled. And may the Spirit of Life be ever in your midst.

I am your brother,
JOHN PIERPONT.

Original Essays.

THE PROBLEM OF AGES.

The Mystery of Life—The Logic of Death.

NO. IX.

BY DYER D. LUM.

VI. The Scientific Argument.

The domain of all subjects, the deepest of all problems, the most comprehensive object of thought, is Life, in its threefold aspects, as manifested in the domain of matter, of mind and of spirit. In this is contained all subjects, all problems, all thought. Nothing can be conceived from the Infinite to the minutest manifestation of energy, without calling in the conception of Life. Life is infinite, omnipresent and eternal. The radiant orbs in space move in obedience to its behests, as well as the countless forms on their surface. The revolution of planets in their orbits, of suns and systems around their great centre, and of our whole astral system, and of others untold in the vast, far stretching fields of infinite space, all moving in harmony and beauteous splendor, are manifestations of Life, which, actuating all and permeating all, leaves naught outside of itself.

In considering this pregnant theme, so profound with problems of mighty thought, so replete with varying phenomena, and so suggestive of our own limited perceptions and finite relations, we do not propose to enter into the discussion of causation nor other abstract or metaphysical questions, but merely to glean from the pages of Nature some light on the cause of the harmonious order and progressive evolution that have ever characterized the manifestations of Life.

For nearly a century it has been a demonstrated fact in physics that matter is indestructible. Since the days of Lavoisier this statement has stood unquestioned. The present century has given us the demonstration that Force is alike eternal and indestructible, suffering no diminution and subject to no augmentation. Not only eternal, but Force is conservative.

"That neither, taken abstractly, can be said to be the essential cause of the others, but that either may produce or be convertible into any of the others."—Groce.

The physical forces, gravity, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and the yet higher force of chemical affinity, are known to be correlated to vital force; and vital forces are as distinctly correlated to mental force.

"So that we come to the broad conclusion that not only as to living-matter itself, but as to the forces that matter exerts, there is a close relationship between the organic and the inorganic world—the difference between them arising from the diverse combination and disposition of identical forces, and not from any primary diversity, as far as we can see."—Huxley.

The natural evolution and correlation of all forces, and consequent unity of all things in the divine order, is fast becoming an established formula of science.

Organic forces are ever working upward. First, we have the *Physical*, then *Chemical*, *Vital*, *Mental*, &c., each manifestation representing higher combinations and more complex action. Maudsley observes that "all exaltation of matter and force is, as it were, a concentration thereof." As one equivalent of chemical force corresponds to several equivalents of inferior force, and one equivalent of vital force to several equivalents of chemical force, so in the scale of tissue, the higher kind represents a more complex elementary constitution.

In the animal world the highest development is called *instinct*, though it plainly betokens mind

only in a lower sphere, for all the actions which it prompts are as distinctly impressed with the laws of reason as those which rise above it. Nor can we draw a line of demarcation between the phenomena of sensation and those of vital forces. "The conscious and unconscious sides of the process are so blended together that it is only by a mental fiction that we distinguish them and assign a cause to the one different from that which produces the other. If we go upward from sensation toward the more intellectual regions, each step involves a corresponding action of the nervous system which gives occasion to the allied mental phenomena as certainly as any other organ of the frame is associated with its appropriate function. And even if we ascend to the autocratic power of the will, still that is only reached by a succession of steps, all involving both thought and feeling, between no two of which we can draw any line of demarcation, so as to say where the vital and automatic processes end, and where those of the soul, *par excellence*, begin. The whole, in fact, are so interwoven in producing the result, that they point us of necessity to a primitive unity as the real starting point of them all."—Morrell.

Thus, from motion to chemical affinity, from crystal formation to vegetable growth, from the "vital principle" to instinct, and from instinctive intelligence to man's lordly will, we are conducted by insensible gradations, and in each stage behold the manifestation of Force in different degrees, and are led to the conclusion, to adopt the words of Dr. Laycock, that "Life and Mind are correlative in consciousness, and dependent therefore upon correlative forces. Knowing and Being have the same cause."

The question hereupon arises, if mental force be correlated to vital forces, does it not resolve intelligence into a mere attribute of matter? Is not the Dynamic Theory purely Materialistic? At this point we take issue with the Materialist.

No force is a mere attribute of matter. Force is eternal—the sole Reality. Everything around us results from the mode of action or manifestation of this One Force, the different forms of which we call phenomena. "Every form is force visible," says Prof. Huxley; "a form of rest is a balance of forces; a form undergoing change is the predominance of one over others." Says Prof. Tyndall, "We know no more of the origin of force than of the origin of matter; where matter is, force is, for we only know matter through its forces."

Unreflective minds are apt to speak of the stability of material forms, when in fact they are more illusory than a dream. Draper in his *Philosophy* says: "The aspect of identity which an animal presents is an illusion, hiding from us the true state of the case. An organism, no matter of what grade it may be, is only a temporary form, which myriads of particles, passing through a determinate career, give rise to. It is like the flame of the lamp, which presents for a long time the same aspect, being ceaselessly fed as it ceaselessly wastes away." Coloridge compares forms to "the column of blue smoke from a cottage chimney in the breathless summer noon, or the steadfast seeming cloud on the edge point of a hill in the driving air-current, which, momentarily, condensed and recombined, is the common phantom of a thousand successors."

Now the inevitable inference from these facts is that the essentiality of a body is not contained in the matter of which it is composed, but in something that underlies all material existence. Oersted, in his *Soul in Nature*, held that the permanence and invariability of Nature are not found in its individual parts, which are all undergoing perpetual changes; but the invariable, that which perdures, is found only in the abstract nature of things. "Nothing is invariable in Nature but laws, which may be called the Thoughts of Nature."

View it as we will, we can only see in matter a manifestation of force, and force as manifested in material form in its varied manifestations. Force is nowhere innate, nor can we trace its modes of action to an initial force. There is ever a Power within and underlying it that escapes our scrutiny. "This force," says Davis, "is the negative side of a yet more positive expression called Power." This Power lies back of all phenomena, and eludes our finite vision; we behold but the *continent of the power*, the sensible effect merely by which its presence is indicated. "No force in the whole range of material nature," says Grindon, "is initial. The utmost point to which science can convey us, even when dealing with the most occult and recondite phenomena, never shows where force begins. There is always a still anterior force."

Swedenborg announced the unity of Nature a century since. He said: "There is one sole essence, one sole substance, and one sole form, from which are all essences, substances, and forms that are created." So true is it, that the "poetical reveries" and "mystic vagaries" of yesterday are to-day sober matter for scientific thought. What then is this substratum underlying all force? Force must originate in omnipresent and infinite Power, or rather, this Infinite Power which can alone be said to exist, is only finitely perceived in the correlative manifestation of force. Force being the mode of action of this underlying power, must be the bond of union between the Infinite and the material universe. As matter is concentrated force, or centres of force, so force is the mode of manifestation of the Infinite "Being." As it has been expressed by James Hinton: "This physical, temporal world is the appearance to us of the world that is, the eternal and spiritual world, and we believe it not to be an appearance only, but itself a true existence, simply because we do not know that true and absolute fact which causes it to appear. We are in the eternal world, and thus we feel it. We perceive the appearance to us of the eternal world, and call it the world that is." This something, underlying all phenomenal ex-

istence, is persistent. Matter is incapable of acting of itself, it must be acted upon; and this vigorous quality which underlies and fashions all forms, is the same to-day as yesterday. The matter passes indifferently from mold to mold, retaining no individuality. Spirit alone can act, matter is but the result of the act. Grindon in his *Life* ably remarks:

"That invisible, potent something, cannot be a mere energy, either a cause or an effect. It is an active, productive force, cannot be efficient unless it operates from and through a substance. If there be a spiritual world at all, it must be like the natural world, substantial. Substance must not be confounded with matter. Substance is a generic term; matter is one of the species which it includes. Spiritual substances are none the less real because out of the reach of chemistry or other tools, or because they are inappreciable to the organs of the sense. Indeed, it is only the grosser expressions of matter which can be so treated and which the senses can apprehend. Each class of substances is real in relation to the world it belongs to. The material substances in the material world, spiritual substances in the spiritual world; and each kind has to be judged according to its place of abode."

Having briefly shown that matter is but an expression of force, and that Force is the mode of action of that which exists and is alone persistent, that it is infinite Life underlying law that sustains, and that "the law is merely the mode of the putting forth of that life, the rule of its action, the definite method in which the internal, Divine, dynamic principle is projected," let us now hasten to its application to the doctrine of man's continued spiritual existence.

This underlying principle is differently manifested in different organisms. It is *Life* animating all and pervading all. As is the capacity of the mind, so is the degree of God-life imparted. According to the Materialists their favorite dogma that ideas are not innate, but may all come from experience, we have yet to consider how the capacities to receive ideas are formed. A man and a dog is each formed with capacities to receive ideas suited to the several places in the Universe held by each. We merely reflect the Reason of the Universe according to our degree of capacity, or "receptivity," as Kant termed it. Baden Powell says:

"All science is but the partial reflection, in the reason of man, of the great all-pervading reason of the universe, and thus the *unity* of science is the reflection of the *unity* of Nature, and of the *unity* of that supreme reason and intelligence which pervades and rules over Nature, and from whence all reason and all science is derived."

The substratum underlying all phenomenal existence is God, the Infinite "Being" of the Hegelians, consequently the higher the structure in the organic scale the more perfect his manifestation, and the more God-like and spiritual the instrument. In man alone do we find the capacity to receive ideas or impressions of God, of Soul, of Worship, of a Hereafter. Whenever capacities to receive ideas or impressions are sufficiently general in any given species of creature to be called universal to that species, and yet not given to another species, then, from all analogy throughout Nature, these capacities are certainly for the distinct use and conservation of the species. In the beautiful words of Emerson:

"The soul looketh steadily forward, creating a world before her, leaving worlds behind her. She has no dates, nor rights, nor persons, nor specialities, nor men. The soul knows only the soul; the rest of events is the flowing robe in which all is clothed."

In man we find spiritual faculties unfolding; God becomes manifest through new avenues. Here God's nature is disclosed. Says Emerson: "Common sense knows its own, and recognizes the fact at first sight in chemical experiments. The common sense of Franklin, Dalton, Davy and Black, is the same common sense which made the arrangements which now it discovers." Soul exists in all forms, from the formation of the first cell-germ.

"The works of God are fair for thought, Unless our eyes, in seeing, See hidden in the thing the thought That animates its being."

The outward form is not the whole, But everything is needed To image forth an inward soul. That almighty is unfolded."

The soul pervades the whole structure, in man constituting the peculiar essence of humanity, and with the body the reality and unity of the individual man. "The soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; it is not a function, like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will; is the background of our being in which they lie—an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all."—Emerson.

In man alone do we meet with faculties transcending finite existence and allying us to the Infinite, not by adoption, but by Nature. With inferior forms it is far different. Chalmers has ably expressed it in his *Bridgewater Treatise*. He says: "With the inferior animals there is a certain squareness of adjustment, if we may so term it, between each desire and its corresponding gratification. The one is evenly met by the other, and there is a fullness and definiteness of enjoyment up to the capacity of enjoyment. Not so with man, who, both from the vastness of his propensities and the vastness of his powers, feels himself chained and beset in a field too narrow for him. He alone labors under the discomfort of an incongruity between the circumstances and his powers, and unless there be new circumstances awaiting him in a more advanced state of being, he, the noblest of Nature's products here, would turn out to be the greatest of her failures."

Organic life and spiritual life flow contemporaneously from God; though so different in expression, they are identical in essence. God manifest in rock, tree, man physical and man spiritual, is still the same, but how varied the expression!

Dr. Carpenter, whose labors have thrown so much light upon the problem of life and vitality, in expressing the evolution of force as manifested around us, used the following language:

"Starting with the abstract notion of force, as emanating at once from the Divine Will, we might say that this force operating through inorganic matter, manifests itself as electricity, magnetism, light, heat, chemical affinity and mechanical motion; but that when directed through organized structures, it effects the operation of growth, development and chemico-vital transformations."

So we might say, when manifested through the mind, it effects the development of spirit, and arises to self-consciousness and personality, and is brought face to face with the realities of the universe, and consequently we have welling up in us, from the infinite depths of divine consciousness, those God-like operations of aspiration, boundless desire and love.

"So, since the universe began, And till it shall be ended, The soul of Nature, soul of man, And soul of God, are blended!"

It enables us to rise superior to the dominion of matter; it is a connecting link between this phe-

nomenal life and the reality beyond. Soul-life overrules brute-life and death, but removes the bonds of material existence.

"It is not So much even as the lifting of a latch: Only a step into the outer air Out of a tent, already luminous With light that shines through its transparent walls."

Life hereafter must be higher, more spiritual, God-like. The spark of Divinity struggling upward through cloud, flower and brute, has attained self-consciousness in man, and the still upward and onward unfolding must needs come from within, subject to new forces and manifested in new directions. We have every reason to gird up our loins in the warfare of life, and seek to aid the spirit in its intuitive yearnings for truth and virtue; confident that the soul within will respond to the soul without. Let us go on undismayed, and in the bright future still ascend, our soul-life expanding and unfolding, ever drawing nearer and nearer to God, until again at home in the Great Soul of Nature and Infinite rest attained.

"Life winds its little circles, hour by hour, day by day, year by year, faithfully concluding each before another is begun, but never failing to commence afresh where it left off, and so goes on overlastingly, ring rising upon ring, every circle covering and reiterating its predecessors on a higher level, nearer and nearer to the heavens. The material body drops away like dead leaves, but Life goes on in beautiful and ceaseless aspiration."

THE SYMPATHY-HUNTER.

By F. T. L.

Transcendentalist I am, hermit I would be, yet how eagerly do I catch at every invisible straw. The confirmed sympathy-hunter is like a hatless boy chasing butterflies in a whirlwind, yet what am I but a sympathy-hunter? He catches at straws visible; he runs after the butterflies, while I wait for them to alight in my open palm. The difference is only in mode, so I am no transcendentalist or hermit, after all, but a sympathy-hunter. He has his tale of woe, his sorrow excreting as the toothache. I have mine, too. He seeks relief by climbing the back of some friend. I recuperate by sitting in the sunshine. The difference is only in mode, so I am a sympathy-hunter, after all. He puts his worst side out; he is a Lazarus after your gaze to be comforted by being wept over. I keep my worst side in. I, too, have sore spots, but I take care that they do not become eruptive. When I want help and comfort, I appear to my friends in my good clothes and best behavior. The difference is only in mode, so I am a sympathy-hunter, after all.

He is miserable, because he is not understood or appreciated. I suffer from the thought that I am so simple-minded that people have no difficulty in apprehending my actual worth. I should be happier in knowing more, at the risk of being understood less.

I cannot condemn the sympathy-hunter, without in some way implicating myself. What, therefore, should I do for those who go about crying to be comforted? Scrape lint from the mantle of charity and assuage their wounds. When we help a person who is tender-toed, we naturally reach out at arm's length. We can pardon the pucker in his gait, though we would not imitate it for the sake of being esteemed companionable.

A mirror reflects us as we are, but our ideal reflects us as we would be. He who carries a mirror in a crowded street is liable to be damaged both in person and property; and if we carry our ideal on the highway of life, and use it as the coquette does her mirror, for merely objective purposes, we find it fragile as the looking glass, and sooner or later we come to grief. The sympathy-hunter frequently meets with such disasters, but he is careful to save all the fragments, and burdens himself and his friends with a professional display of broken ware. He who is perpetually telling how much he "suffers," soon attains a condition wherein he has neither time nor inclination for positive enjoyment. It is as true spiritually as it is physically, that a wry face never assists digestion. The friction of ordinary life tends to make the reformer thin and cadaverous, therefore he should improve every opportunity to "laugh and grow fat," for if he does not resort to every healthful method to keep up a good supply of adipose matter, he may become over sensitive by having his nerves too near the surface.

Whether we look to mortals or to the immortals, the streams of sympathy are as constant as they are innumerable; but the sympathy demanded by the professional seeker is much like a tallow candle that glazes and flickers for a while until some over anxious friend snuffs it out. The mantle of charity is of various texture. People can afford to give to the daily beggar only the cheapest kind—mere words—a piece of shoddy; but for the truly deserving, they weave into the texture judicious acts, and thus make a garment of purple and fine linen for the weary soul.

Lawrence, Mass.

LINES ON A SKULL.

(Some forty years ago the following poem was found in the *London Morning Chronicle*. Every effort was vainly made to discover the author, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas. All that ever transpired was that the poem, in a fair clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable symmetry of form in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curator of the Museum sent them to the *Morning Chronicle*, etc.)

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull Once of ethereal spirit full. That the "retreat" was life's retreat. This space was Thought's mysterious seat: What beautiful visions filled this spot! With dreams of pleasure long forgot! No hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear, Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy Once shone the bright and busy eye; But start not at the dismal void— If social life that eye employed, If with no inmates it dreamed, But through the dew of kindness beamed, That eye shall be forever bright, When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung The ready wit and tuneful tongue. If Falstaff's honey it distilled, And when it could not praise, was chained; If told in Virtue's cause it spoke, Yet gave no concord never broke, The silent tongue that waits for thee When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine? Or with the envied rube rubine? To heave the rock or wear the gem? Can little now avail to them? But if the page of truth they sought, Or comfort to the mourner brought, These hands a richer meed shall claim Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod. These feet the paths of duty trod; If from the bowers of Ease they fled To seek Affliction's humble shed; If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned, And home to Virtue's cot returned, These feet with angel wings shall vie, And tread the palace of the sky.

Anna Mowatt Ritchie earns \$4,000 a year in England, by her literary labors.

The suspicious mind will always find something on which to rest its doubts.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

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

UNCLE SILVER'S SUMMER.

"Children," said Mr. Silver one sunny afternoon, "let us sit down near these bushes, close by home, for I do not feel like a long tramp, and I have something worth showing you, even here. Mrs. Silver says every spring, 'I do hope you'll trim up those bushes; it's a real disgrace to the garden.' Now the means I take to have my own way about such things is the easiest way in the world. I always say, 'Yes, yes, Mrs. Silver,' and that puts off the matter for a week, at least, and then perhaps something else comes along to be done, and so I get my way without the least contest."

"I think," said Linnie, "that the bushes look rather scrappy myself."

"Ah, the sweetest in them in the glad May time! If you could be here then, Linnie, you'd let them grow; they are the favorite resort of the *Turdus Liriodus*. I am almost afraid to give you the common name, because I want you to think well of my beloved friends."

"I know," said Seth; "the cat-birds always build in such places. I hate the cat-birds."

"There it is," said Mr. Silver; "the common prejudice. I find it everywhere; no one really likes the cat-bird, yet it belongs to the beautiful family of thrushes."

"Do they call them cat-birds because the cats like them?" said Esther.

"You needn't laugh, children, at Esther's question, for it is a very natural one. But this bird is a kind of mocking bird. It is often called the American mocking bird. Its notes combine many snatches caught from other birds. I have heard it trill away in the most approved style of our best forest singers, and it will sometimes practice on a passage for a long time, showing a patience quite commendable. He begins his practice of any passage in a low, timid voice, but as he succeeds in his efforts he utters the notes in a higher and higher key, till he seems to satisfy himself that he has done very well."

Among the sounds that he succeeds best in imitating, is the mewling of a kitten; you would surely think that some distressed little grinnakin was near, if you chanced to disturb the little fellow when he was building his nest or caring for his young. He is one of the most familiar and trusting of our birds. He does not make his appearance as early as the bluebird and robin, but as soon as he does come, he enlivens the woods and the garden with his social notes, and does not seem to be afraid, but flies near you, frequently uttering his cry as if to entreat your forbearance.

These birds build their nests of dry leaves, weeds, small twigs, and line them with delicate fibrous roots. The female lays four, or five eggs of a greenish-blue color. They are very anxious parents, and manifest the greatest distress if any danger is threatened to their young, uttering the most distressed cries, and flying about with open mouth and wings drooping.

But with all the amiable qualities of this bird, he is not a favorite. The farmer does not like him, and boys will steal his nest far sooner than that of the robin. He is, to be sure, a homely bird. His plumage is a deep slate color; the upper part of the head, the legs and bill are black. He feeds principally on fruit, and I have to sacrifice some of my best strawberries and cherries to his appetite for good things, but I think myself well paid by listening to one of his imitative songs. And then I believe I love him better because he is so disliked by people generally.

Did I ever tell you about old Jonathan Jones, who once lived on the road leading to the village?"

"Oh do tell us about him," said Linnie.

"Well, I never could see the cat-bird that I didn't think of him. In the first place, he belonged to the good family of Joneses, of Pinkertons—an excellent every way respectable family—just as the cat-bird belongs to the thrush family, the family of sweet singers. And then Mr. Jones was such a homely man. He might brush and fix himself up as much as he pleased, he never looked like anything but a grizzly bear, he was so rough and scrawny. He had many disagreeable ways, also, that had crept upon him little by little, till they seemed to be a part of himself. To sum up the whole that I might say of him, nobody liked him, and the dislike he met everywhere made him morose and an enemy to the whole town."

If there was any blame to be laid upon any unknown person, it was put upon Jack Jones, as the boys called him, and as he had to bear all the blame, he got to thinking that he might as well be the just cause as the unjust, and so he did not hesitate to take a few apples, a shock of corn, or some of the ripest peaches for his own use. Whatever mischief of the kind was done in the village was all laid upon him, and I'm sorry to say the boys took great delight in covering up their own sins with Mr. Jones's, so that he got the blame, and they the greater pleasure.

I had always contended against this injustice, and said that every man had his good qualities; but no one would listen to me, and it was not easy for me to prove what I said, for I really could not point out the good deeds of Jonathan Jones. But I had seen the lonely man out in the fields with his homely face always looking downward, as if he had not manhood enough to meet the gaze of another, and I said to myself, There is surely a spark of divine fire in that soiled, worn, defiled temple. If I was a little child I could find it, for he would not be afraid of me, but being a man, and owning some of the apple trees that he pillaged, and some of the grain he gathered, he would not let me approach him.

But I kept thinking of him, and what a pity it was that he should go to another world without finding any of the joy of this. And I just resolved within myself that I would break through those cold, hard, iron bonds that bound him just as if he was in a prison, if the Divine Love of the Universe would work in me and through me.

We were going to have a town picnic, a grand affair, to which every one was invited, and we were to have speeches and toasts, and a great deal of fun was expected to come from the whole affair. It was determined that Mr. Jones should go, so I hired him to drive my team, for he was a good driver of a yoke of oxen; and we had the oxen tramped with wreaths of oak, and the cart filled with the baskets was shaded by pine boughs. It was a pretty affair, for my oxen were as white as the snow, and I bought a new palmetto hat for Mr. Jones, and he tied a red handkerchief about his throat, so it was a possible thing for him to look picturesque he did then.

There was a boy in the village, Jack Wade, who was disliked among the boys as much as Mr. Jones was among the men, though he was one of the smartest boys in town. But he had come from the poor-farm to live with Squire Smith, and Mrs. Smith's motto was, anything is good enough for poor folks, so she let him go half clothed, and people said even hungry. I never went to the village that I didn't put an apple or a cracker in my pocket for him. He never so much as said thank you, but ran off, and I knew it tasted good, so I did not mind.

Well, the boy was kicked and knocked about, till he got old enough to kick back, and then he became one of the wickedest boys in town. He was up to all sorts of wrong doing, but he always managed to escape detection, and to put much of the blame on Jack Jones.

And I said of him, Surely God has not forgotten to put a little of his divine life in that sad looking body, and I tried to hire him to come and work for me, but he was too serviceable to Squire Smith's stable, and they would not let him go.

Well, I determined that he should go to the picnic too, so I hired him in a secret way to go and hold my horses, though I knew he'd have to run away to be present, but I thought that he needed the change, and that he would run away anyway, and that if I hired him it might save him a thrashing.

Everything went off well, and I saw Mr. Jones driving my oxen in the most orderly manner, and Jack waiting to hold my horses, though they would not have run away, if I had told them to stand still, at anything less than the firing of a cannon.

Jack, up to all the mischief he could find, fastened his horses and climbed one of the tall maples and began a series of hoos, shouts and imitations of all the birds that could be found in the forest, and every barnyard fowl that he had ever heard. Squire Smith was just making a speech upon the duties we owed to each other in a social way, when Jack broke in with a real chanticleer crow. Everybody laughed, but Squire Smith grew very red, and screamed out, 'Bring him down! stone him! whoever hits him shall have the best silver dollar that lies in the bottom of my pocket.'

Mr. Jones hated Jack, for he knew that he had to bear the blame of half his pranks, and he loved silver dollars, and Squire Smith's just as well as any. So he seized a large stone and threw it into the great green maple. There was a little sharp cry, and then something fell a dull weight to the ground. Poor Jack had been hit in the head, and in falling had broken his leg. It was a dreadful sight to see, but Mr. Jones and I picked him up quietly, and put him in the cart and drove him off, without disturbing the general enjoyment of the meeting, and Squire Smith went on with his speech.

We drove out a little ways and sent back for the doctor, when I said, 'Where are we to go? Squire Smith won't have him, Mrs. Silver won't have him, and the poor-house is a dreadful place for a sick boy.'

Mr. Jones stood erect; he looked a head taller. 'I shall take him to my home and take care of him. Didn't I do the dreadful thing? Who else should take him?'

I saw the Jones blood flush into his face—a grand fire of manliness and pride—and I let him have his way. I felt as if it was a Providence sent out of heaven. Very tenderly was poor Jack lifted out of the cart and put upon Mr. Jones's bed, and when the doctor said that he would not die, I saw poor old despised Jack Jones kneel down and bless God, while the tears fell down his face on his red handkerchief, a shower of mercy to his dried, seared heart.

Jack slowly came back to suffering consciousness, and moaned and groaned piteously. 'Oh don't! don't!' said Mr. Jones. 'See! I will rub your head, and I will bathe your hands, and here is the medicine for you. Don't cry. I'd take all the pain if I could. There's a good boy. Now we'll be the greatest of friends, and I will tell you stories that I heard when I was a boy. Did you ever hear about the great giant that buried eggs and eggs of gold in the great cavern, and of the little boy that found it?'

As I sat there and listened to the outgoing love from that great coarse man's heart, I kept very still, but I said to myself, 'I was right. The divine love dwells there, and even he belongs to the kingdom of love.'

I left them, for it was better that they should be alone, but I visited the little brown house often. I always found Mr. Jones sitting by the bed, telling stories and reading, or else preparing something for the comfort of Jack. The neighbors carried them all that was necessary, and lent them books and pictures.

The long autumn wore away and the winter set in, and yet Jack had to keep his bed, and it was thought that he would be a cripple; but Mr. Jones watched and cared for him like a tender father, and Jack never complained. They acted the part of hero and martyr through the long days and nights, for poor Jack suffered terribly, and Mr. Jones would let no one take care of him but himself. He taught him to read and to draw, and he sold every article that was not absolutely necessary in his house to buy some pleasure for his boy, as he called him.

And through that long winter the little roots of kindness and love were gaining so much strength that no one wondered in the spring to see the beautiful blossoms come forth. As soon as Jack could get up on his feet, Mr. Jones supported him and led him to the door, and there, in the great arm chair, he brought to Jack all that he asked for—green mosses, little opening buds, twigs with the soft silken leaves upon them, and these Jack would imitate with his pencil in a most wonderful manner. Mr. Jones would hunt the woods over for some new, pretty flower, and together they would study the delicate shades, the tiny veins and the little tendrils, and when Jack had made his drawing, Mr. Jones was as greatly delighted as if they had really created the beauty.

But Jack wanted to paint, and Mr. Jones wanted to get him a box of water colors, and so he came to work for me to get the money. How he would dig and delve, and then hurry home to help Jack from his easy chair to the bed, and to prepare his supper. I sometimes followed him for the sake of seeing their meeting.

'Well, my boy, have you wanted anything?' Mr. Jones would begin. 'I knew you would say no. But see this nice egg. Mrs. Silver sent it, and I just happened to think that once I saw some eggs painted so beautifully. I shall have the box of paints in ten days, and then you'll have nice times! Oh, Jack, it is such good fun to work for paint boxes and nice things for you. I am never tired now. How lonesome I used to be when I came home here! And are you happy, Jack?—just as happy as you used to be when you ran about in the fields?'

And in this way the old man would go on, his heart running over with love and kindness, and Jack was as patient and as merry as he could be. He used to whistle and work alone with his brushes day after day, till he really became quite an artist, and then Mr. Jones and he went to the city and took a little room, and enjoyed life heartily. Jack never got quite well, and always limped, but he blessed the day when his good friend brought him this misfortune that was to lead him to a better life.

Now, children, when you look upon the poor, despoiled, and even wicked people of the world, don't forget poor Jack and old Jack Jones, for a loving Father showed us all that even they were his dear children, who had hearts to feel and souls to be warmed into noble life. I shall never forget how handsome they looked to me when they were talking together. Their rough features smoothed down into lines of real grace, and from their countenances beamed the only true beauty—that of loving kindness. Like our homely cat-bird, they had their noble qualities, that would shine out if not despised and ill-treated. And you will find it so with all those whom a loving Father calls his children. Give them the opportunity, and they will show the true beauty of divine love."

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THE ANGEL'S CHARGE.

Faded in weakness on her breast her little hands were laid, And on her broad and lofty brow grief drew her blighting shade.

Tears stood upon her pallid cheeks like dewdrops on a rose, Whose snowy petals scarce are opened their beauty to disclose.

Then came a smile, a sunny smile, and chased the cloud away, Their tones of anger must have changed to accents soft and mild.

Gay voices, with a breeze-like swell, were heard within the hall, While music's witching harmonies sent back a silvery call.

And graceful forms were seen to glide and move with ease, And brilliant, soul-enkindled eyes were throwing glances of gleance.

Had she no part, no place assigned in this gay, festive scene, Where children's light and buoyant forms, like airy sprites, were seen?

Oh, in the cheerless solitude were there no words of love, To soothe the silent agony that poor wounded dove?

Ah yes! A form was bending low above the humble bed, Where rested on its pillow course the aching, throbbing head.

A voice, a low, soft, thrilling voice, was murmuring in her ear, And loving glances scanned the face that had not found its peer.

The Angel touched her forehead fair and opened her inner eyes, When beauty after beauty rose as Alps on Alps arise.

Till lost in place, in glad surprise, all shadows from her past, And joys imparted by the best their dimmest lustre cast.

Again the father who had taught her infant lips to pray, The mother in whose clasping arms at night she nestling lay.

Stood each revealed in beauty calm, pure features of a clime Where avarice-hardened souls come not to dream of future crime.

The children of the orphan time attentively he heard, Sweet lessons uttered gently as the carols of a bird.

To strew along life's daily path the golden seeds of good, Though e'er with her hand she swept within the pathway's road.

The pitying Angel looked within her being's inmost cell, And found it pure as pearls that lie in rainbow-dimmed shell.

Two clasping vines in loving folds the crystal wall o'erthrew, The one was Confidence in God, the other, Hope in Man.

Day after day, and week by week, he watched the buds expand, And joyed to see how much they looked like those in Summer-land.

While fragrance from their glowing cups, their last, their crowning grace, Breathed through their form symmetrical to rest upon her face.

And still the faithful Angel stood beside her drooping form, Chilled by the frosts of cold neglect, like buds beneath the storm.

While brighter "neath the curving lash looked out the violet eyes, As if they saw, through half-rent veil, the bliss of Paradise.

Such heart-soil in so young a child he never had seen before, And her being's end accomplished, he waited for no more.

So pressing on her parted lips the key of heaven's love, He gently bore her in his arms to waiting ones above.

—La Salut, New Orleans.

—From the Rutland (Vt.) Independent.

Spiritualist Picnic at Moriah, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Moriah, N. Y., got up a picnic which came off on Saturday, Sept. 12th, and was one of the most pleasant and successful affairs. The place selected was a grove about two miles from the steamboat landing, at Port Henry, and commands a fine view of the lake and surrounding scenery. A little to the right of the grove, on a low point of land on which is seen the ruins of the old fort, peacefully slumbering and mouldering away, oblivious of the warlike scenes enacted within and around its walls. The waters of the lake rippled and sparkled in the sun, like a thing of life. Fertile farm lands stretched away from the Vermont shore, in gentle swells and undulations, back to the Green Mountains, whose rugged sides and lofty peaks, distance and a hazy atmosphere softened and melted into a most wondrous loveliness.

Altogether the place and scenery possessed a beauty beyond what the eye often meets with, and a charm beyond what the soul often feels. Joyful and happy, willing hands had contributed to make all things pleasant, and render the occasion one to be long remembered as a bright spot in the journey of life.

A stand for the speakers and music was erected, and, extending from it in front of the grove, was laid out a sufficient capacity to accommodate two sets of cotillions. A band of music was provided. The services of two inspirational speakers, from Vermont, were procured, A. E. Simmons, of Woodstock, and Dr. E. B. Holden, of Northampton. A long table near the speakers' stand covered with the snowiest of linen, and tastefully decorated with the brightest of evergreen, the most fragrant of flowers and most beautiful of bouquets, fairly glowed with a profusion of candles, electric and substantial, to satisfy the cravings of the hungry or tempt the appetite of the dainty epicure.

The heavy rains of previous days and nights, and which were not suspended until late in the forenoon of Saturday, delayed the assembling of the people somewhat, and kept many away who had been looking forward to the occasion with bright anticipations of pleasure. A goodly number were present, however, in spite of the unfavorable circumstances; and with a smiling sky above them, and the conscious presence of an innumerable host of invisible friends around them, they testified in the most unmistakable language by their smiling, happy countenances their full appreciation of the feast, material and spiritual, prepared and prepared for them.

The exercises commenced with singing by the choir, followed by some most soul-stirring songs. Then Dr. E. B. Holden, a newly-arrived Spiritualist, addressed the audience, enlivened by the power of his eloquence and the soundness of his logic, for more than an hour. The band responded in strains so cheering and encouraging that the floor was soon filled with eager dancers, who with nimble feet kept time with the music as they moved in the intricacies of the graceful cotillon. Prominent among the torchbearers throng, and with an apparatus as light as a feather, was seen the speaker of the forenoon. And it was quite noticeable that his participation in the dance added vastly to the enjoyment of the

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Presence and Invention.

If men are not ready to be convinced through their spiritual faculties, than which there is no conviction so deep and thorough, they will perform become convinced by appeals to their interest. Invention opens a very wide door in these times for spiritual truths to pass through. There are large numbers of inventors who are perfectly willing to confess to the power of external impressions; they received their valuable ideas and suggestions—how do they know from whence? None are more conversant with the secret than they. In the *Pittsburg Post* we find an article conspicuously setting forth the intimate connection between inventions and spiritual origin. Invention really has no end; it is, as the writer avers, "an attribute of the eternal divine mind." And he proceeds to say: "But all discoveries and inventions have been made in a perfectly consecutive order, on a plan preconceived in the universal mind; so that however fortuitous they may appear to have been, they have been by no means the result of chance. The very fact that they have all been discovered and invented in the order of their necessity, and in no other order, in the conduct of human economy, is to our view conclusive proof of their divine origin, and of their coming precisely as they were divinely appointed to come."

The inquiry has been raised, whether it is possible for invention to proceed for the next half century as it has progressed for the last. Conceding the great fact that invention is but creation, and that the source of its supply is infinite, because it is the limitless mind of the Creator, there is no reason whatever to doubt the fact that the work will go on without end. After commenting on the electric telegraph, stereotyping, steam presses, and other comparatively recent inventions, by which the material condition and destinies of the human race have been affected in a manner not now possible to measure or reckon, the article from which we have quoted concludes its very just and comprehensive reflections with the following passage: "But there is something more than this to be said, inasmuch as the world has for many ages believed that spiritual intercourse has, at various periods, existed on earth between human beings and spiritual existences. Hence, when very numerous claims are made by various persons in all parts of the country that they have been favored with spiritual communications, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to give the subject the most candid and careful investigation, and not hastily to conclude that, because we may never have experienced anything of the sort, therefore it has no existence in the world at the present day. We may, indeed, conclude a priori that, if we can imagine the world could ever need such communications, they would certainly at some time come." Thus we find the truth is spreading. For one reason and another, by one instrumentality and another, it makes its way. The scientific mind is more than ever receptive to Spiritualism and its truths to-day. The day for the blind Harvard Professors never can come back again. The light that now shines can be hidden under none of their little bushels. Where's that report?

It Still Lives.

Spiritualism has been "killed" so many times by the preachers and men of science, it is remarkable what tenaciousness it manifests for life still. Every week we read in our exchanges of sermons and lectures that are pronounced against it. We have just read the report of a sermon delivered by a Rev. Mr. Caffey, in the Congregational chapel in Williamsport, Penn., against the monstrous "evil" which he would be glad to overthrow. He warns his hearers not to think Spiritualism dead. But his professed knowledge of the subject is positively startling. Nine-tenths of all the manifestations, he says, are jugglery and deceit, which is certainly a convenient way of silencing his doubts. Three-fourths of the other tenth, he avers, may be accounted for on scientific laws; and he believes that the remainder will be accounted for on "natural and mundane principles." Bless your pious heart, Brother Caffey! It is all to be accounted for on "natural" principles. The only mystery about it is that which goes with God's whole universe. Is it a mystery how your soul and body are joined, how they work together for and with each other, and how the intimate relation is finally severed without destroying or diminishing the soul? Is it an equal mystery, where thought comes from? how ideas are born? But Mr. Caffey must have his say, or he would cause no sensation. He calls Prof. Hare "insane," and A. J. Davis a man of "nonsense." He charges that Spiritualism brings nothing but evil to "morals"; that it teaches "universal licentiousness"; that it tends to "infidelity"; and that it had never done a single good thing. Which simply shows that a person not a Spiritualist can know nothing at all about the matter.

Sealed Letters.

A correspondent writes: "Please inform me, through the *Banner of Light*, if the letters referred to as answered by the medium at your Free Circles are sealed letters."

Yes, the letters are sealed. Generally they are laid upon the table by the visitors, and the answer—necessarily brief—is given in their presence, the medium writing it upon the envelope. Such letters should contain but one, or perhaps two, questions of sufficient importance to draw the attention of the spirit friend, to whom it should always be directed on the inside.

Connecticut.

E. Annie Hinman, Agent for the State Missionary Association, will speak in Norwich City, Oct. 11th; Mystic Bridge, Oct. 13th, 15th, 16th; New London, Oct. 18th; Hamburg, Oct. 20th, 22d; Moodus, Oct. 23th. Address as above or Fall Village, Conn.

Indian Massacres.

For the past two years, no matter for what particular reasons, whether political or not, there has undoubtedly been a concerted effort on the part of persons duly interested to set on foot a general Indian war, and it looks just now as if the plan had been successfully worked up. Two of the leading Generals in the late Union armies—Sherman and Sheridan—are to-day on the frontier, and are swearing vengeance on all Indians who do not see fit to demonstrate their friendliness anew. There has recently been a fight between a party of fifty United States troops and a straggling body of Indians, in which some forty of the latter were killed, and eighteen whites wounded and two or three more killed. If the origin of this latest trouble can be distinctly traced, it will prove nothing more than the desperation of a few vagabond Indians from different tribes, rendered desperate by hunger and want in consequence of not receiving the rations granted them long since by the Government. That is the almost invariable cause of complaint among them. Even the new Indian Peace Commission has not been allowed a fair opportunity to perform its work, by reason of the unaccountable withholding of the pay of its members. Their hands have been cruelly tied, so that they might not carry out the plans originally laid down by them.

Gen. Sherman is at the head of the business, so far as waging war is concerned, and Gen. Sheridan is his first lieutenant. Sherman went out to the plains a professed Indian hater, intent on making short work with them and thoroughly clearing the country. But the reasoning and persuasion of the more patient and just members of the Commission operated to soften his views greatly, and for a time he consented to try the latter experiment of justice and kindness which they suggested. So far as an experiment thus imperfectly managed could prove successful, this one has; but as we said before, money has been withheld from the Commission, and the more restless Indians of certain tribes have been kept out of what was promised them, and in consequence broken loose from the restraints imposed by their pledges. But it is to be kept in mind that Government teaches them how to break their pledges. The faith of an Indian is not to be shaken so long as we deal honestly and honorably by him; but when it comes to cheating him out of what he has been fairly promised, how are we to find fault if he follows merely the examples set him by ourselves?

We trust that Government is not about to give way to these rising clamors for another Indian war. Gen. Sherman's influence will no doubt go far to induce it to yield, and he has written a letter urging that the whole Indian business be taken out of the hands of civilians and lodged in those of the military. This course we sanction, for it will be the prime means of cutting off the speculators' "supplies," as the politicians manage those at the head of the Indian bureau.

It is of secondary importance what another Indian war is going to cost the nation, even at the average expense of a million of dollars for the killing of every Indian. But we can ill afford—nay, we cannot at all afford to practice gross injustice in the interest of any men or any parties. The blood of these wars will hang to the national skirts long after the last red man has gone the way of his fathers and brethren. We must begin and do right in this matter now; not by-and-by, for it will then be too late; and it is as certain as that God lives, who loves justice, that we shall never be permitted to go on to the end of this bloody business with impunity. The testimony of old Indian fighters is in our favor; they declare with all solemnity that the Indian will never break his pledged word if we are as careful to be true to our own.

The Death Penalty.

We have read with much satisfaction the appeal of the Hon. M. H. Bovee, of Wisconsin, the Vice President of the Universal Peace Union, to Gov. Geary of Pennsylvania, in behalf of Alfred Alexander, who was sentenced to be hanged in Philadelphia for murder. The letter is strong in its logic and sentiments, and exerted a visible influence on the Governor in granting a respite to the condemned criminal. Mr. Bovee dwells chiefly on the fact that the Government proposes to deter men from the commission of murder by murdering them in return; which he argues is against every rule and instinct of justice and humanity. He holds with truth that, instead of punishing the criminal for the crime, the law only repeats the crime. The spirit of murder is kept alive in the community by such means. It is stated in the course of his letter that the sheriff of a certain county, whom the writer personally knew, resolved to resign his office rather than hang two young men who were condemned for murder. During their incarceration they had become "converted," and had made a "profession of faith," joining the same church to which the sheriff himself belonged. He naturally felt that he could not execute two persons who were members of his own church. Yet there were eight clergymen who worked upon him to induce him to overlook his Christian sympathies, two of whom were present at the hanging. The sheriff gave in to their persuasions; but when the bodies of the victims hung in the air, he averted his head in tears, while they looked down through the trap without moving a muscle!

Music Hall Meetings.

Next Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18th, the course of lectures on Spiritualism will commence in Music Hall, at half-past two o'clock. The season will extend to the close of April. As we have before announced, engagements have been made with scientific, inspirational and trance speakers of such well known ability as to give the assurance that our heaven-born philosophy will not suffer in their hands. The public mind is all alive to the important truths developed by Spiritualism, and we doubt not these exponents will be able in a great measure to supply the demand for knowledge on questions of such vital interest to all.

Mr. J. B. Ferguson, of Tennessee, a gentleman of reputation as a scholar and orator, will deliver the first three lectures of the course.

We will remind those who desire to secure seats that they can procure season tickets for three dollars any day or evening at the *Music Hall* box office, or at the counter of the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 158 Washington street. Apply before the day of the meeting, and you will get better seats and save the annoyance of a crowd around the ticket-office.

Personal.

A. E. Newton, who for many years past was superintendent of the colored schools of Washington and Georgetown, was unanimously elected Mayor's clerk of Washington, D. C., in joint convention of the councils, on the 1st inst. We congratulate our friend and brother, and trust his new position will not so overtax his energies and wear him out so rapidly as his former position was doing.

What Kind of Life is there in the Spirit-World?

ARTICLE THIRD.

BY "THE UNKNOWN."

There has been a good deal of variance among mediums in their revelations concerning the external appearance of the spirit's home. Some of the ablest of the public speakers have in glowing words given us a philosophy more transcendental than ever an Emerson or an Alcott imagined.

They have borne our spirits on the rainbow wings of their glaucous into a region of intellectual bliss, and left us there to find our way back as best we could. But when we wanted real practical facts concerning spiritual things, they have given us a loaf of this very same philosophy, which, however white and pure, did not satisfy a hungry soul asking for realities.

Cora Daniels, in her golden days of inspiration, used to tell us that our wants should be satisfied, and that our wishes should bring about what we wanted. The man who loved pets should summon them by his love; the man who desired flowers should see them blooming about him as really as the breath flowed from his lungs. The artist should cultivate his taste through beautiful objects that came at his wish, and the whole realm of thought should be peopled with the thought creations.

There was no one but loved to hear her inspired words; but almost all asked, Shall I be content with these thought creations? Shall I be satisfied to merely wish for what I would have?

Others gave us similar descriptions of our future enjoyments, and yet others described a real country, with its scenes of beauty, its hills and valleys, its trees and flowers, its homes and the sweet content that abode in them.

But there were contradictory statements concerning animal life there, that seemed very strange; for surely we ought to believe that it would be as easy for a spirit to testify of the inhabitants of its realm as for a man to testify of what he held here.

Being somewhat in the mist of uncertainty on the whole subject, I was hoping for something that should be a reasonable and satisfactory proof to myself. No doubt others were already satisfied for themselves, but controverted opinions only satisfy the controversialists. I had a pet bird, a little loving creature that knew my voice and my hand—that would answer my call and greet me with cheerful song when I had been away. It was in no ways remarkable, except for the love it exhibited, and it proved the old adage true, "Love begets love," for I bestowed on the favorite an unreasonable degree of sentiment.

By an unfortunate accident the bird was wounded, and I found it lying almost helpless on the bottom of its cage, but with life enough to know me. I took it in my hand tenderly, and held it up to my face and breathed upon it, and covered it with my warm hand. It sensibly revived, and looked up to my face seemingly with real gratitude. Its eyes spoke, and it said plainly, "Oh how your hand soothes me!" I held it long, until it seemed much stronger, and I thought it would surely recover, and left it for the night, but not without a prayer. What it would have seemed irreverent to ask the great Father of Love, I could ask of his angels, who I was sure must know my sorrow, for it was grief I felt, if only of a mild form.

I asked sincerely if there was no power that could keep so helpless and tiny a thing as my bird. For though I remembered that one of the most clear-sighted of spiritual reformers had said "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's knowledge," yet, also, I knew that the most devoted of his worshippers would never dream of remembering a bird in their prayers to him.

In the morning my bird was dead. It had left the warm, soft bed I had prepared for it, and lay with outstretched wings on the floor. Perhaps it had sought me in its last struggle. I took it up as one takes up a crushed flower, and as I looked upon its glazed eye and its lifeless form, the real sorrow that comes from losing what is dear swept over my heart. Something bright had gone out of my life; one of the lamps that lighted my way was missing—a little thing—but God was in little things.

"And so," I thought, "spirits could not help so little a thing; it had to die." As I thought, I heard close by me a voice like the voice of a young girl. "Look here," it said. I looked, and there indeed was my bird; just as natural in its soft brown dress and with its tender eyes as the morning before, when it sang to me. Could it be? or was this an imaginary thing, a fancy, a dream of the waiting moments, the objective creation of a wish? Do birds inherit immortality? I mentally asked, and I submitted myself to the usual process of arousing one's self by rubbing the eyes, shaking the head, and endeavoring to find if there was reality in all things around. But still my bird did not depart. It was either a picture before my vision, or a real object. I heard again a voice, but not the same; it was more mature, and had a wiser tone.

"That is your bird. All of its life is here in spiritual individuality. It has an existence in a spiritual form. All birds are not immortal, more than all animals. The greater portion of animal life goes out at death into the great ocean of electric and magnetic life that forms the force of the universe. It does not preserve its individuality, nevertheless it lives as a force, a power. But there are animals and birds that are endowed with a great degree of intellectual life or of affection. When such die, the spirits have the power to concentrate and preserve in individual form and with the individual characteristics the vital force of the animal or of the insect, that they may desire to possess. Your aspiration brought near to you those spirits that love you and desire to fulfill your pure wishes; and that nearness enabled them to watch with interest so little a thing as the going out of the life of a bird. And it was easy for us to attract the particles by the law of attraction, and to hold them until Nature here had done her work, and now you look upon the spirit form of your pet. Remember it shall be kept in spiritual bowers, and its song shall greet spirit ears."

This was no imagined theory, it was no gotten-up fancy; it came as a new and surprising thought, something not dreamed of before, and so singular that it must be laid by in the most secret places of the mind to be reasoned upon, and, if possible, tested. Therefore it was not an experience to be told of for people to laugh at.

Once afterward a clairvoyant gave a tolerable test concerning the bird, but not sufficiently definite to absolutely prove that she saw the identical bird. Two or three years after this, Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, published a paper giving the testimony of some spirit in regard to the existence of birds and animals in the spirit-world, which coincided perfectly with what had been told to me of the transformation of my pet. It was declared that spirits had the power to preserve the identical emanations from some animals, and to cause them to form into spiritual bodies, but that the great portion of aura passing from the animal crea-

tion, by the death of the earthly body, went to swell the great ocean of electric and magnetic life which constitutes the spiritual realm. Mr. Davis says: "The spirit-world is made up of the aggregate emanations, in zonal form, of all the teeming planets of one great circle of space, each one of which contributes its quota of spiritualized elements." Also: "The most gifted spirits have the power chemically to bring together magnetically essential particles that are floating in the human atmosphere. Thus they construct and inspire with transient animation some of the most perfect forms of beauty." We can then readily believe that they could bring together particles already in perfect magnetic sympathy, as would be the case in the spiritual entities of an animal.

If this be found to be a true statement concerning the existence of animal life in more beautiful and etherialized form than we can yet well understand, does it not harmonize the seemingly contradictory statements concerning the existence of such life? It will be found true that animals do exist in forms bearing a semblance to those of earth, but also that the existence is not by the spontaneous production of progressive life there, but dependent upon higher laws, and the creative power resident in spirits.

It must be allowed that this theory has many philosophical objections, but what we want are facts. I presume there is no one but would be glad to believe in the individual future existence of some favorite of the animal creation, and this is inferential proof that he will enjoy such delights hereafter. But the method by which he could gain his wishes has seemed doubtful, since it hardly seemed probable that the whole animal creation would inherit immortality.

Evidence Cropping Out.

Even in discussing other questions, the secular writers are compelled to call in the aid and services of Spiritualism. Only by relying on its principles can they find a solution for their own problems of life and nature. The September number of *Pittsburg Magazine* contained a final article on the Eleazer Williams story, going to demonstrate by the marks seen on his person that he was indeed the Dauphin of France, or Louis XVII. The writer is Dr. Francis Vinton, a distinguished Episcopal clergyman of New York. We extract the following significant passage from his account of the case, going to show the marvelous power of impressions, made on the mind of man by intelligences, and strengthened by a law of association, with which the subject individual can have nothing to do. Dr. Vinton first tells of a visit to Newport by Mr. Williams, in 1844, when both he and Mr. Williams were the guests of Mrs. Commodore Perry. On the table in the parlor were some illustrated volumes of French revolutionary history. Not a word had been said of these books, nor of the conjecture of the identity of Williams with the Dauphin. Mr. Williams, however, was turning over one of the volumes of French history, when the following incident occurred:

"All at once I was startled by a sudden movement, and on looking up I saw Williams sitting upright and stiff in his chair, his eyes fixed and wide open, his hands clenched on the table, his whole frame shaking and trembling as if a paralysis had seized him. I thought I had, I exclaimed, 'What is the matter?' and I rose quickly to rouse him, for no answer came. It was a minute or more before he could speak. But with great effort he raised his hand, and pointing to one of the wood-cut portraits, at the bottom of the page, said in a hollow voice and with great difficulty of utterance:

"That image has haunted me day and night as long as I can remember. 'Tis the horrid vision of my dreams. What is it? Who is it?"

I looked. There was no name on the page. On turning the leaf, I read that this was the portrait of Simon, to whose care the Dauphin of France, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was committed in the prison of the temple.

I shut the book, for while it was open Williams gazed at the picture as if fascinated, while overwhelmed with unutterable horror."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Emma F. J. Bullene requests us to state that she cannot make any engagements to lecture this winter. Friends who are writing to her for such engagements will bear this in mind.

Dr. M. Henry Houghton has closed his engagement in Troy, N. Y., and is now ready to accept calls to lecture anywhere in the Union. Address him at Troy.

Mrs. F. A. Logan's address is care of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Mrs. Abby N. Burgham, trance-speaker, has taken up her residence in this city at number 27 Metropolitan Place. She spoke acceptably to a large audience in Dorchester, Sunday before last.

Mrs. Laura Hastings Hatch is holding her musical séances at her residence, 8 Kittredge Place. She has changed days. See her card in another column.

Dr. Jas. K. Bailey, a good healing medium and lecturer, has changed his residence from Adrian to Palmyra, Mich. Keep him busy at work.

P. Brett Thomas will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism throughout the States of Maine and New Hampshire during the months of October and November. Address North Attleboro', Mass., box 641.

Presentation.

Mr. John W. McGuire, recently Conductor of the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, was lately presented with a very beautiful picture and frame, the handiwork of Mr. Albert Morton, of Webster, the subject of which was an illustration of the Magic Staff. Mr. M., who is a most generous contributor to the spiritual cause, donated the picture, valued at fifty dollars, to the Lyceum, the proceeds thereof to replenish its treasury. It was disposed of among the members, each paying a certain amount which entitled them to a vote, the highest candidate receiving the coveted prize. Mr. McGuire was the successful competitor. But two or three weeks ago this gentleman connected himself with the South End Lyceum, where his experience and faithfulness as an earnest worker in the Lyceum movement are having their due effect. In this connection it is pleasant to mention that our city is blessed with two Progressive Lyceums, between which may mutual respect, unity of feeling and harmony of effort ever prevail.

The Spanish Insurrection.

With but very little bloodshed the revolution in Spain is a triumph. The Queen fled to France. The successful party have formed a new cabinet as follows: Marshal Serrano, President; Castello, Minister of Commerce; Topela, Minister of Marine; Aguirre, Minister of Justice; General Prim, Minister of War; Olayaga, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Madiz, Minister of Finance.

Williamsburg, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Williamsburg held regular weekly meetings every Thursday evening, in Masonic Building. Dr. Willis, of New York, lectured there Oct. 1st. He was followed by C. Fannie Allyn, for two weeks. She is quite acceptable there.

New Publications.

THE HARVEST: For Gathering the Ripened Crops of Every Household, Leaving the Unripe to Mature. By a Merchant. Boston: William White & Co.

This striking little monograph is appropriately dedicated to "Science, the Unwritten Law of God." The author simply professes to have made a "constant and laborious study into the history of the rise, progress, and introduction to the world of the various arts and sciences"; and likewise to have compared and contrasted the experiences of men who have been in advance of their age in developing literature or art, religion, politics or trade. Coming from a person who confesses that his own experience has extended no further than that of a mechanic and trader, it is a truly remarkable performance; and we are not surprised at his admission that his mind was alternately exercised with joy and anguish.

For spiritual wealth he conclusively shows, that all the labors of man are steadily put forth. If we think to get something different, and neglect the real loom which the universe has to give, disappointment tells the story of our being woefully cheated. Man may work for a selfish end, but all conduces at last to the development of the spiritual law. In human affairs, our author demonstrates that it is the law of Love. He shows that charity abounds in "solid riches, and that the human race will yet prove it to be so to their own satisfaction. To 'love one another' is the Divine law; it is the controlling principle of man's salvation; it secures man's highest perfection, his crowning glory. He regards the perfection of all things as the spirit, or meaning for good, of the thing itself; and hence that the highest perfection and glory of the Christian law is "the spiritual power it unfolds, worked out into practical use for the good of the human soul."

The single aim of the writer, from the beginning to the end of his argument, is to demonstrate the fact that "law underlies the whole superstructure of existence. It is constantly holding its court, and forever giving its verdicts, which are absolute, unchanging and eternal. With this, no man, sect, or party can trifle or tamper; for it is a stern reality, forever binding upon all mankind. And, sooner or later, it will produce—through its pains and penalties of sufferings, sorrow and distress—its legitimate fruits, which are integrity, charity, virtue, and love."

We should like to quote from this little living book by the sold page; but it contains so orderly and well-connected an argument, obediently to its line of investigation, that it would be doing its author a certain kind of injustice to present his continued thought in fragmentary form. But no man can close these covers after an attentive perusal of the work, without having become convinced in mind and heart that the law of Jesus is the true and abiding law of life, and that the individual and the nation must recognize and obey that law, in order to become powerful, wealthy, or happy.

MEMORIAL: Its Laws and Conditions, with brief instructions for the formation of spirit-circles, by J. H. Powell, has passed to another edition in consequence of its large sales. It is a thorough and timely exposition of a subject no longer looked in superstitious mystery, but exciting everywhere the inquiry and the thought of men and women. All whose natures tend to the silent reception of spiritual truth by the purified channels of mediumship, will be eager to avail themselves of the best practical instructions for the successful formation of spirit-circles. For sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

THE RADICAL for October contains several striking articles, editorial and contributed. The one on Pythagoras is one of the most practically—that is, harmoniously—spiritual that we have read in a long time.

MAKE OR BREAK; or, The Rich Man's Daughter, is the fifth serial story published by Oliver Optic in his magazine, *Our Boys and Girls*, and the fifth in his popular "Starry Flag Series." It is unsectarian, while its plan is to teach pure morals. Its characters—Leo and Maggie—have already become favorites with thousands of the readers of his magazine. Published by Lee & Shepard.

PEAKS OF FORTUNE; or, Half Round the World, was written by Oliver Optic as a sequel to "The Starry Flag," and has already had a fine chance for popularity in the *Our Boys and Girls* magazine. That popularity will be largely extended, now that this exciting story is presented to the juvenile world in the attractiveness of covers. Published by Lee & Shepard.

THE OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE, by Edward Garrett, is the title of a reprinted tale from *Littell's Living Age*, than which no more striking, impressive, sympathetic and truly natural story has been told for many a day in the English magazines on which *Littell* habitually draws. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Benjamin J. Dutt, of Hopkinton, publishes a neat pamphlet, containing a practical dialogue on the eight hour plan of work. It is entitled "EIGHT HOURS' DISSATISFACTION," and is sold for eight cents.

Number Five of the "SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM" is received—the issue for October. It is published at Chicago, and the present number contains a varied and valuable table of contents, bearing on the Harmonical Philosophy.

WE HAVE THE REPORT OF THE HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN, Rev. George F. Haskins, Rector and Treasurer. It shows by facts and figures what is being done for the reclamation and safety of boys in the city; and the exhibit is the most satisfactory one for all sides to contemplate.

New Music.

Other Dittos & Co. have just published another of Laura Hastings Hatch's inspirational gems of music, entitled, "March D'Amour." It is as pretty and delicious as music itself. She is destined to be one of the most popular composers of the day, and, indeed, has already an enviable reputation.

C. M. Tremaine, 481, Broadway, N. Y., has just issued James G. Clark's splendid campaign song, entitled "Gen. Logan's Gathering," with a fine portrait; "You have stolen my heart," a ballad, by C. F. Shattuck; "The face that wears a smile," composed by H. P. Danks.

Particular Notice.

Subscribers who may have occasion to change the address of their papers, should invariably name the town, county and State to which they are sent, as well as the town, county and State to which they desire them forwarded, when they change their localities; otherwise, we must wait until they do so. A little care in this particular will save a deal of perplexity in endeavoring to hunt up the names in our mailing machine, besides lessening the annoyance such subscribers subject themselves to in consequence of the non-receipt of their papers at the places they desire them sent, through negligence to conform to the necessities of the case.

Velocity of Tidal Waves.

The speed of tidal movements so vast as those which recent earthquakes have caused, is almost incredible. The great earthquake wave of April 20th was transmitted from Hawaii to the shores of Mexico, California and Oregon, a distance varying from three thousand to five thousand miles, in five hours' time, as indicated by the government self-registering tide-gauges at San Francisco and Astoria, which recorded its arrival on the evening of the same day in which it had desolated the coast of Puna and Kau.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. J. G. Fish commenced a lecturing engagement at Buffalo Sept. 20th, and is still there. His able discourses are much liked, and good audiences gather to hear him. The Children's Lyceum is doing well. The energetic officers are striving hard to bring it up to a higher standard of perfection and usefulness.

Newburyport, Mass.

A. E. Carpenter spoke in the above place on Sunday, 4th inst., to a large audience. He reports the Lyceum in fine working order, and increasing in numbers.

Funshon, the English revival preacher, styled by some of the papers "the Methodist-Cicero," is to give a lecture in this city, at Tremont Temple, Wednesday evening, Oct. 14th, on "Daniel in Babylon."

1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 26

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