

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. **THIRD PAGE**—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. **EIGHTH PAGE**—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

### Written for the Banner of Light. TWO GOLDEN CURLS.

Died on the 27th of August, 1859, Arthur J., also, on the 11th of Sept., 1859, Rollin M., only children of John F. and Clara A. Hunt, late of Low Hampton, N. Y.

One they curl of golden hair  
Is all that's left me now;  
One curl that waved so soft and fair  
Upon his sunny brow!  
How oft I've gazed upon his face  
With all a mother's joy,  
And to my happy heart repeat,  
"My darling, angel boy."  
And oft those little dimpled arms  
Around my neck were thrown,  
While his pure lips sweet kisses pressed  
Softly upon my own.  
Oh, darling one! thy mother's heart  
Is filled with anguish wild,  
And tears are falling sadly now,  
For thee, her first-born child!  
Another curl of golden hair  
Beside thine own is laid,  
Another tiny little grave  
Beside thine own is made;  
Another darling little one,  
We've gently laid to rest,  
Another pair of dimpled hands  
Crossed on a lifeless breast;  
Another cord within my heart  
Is sighing sadly now,  
While gazing on these treasured curls,  
Once on each infant's brow.  
How often in the midnight hours,  
When all is hushed in sleep,  
My thoughts turn to my blighted flowers,  
Whispering bitterly I weep—  
Weep for the hopes that once were mine,  
But now forever fled,  
For those my cherished little ones,  
Now numbered with the dead!  
Oh, Father! hear my earnest prayer!  
When this brief life is o'er,  
May I not meet these darling ones  
Upon "the other shore!"  
Richmond, Washington Co., Iowa. C. A. H.

### Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Lost One Found.

A SKETCH OF THESE TIMES.

BY JEREMY LOUD.

"Mother," exclaimed Mary Millson, in a towering passion, to which she was in the habit of giving way, "I'll never stand it in the world! You may talk yourself to death, but depend upon it I'll have my own way!"  
"I'll be minded, as long as you live with me!" retorted Mrs. Millson. "And whenever you want your own way, you must make up your mind to go out of my house to have it. So understand me, once for all!"  
The trouble was about a young man who had recently been paying attentions to Miss Molly, but with whose character and notions her mother was by no means so well satisfied.  
"John Wilson is just as good as anybody else," persisted the girl. "I'm sure, he's in better circumstances than folks like us! and for you, or me, to turn our noses up at him, is doing what everybody will only laugh at us for, and I think we might be in better business!"  
"I have my own mind," returned the mother, "and you cannot change it; so you needn't put yourself to the trouble of trying. John Wilson mustn't come into my house any more! He may be as rich as Croesus, for all that care; no money will make his company welcome under my roof! And there's an end of it!"  
"It's no end of it, so far as I'm concerned," replied the daughter, with much exclamation.  
"What do you say?" asked her mother.  
"I say I'll keep company with him just as long as I please!"  
"You will?"  
"Yes, I will!"  
"Not in my house, then."  
"This isn't the only house there is in the world, I hope."  
"It's all you know of, at least," said her mother, with some anger in her tone.  
"It's not as good a home as I can find. I know, if I only choose to go!" replied the daughter.  
"Hadn't you better do, then?"  
"Yes, I think I had," was the ready, and still angry, answer.  
And that was the way of their unhappy parting.  
Mrs. Millson was a widow, and Mary was her only child. She was poor, but virtuous and honest. Her husband had left her in straitened circumstances, not even a roof having been supplied to her head; yet she was possessed of resolution sufficient to make her own way in the world, and had thus far got along without any very great difficulty.  
The house she at present lived in was an humble one, but ample for all the domestic needs of the widow Millson; and offered her at a rent which she was able to raise without much difficulty. She had a little garden attached to her rental, whose products afforded her much pleasure and recreation in its culture. Altogether, with her anxieties, hard work, and all, she had a very industrious life of it, yet complaining of nothing, but over hoping and hoping to the end.  
John Wilson was a young man from the city. He had accidentally met Mary on one of his summer visits to the town, and appeared to be carried away with her beauty. He called to see her several times, before her mother saw fit to suggest—and most affec-

tionately, too—to her that his attentions were not such as would be likely to add to her happiness.  
Mary would not believe, or even heed what her mother said, but seemed only the more set in having her own way.  
Again and again did her mother talk with her about this stranger young man, and point out to her the dangers that strewed her path if she persisted in following out her present conduct; but all she could say did not fix Mary the more firmly in her present purpose, and grieve the mother's loving heart the more deeply.  
It came to this crisis, at last. Mrs. Millson forbade the young man her house. Mary declared, in a passion, that she would then go where she could see him. The mother protested more forcibly, and the daughter became still more angry and excited; and, finally, the mother told the daughter in almost as many words that she was at liberty to leave her house whenever she pleased!  
It was now the season of summer, and verging upon the autumn. Mary needed no further stimulus, but, taking her strong-will along with her, went off that same afternoon, and had her usual interview with John Wilson where she could not be annoyed by interruption of any sort.  
"She has threatened me, at last," said Mary to him, speaking of her mother.  
"Threatened you? With what? For what?"  
"She says that just so sure as I keep your company any longer, I may go out of the house, and find a home where I choose."  
"Mary," replied the astonished young man, "did she say that?"  
"Yes, she did; and she said, further, that never again should you enter the house, or anybody that looked like you; and that if you dared to try it, you could see for yourself whether she meant what she said. As for me"—and Mary's voice grew a little tremulous when she came to repeat this part of the story—"she declared that if I persisted in keeping company with you, John, I might go where she would neither know nor see anything of it! She as good as turned me out of doors, John! And now what am I to do?"  
She threw her head upon his breast, and he clasped her in his arms.  
"Molly," said he, in a low voice, when the tumult of her heart had a little subsided—"Molly, I will take care of you. Trust me."  
"Oh, John," said she, "how can you do it? When? Where? Where shall I go? Oh, what shall I do?"  
"Don't take on about it, Molly!" pleaded the young man. "If you will leave it all to me, I will see that you are provided for."  
"Will you, John? Oh, will you?" she asked, for the first time seeming to realize somewhat of the distress into which her course had plunged her.  
"Yes, Molly," was his ready answer, "you need give yourself no trouble at all. Your mother never will have the pleasure of turning me out of doors. I shall probably never see her again; and if I were you, Molly, I would not stay there myself any longer than is absolutely necessary. Come; think of what I say to you. You shall be well taken care of, and nothing that you choose to ask for shall be wanting to you."  
They sat on the edge of the wood, on that sweet summer afternoon, and talked their plans all over, from beginning to end. Now projects were suddenly born, which both gave their speedy and perfect assent. The face of Mary Millson's fortunes was changing, and changing very fast. She was importuned to take a step that, a few short weeks ago, she never would have dared dream of. There was some secret influence, some sort of magic, in the proposals and persuasions of the young stranger, or Molly would not have so completely surrendered herself to his guidance and proffered protection. Before they separated, the innocent light that had shed itself across the girl's path thus far in life, had changed its hues, and now she had pledged her soul to its rapid ruin, though possibly without knowing even that she did so.  
At midnight, or perhaps a little before that hour, Molly rose softly from her bed and slipped down stairs. She had perfected all her arrangements beforehand, so that there might be no possible hindrance; and now, with her small bundle of clothes in her hand, she went out through the little back door of the cottage into the cold world of whose mores and sympathies she knew nothing at all. And she was sadly conscious, too, as she went, that she left a sorrowing mother behind her; but it was a moment's weakness only, and straightway she forgot everybody, and everything, save him who had led her along to take this step which she could never in her life again retract.  
The stars were out, silent and full of holy chiding; she merely glanced upward, felt the fresh breath of heaven upon her face, and hurried forward through the garden to the spot designated for the interview.  
John Wilson was there, according to agreement. He was overjoyed to find that she had kept her word; and in a minute more he had helped her into a wagon that he had provided, and they were both spinning across the country road for the cars that were to come along, a couple of hours afterwards, to the neighboring village.  
Mary Millson had fled from her home and her mother. They reached the metropolis in company. It was still early in the day. Where was Mary to go?  
"Not to my house yet," said John, anticipating her inquiry, "for fear my friends might not be reconciled to so hasty a match. But continue to trust me, Mary. I will be your friend always. Just as soon as my friends become reconciled to the new state of things, I intend to take you home with me."  
It was plausible, and Mary suspected nothing, either. A boarding house was therefore found for Mary, and without much delay, either. It looked as if John Wilson might have made all his arrangements for this matter beforehand!  
That was a dismal afternoon indeed for Mary, and one that was never to be forgotten. She was happy in no company but that of her lover; but he could not be with her all the time. He had other things to occupy his attention, without doubt; as for her, she was privileged to do nothing but sit down and reflect on the recent act of which she had been guilty, and think of the loneliness and sorrow of her poor mother. He could easily supply his reflections by something in the way of action; but she, alas!

she could only brood over her own griefs, and the sadder griefs she had already brought upon another.  
The evening came down dark and rainy upon the town, and Mary secretly wished, a thousand times, that she had never been guilty of this most rash conduct. It was not so pleasant a matter, this being alone and unbefriended in a large town, without home and mother, as she had originally painted it, when quietly giving rein to her imagination in the security of her country life. But she was in for it now. There was no easy return. Having taken the first step, she could not well retrace it. It were about as easy to go forward as to go backward. The die was cast. The Rubicon had been crossed. Oh, pray Heaven that the unhappy fate of the young girl, innocent and fresh and still unspotted, may be finally, by some instrumentality, and even after a little experience, averted!  
Such as she, by hundreds and hundreds every year, go to supply the insatiable appetite of the gross world, and are lost forever to friends, to parents, to home, and to themselves. The stream is sullen and dark, and it catches them up and sweeps them on unresisting. Out into the shoreless ocean they are whirled and drifted, oftentimes leaving not so much as the accent of a dying cry to enable those behind to know that they have at length met their doom.  
The scene changes. Time has flown by. Years have passed; years of unmixered sorrow, years not heightened by a ray of hope, but one long, unbroken burden of grief and wretchedness.  
The gas lamps along the city streets are all lighted for the evening. Pedestrians go tramping forward over the hard pavements. The winds blow saw and gusty everywhere. Travelers everywhere draw their outer garments closer about them. The rattle of the stage and coach wheels over the stones smites the heart with a strange sense of chill and desolation.  
The night slowly wears on. By little and little the streets are less densely crowded, and at length the travel is limited almost entirely to the back streets, the lanes, and the darkened passages. The footsteps echo more rarely. The sound of voices has almost entirely died out. There are only knots, and couples, going by, some talking very loudly and gesticulating very emphatically, and some singing snatches of familiar songs with a maudlin expression that could not very well be copied.  
At one of the police stations an officer came in toward midnight, bringing on his arm a woman of middle age, apparently, who seemed quite weary and faint, and could scarcely assist herself.  
"Here," said the policeman to the officer in charge of the station; "I have found this woman in the streets, begging to be taken care of for the night. She says she has no home in the city, and doesn't wish to give her name. I suppose she must have a place to sleep here somewhere, and then go her way in the morning."  
She was forthwith shown into a cell in which were two beds, or bunks, and asked if she would not take some sort of refreshment; for they saw that she was in a truly sinking condition, and that, unless she was taken care of, she was liable to die on their hands.  
Scarcely had she been placed in the cell allotted her, over whose floor and walls the gaslight in the passage shed but a feeble radiance, when there was heard a loud noise, with a confusion of voices, from the further end of the passage, and the woman involuntarily raised her head and listened. She could catch the sounds of a female voice, among the rest, that betrayed much excitement on the part of her to whom it belonged.  
Presently they came to the door of her own cell.  
"She might as well go in here," said one of the officers. "There's only a woman in here, and there are two bunks. This is the best place to put her in."  
And, without any protracted discussion, in they thrust her through the cell-door, and left her to take the best care she afterwards could of herself.  
The woman inside lifted her head. The new comer, who was a great deal younger, instantly commenced returning the compliment.  
The latter was overdressed, painted, and betrayed the usual symptoms of inebriated intoxication. Her eyes had an odd-looking expression, that might have frightened away a monster. She alternately fumbled her tawdry jewelry, and directed her coarse remarks to the other occupant of the cell.  
"In for the night, hey, old lady?" said she. "Well, what—what do you think of it? Comfortable quarters? Used to it? 'Guss, if you sit, you'll find 'tain't exactly what a lady gets at home. Home! why did I use that word? I swore once that I never'd do it again; and I soon again. If I can but help it! Heigho! I had a home once, and a sweet little charming place it was, too! Oh, how bad it makes me feel, though, whenever I let myself think about it! And I left a mother in that home, too."—The poor girl's voice began to break, and the listener began to gaze on her face with an intenceness impossible to describe;—and I don't know but she's there yet, sorrowing and breaking her heart, this very night, because I do not come back to her!"  
"Mary! Mary!" involuntarily exclaimed the listener, outstretching both of her hands.  
The girl's eyes became suddenly fixed. She stood in the middle of the floor for several moments, unable to say a word. Then she broke forth:  
"Mother! My mother!"  
"It is! It is! Oh, God! that it should ever come to this!"  
And they rushed into one another's open arms.  
The scene drew some of the officers from the hall to the door of the cell, who could not witness it without tears.  
Mother and daughter had found one another at last, though it was under circumstances so forbidding. The poor mother had left home and all, in a state bordering on insanity, resolved to go—no matter where—till she obtained some tidings of her daughter. And in the cold and un sympathizing city streets she had sat down, worn out with exposure and exertion, and, but for the timely interference of the police, must inevitably have perished.  
Poor Mary! her sad picture told its own silent but most affecting story. Her mother's heart, however, was ready to forgive her all, and the cheeks of the mother, pale and thin as they had become through

sorrow alone, were wet with the hot, scalding tears of an only daughter's sincere repentance.  
Next morning, they were allowed to go off together. No more was the face of the poor girl to be met with on the street promenade. She hid herself away from the sight and knowledge of the world with that mother, supporting both alike by the skill which she had long before acquired with the use of the needle.  
The experience was—alas! so bitter; yet the lesson taught that once light and innocent heart was rich, in the end, with all manner of blessings.  
Written for the Banner of Light.  
**FRAGMENTS FROM MY JOURNAL.**  
BY FREEB OWEN.  
February 3d.—The eve of my marriage and the anniversary of one of the darkest days of my existence. This day, only two years ago, I was forced to part with one whom my girlhood's heart had shrined with all that is noble in man. A father's harsh command, caused by false rumors of wildness and dissipation, drove Allan May from my side, and left me desolate. Yes, desolate in the word—no other can express the feeling. God of Heaven! as I recall that hour, my soul shudders at the step I am about to take. But he went abroad with his crushed heart, and we have never met. One month after, I was bridesmaid for Elsie Brant, my brother's bride, and for the first time met Morton Ormsby, the groomsmen. He seemed to know I suffered, and strove with a kindness of manner in every way to soothe me and drive painful thoughts away. We were thrown together all that spring with the bridal festivities, and I learned to look for Morton and want no other. His gentle manner, his truthful and upright course won my esteem and admiration; and when he asked me, at the end of the year, if I could love him, I told him I could, but I knew not what it was not the strong, passionate feeling that stirred me before. That was lulled; and now, after a year's betrothal, with all my faults and imperfections, with the knowledge of my life, he loves me with a devotion I am proud of, and to-morrow sees me his wife. I have been burning old letters and reading old journals, and am stirred with haunting memories. God forgive me! It must be the last time.  
August 30th.—Five years a wife! Five years of dissipation I may call them. How has my time gone? In fashion and folly, balls, parties, visiting watering places, dressing and driving! What end or aim have I had? A morbid craving for excitement. Death checked it by taking our pet boy Willie after a few hours' illness, six weeks ago. God called him away, and my wicked heart still rebels. Morton, my indulgent and noble husband, leaves nothing untried to cheer and soothe me. There is an aching unrest in my heart, and I want to go to Willie.  
September 28th.—Home again! The doctor ordered sea bathing and change of air for me, and Morton hurried me off, but I begged to come back. I heard of Allan May's marriage, while I was away, to a wealthy girl, neither intellectual nor handsome. It was told to me one evening by a lady at Long Branch. We were sitting on the piazza, and, knowing we were from the same place, she asked if I knew him. I could not help the nervous state that threw the glass of water Morton was just handing me, and splashed it at my feet, or the hysterical cry that broke from my lips at the supposed sight.  
Morton grows milder every hour, and I try to do a wife's duty. God help me if I fail!  
May 4th.—A long break in my journal! Three years! Another record to make. My true and honest husband is a bankrupt, and everything has gone to satisfy his creditors. Our pretty house, carriage and horses, books, furniture—all, all, came under the hammer except my harp. Morton would not let it go—it was my mother's gift, and he thought it might some times cheer me in my adversity. Now the "battle of life" commences. Morton frets for me—he is worn and harassed in mind and I suffer. Our darling Mabel is left us, and to-morrow we leave for the city of London, where Morton has had an offer in business, and where he has always had a desire to live. What matter to me that Allan May lives there in wealth! This blow of adversity seems to rouse my pride and stir me to be "up and doing." I have been selfish. God sends these trials for a good purpose.  
August 20th.—A long hot summer is dragging on. This southern climate, with straitened means, is trying to us all; but I am learning a lesson I should have studied long since—to sacrifice some of my comfort for others. My kind husband watches every movement and expression of my countenance, lest I am unhappy. Our home is snug—a cottage house in this large city on a quiet side street—an upper and lower balcony in front, and a pretty yard, which is bright now with urbanas and geraniums. Old black Susy and her little Lulu keep all neat and clean, and try to make home pleasant. The change is indeed great for me—no society, no drives, no sea bathing to refresh and invigorate; but, as I look back, how useless seemed my life. Now I have regular daily duties. Mabel improves in her studies—her talent for music is so bright, it is a pleasure to teach her.  
October 20th.—Morton says he met Allan May on the street, this morning, and he asked our number, saying he would call. They have been away all summer, and have just returned. I feel restless, and my duties somehow are irksome to-day.  
October 24th.—This was a glorious day! The maple-leaf, which shades our front, is tinged with scarlet; the sycamore, on the opposite side, have a russet hue; a shower, last night, laid the dust; the soft sunlight, at four o'clock, glanced across our yard, bringing out with more brilliancy the bright hues of our pretty fall flowers, and the air was delicious. I gave myself up to enjoy it, and sat on our upper balcony dreaming over John Hallifax, and seeing Morton in every act of that good man's life. I scarcely ever notice the passers by; our street is quiet and retired, and those who pass are of humble pretensions; but a step passed at the gate, and a pair of eyes, whose gaze I had met before, were bent on me.  
"May I come in," said Allan May.  
What was it caused the nervous tremor, the flushing and pallor, that came over me? Lulu went down to open the door, and, seizing a cologne bottle from the dressing-bureau, I drew in long draughts. I was

stalled at my pale face in the glass, and by crimson dressing-gown seemed to add to its paleness. Nervous myself with a will, I descended to the parlor. I could scarcely believe that gray-tinged and sad-faced man, who rose to meet me, was Allan. He took my hand, scanned earnestly my face, and said:  
"Not changed—not changed! Flowers and sunshine must atone your path, Mrs. Ormsby."  
There seemed a little bitterness in the remark. An hour after, Morton came in, and we were still talking. Our conversation was on commonplace topics—the climate, the city, etc. Morton had a bouquet of brilliant fall flowers for me; he has so much taste for flowers, and knows how much I love them, too! There was no scowl of jealousy on that fair, open brow, but a cordial greeting and warm pressure of the hand. Even in that trying moment, my noble-minded husband, you were strengthening the links that bound us together.  
October 31st.—Sunday.—Allan was here again to-day, and brought me a book on Spiritualism to read. He says he is investigating it, and wants my opinion. A shade of sadness came over Morton's face when he found me reading it, and I laid it by. I would not add one feather's weight on his confiding heart—I will return it. Allan says his wife is coming to see me, but some disturbance among the servants just now prevents.  
November 4th.—There was a soft roll of carriage-wheels, and a bustle on the street, this morning. I looked up from my task of teaching Mabel, and saw a gaudy carriage, with colored footman and driver, before the gate. "Some mistake," I said to myself; but Lulu came up and handed me a card with Mr. Allan May engraved in large letters. There was a slight flutter round my heart as I descended to meet Allan's wife, and the vision I had formed of her in my mind faded as I opened the door of our modest little parlor, and a gross, over-dressed woman rose to meet me; she seemed as if she would crush the slender chain she sat on.  
"I am glad to find you at home, Mrs. Ormsby," she said; "I have been threatening to come see you for several days, but this morning Mr. May bet me fifty dollars I would not come this week; but here I am, you see, and I will make him pay the bet. I just have a particular use for that money. Baby wants new armlets, and she shall have them. How do you like Lulu, and how many children have you? He says he knew you several years ago. You look young, but I tell you this climate will try you."  
I could not answer half her questions until she rose to go.  
"Baby is in the carriage, and must have an airing," she said.  
I asked her to let "baby" come in. I had a curiosity to see Allan's child. A puny, pale thing of one year, with its mother's coarse mouth, and father's dark eyes almost crushed beneath the weight of embroidery and lace.  
"We have three boys," she said, "and only this girl; he makes an idol of her."  
It was not pretty. I kissed its forehead, and asked its name.  
"Oh, he named it Kate the day it was born—some fancy of his; he let me name all the boys, and said if we should ever have a girl he wanted to name her."  
She was too busy adjusting the child's dress, to see the crimson I felt was flooding my face and neck. Another instant and she was gone—carriage, driver, footman, nurse and baby rolled off. "And this," said I to myself, "is Allan May's chosen companion. Love her, he cannot, and why did he marry her? Why did he call his child my name, and where does he spend his leisure moments? Not with her; I know his taste too well. Did money buy him?"  
November 8th.—This is a sweet month here. Mabel and I, with Lulu, take long walks after breakfast. Morton is kept close to business, and our means are straitened—but I am satisfied while we have health. Yesterday was Sunday; Allan sat all the afternoon with me; Morton had taken Mabel to ride in the country. We talked of the past and the present. He was anxious to know what I thought of his wife, and how could I tell him!  
"I do not love her, Kate," said he, "and you may say what you please. She is a good mother for my children, but she is no companion for me."  
"Then why did you marry her?" I said.  
"I do not know. I believe because my father told me it was time to settle in life, and pointed her out. I heard of your marriage, and was maddened to do some desperate act."  
He picked up Shelley, that was lying on the sofa, and marked these passages:  
"Ours was a youthful contract which you first broke, by assuming vows no Pope will loose."  
There is no escape; And follows me to the resort of men. And fills my numbers with tumultuous dreams. So when I wake, my blood seems liquid fire; And if I strike my damp and dizzy head, My hot palm scorches it; her very name, Just spoken by a stranger, makes my heart Sicken and pant!"  
"Kate, these are my feelings toward you, and I must come here no more. You have outlived or given to your husband the feelings that once were mine. May you be happy. For me, there is nothing but a lingering life of unrest. We parted once before, but the agony of that parting was mutual. Now, God help me! I have lived to see the mutability of human affections. Farewell!"  
Was that lingering pressure of his lips on my forehead sinful? Was the feeling of sadness that pressed down my spirits that evening, and caused my dear husband to ask more than once why I was so silent—was that feeling sinful, too? No, no; it could not be, or my eye would not have met the clear, truthful gaze of Morton, as he came in half an hour after, and, kissing me, asked if I had been lonely. God help the lonely heart that just left me!  
December 4th.—Four years have passed. Morton has prospered in business. We are again in society, but not the giddy whirl it was before. Our home is happy, and our pet boy, Harry, almost two years old, is a new tie to bind us there. I still visit Mrs. May, but never meet Allan. I know all his movements from his wife, which is my sole reason for keeping up our acquaintance with one who has not a feeling in common with

me. The husband is like a border in his house; his character for morality stands high; he has the confidence of all classes in business. Many say he is eccentric—but Allan May lives for the future; he is a Spiritualist.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. D. BRITTON.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL 'HALLOWNATIONS.'

"So gaze not gaze, And heart saw heart, translucent through the rays. One came harmonious, universal law, Atom to atom, star to star can draw, And mind to mind! Swift stars, as from the sun, The strong attraction, and the charm is done." That phase of Psychological Science which comprehends the relations of animal electricity to the vital and mental functions, and the influence of mind over mind, has, within a few years, been signalized by a great number and variety of curious phenomena. But men, long accustomed to doubt and deny, who have always an objection, but seldom a reason, have boldly questioned the reality of these phenomena. The fact that all persons are not alike susceptible of the influence of the same agent, is presumed to furnish the ground of a grave and unanswerable objection. Yet nothing is more obvious than that certain conditions—either comprehended, or unknown—are essential to success in any experiment; and this is equally true in its application to every department of scientific investigation. Among the conditions requisite in the particular case under consideration, one alone will suffice to destroy the validity of the objection. Electrical phenomena are known to depend, in all cases, on the existence of positive and negative states, relations and forces. Vital electricity, being the agent through which the biological or psychological experimenter notes on the nerves and muscular fibres in the production of the diversified and remarkable physical and mental experiments, it follows that these opposite conditions must meet in the operator and the subject, to develop any striking results. When we reflect that probably no two persons in a thousand will be found to sustain precisely the same relation to the experimenter, it will be perceived that the various degrees of susceptibility, exhibited by different individuals, can only be regarded as natural and inevitable results, and as strong presumptive proofs of the genuineness of the phenomena.

General observation and universal experience establish the fact that all persons are not influenced in the same degree, nor in a similar manner, by any one of the thousand agents in the world of matter and of mind. Our frequent atmospheric changes induce colds or fevers in some persons, while others escape unharmed. One walks securely among all the unseen agents of infection, while another falls a victim to the invisible shafts of the destroyer. The writer has been vaccinated some twenty times, with as little effect as the same operation would have on the bark of a tree; at the same time the agent has been powerfully operative in others. Nor are the effects wrought by external agency on the body more multifarious than those produced by outward forms and mental forces on the mind. An object, regarded by one man with profound indifference, kindles in the bosom of another the fires of consuming passion; and the great thought that, in its conception and birth, thrilled the soul of Genius with its marvelous beauty and significance, is but a meaningless mystery with the world. That men, corporeally and mentally, are so diversely constituted as to exhibit these conflicting results—when subjected to the action of the same agent—is quite too manifest to be denied. Neither are the weak in body nor the imbecile in intellect always the first, as many suppose, to be afflicted by foreign agencies, whether material or spiritual. The mightiest mind, like the strong oak, has been smitten and laid low. We have known the giant to suffer from miasma when the dwarf escaped; and the feebleness of infancy has more than once survived the action of frost, and the little child has been found alive and nestling in the frozen and pulseless bosom of its mother.

The mental control over the vital action, as exhibited in the constitution of man, has already been illustrated, in this treatise, by a citation of numerous facts and a discussion of essential principles. But if we are reciprocally affected by whatever relates to the physical condition of each other, so that health and disease may be imbibed or communicated, we are certainly not less susceptible of influences emanating from the minds of those with whom we are in correspondence. Nor is this power of mind wholly dependent on the ordinary and sensible modes of communication. As the superior faculties are progressively developed, the grosser vehicles of thought may be gradually laid aside; the presence of the mind may be felt and its desires made known through a more ethereal medium than the common speech of the world. The pen may be mightier far than sword, and spear, and kingly scepter; the language of the lips may divide the blood-frozen to the heart, or send it in burning torrents to the brain, kindling into intense combustion the magazine of the passions; it may nerve the stout heart and arm to deeds of desperate daring, or, like an all-penetrating, fiery music, fall gently on the charmed senses, entrancing the soul by its mysterious power. But neither written nor oral speech expresses the highest thought or the deepest emotion. There is another—it may yet become—a more perfect medium of communication. This language, though unwritten and unspoken, may be adequate to a fuller expression of all we feel and know. It is not unfrequently the means—little as it is practiced and understood—of revealing thoughts and impulses to which a vocal utterance has been denied. We give forms to thoughts, and impress those forms on the receptive mind; we have power to hold up the ideal images we have created before the transfused spirit, it may be as higher natures cast the shadows of their thoughts on the inspired mind; and write their laws in the willing heart.

It is well known that those who are highly susceptible of electro-nervous disturbances, may be influenced, and often controlled by the will of another person, even when there is no direct physical contact. If you chance to occupy the same apartment with persons of this description, a vigorous effort of mind will enable you to command their attention without seeming to regard them. Enter a room where a person of this class is in a profound slumber—fix your eyes steadily on the face of the sleeper—exert the will powerfully, and you will produce such a disturbance of the electro-nervous circulation as will cause him to awake. It not unfrequently occurs that persons are singularly anticipated in what they are about to say—some other person giving utterance to the same thought in the same words. Lovers, and all persons of intuitive and im-pressible natures, especially when united by a strong attachment, readily divine each other's thoughts, and read—in a silent but expressive language—the secret thoughts and impulses of the mind and heart. This intercommunication of mind with mind, is carried on through an excitation of the electrical medium of the nervous system which is quite as readily produced by mental forces as by physical forms. When there is no corporeal conjunction of the parties, the impression is obviously transmitted through the intervening electrical medium of the earth and atmosphere. We have had occasion to observe that this power is perceptible in the ability of some men to tame wild beasts, and to subdue their enemies. It is strikingly displayed in the electrical excitement that runs through and pervades a vast multitude, when some inspired orator

moves—as by a single impulse—the hearts of thousands. We have felt its thrilling power— "In the song of the poet, when love's bright spells O'er the raptures of his wild harp sweep!" In the responsive utterances of kindred spirits, and the sweet cadence of commingling voices in the vespera. It is felt when we press the warm hand, and heart answers to heart in the rapid measure of intense delight. We are sensible of the mysterious power when the electric fires of congenial souls kindle and burn on the parted lips of Genius and Love; and ever do we yield to the intangible and irresistible presence, as impulses wild, joyous, or terrible, come leaping up from the unfathomable depths of Being.

About fourteen years since I commenced an experimental investigation of this subject, which has been continued as opportunity has offered until the present time. The course of experiment has been greatly diversified and the results have been carefully observed. Curious and startling phenomena have met me at every step in my progress, and these all furnish instructive and impressive illustrations of the amazing power of mind over the functions and the faculties of animals and men. The facts are deeply suggestive, and the whole subject opens an immeasurable field for scientific research. I have met with many persons to whom I could readily, yet silently communicate the inmost secrets of the mind. When in immediate rapport with such persons, it is not difficult to direct the whole current of thought and feeling. In this manner a succession of images may be rendered distinctly visible, while they only have an ideal existence in the controlling mind. These effects, and a variety of sensational impressions—not requiring a precise specification in this connection—are doubtless produced agreeably to the same general principles which govern ordinary sensation. Thus thoughts and feelings, corresponding to our own, are—by a mental electric process—awakened or inspired in the passive mind. Indeed, the greatest electro-nervous excitements result from the emotional and executive powers of the soul. The electrical excitation is communicated to and through the sensor nerves of the subject, and corresponding cerebral impressions are produced. These electrical disturbances at the sensorium occasion all the diversified phenomena of sensation, and their interpretation by the soul constitutes thought.

The casual illustrations of this power of the mind have been numerous, and they should be convincing. Ideas are frequently transmitted by mental electric currents to kindred minds in the same assembly. By some invisible means we are frequently reminded of absent persons, and made to feel and believe that they are approaching us, some time before the fact is cognizable by the senses. Many persons experience a slight spasmodic action of the nerves whenever they converse with one who expresses his thoughts with uncommon earnestness. We have experienced something resembling the chills and fever while witnessing a masterly dramatic performance, and a powerful speaker may even raise the hearer from his seat by the mysterious force that elevates the mind to the highest heaven of imagination. Some people are conscious of a soporific influence, when within the sphere of magnetic emanations of certain individuals, while other persons baffle sleep from our presence. This susceptibility is often greatly increased by disease. There are friends who visit the sick room, whose very presence is an anodyne; others greatly aggravate the nervous irritability and wakefulness of the patient. Sleep is often driven from the couch of pain by the anxiety and restlessness of sympathizing friends, whose minds are fixed on the sufferer. Thus the mind acting through the subtle medium of vital motion and sensation produces both physiological and psychological effects. The sensational impressions produced by the tangible objects of the external world are certainly not more intense and lasting than the electrical excitation and mental emotions produced by thoughts when they are armed with the power of volition.

The instances wherein we are singularly anticipated in what we are about to say, numerous as they are, might be presumed to depend on an association of ideas; or they might be ascribed to a similarity in the intellectual development and general habits of thought peculiar to the individuals, did not so often occur under such circumstances as most preclude the adoption of either of these hypotheses. The thought conceived and simultaneously expressed very often sustains no relation, however remote, to any subject of previous remark. Nor are we able to discern, always or generally, any marked resemblance of the parties to each other; either in their cerebral conformation or other physical and mental peculiarities. Nevertheless, the facts are matters of common observation and experience, and the philosophic mind is disposed to seek for some law to which such mental phenomena may be referred.

A fact that is perpetually recurring, proves the existence of some active principle and regulating law, or which such fact or phenomenon is the appropriate and natural expression. In the course of my investigations it has been clearly demonstrated—by experiments on a great number of persons—that the mind exerts a direct power over the subtle medium of vital motion and sensation, and hence that it may influence both the voluntary and involuntary functions of organized existence. It is further manifest from these experiments that the earth and atmosphere, or more properly their impalpable, may serve to establish this connection, and thus to open this intercommunication of mind with mind. This observation is confirmed by every experiment wherein one person is controlled or influenced—when at a distance—by the unexpressed will or thought of another. The electro-physiological and psychological changes, produced by mental action, are facts as real and indisputable as any within the whole domain of physical science. The vital aura is so highly sublimated that it may be disturbed by the slightest causes, producing nervous vibrations and cerebral impressions. Its ebb and flow mark the occurrence of every emotion—the gentle no less than the terrible—while in the flaming intensity of passion, as well as in the mysterious and delicate engineering of thought, we have the striking revelations of its presence and its power.

The phenomenal illustrations of this subject will occupy another chapter.

Written for the Banner of Light. LITTLE THINGS.

BY CHARLOTTE ALEX.

- Little words of kindness, Little acts of love, Little deeds of mercy, Sparks caught from above; Little friendly dealings, Charity for all, Will our spirits brighten, And our hearts enthral, Little loving tokens, Little gentle ways, Little smiles for each one, Lengthen out our days, Little things, we all know, Make our little life; Let us study kindness, And our joy be true, Little holy blessings, Little thoughts in prayer, Little aspirations, For the loved ones there— Little things they may be, Little things have weight; And united—truly Would be very great.

Plymouth, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STARRS.

Eighth Paper.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS—COMMUNION; THAT OF MANKIND WITH THE LOWER ORDERS OF CREATION.

The only Heaven within our reach— The only Gospel fit to preach— The love that Jesus meant to teach, Is "each for all and all for each."

Communion is a universal law of existence. Not only is it "not good for a man to be alone, but it is impossible: none is alone, or can be. To give is the very life of God; to receive is the very life of Nature. There is no such thing as isolation or independence, but all distinct entities are co-existent. This bond wherewith I write, exists only as a member of my body, and my body itself exists only as my constant companion. I also exist as a foster-child of Nature, while Nature exists as the offspring of God.

It is by communion of atoms that globes are formed, and by communion of globes that the Universe is framed. So all the elements and forces of Nature conspire to the end of creation, without which nothing like this world or anything it contains would ever have come to be. Then it is the planetary communion of our Earth with the Sun which has called forth its vegetative scenery, and given birth and sustenance to all the various forms of progressive life on its surface.

The same unconscious communion characterizes all vital forms and processes of development. Plants grow out of the soil of Earth, animals subsist upon vegetation, and Man and all in the spirit-world are nurtured by the physical tree of life.

To all sentient beings, this communing of appetite—a perpetual resort to Nature for sustenance, becomes a conscious reality: though in no rational sense; for brutes graze the fields or browse the wilds for hunger more than food, and men eat less for health than gratification.

Communion, as thus far described, may be termed involuntary, because it is necessary to life. But there is another species of communion which is common to nearly all animals, and which seems to depend more or less upon choice. It is that of a hen brooding her chickens; or that of pullets huddling together for warmth in the cool of a night; or that of birds of passage seeking for cheer and mutual protection; or that of sparrows and many other species marrying for domestic joys.

Social proclivities are natural to all degrees and qualities of mental development, though more observable in the higher grades, and most numerous and positive in mankind. Ants, bees, and caterpillars form communities, in which they "have all things common," with one house, one interest, and the "one accord" of a perpetual pentecost; and butterflies, crickets and grasshoppers are excellent exemplifiers of "free love." Like these, each of the five great families of the human race is gregarious. The most savage varieties are accustomed to rove in herds, under the command of a single chieftain, for the general purpose of plunder, and for safety in hostile emergencies. The barbarous, but less ferocious, build local huts in a cluster, and wall themselves in from their adversaries; issuing in bands occasionally to hunt and fish and scour the wilderness for the spontaneous products of Summer. The semi-civilized arm themselves and resist all encroachments of man or beast, while they multiply domestic comforts by means of a rude agriculture and some of the simpler mechanic arts.

The civilized erect the State as a bulwark against all foreign foes, and make legislation theegis of security in all the private walks of life. They also make commerce the magical horn of plenty, and gold the god of every earthly wish, to all the lucky-born! But the enlightened—I remember having read something in a treatise on geography, about "the enlightened nations" of the globe, but it must have been a misprint—the enlightened are yet to be. There are no such as nations, but only some minds comparatively enlightened, implicitly humanized and yet to be spiritualized; and in their national generation—"the body politic" will be swayed by a soul sympathetic, law will be dissolved by love, our golden commerce will give place to a gracious Communion, and the real horn of plenty, full of all good wishes, will become the happy portion of "each for all and all for each."

The foregoing remarks are intended to introduce the larger subject of this and the following paper, and to make the matter of both acceptable to the reader's understanding. Communion as here proposed is not as yet a human fact, and therefore its definition must be merely hypothetical. As I conceive, it is the righteous intercourse of earth's inhabitants, and the natural use of created beings—so as to exhibit to the world the growing characteristic of the coming Age of Virtue. In this sense, Communion is the natural method of all participated good, every evil being a sequence of non-communication or mis-communication. It is, therefore, the only mode of enjoyment, and, as I have written elsewhere, "the very make of Heaven." Mankind are happy just in the measure that this truth is realized, and all sentient beings are miserable in proportion as they disregard it. The whole Art of Living consists in knowing how and what and when and where to give and take; for every man and woman is of some use to every other, and every animal and thing is also in some wise serviceable to all who know how to appreciate the special endowments of each.

I know this sentiment is anything but plausible to some perception. Some of my readers may be ready to ask, what is the use of vermin in the couch of ease or in the tangled curls of infant beauty? and I can only answer that I do not know; unless it be an incentive to exercise and cleanliness—the golden rules of health. But what if I misconjuncture here? Then I appeal to Reason. Since intelligence can act not with, or a purpose, the Maker of brains has created nothing useless. But the use of brains is to push research in the direction of greater queries.

I know of no better evidence of spurious intelligence than the popular designation of all forms of matter fit to eat or drink, which as by any process be forced into the stomach, as poisons; just as if destruction of life were the very end for which God made them. As well might the use of hemp be inferred from the common sobriquet for hanging. Fools! Ask the chemist if arsenic is sheer "rats' bane." Ask the dyer, ask the founder, if sulphuric acid is good for nothing, and only bad to be swallowed. Name all things in reference to the appropriate use of each, and you will find no other poison but the misnomer of ignorance. If you do not know the use of a thing, say so; but, for Heaven's sake, don't write your libel of the Creator on it.

Man is slow to learn the uses of things. He stands for ages an idle spectator of Nature's adroit achievements, or miracles of Chance as marvel tells him, without a thought of being in a schoolhouse, himself a pupil, with God for his Teacher. Woman brushed away the spider's web a myriad times before she learned herself to spin and weave. The ancestral pot was made to hold for a hundred centuries before anybody took a hint from its lifted lid of the world's factotum in steam. Before the days of Franklin, lightning was said to go whether it was sent, but Morse was the first to demonstrate that we could send it on our own errands. Till within some forty years, it was never imagined that solar light is ready to serve us with all the practical skill of a perfect artist. Gum-elastic was familiarly known to many generations, without a more remarkable application than that of school-children, to erase an idler's pencil-marks. Yet to us its various

mechanical, protective and ornamental agencies appear so obvious that we wonder and perhaps laugh at the stupidity which kept them hid so long. Still we imitate our fathers in gazing at Nature, and shaking our heads in token of distrust whenever we find anything of which no use is manifest; too foolish to consider that our own ignorance is the pith of every mystery. And we shall be laughed at in turn by those who come after us, to whom will be vouchsafed such new and multiplied revelations of natural uses as are impossible to our childish conceit.

For want of information, mankind have failed hitherto of a natural Communion with the world of material things. The race is comparatively young; we are just emerging from the state of primordial barbarism, and have hardly begun to apprehend the magnitude and multitude of our terrestrial resources. It is folly that assures us of having discovered all the material springs of mechanical power. There are certain indications that other agents of motion and locomotion are yet to vie with water and steam. Moreover, the ascertained uses of most elements are far from being generally appreciated. Even the vital and healthful utilities of the atmosphere are scarcely perceived by the un instructed masses, and not fully improved by the best informed. More people seem to take more pains to exclude air from their houses than to ventilate even their sleeping apartments. After a like fashion of ignorance, it used to be thought hurtful to drink water without a strong tincture of ardent spirits. And what a blunder was made as to the use of rum, when it was reckoned among the necessities of life without which nobody could work! The dopes of this delusion are not all dead yet, who imagine that rum is not only good to drink, but good for inflammation, good for rheumatism, good for the blues; and so it is—for inducing these maladies. But who of our grandmothers supposed that a shower-bath or a pack in a wet sheet, was better for the cure of almost any morbid affection, than all the skillful methods of allopathy, and all the costly preparations of pharmacy? Similar reflections apply to magnetism and other subtle as well as palpable agencies of human good, and would be in place here if the vehicle of this essay were less restricted. But these cursory recollections of human experience are enough to convince the least reflecting mind that we do not know how to use material things in all cases without danger to ourselves. The medical and hygienic errors of mankind are shocking to common sense. We ought to be aware also that for want of a due knowledge of the laws of Nature, and the latent forces which are sprung by contingent relations, we become the sport of accident in a thousand ways. All the calamities which have ever befallen humanity, such as epidemics, conflagrations, shipwrecks, steamboat explosions, railway collisions, the crash of bridges and fall of buildings like that of the Pemberton Mill, and all minor disasters which are incidental to individual adventure, might and would be avoided by a well-informed caution of all human agents and accessories. The constant turmoil of mankind by what we call misfortunes, proves that we are not wise enough for our physical safety.

Then, for want of science, we come short of a salubrious Communion with the vegetable department of Nature. Man, when he reaches the normal state—that is, human maturity—will find himself a vegetarian. In his exodus from barbarism he begins to preconceive this truth and feel its massive force; but habit sways his choice, and he lingers long by the Egyptian fish-pots of beastiality. Believe not the saying of the beef-eating sophist, that canine teeth indicate a natural want of animal food. Look rather at the fact that your tusked hog fattens better on maize than flesh. Consider also the basic principle of development, that every instrumentality of life is quickened and promoted by its actual use, and therefore that our canine teeth are the mere offspring of our fathers' canine habits. They are the vanishing effects of the old carnal nature out of which humanity is born. Be assured also that the soul is nourished by what the body digests, and that every pork-eater must be a partaker of swinish propensities. These are incompatible with the rising aspirations of the soul; and whatever disturbs the harmony of soul and body is prejudicial to both the health of one and happiness of the other. Whether the position here assumed is correct or not, it is certain that mankind are not as yet agreed as to the constituents of a natural dietary; and the only reason is the general want of dietetic intelligence—very few have really asked the question. The majority have no concern but to maintain their ancient habits of eating whatever they like, and as much as they can with any sort of gusto. Whether this or that edible, this or that culinary medley, this or that vogue of eating, is salutary, they neither know nor seem to care. One who eats with a due regard for health, is called fastidious—"more sicc than wise;" but to pamper appetite—to eat for dainty pleasure—to feast oneself and others, that is becoming—that is fashionable—that is the envy of social life—that is the religion of all our festivals—that is the virtue of all "good livers." And the reader is too well aware of the morbid effects of such imprudent indulgence to be interested in their detail. I am persuaded that mankind know not as yet what is Temperance; nor is it to be defined to the popular understanding by calling it Natural Communion with the vegetable world. It is the control of appetite by enlightened Reason. Yet this control is hardly to be described, because it should never proceed by absolute rules, except so far as relates to health, but according to the special ends of the controlling spirit. Large digestion is needful to muscular power, while for the higher exercises of mind very little is allowable. My small experience has induced the conviction that literature is rarely promoted by a full stomach. Sometimes an actual fast seems necessary to the writer's end. Is not this the reason why many a poet has been accustomed to rhyme in bed, and why other great thinkers have quit the down to pen their thoughts at midnight? Is not this one reason why morning is most propitious to every author's wish? And is it not because the common people are always eating, that they know nothing about this secret of mental power, or the luxury of thinking?

Again, for want of that discretion which comes of an ample intelligence, mankind do not commune peaceably and profitably with the brute inhabitants of Earth. The fact that there are wild animals, which appear to have been created with a natural dread of mankind, or else with such malignant propensities, coupled with large muscular power, as renders them dreadful to us and terrible foes to each other—this fact must often force itself on the mind of every devout naturalist as an anomaly in Nature, apparently irreconcilable with the more general displays of Creative Wisdom and Goodness. It is not merely relevant to the science of natural theology, it is the proper business of all who have brains for research to probe this fact to the bottom, and if possible to find an explanation of its mystery consistent with the otherwise attested benignity of God. Ask, then, and do not smother the query, why the wolf, the bear, the panther, the leopard, the tiger, and other beasts of prey, were created with hateful and hateful dispositions? Why was the lion made strong with malignity, and the lamb weak with gentleness? Was it purposely that the feeble and timid might be easily victimized by the strong, the bold and cruel? My answer is a most emphatic No; and though I cannot sustain this answer by any popular authority, nor deduce it from any obvious data in natural history, yet I deem it quite as well sustained by the very positive though impalpable fact, that the notion of God's making certain classes of animals to be cruelly destroyed by others, is repugnant to all the moral sentiments and human

feelings of our nature. Through this inner sense of the soul Reason bears the voice of God denying the hateful surplus of ignorance. Besides, it is absurd to suppose that God's intentions the malignity of brutes more than that of men. Wrong is wrong, and right is right; forever and everywhere. Man himself is born with brutish propensities, which succumb to Reason. When that shall bid the throne of Humanity, Man will begin to personate "the lord of creation," whose magnanimity will patheize all his inferiors into a benignant harmony with himself and with each other. Thus it is by human growth that all evil is to be expurgated, not only from mankind, but from Man's dominion.

How shall I commend this grateful thought? Let me begin by saying that there is not in reality so complete a dissimilarity among animals of different species as is commonly supposed. Have you never seen a ferocious bull, or a savage dog? and have you never heard of a gentle lion, or a philanthropic bear? If one of any species may be tamed, why may not all? Have you never known a man to lose control of his horse, and another man to take the same horse and subdue him? Have you ever heard of Raroy, and do you know the principle of his art? I am not privy to any secret of his, but I opine that he tames refractory horses by the most general law of influence, the same as that by which every man controls any animal—the mere fact of self-possession and conscious command of an inferior. Do you recollect the story of Alexander and Bucephalus? This fiery steed no other man could mount; but to the world's monarch he was accustomed to kneel to be mounted. How did the youthful prince, just in his teens, attain this mastery? Rollin tells us that he merely approached the prancing animal with a gentle word, patted him lightly on the neck, smoothed his mane and soothing his ardent, till he jumped suddenly astride his back and gave him the rein. But in this statement we have only the outer phasis of Alexander's conscious ability and resolution to manage the horse, without which any mere imitator of his conduct might have lost his life. This confidence is what governs all domesticated animals. The fear of hesitation breaks the spell of command. The fearful cannot control. Victory never yet perched on a coward's banner. So long as you bravely but gently withstand a snarling dog, it has no power to bite. Anon it fawns at your feet. So with all other creatures. A cow might be induced to gore a man that fears her. A sheep may be incited to rage and made to fight. But a man of dauntless courage may go unarmed and salute the fiercest denizens of the woods even in their dens, yet not a paw will be raised to harm him.

But Man inspires the brutes with his own malice. Not only the most selfish, but the most savage and ferocious of all creatures are to be found in the human species. Just think of the diabolical agents of the old Romish Inquisition; think of such demons incarnate as Nero, Robespierre, or Henry Eighth; think of the hordes of anthropophagites that loiter on the shores of the Feejee Islands, watching for the wreck of luckless mariners as a panther watches for deer, that they may replenish their pantries with human flesh; think of the red men of our American wilds, praying forever on their brute associates; think of the white men of every civilized domain who skin live eels, cook live lobsters, and let the blood of their meek calves the day before they murder them for the table; think, and then say whether brutes are more savage than men. Tell a cannibal it is wrong to kill and eat his human foe, and he will laugh in your face. So Christians laugh at us when I tell them it is criminal to cut the throats of inoffensive cattle. If one may butcher an ox and still be a gentleman, doubtless all carnivorous beasts are correspondingly gentle, notwithstanding their occasional rapacity. A wolf devouring a sheep, or a Bengal tiger crumpling a man, is probably as unconscious of sin as any Puritan carving beef and turkey for his thanksgiving dinner.

It is evident that mankind in their intercourse with the various brute species, are governed by motives exclusively selfish; there is not a whit of generosity in it. There is no notion of animal rights among men, and therefore no well conceived obligation to treat animals kindly. Nobody thinks of applying the golden rule to a brute; and there is no sort of abuse which all do not incur, and many do not suffer, at the instance of their human oppressors. Not only are most species liable to be suddenly destroyed whenever their presence is in the least offensive to us, but even such as are harmless and pleasing to human taste—as birds, squirrels, and fishes—are often made game of and put to death for an ugly whimsey of sport. Yet, unless human endowments constitute a prerogative for oppression, or else the victim of human domination is so low in the scale of development as to be absolutely destitute of rights, it is not lawful for a good man to torture the meanness of God's creatures, nor to treat it less mercifully than he in its stead would desire to be treated; and I trust the reader is not so simple as to need being told that no law can be violated with impunity. Mankind do not escape the penalty of their misdoings in this regard. I might specify various diseases which originate in flesh eating; but these are less deplorable than the lustful propensities which carnivorous indulgences excite. I might describe the reciprocity of malice between men and brutes, and show how our unscrupulously make enemies of all our inferiors; but this is trifling compared with the self-delivery which we unwittingly inflict in every act of cruelty. There must be some morbid affection in that man's heart who can hunt or fish for amusement. The moral influence of impaling worms and fishes on a hook, must be bad; and to practice the fisherman's deceit will make a hypocrite of anybody. Every butcher sears his own benevolence. The pitiless abuse of animals in any shape, stupifies the moral and benign sensibilities of the human mind; and thus the most exquisite susceptibilities to happiness are rendered torpid and useless. But not forever. I warn the wretch that does not feel the woes he makes, that by the law of progress, every hardened heart is yet to melt with love; yet, just as frozen limbs are thawed with pain, and just as drowning men are brought to life with more than dying agonies, so frigid souls are quickened with anguish. This is truth, though not the half is told.

But what has this discourse to do with Communion as a characteristic of the Age of Virtue? It may be said that I have only decanted on the mis-communication of mankind with the lower orders of creation, in the current age of wrong. Nor have I more; for want of a better method of commending the unrevaled blessedness which, as an ultimate of human development, is to be evolved out of the natural uses of all created things.

INTEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.

For years and years almost all English tales, which have, attempted to illustrate human misery as connected with the vice of intemperance, have pictured to us, with something of the fabulous, the gin palaces, and spirit stores of London. For one, I have regarded such as high colored, with, of course, a miniature foundation, and not in reality so deplorably bad; but a night in the haunts of London serves to show that if a writer wishes to astonish and surprise his readers, he need do little else, than pen the ungodly truth. A few evenings since, in company with a friend, and a very official attendant from the renowned Bow Street Station, I took a Hansom Cab, not by any means symmetrically so, and started to see those palaces of London. Where and in what localities we drove I know not, but we visited palaces after palaces, with its high frescoed walls, stained glass windows, and glittering lights—each one furnished with small tables, at which were seated not only old and young men, but frequently here and there a faded, pale, disconsolate woman,



BANNER OF LIGHT IN ENGLAND.

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Banner of Light.

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INSPIRATION. They who have never yet lifted their heads high enough to look beyond the circles of the dogmas taught them before they knew the meaning either of perception or reason, and who at that tender age became so thoroughly inoculated with the supernaturalism of events that occurred a certain number of years ago, but with the commonness of just as striking events that have occurred nearer their own time—such persons, we venture to say, will instinctively shrink from the thought that just the contrary of what was so blindly taught them is true, and that there is just as much of miracle, supernaturalism, or whatever else one chooses to style it, in the world to-day as there was two or six thousand years ago.

What was called the Reformation was but the dawning of newer and larger ideas; yet they were not so large as that they never could be extended to meet the enlarging wants of the human soul, nor so final and fatal in their character that they could not be properly supplanted in their turn with others. We can hardly and conscientiously say of them that they were ahead of any that had been publicly proclaimed and professed up to that time, and served their purpose faithfully and well. But to insist on cramping the ideas of these times to the standard of those, is not to advocate progress and advancement for the race, but rather a pitiful consistency with the strong-willed theories of those days, at the expense even of man's exaltation. He, therefore, who cares more for the standing of his creed and party than he does for the chances for the race, has no business whatever to be meddling with the movements of his own day, or of any other. He is but a small quiddler, at the best, and, not being able to comprehend the spirit of great movements of the human mind, only puts himself in the way if he goes to meddling off, and dividing up, and multiplying.

Many persons have a notion—theirs because it was instilled into their minds when they were utterly helpless to resist or reduce it—that inspiration is a special, peculiar, and strikingly partial act of the Deity, which was performed by Him upon the minds of a handful of men but never since, and never will be. They think that God spoke once to the whole human race through men whom he inspired, or breathed upon, for that purpose, and has never spoken before nor since, and never means to. If such persons could only establish their belief on anything like a basis, if they could make it appear that, of a truth and indeed, but a few mortals ever were or will be inspired, and they commissioned to speak to but a single small nation on the earth, there would be something like sense in the notion; but as it is, it is the blindfold gulf into which a man's faith ever took a plunge, or that ever yawned before our astonished observation.

For in what consists the act of inspiration? The word itself, literally interpreted, means nothing more or less than the act of breathing upon. Hence, if a man were to be inspired, it is the only natural and true thing to say he is breathed upon; that another and a superior spirit influences and impresses itself upon his nature; that he is so far under the control of that spirit as to do many things, as it were, unconsciously, or at least not altogether in obedience to his own volition. Then, of course, there must be certain states, or conditions, of the soul, in which alone it may be thus subject to inspiration; but being in those states, or conditions, the operation, or process, becomes no more a superseding of a simple natural law, than the act of free breathing when the air becomes sweet and pure from a state of previous foulness and density.

The great beauty of inspiration consists in the striking fact that the whole soul must be elevated and exalted, in order to receive the air breathed by the angels and messengers of light. This is the first and last condition of the process, that the soul shall be free and clear, so far as possible, of earthly impurities; then it instantly becomes receptive and calm, and the light of heaven streams in all over its sky as it broke over creation when the order was given—"let there be light!" There is no subversion of any plain natural law about it; on the contrary, it is just that law which is so beautifully illustrated. And men are willing still to gaze and wonder at the very thought of such an occurrence, and will continue to do so till they feel, each one for himself, the possibility of exaltation to a point where inspiration from a superior power may flow in upon him without interruption. All the trouble in this matter is to be laid to the charge, primarily, of our early education, which consisted of

about one half prejudice, and the other half, super-  
stition. But reason, an enlarging experience, and a  
profounder insight combine to sweep away these dusty  
cobwebs that have been suffered to dangle so long  
before the vision of the spirit, and the truth breaks  
upon the mind that every man and woman may be  
come inspired, by simply obeying those great and all-  
pervading spiritual laws which are the sole condition  
of so desirable an experience.

This influx of spirit, which men call by the name of  
inspiration, comes, however, from no positive effort  
of our own, and it is a mistake to think we can compel  
it when it suits our pleasure so to do. The moment we  
leave our receptive, or perfectly passive condition, we  
become positive to superior spirits, and they cannot so  
readily, even if they can at all, use our organisms for  
their own high purposes. It is the negative, though  
not of necessity the unconscious, state in which these  
purest and noblest impressions are made upon us, and  
while in that state we may speak or write that of  
whose origin we know, and never know anything.  
In this sense the writers in the New and Old Testa-  
ments may have been inspired men, working in these  
superior impressions with such others as belonged  
strictly to their own consciousness and mentality. But  
we do not understand, for our own part, how or  
why it requires a special interference from the spirit of  
the Almighty to enable a Jew to write down what he  
had seen and heard of the man Jesus, or to comment,  
luminously and acutely, upon the doctrines that had  
already been reported as published by him. To clothe  
these very common acts with the dress of supernatural-  
ism, is to degrade the human mind of this day by sup-  
posing that it will not accept for the highest and most  
beautiful truth what is at the same time perfectly  
natural and consistent with our own experience. No  
soul has yet come to an understanding of itself, that  
loses its faith in proportion as it enlarges its spiritual  
apprehension. To teach otherwise, is to teach that we  
must needs remain infants forever, and that a certain  
class of men are born, and always to be born, to teach  
us superstitious dogmas in the place of plain and simple  
truth.

If a painter places a divine picture upon the canvas,  
he must have been inspired while he was doing it. If  
a sculptor succeeds in evoking a new and spiritual  
creation from a mere mass of rough marble, he never  
could have done that unless he was inspired. If an  
author writes a book that awakens the most beautiful  
images, and excites the purest thoughts in the minds  
of thousands and tens of thousands of readers, im-  
pressing them with fresh and new notions of life and  
happiness, that author was as truly inspired in the  
production of his book as ever Paul was in the writing  
of his letters to the brethren. The law, simple as it is,  
is uniform all the way through. It is that a man,  
having spiritual and intellectual capacity, shall be in  
that single condition that insures his being filled full  
with the highest and purest influences; that, to a cer-  
tain extent, he suffer himself to be the medium of spirits  
that could make their superior influence felt in no  
other manner.

If it is asked how we know that persons who perform  
such genuinely spiritual things, so far overtopping their  
ordinary and common actions as to excite even their  
own wonder, are in any sense inspired—we may an-  
swer the question first by asking another: If not in-  
spired, then whence does their superior power come?  
And why do they not manifest it at one time as well as  
at another? Is not much more meant by what we call  
the moods of such persons, than appears on the sur-  
face? And why should they be the recipients of such  
rare and astonishing power at one time, more than at  
another? Besides—whence springs the artist's, or the  
author's, conception? Who gives it to his soul? It  
is in no sense the result of logical labor, for the most  
skillful reasoners are not of necessity, and indeed never  
are, the artists in whose souls steep and are finally born  
grand and beautiful creations. No mechanical rules  
are capable of producing these divine conceptions to  
the human soul; nobody can tell the first step by  
which they are arrived at; but all is wrapped in mys-  
tery, and silence, and speculation. Yet the creations  
continue to go on, and the world is blessed by them.  
Then whence come they? There is but one answer—  
from sources above us, poured into capacious and re-  
ceptive souls, that brood tremulously over their new  
and precious gifts, and finally throw them out upon  
the world in such form as they can command for the  
expression of this their new and deep experiences.  
Nothing of this sort comes from plan or calculation,  
but all from sources above and beyond.

To be inspired, as all men are, or may be, at some  
period of their lives, is to abandon one's self for the  
time to the highest and purest influences. It is to  
open the passages of the soul, and let the floods of  
divine influence sweep majestically through. It is to  
take that happy position in which the soul may ex-  
perience the largest, the deepest, the profoundest, and  
the highest life possible to its native capacity. It is a  
complete surrender of the nature to the upper in-  
fluences, that are ever ready to descend into it and  
take possession. We need not be writers and speak-  
ers, to be inspired; nor yet prophets and leaders; but  
by every good and true deed, by a course of noble and  
benevolent conduct, by all actions that give free play  
to the purified and exalted soul. For life is at every  
point a speech, a poem, and a prophecy. We do  
more without words than with. Character streams  
through these filaments of our bodies, in spite of any  
efforts to conceal it. If we are filled up with a high  
and living spirit, then that same spirit will speak and  
work through us, and without any labored efforts on  
our part at co-operation. We are then all aglow with  
the reflection of no divine a flame. Whatever we do  
under such an influence, is but the truthful translation  
of that pure power with which we are informed and in-  
spired.

Thus the twilight superstitions about the rareness  
and the impossibility of inspiration at this day dis-  
appear in the brightening light of experience. We see  
that one man may be inspired as well as another—only  
let him fulfill the conditions by which that exalted  
state is secured. We see that it is not at all super-  
naturalism, but the highest and purest manifestation  
of real nature. It drives out the ghostly dreams that  
had been raised and huddled into our hearts, and sets  
in their places trustful and confiding views, clearer  
ideas of our relations to the other world, and senti-  
ments of love, instead of dread, for those whom we see  
not with the eye, yet yearn to feel present with us  
none the less. None but the ignorant will fear lest a  
better understanding of such a mystery is going to rob  
it of its divine efficacy; for, understand it as well as we  
may, and familiarize ourselves with it as we will, it  
still remains as great a mystery as that of our souls  
themselves, and, while most frequently and fully en-  
joyed, is still within reach only on condition of the  
most perfect and childlike obedience. To what a sad  
and low state of spiritual life would not the world be  
reduced, if the spirit from higher spheres was not  
poured down, as it is, into the hearts and minds of the  
men even of this our day and generation!

The Speakership. After two months spent in the effervescence of bun-  
comb speeches and undignified equalling, the House  
of Representatives at Washington have finally become  
organized, by the election of Ex-Governor Wm. Pen-  
nington, of New Jersey, by a majority of one vote, as  
Speaker.

OUR CIRCLES Will not be resumed until Tuesday, February 21st,  
our engagements rendering it impossible for us to  
attend to them.

"THE HERALD OF PROGRESS."

Some months since we learned from a Circular that  
ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS and his friends were about  
forming an Association, with a large cash capital, and  
with the purpose of founding an independent journal,  
devoted to the furtherance of a comprehensive and  
Universal Reform. We take pleasure in announcing  
the fact to our numerous readers, that the initial num-  
ber of the new paper has found its way to our table.  
It bears the above title, and is conducted, both in its  
editorial and business departments, by Mr. Davis and  
his associates, whose names have not transpired. This  
HERALD OF PROGRESS is a large and beautiful sheet  
and—with some slight exceptions—may be regarded  
as a model of taste and mechanical perfection. Nor is  
this all. The contents of the number before us are  
diversified and attractive. Instead of being devoted  
to any one idea or phase of the world's progressive  
thought and action, it proposes a kind of eclecticism in  
the field of Reform. It, moreover, quietly intimates  
the possession of such a substantial basis, "either in  
purpose or principle"—or consisting in both of those  
elements—as renders it quite unnecessary to "main-  
tain positions of amiable neutrality on questions of  
great moment to all mankind." We extract the fol-  
lowing from the editor's leader:

We think the time has arrived, however, for the estab-  
lishment of a journal wherein the facts and principles of  
"Progress" may be justly presented, irrespective of the  
social, political, or religious prejudices that everywhere exist,  
and away society. To meet the present needs of the world,  
a reform publication should not only be comprehensive in  
scope, but should be most loyal to the demands of  
progressive truth than favorable to time-honored systems  
and institutions. It should aim at a position of equal ali-  
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ability to the most mankind. To woman, with her domestic...

through that section, and any others who have not yet...

individual when I am not conscious of the existence of my...

was especially animated in speaking of changing off his earth...

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE WORKING FARMER...

RELIGION. When the morning came with her eyes of flame...

There are many still or almost spiritualists here, who fall...

There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten...

NOW READY. ARCAEA OF NATURE; OR, THE HISTORY AND LAWS OF CREATION...

Specimen numbers sent free of expense. THE WORKING FARMER...

And looked on the youthful child, When man, at the call of the Lord of All...

DEATH, BOSTON.—What a noble heart beats in the bosom...

How few are content! The poor envy the rich; the rich...

DISCOURSES. COBA L. V. HATCH, ON Religion, Morals, Philosophy and Metaphysics...

Specimen numbers sent free of expense. THE WORKING FARMER...

Like a grain in the sod grew the thought of God, As Nature's slow work appears...

WILLIAM DICKSON, OREGON, IND., writes that a new hall...

A clerk in a music store was lately overpowered by a fastidious...

BY NUTRITION!—NUTRITION (IN THE VITAL FORCE) WITHOUT MEDICINE...

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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. "ANCIENT ORIGIN OF THE SPIRIT LAND" No. 5...

THE SPIRIT MESSAGES on the 6th page are more than...

Why should I be content? The poor envy the rich; the rich...

BY NUTRITION!—NUTRITION (IN THE VITAL FORCE) WITHOUT MEDICINE...

Specimen numbers sent free of expense. THE WORKING FARMER...

THE FRENCH government is making experiments with the...

There is one person in the Charlestown, Mass., State Prison...

Answers to Correspondents. ANSELY CHASE, ELBRIDGE, N. Y.—Our columns will inform...

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS. Edited by ANDREW J. JACKSON...

Specimen numbers sent free of expense. THE WORKING FARMER...

CORRESPONDENCE.

DAVID H. SHAFER, CHINCAGO, O.—We have been regaled lately...

An author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks how a dead...

Answers to Correspondents. ANSELY CHASE, ELBRIDGE, N. Y.—Our columns will inform...

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS. Edited by ANDREW J. JACKSON...

Specimen numbers sent free of expense. THE WORKING FARMER...

THE aggregate weight of a late jury of twelve men in Indiana...

Some dogs are kept about houses simply to give the alarm...

Answers to Correspondents. ANSELY CHASE, ELBRIDGE, N. Y.—Our columns will inform...

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS. Edited by ANDREW J. JACKSON...

Specimen numbers sent free of expense. THE WORKING FARMER...

EDITORS BANNER.—I wish to say through your columns in answer...

Why shrinks the soul Back on herself, and starts in destruction?

Answers to Correspondents. ANSELY CHASE, ELBRIDGE, N. Y.—Our columns will inform...

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS. Edited by ANDREW J. JACKSON...

Specimen numbers sent free of expense. THE WORKING FARMER...

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner was written by the author of the name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. GARDNER, who in a state called the Trance State, they are not published on account of literary merit, but as a medium of communication to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirit beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purely alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way answer to answer the letters we should have sent to us, we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 119 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2 o'clock, and ending at 4 o'clock. There will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one of a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

- From No. 1817 to No. 1911.
Thursday, Dec. 15.—"Patience," Thomas Bell, Boston; George W. Luntz, Lowell; Charlotte Maria Foster, New York; Friday, Dec. 16.—"Is it possible for mortals to understand God?" William Fox, Salem; Jack Seward, New York; Ellen Kraser, Georgetown, D. C.
Saturday, Dec. 17.—"What is the condition of the Drunkard after death?" Josh. Houston, Boston; To John Ferris, Brighton.
Tuesday, Dec. 20.—"How are we who know we serve God?" To Kallipogonahow, Anne Maria Foster, Buffalo; Jenny Wilson; Harriet Atwood, Lowell.
Wednesday, Dec. 21.—"Evil Spirits?" William Cooper; Frayer; Nathaniel Morton.
Thursday, Dec. 22.—"Why are evil spirits permitted to commune?" Edward Perkins, East Boston; Louisa Herbert, to Betsey Cotton.
Friday, Dec. 23.—"What is the religion of modern Spiritualism, and who can understand it?" George Williams, Tuxbury, Danvers; S. Collins.
Saturday, Dec. 24.—"Is not modern Spiritualism ancient wisdom revived and restated?" Bliva Brown, Boston; Calvin Woodard; John Barrow, Lowell; Betsy Lindsey, Bloomer, N. H.
Sunday, Dec. 27.—"Did Jesus attain the highest possible state of perfection?" William Barnard, New Bedford; Samuel Hillings, Boston; Elizabeth Burdick, Bangor.
Monday, Dec. 28.—"The spirit of man absorbed in any way by death?" John Loring, to Mary Elizabeth Loring; Mary Moore, to her son John.
Tuesday, Jan. 1.—"The Bible and the Bible?" Francis Smith, Belfast; William Gay, Boston; Capt. George W. Kufgates; Clara Perival.
Wednesday, Jan. 4.—"What is Magnetism?" Lucy Lee, Gloucester; Harriet Nichols, Tunstun; Samuel Richardson, Boston.
Thursday, Jan. 5.—"How do we know that God dwells everywhere?" Mary Castle, Boston; Robert Sanderson, Philadelphia; John Cambridge.
Friday, Jan. 6.—"Is God the Author of Evil?" E. M. Copples, Corvill.

Spirit Spheres.

Are the different spheres spoken of in spirit-life to be understood by us in mortal as different localities? Minds that are confined within the narrow limits of mortality can poorly comprehend the spiritual kingdom or its condition. It is well to reach out into the future, to get from those fresh buds and blossoms to cheer you on your way. But while you dwell in mortality you must not expect fully to understand the condition you are to exist in, in the hereafter.

It is not in the power of any disembodied spirit to give you a correct idea of spirit-life. You may form conceptions, may build airy temples, but very few will find their expectations realized when they cast off the mortal. The child cannot comprehend what one of mature years can. These the watch before him, and ask him how it is made, and what he knows of it. He is unprepared to be able to comprehend it, but when that mind shall have entered into a new stage of development, then that mind can tell you how the watch is made, and by what science it is kept in motion. You can reach the lower order of animal life certain things—you can make them comprehend certain ideas to a certain extent; but you cannot fully enlighten that intelligent chamber of humanity—for they are human quite as much as you are. They are standing upon one state of development, and you are upon another.

We will answer No to our question—the phrase is purely spiritual—it is not confined to materiality. The spiritual kingdom, although abounding in all you have in earth-life, you will find has no distinct localities for certain people to abide in. The spheres are certain degrees of development, certain states of happiness and unhappiness.

Consider the unenlightened mind that dwells on earth—one who has been compelled to sit in spiritual darkness during his natural life. Such an one enters the spirit-life in the same condition. He can comprehend no spiritual life. Speak to him of the natural or spiritual existence, and he knows nothing of them. Thus the God in nature, and surrounding conditions have done nothing to bring him out.

Such an one occupies the second sphere. Do not understand us to mean that he is abiding in any locality, but a state of mind. He could not go higher or lower. He must of necessity occupy a position between to him; and, by that, we mean a state of happiness or unhappiness.

The spirit, who, as it were, is divested of all materiality, whom you are told abides in the seventh sphere of life, may find a dwelling place with you; for the earth is spiritualized to the spirit when he enters the second state of life. It is spiritual to him, and he can only commune with you through spiritual principles.

The spirit-land—where is it? We answer, within you—here, in your mind, is the Kingdom of Heaven. Certain spirits who dwell on earth are happy, and certain are unhappy, and they occupy different spheres—not localities, but states of mind. They may abide in the same dwelling place, and yet one shall rank far higher than the other. When the spirit that comes to control upon the mortal, and enters upon its new condition of life, its natural or material body rarely retained. They look around them, and find that all that is natural to the material world is natural to the spiritual world. This is but the greater state of spirit-life; and let many angels have taken up their abode upon the material plane; for again we say, when they have done with the material form they have done with materiality—for the whole world has changed to them. They do not see your external form, even except by the aid of the medium. And so it is with all your natural creations. The spiritual part is more visible to the disembodied. They are held by spiritual ties. The mile with you is not the mile with them; they measure distance not as you, nor time. True, when they control a physical form, a medium they are obliged to conform thereto, and, by the law of the medium, to your material law; then they measure distance as you measure, and time also, but at no other time. They tell you of different spheres, that you may better comprehend them, not that you may divide them off into cities and towns. These things are emanations of a material mind to satisfy the demands of a material mind. You are governed mathematically and materially; you are governed by mathematics and spirituality; but our mathematics are not yours, and should we return to you with all the habiliments of our spirit existence, you would not comprehend us. We do not clothe our thoughts with words while here, for our senses are quickened. But when we come to you, we must clothe our thoughts by sound. I might be controlling the medium for hours, and my thoughts might be understood by spirits, but if I gave no sound or clothing to my thoughts you would not understand.

The good book says, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. So it is with every one that is born of the spirit." We may dwell with you thousands of years—if you can dwell on earth so long—and if we took no pains to clothe our thoughts, to appeal to your material senses, you might remain completely ignorant of our position.

The man of science, of high intellectual attainment, may mingle with the meanest minds on earth; he may be brought in contact with their forms every hour in the day; and yet he lives, or he may dwell, thousands of leagues away, in his spiritual state. The Book has taught men to believe that heaven is a great way off, whose walls are of precious stones, and whose king sits in majesty, surrounded by his parasites. Now this picture was but the emanation of a material

mind, a mind so saturated with materialism that it could not comprehend spiritual things. Believe us, do you not see how he has carried his ideas to heaven? He sits upon a throne, he gives him out the habiliments of Humanity and Love. The picture is a true one, and the people have no doubt, there is no compass to the ship. They see to the end of this voyage, but they know not where they go on the ocean. Life is presented to them in a mysterious way.

Now, if you in the material world better comprehend the spiritual world, you must first comprehend what is around you. The Mighty Teacher has given you a lesson here, and you must not expect the Great Teacher to give you a second lesson until you have learned the first. Make yourself acquainted with your surroundings here—then you will stand upon a higher spiritual plane than before, and be better able to comprehend spirit, and the condition of spirits in their higher states of life.

Wisdom is a mighty angel that attends every intelligent atom that lives. Wisdom is accessible to all. None need without it, although some in the material world are unable, by the force of circumstances, to comprehend the angel for a time; yet there shall be a time when the bud shall burst, and the blossom be with you.

"The Kingdom of heaven is within you." So says one on whom you may rely. The spirits of Divine Wisdom which spoke these words, spoke with reference, no doubt, to the spirit world. He meant the spirit world was not divided into States, and cities, and towns, but was here, there and everywhere around you.

Each spirit has the privilege of changing his abiding place. He need not dwell on the earth, unless the attraction is stronger here than it is elsewhere. Spirits can wander to other planets, but they must carry their own peculiar spiritual spheres with them, and thus they may be said to dwell in that sphere.

A spirit born into this world with certain attractions, will retain them to all eternity. Its own individuality is never parted from it. However high he may soar in wisdom, he is the same, ever governed by the same law.

Questioner, cease to suppose at once that we in spirit-life measure time and distance as you do. Although the spiritual kingdom is in every way allied to the material, yet the things that strictly belong to the material comprehension do not belong to the spirit. We have no need to measure time and distance as you do. There is no need of building fences around our forms to protect us, for the emanation that surrounds us is a perfect protection. No one can infringe upon his neighbor. There is no need of material law with us; there is no need of material mathematics with us, although all life is a mathematical problem, yet there is a material and spiritual part. The great Author of Life has fashioned all in wisdom, and your material bodies require certain things you do not need when divested of it. You are confined—can comprehend so much, no more. And thus you are compelled to divide your time into portions, your planet into particles, so you may be better able to control. You would not be able to extend the elements around you, if intelligence did not say, "Draw a line here and there, measure and mark by this thing and that." But when you go a step higher, you shall live in a new life, breathe a new atmosphere; and yet the life, the atmosphere, will be as tangible with you as yours.

So we say to our questioner, seek to understand yourself, your condition; and when you understand this, the revelation is perfect. Go higher, and be benefited by the same, and glory God in the same. Dec. 7.

Stephen Carroll, Iowa.

Well, I'm in a strange fix. Well, stranger, I do n't know what is the trouble. I was murdered—yes, murdered! It was to get what I had that they murdered me. I wanted to come here before, but I could n't. I was murdered last December, close by Squawtown, Iowa. I know 'bout you better. I've got a brother in Massachusetts. It is to him I'll talk. My name is Stephen Carroll. My brother's name is William Carroll.

If I could get hold of that devilish half-breed now! Fight! Yes, I would fight now—I would. I'm miserable; I don't know where God is, nor where anybody is. I know about coming here, because I hear about it before.

I want to tell my brother I come. I want you to tell him I want to speak to him. I want you to tell him I'm going to be revenged. I'm going to have pay for my death—I am! I should have killed him if I could; but he commenced on me—look all I had, and even stripped me. I hate these redskins—every one of them I hate. They said I must not talk so here; but I will. I ought to have stayed longer on earth. I was fifty-one years old. I was well, strong, and to die like a dog!—I ain't right, stranger, 'saint right.

Maybe I'll tell where I was born. In Halifax, Nova Scotia. My brother was born there, too—there was but two of us. I want you West 'bout fourteen years ago.

Well, stranger, I don't say anybody better off than I am. Well, I'll try to be happy. Well, stranger, I want you to tell him. These cursed half-breeds ain't human—they're devils, every one of 'em. Go out there and live with 'em, and see if they ain't. The Bible says, "Blood for blood," and I believe the Bible. I lived by the Bible, and I died by it. I got it all, stranger.

[A visitor undertook to reason with him on his duty to forgive.]

I reckon he'll wait a long time before I help him. I want you to tell my brother that the half-breed goes by the name of Tricky Joe, and if he do n't kill him, if ever he goes there I'll never see him when he goes there.

Well, stranger, you go out there and get your throat cut, and see how you like it. Go out there, stranger, and try it, and if you feel like what you do now, I'll try your way of getting happy. Good-by, stranger. Dec. 9.

[Bad advice given in the above; but the manifestation was a natural one and full of character.]

Lizzie Cordin, Richmond.

Bress de Lor, massa, I's here. I's Lizzie, massa; I's longed in Richmond, Virginia. I was Massa James Cordin's nigger, massa, but I's not black massa, Massa called me here and wants to tell old massa 'bout coming home. Massa can't come, but Lizzie can. Massa Cordin no spirit. Massa can spell, but Lizzie can't spell. I made beds for massa, sweep, brush 'way de flies—do anything, massa. I was fourteen, massa say. Massa's name Lavinia. O, massa I had two husbands—one die, and old massa get another. O, massa think debbit come after him. O, massa seen a ghost—a white ghost, massa, that's me—Lizzie. O, massa do n't know what it be. Massa, please tell 'em. O, massa help me come, and wants you to write letter to massa. She wants to tell old massa better look to doo spiritual things, and tell 'em what dese white ghosts be. O, massa wants you to tell old massa 'bout doo time. O, massa been to massa, and promised to speak; but massa can't speak, and she wants you to write down time, massa. [Four minutes past four.] Good-by, massa. Dec. 9.

Prayer.

Holy and true is the Lord our God, for he bestoweth in wisdom; he giveth liberally to all his children. Behold, our father hath opened an highway between the two worlds, and the lofty and the low shall walk therein, and his blessing shall rest upon all.

Oh, Holy Father, whose name is written everywhere, we offer thanks to thee in behalf of that portion of thy family who fall to give thee thanks.

Holy Spirit of Love and Wisdom, we praise thee for the light thy gifts us, for every manifestation of thy power, for every shadow that settles at our feet, or hangs upon our brow, knowing that thy love is about us at all times.

Oh, Holy Spirit of Love, while thou art helping the spiritual hosts that are throbbing the gates that lead to the spirit-world, oh, fall not to bless those in mortal that return to thee. Oh, Holy Spirit of Love, enter their material temples, and throw back the doors that angels may enter. Oh, Holy Spirit of Wisdom, bless thee the slaveholder who holdeth thy children in bonds. Oh, when the buds come forth, to point the way in their own state, may the weak ones find strength to gather up and go on their way rejoicing.

Oh, God, do thou bless all in spirit-life, or on earth; teach them that the day is not far distant when the morning star shall shine upon them, when they shall cease to govern and learn to be governed, when they shall be willing to stretch forth their hand to the least of thy children—thrust their truth wherever found—that they who went out in darkness have power to return, and that they will bless thee forever.

Oh, God, thy power is forever and ever. Thy mercy is to all generations. Thy light is coming down to all nations, and to this we thank thee. Anciently it was, and also each child thou hast created, and in thy own time thou shalt bring thy children to thee; every knee shall bow, every tongue shall confess; then there shall be no bondage or women, for all shall worship beneath their tree of liberty. Peace and holiness shall come unto men. Virtue and truth shall reign over them, and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. Dec. 9.

J. H. Fairchild.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Yes, three blessed are they who deal in mercy, for, by so doing, they draw around them such a class of intelligences, as shall mingle Mercy with justice in their behalf. Few on earth understand the word Mercy as few understand God.

When I lived and moved in a form of clay, I thought I dealt in mercy with all with whom I had to do; but I find this could not be so, for if it had been, I should have received more of the fruits of mercy—that peace and joy she ever brings to her subjects. I should have been less annoyed by the sensual time that was ever floating around me; by the course that was ever crowded at my feet and placed at my head. Since here I have begun to fear that I did not deal in mercy with all with whom I had to do. I fear my judgment was too severe at times, and although I had never wandered outside the internal temple, yet it was there—it had never changed its garment for that mercy. For a light being light; if such an angel had dwelt within me continually, kindred spirits would have been there to guide it, and I should have suffered less and enjoyed more. The pathway through earth is a dreary one at best; the multitude of obstacles that are ever in the way of the children of God, look dark to them, while here. The shadow is a shadow without a sunbeam—the night is one without a star. Why is this? I feel and I fear that it is because they have not enough mercy. I fear it is because they do not count the angels—he is not a welcome guest with them. Jesus said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Yes, an act of mercy begets mercy as a bright and holy gift, one that cometh direct from our Father. It is a light by which we are enabled, if I mistake not, to see our own faults as well as those of others. It is a shield ever ready to protect the weak—ever ready to go forward like the pillar of fire by night, and the cloud by day, that preceded the ancients in their march.

Merely! Oh, what a beautiful angel and yet mortals are constantly shutting the doors against her; constantly forgetting to give her a welcome. Where Mercy dwells, there darkness seldom reigns, for, as she is the child of light, therefore darkness cannot dwell with her. She is an emanation of Wisdom, Justice, Truth and Love. She is a bright but that is found in the criminal's cell sometimes; and she is rarely found there. She is a golden cord, often thrown around weak spirits to aid them on their journey heavenward. She is a pilot that guides us safe to a haven of rest. She standeth by the bed of the dying, and she dwelleth also in the halls of wealth and plenty. She is found again where misery, poverty and death reign. But she is a light that illumines the darkness and maketh bright the communion of the soul.

Oh, then, deal in mercy continually, and be sure you have that which is genuine; not that which is clothed in justice, that you can hardly detect here, but that which will extend the hand to the fallen, however far they may have gone down to the chambers of death.

Mercy hath a long arm and a strong hand. She goeth forth at morning, noon, and midnight, and she storesh the work when the beggar knocketh at the door knocking and asking assistance, have mercy upon such as ask, for she'll bring you more precious gifts than eight o'clock in heaven or earth. She will draw to you brighter stars, than you can conceive of. No matter how dark the subject may be who comes to you, be sure you have mercy with you, then heaven shall be with you while you dwell in the dark sphere.

When your enemy comes with railing words and garments of cursing, when he envelops you in clouds of evil, oh, have mercy on him. No matter how far he may lack mercy, see to it that you have mercy—that the soul of your soul is not hard and flinty. Oh, let the dewdrops of mercy always be found in the garden of your soul.

I tell you, my dear friend, if you deal in mercy, you will find your condition better; that they who are hugging justice to their souls. What if your brother and sister fall in the path of life, oh, have mercy upon them—pity the weak. They have not fallen, while you stand trembling; they have but kissed the shadow, while you mistake that you stand in sunlight.

What if your enemy does wrong you out of a certain portion of your earthly goods? Have mercy—see what cause has hidden him do the act—see what circumstances have caused him to act as he has. Who can on earth? Not one. Then sit not in judgment upon your brother, but have mercy.

Oh, how grand and glorious is the genuine God—the God of Love and Mercy! He plies the fallen, for He has mercy. Instead of harshness and cursing, we find this coming from the lips of Divinity, "I condemn thee not—go and sin no more."

Oh, how beautiful that manifestation! How divine! What a bright garment may be seen upon that portion of God from whom emanated this divine thought! How bright and spotless! How bright and clear is the stream that flows at his feet. "It is mercy's voice, and all who come within its sphere shall find mercy without judgment."

If the most holy, the most perfect, individual who ever stood in form, dared not condemn; oh, how much less should his followers!

God, through his ministering angels, said, "Jezzeus is Mink." If it is his, it is not yours. He hath given you Mercy—oh, then, exercise it always. He sitteth upon the throne of every mind, and controlleth there. You have no right to say, "Why do you talk or what you say in the shadow of darkness, while I am in the sunlight of Jehovah?" You have no right to say this.

Deal in mercy with all—condemn not and judge not, for, be-leave me, if you do you will build you a mansion in hell. But keep Mercy at your side, for then you feed fast no evil—may be she shall draw to yourself; yes, kindred spirits, such as will pilot you across the Jordan of death, and close your eyes that you may open them upon higher spheres of heavenly life, when you have done with this form.

Is it not better that you deal in Mercy, instead of grasping at that justice which belongs alone to Him?

Oh, ye mortals, who are now on earth, dealing in judgment against me as a spirit, let me beg of you to deal with mercy with me, for I tell you he'll be open before you. You know not how many years, yes, ages of misery you shall walk therein, if you have not Mercy's arm to aid you. I implore you to turn and live. Oh, do not let in the morning of your spiritual lives; let it be bright and glorious, and let the angel of Mercy be found at your right hand. You know not what bright flowers she will cast at your feet; what roses she will twine about your brow; what buds of glory she will strew about your path.

I ask not that mercy may be extended to me as a spirit. No; I need it not now; but to the weak ones who are walking in the dark planes of existence, who are brought in contact with the evil—oh, extend it to them.

Oh, ye strong ones, take heed lest you fall. This is my warning; heed it, and find happiness; reject it, and find misery. Dec. 10.

Clarke Mason.

I'm like the boy that had been scratching round all day to get twenty-five cents to go into the circus with. My friend has said I would come here and tell certain things I could tell, he would believe. I have been scratching round, and have got my twenty-five cents, and have got into your circle, and have a right to go all the night.

To begin with, my name was Clarke Mason; I was thirty-one years old; I was born in Rochester, New York; I lived in Boston two years, in New York city two years; I went to California in 1850; I stayed there two years.

Now they want to know next what happened to me when I was twenty years old. I cut off the second finger on the left hand.

Next I, "What happened to you when you were between fourteen and fifteen years of age?" I fell, and so injured my knee as to make it stiff all the rest of my life. Right knee—don't get it. That's the only way I am to be believed by him.

Next I, "What year, or how old were you when you were married?" Twenty-one and one month. "Who did you marry?" Martha Jane Spencer, a native of Utah. "How long did you live with her?" Two months and eleven days, and, I'll add, she died then; I wasn't asked that, though.

"What induced you to go to California?" Hard creditors. "That's all they asked me. Now I've come here, and you are strangers to me, all of you. I have given just exactly what I was asked to give, and no more. Could give more, but that's not it. Now I want the person who has called on me to say, 'Please give him some to eat.' Now don't say so. A. B. and C. in private, but say so in public, as I come; then I am entitled to importance to communicate.

"I ain't, perhaps, for me to ask them to own that I am genuine and true, and have given what no mortal living could give but themselves.

How have you spelled my name? Oh, add an e to Clark. They'd say it was n't me at once. Dec. 10.

Letter from Justin Lillo, of Barnard, Vt.

BARNARD A. D. CHASE.—Among the contributors to the Banner of Light your name often appears. I read your remarks with interest, though, I must confess, some of your ideas are new to me. You say all evil is a means of the soul's development in progression. If I follow your meaning, you claim that man is not to blame for his deeds; that he cannot help acting as he does act. I gather from what you say that man, in consequence of being low in the scale of morality, cannot help lying or stealing, and, if in a still more degraded state, he cannot help taking the life of his brother man. Would you have it, then, that man is not accountable for his vile or sinful acts? Or would you have it that the blameless in allowing himself to get into such a state of mind that he cannot help murder, rapine, arson, slander, hypocrisy, theft, and all the like? It seems, if we place our hands in the fire, they will burn, and we shall feel the smart. If we strike the God of Heaven and earth and all created things, shall we not feel pain as the result? Shall we not feel pain, also, if we strike our brother man, who is made in God's image? Shall we not feel pain if we violate any of the Divine requirements? I want you should write me, and explain particularly in regard to the foregoing. JUSTIN LILLO.

DR. CHILD'S ANSWER.

MR. DEAN BARNARD.—I dare not ask for space in the precious columns of the Banner to answer your questions as I desire, and as it is perhaps necessary to make my views appear reasonable and intelligible. I doubt not that the questions that have come up to your mind are the questions that a thousand have silently asked on the subject that now agitates the minds of all who love the truth of modern spiritual revelation, viz., the question of the existence of real evil.

I will answer your questions the best I can in a few words. You ask, "What is a means of the development of the soul?" I cannot reasonably and philosophically give you an answer to this question, viz., what we call the evil deeds of men, are the legitimate effects of the soul's development; what we call the good deeds of men are the same. The soul is mightier than the effects of its growth, and is, consequently, not governed by what it produces. The soul is governed by the unseen currents of God's love: it is fed by streams of spirit influx, unseen by mortal eye, coming from a source above itself. The soul is ever living, ever active, ever growing, ever developing, under this unseen influence. In the past we have believed that what the soul produces—viz., good deeds and bad deeds—influenced its development, and in so doing we have only taken an effect for a cause. The deeds of every human soul, whether good or bad, are the effects of the development of that soul, lawfully, and perfectly in keeping with the conditions of the soul that produced them, which deeds are neither a means that can develop the soul, nor a means that can retard its development. The soul, we say, is above the material world; it is immortal; if so, it cannot be influenced by the material world; it cannot be influenced by doctrines and beliefs, by earthly teachings or earthly actors.

You say, "If I follow your meaning, you claim that man cannot help acting as he does act, and is not to blame for his acts." I can precisely state: no law of nature can be controverted, stayed, altered or broken. There is no human deed without a cause, and no cause that is not grasped by a law of nature.

There is a power above the human soul over which the soul has no control. That power gave its existence and continues its existence. Let that power cease to act and the soul's existence ceases. The soul did not conceive itself, or give itself birth; neither does it sustain itself and continue its existence. We must acknowledge that there is a ruling hand in human life, as there is in all life; that hand sustains, supports, directs and guides us, and

"In each event of life we clear That ruling hand is here."

Who made the soul with its conditions? and who made the laws that govern it? We acknowledge that God did these things, and that he is everywhere, and is all-wisdom, all-power and all-love. If these be the attributes of God, what can exist outside of himself? Man neither creates his condition nor the laws that govern his condition. God holds every man in his own hand, more surely and lovingly than a mother holds her infant baby in her bosom. A Divine hand made human conditions, and a stern demand of nature makes every man do what he does; act as he acts; and a higher condition of human life will not see nor attribute any blame to the so-called evil actions of men. Charity accepteth all things; beloveth all things. There surely is a point of progress to which the soul will attain, wherefrom it shall see no blame; it shall know no condemnation; then it shall see more of God than it now does in his earthly existence; then it will see the hand of God in itself as palpably as in heaven; in low life as necessary as in high life; in darkness as in light. The pure in heart shall see God everywhere. When we are met and woman grown in spirit, we shall not condemn the babyhood of our existence. The soul comes up through all the gradations of human development, from the worst evil, to the highest virtue, in its progress. When it has passed the temptation of an evil, its blame and condemnation for the commission of that evil in other cases—not before. It is then a man sees the hand of God in an evil; and it is no longer an evil in its consequences to him; for he has passed by natural growth, a purer order, and his charity for those who come to him is perfect.

You speak of lying, stealing, murdering and other heinous crimes, and ask if man is to blame for committing them? Where shall we go for authority on this subject? Let us go to the volume of nature—the truest word of God revealed to humanity. Turn over her pages of truth, and what do we read there in answer to this question? Where shall we find, in the whole volume of this gigantic book, fresh from the hand of God, the chapter of blame and responsibility? Nowhere, nowhere—it is not there.

Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank matter which her instincts tell her how to use. This scale of being, holds a rank, which, to be, would break the chain, and leave behind a gap which Nature's self would rue.

Is there blame because these things are lower than human intelligence—lower than the purity and wisdom, and the beauty and love of angel life? No, there is no blame. Then if there is no blame here, there certainly is no blame for lower grades of human intelligence, compared with higher—lower conditions of morals, compared with higher conditions of virtues.

We turn to the page on which are written the criminal deeds of human beings, and we find that there is not one deed committed without a natural cause—every deed of which cause is a natural effect; and no effect in nature is produced contrary to her laws; consequently there is recorded no blame, no responsibility for a default in the Bible of nature, anywhere to be found.

Crime belongs to a low condition of human life, and every manifestation of crime is a harmful effect of the condition in which its cause exist. All the darker, lower steps on the ladder of human progress every soul has passed, or will pass. But in so doing, crime with every one, may not be pardoned in physical deeds, to be tangibly perceived. Yet the power to commit these crimes that humanity is heir to, is possessed, or will be, in the lower, darker degrees of human existence, by every one. You ask if the criminal is to blame for allowing himself to get into such a state of mind that he cannot help committing crimes?

For every condition existing in human life there have been causes of sufficient power to produce them; and those causes have lain back beyond the reach of every criminal.

The light of science now enables an expert physiologist, called by anatomy and physiology, as he goes through the wards of a State Prison, to tell to a positive certainty what the criminal deeds of each prisoner are. He can tell, too, if they are virtually innocent of the crime for which they were sentenced. He can tell unerringly, as has been done in many cases recently, the prisoner who has committed rape, murder, theft, arson, forgery, etc. All this he tells by the temperament of the prisoner, and the formation of his brain and its developments. The brain is a natural development; it is formed by nature, and it grows by the infusing of nature's unseen currents.

Before a child is born, it has the direction and the latent power of its destination already created—and a man will follow the bent of his natural inclinations in defiance of all the litanies of the church, and the "deeply religious" can paint before his vision. A man is natural, and he follows nature to his spirit, in spite of all that human lips can utter; and he cannot help so doing. Man runs as nature to do the deeds of human life that he does do, as the stream runs on its course to the place of its destination, obedient to the laws of nature. The stream may meet obstructions, and be turned a little in its onward course, and so may man; but both; governed by unchangeable laws, and onward to their destination.

Where lies the blame in the poor criminal, for that condition of life that made him commit crime? I know no blame. God has made him what he is, and if his chains make him act and suffer, I would to God that my sympathy was big enough to make me act and suffer too, until his chains are broken.

broken. For the criminal I know no demerit, and for the virtuous I know no merit. If the seeds of holiness have been planted in his soul, oh, God! I pray that they may bud and bloom in companionship for the criminal, and not in blame or condemnation for him. Efforts to do good are, to me, beautiful, pleasant, and delightful, and the conflicts of aim are as painful to me, and are as unpleasant to my longings for happiness, as to you, my dear brother; but I desire to see life as it is, created and held by an unseen hand, that works out good forever. I desire to speak of things as they are; to recognize the hand of God in all, not in part, of his works, and to have faith in his wisdom, power, and love; to have confidence that we are cherished for good; and without this consciousness of what we call evil, a means is waiting in the plan for the fulfillment of the great purpose of life.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. KINGMAN KNOTT.

Dearest Minister, who was so loved as none wills basking in the sun at North Andover, N. H. His last exclamation being, "How beautiful the sky is!" BY MARIA E. DIBBER.

"It is mid-day, and the sultry sun, bright With chasing clouds of blue and flaming white, Sees but a couch for minutes' resting rest, Asks on their flight for minutes' rest, bringing great messages of love from the great source— Who, in his grace divine, remembered all— The weeping children of his earthly court; And with a father's watchful eye, with The humblest servant at his holy shrine. The tiny souls sparkle on the shore, And pebbles washed by surges of his love, Are nesting now in ocean's arms, with The chime of waters on their heaving breast, Respond to Nature's hymn. A holy hush In the world's air—the little globe is still, While flutter in the sky with busy wing, Have ceased their motion, and securely hid Beneath the sheltering folds of the snow. Bare not intrude upon the stillness here, The birds have ceased their carol, and to the dark depths of shaded woods withdrawn With heads beneath their wings are bowed in prayer; The rippling water, as it laps the shore, Murmurs an anthem to its Maker, God, And Echo, stealing from the rocks around, Bends or the earth a new created sound— In sympathy with nature's sweetest strain, The music heart of him who stands alone Upon the sea-girt, sandy shore. His soul

Is saved by this vast quietude: The break of waters comes with maddening thrill, And rashes the chain that bound him here to earth, As heaving waves roared, his thoughts intense— Seen borne across the ocean's bosom To distance dim, where but the fitting light Of faith reveals strange scenes of beauty to His agonized gaze; and his whole soul illumed In the sunlight air, that heaves above; His step is faltering now, with thoughts sublime Which fill his soul; and in the void of light The floating wings of spirits on his air— Breathes over his mind the mystic strains of love; Low tones celestial chiming on his ear— Unearthly music borne his mind in prayer. Oh, for the tattered wings to wait him up On high, away from earth, and from below, He'd drink from childhood the deep dra

received the sum of two dollars; and also two I received, about the same time, from other persons...

"Instruction" amongst them as long as possible. I was compelled to go, but with bitter regret at my inability...

Letter from Mrs. Townsend. Dear Banner—Last year and your readers should have known that such a little busy-body as myself...

those satisfactory, or no charge. Terms within the reach of all. He will lecture every Sunday, and at other times...

Mrs. E. M. B. METZLER. PSYCHO-METRIC EXAMINATIONS. With all the diagnostic and therapeutic suggestions required by the patient...

New York Advertisements.

VEGETABLE POWDERS. This medicine has been proved to be the best remedy in use for the relief of persons suffering from HEMORRHOIDS...

Spiritualism in the South.

Editors of the Banner of Light. Gentlemen—Your correspondents in this section of country are few, yet your pages are highly appreciated...

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. E. M. B. METZLER. Allow me to relate a singular incident. Some months since, a man died in a city, after a protracted illness...

OBITUARIES.

Passed to a higher life on North Ridgewill, Ohio, Oct. 15th, 1885, TERRAZZA, daughter of Lewis and Coritha Daily, aged six years and six months.

Boston Advertisements.

DR. C. CLINTON BEERS. ELECTRO-PYCHO-METRIC PHYSICIAN AND HEALER. By means of my hands and other appliances...

ORIENTAL BATHS.

AT NO. 4 BOURNE AVENUE, N. Y.—Elegant Suite of Rooms, open daily, from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M. (Sundays excepted) Ladies' Department under the special charge of Mrs. French.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the Banner, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

OBITUARIES.

No bitter tears for her he shed, No grief she to spirit realm hath gone; For her glowing spirit had been freed, Our ever blest departed one.

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OBITUARIES.

Passed on to the spirit-world, January 17th, GARDNER (deceased), aged 42 years. She was a beautiful woman, and a devoted wife and mother.

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