

—too happy, too happy. Miss Bertha, do good angels be camped roundabout us, and I seem to see dew white wings spread over do house. I 'fraid de wicked angels peep in, jes' like de skunk into my hen-coops."

He had feelings similar to Mammie June's; but I supposed my own sad heart had given its gloomy hue to my thoughts.

Mammie June went out, but soon returned with some warm mulled wine, which she made me take, and then said I must go right to bed. Thanks to her care, no gloomy dreams disturbed my sleep.

The morning came, but not Mr. Harper. At night I sought Mammie June, whose fears were now wrought up intensely.

"Ho's sick, Miss Bertha—he will die. He must have Mammie June. What will we do? I reckon Miss Mary is sick, too."

"She is very calm, Mammie June. She trusts in God."

"De blessed child! But do trust do n't keep do heart-ache away, Jim did n't get no letters. Miss Bertha, I reckon we must do something."

But Mammie June was anticipated. Our prompt, impulsive Addie had decided what to do. She had ordered Jim to be in readiness the next morning to take her to the stage-house. She would go to Washington.

There was no sleep that night for Mammie June. We had persuaded Addie to retire early, that she might be prepared for her journey. A fire had been kept burning all day in Mr. Harper's room. Mammie June had been sitting there to watch it. I went in and amused myself awhile in looking over some pencil sketches made by Mr. Harper when he was in Europe. There was a very fine one of the old cathedral in Lincoln, England, and of the ancient castle there, and part of a street. I looked at it with interest, as associated with Mary's birth-place. I showed it to Mammie June.

"See there, Mammie; that is a picture of the place where Miss Lincoln was born."

She looked at it a long time.

"It is in the old country, Mammie."

"Yes, yes, Miss Bertha—I know. She's come of good blood. Do n't Mammie know by do foot, and de hand, and de step on do floor? It is well, because Massa James has some pride in his big heart. He got it from his mother's milk. Sometimes I think maybe he carries it too far. De Harpers are 'fraid some one come in dere family dat ain't like de good old Virginny race."

The clock struck twelve. I rose to go.

"Please, Miss Bertha, stop one minute. I heard a tramp, tramp, along de road. It sounds like a horse. Hark! It comes nearer. Ah, me! If it should be dat rider on de pale horse! I've looked for him two days and nights."

The sound became more distinct. It came nearer and nearer, till we heard it along the avenue; and then, turning a little from the house, toward the servants' quarters.

Mammie's ears were quickened by her fear. Her face brightened.

"Ah, Miss Bertha, if it be de pale horse, he only arter one ob de niggers. I so relieved!"

I could n't help smiling, though I must say I had forebodings lest we had indeed the messenger of evil near us. I was going to the door. Mammie stopped me.

"No, no, Miss Bertha—when de pale horse comes, neber let him see you."

I drew back, but we heard a voice:

"Holloa! Jim, here, take care of this horse. Rub him down well; he has been hard ridden."

Mammie June clapped her hands, and shouted "Glory!" as if she were in a camp meeting.

"It is Massa Jim! It is Massa James! How lucky I got dat nice chicken ready to broil!" And she disappeared to her royal dominion, the kitchen.

I left the room to go up stairs, but I had hardly opened the door, when I met Mr. Harper. The bright light of the fire, on which Mammie had just thrown fresh fuel, and that of the candlebras, fell full on his face. I was startled, for it was pale, and worn, and haggard. He must have been ill or in trouble. He was surprised to see me, but his usual gallantry prevailed.

"Good evening, Miss Bertha. Is Addie up?"

"No, sir; she retired early. We have all been anxious about you, and Addie had decided to go to Washington to-morrow. Mammie June has been much troubled; and not being very sleepy myself, I have sat here with her. She seems superstitious."

"Yes, the colored race are very much so. Are you all well?"

"Yes, sir."

"All well in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir. We came from Madame Green's this evening."

What could there be in my words to pain him? The deadly paleness of his face increased, and I heard something like a half-suppressed groan. I bade him good-night, and he asked me not to call Addie. He would see her early in the morning.

I sat down in "Sleepy Hollow," and mused awhile. Shadows, shadows, everywhere!

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES.

By S. B. BRITTAN.

"He is the best Physician who most alleviates the sufferings of mankind."

CHAPTER I.

SEANATHA METTLER—Her early unwillingness to be publicly known—Personal sacrifices—30,000 examinations—The people satisfied—How Science alleviates suffering—The achievements of the Faculty, recorded on innumerable tables of stone—Success inspires confidence—Psychometry—Psycho-physiology—Clairvoyance, etc.

Some ten years since Mrs. Mettler was unknown to the world. Only the few persons who composed the little circle in which she moved—and by whom she was cordially beloved—had ever breathed her name. She had an ardent desire to remain in the same obscurity, and her sensitive nature was instinctively disposed to shrink from contact with the rude, incredulous and thoughtless world. At length when the force of circumstances, and especially the gradual development of her remarkable powers, began to index the opening future, and to dimly foreshadow the duties and responsibilities of her life, she was filled with emotions of mingled doubt and apprehension. The writer of this was an interested witness of the mental struggle that ensued, and well remembers how constantly she endeavored to escape from the wide arena of public observation, and sought (only because she dreaded notoriety) to limit the exercise and even the knowledge of her powers to the little circle of her fireside and immediate friends.

But, in the course of human events, Providence selects appropriate instruments for beneficent purposes, often choosing the weak and irresolute among men to confound the wise and the brave. Humanity demanded the exercise of Mrs. Mettler's faculties, and by degrees her native timidity was overcome by the importunity of friends and her own lively sympathy for suffering humanity. She yielded to a sense of duty, and—trembling betwixt hope and fear—she at length determined to consecrate her life to the work which imperatively called for the exercise of her powers. It certainly required a strong motive and no little resolution to prompt this step, and especially to actualize the purpose of the mind and heart. The sweet retirement of private life and the solace of undisturbed repose—so precious to every person of acute sensibilities—were to be sacrificed for a life of constant solicitude. Her house was to be made a public thoroughfare; she was expected to retire daily from the sphere of her outward relations and enjoyments, and thus to sacrifice a large portion of her waking life; she must be willing to be constantly immersed in the impure emanations from diseased bodies, and have her own peace of mind left to depend—in no small degree—on the welfare of all who might be pleased to seek her presence or assistance. With what scrupulous fidelity she has discharged the obligations incident to her place and profession, let those answer to whom she has been a minister of hope and health and life.

Ten years have now transpired since Mrs. Mettler came before the public. During this period not less than three years of the world's waking existence have been a blank to her. So much of her time she has spent in the magnetic trance and in the exercise of her clairvoyant vision. During her daily transfigurations—within the period first named—she has made 30,000 examinations of diseased persons. Of these nearly all have resulted in relief to the patient; many,

almost hopeless victims of disease and malpractice, have been effectually cured; while—so far as is known—not even ten persons have, publicly or otherwise, expressed dissatisfaction with the general results of her clairvoyant examinations. The fault-finders, with scarcely an exception, have been the poor slaves of popular prejudice, too ignorant to express or to have an intelligent opinion, too full of self-conceit to discover the merits of others, and withal too blindly attached to their exploded dogmas to be willing to so much as witness an exhibition of Mrs. M.'s powers. And yet her success has, perhaps, no parallel among the practitioners of her class. Of course it would be quite useless to look for the proofs of a similar success in the records of the Medical Profession. To be sure the scientific but unskillful doctors, no doubt, release a great number from their sufferings every year. [Those who would make a proper estimate of the cures wrought by them, are respectfully referred—for matter-of-fact information—to the books of the undertakers, and likewise to the long lists of names that constantly appear in the newspapers, under the head of obituary notices.] Probably more people have been sent to heaven by the Medical Profession than by the mere profession of religion. In numerous instances the representatives of accredited science have been put to shame by Mrs. Mettler's disclosures respecting the original cause, the particular seat, the precise nature, and the ultimate result of a disease, when these were previously all unknown by the afflicted parties, and not to be detected by ordinary professional sagacity.

By the constant and successful use of her faculties Mrs. M. has very naturally acquired a degree of confidence, and no longer exhibits the reluctance that characterized her early experience. Owing to her extraordinary success, her name has found its way into almost every city and hamlet in the United States, and scattered abroad all over the continent are the people who rise up and call her blessed; for when they were ready to perish she visited them, and a spirit of healing went with her. Many have found in her touch, a soothing, pain-destriving power; the languid pulses leap, and the expiring hopes of multitudes have revived in her presence; and a subtle, mysterious energy has often been imparted to the very springs of life. It is not, of course, pretended that she is an infallible oracle; that her impressions are to be received with implicit confidence, or that she has discovered the art of making mankind immortal in the flesh. Whoever claims such gifts for any human being is neither an enlightened philosopher, a prudent counselor, nor a true friend. As imperfection of necessity belongs to all human gifts and faculties, and is inseparable from mundane conditions, only they are truly wise who are conscious of their weakness while they realize their power.

The writer could easily fill a volume with well-authenticated facts, illustrative of Mrs. Mettler's various and extraordinary gifts. Her clairvoyant examinations of the sick, and her psychometrical delineations of character, afford many of the most convincing proofs of her susceptibility to the most varied and delicate, yet reliable impressions from the physical, mental, and moral conditions of others; whilst many of the examples of her psycho-physiological and therapeutic powers, have rarely been equalled since the times of the early Christian Apostles. Without even attempting a complete classification or any nice metaphysical or technical distinctions, I propose to place on record, in this connection, some of the remarkable facts which have been developed in the course of Mrs. Mettler's professional experience. In the accomplishment of my present object these may very properly be comprehended in three general classes, as follows:—

1. DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER—from information derived from autography, and through the channels of psychometric perception.

2. PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL CURES—wrought through the agency of the will and the hands; or the equilibration of the Electro-vital forces by volition and magnetic manipulations.

3. CLAIRVOYANT REVELATIONS; or the discovery—by interior or spiritual sight—of organic and physiological conditions, mental states, and moral qualities, together with objective forms, natural phenomena, incidental occurrences and local circumstances—all of which may be remote from the seer, both with respect to time and place. The facts disclosed in the succeeding chapters are not only sufficient to rebuke the popular skepticism, but they should likewise humble the arrogant and unfounded pretences of many who claim to belong to the scientific classes in society. The ideas and the institutions of ages, and those who have entertained and defended them, are on trial to-day before the august tribunal. The theories and systems which once were cherished as the constitutional embodiment of all human and divine wisdom, even now depart to mingle with the residuum of dead and forgotten things. As the great trial proceeds, the public confidence in the popular system of Medicine is being shaken; and the practitioners who once fancied they had a secure footing, already find that what appeared like solid ground, moves beneath their feet, and gives sensible signs of passing away. Our old pathological treatises, and the ancient pharmacopoeia, are beginning to be especially interesting as the fossil remains of obsolete ideas, preserved as carefully as the old bones in the Medical Colleges, which they otherwise much resemble in their freedom from the principles of essential life.

CHAPTER II.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER—Dr. Buchanan—Portraits of Distinguished Characters—Prof. E. I. Sears—Influence of the Autograph of a Murderer—Mr. Gallier, of New Orleans—No Impressions from blank paper—Test of the Infant Child—Reading the Lords and the Literati—Impressions from a Telescope—The Autograph of a Psychologist—Portraits of Kosuth—A Spirit-communication in "an unknown tongue"—Thomas L. Harris, Dante and the "Inferno."

The capacity of certain impressible persons to perceive, by an exquisite power of cognition, or semi-spiritual sensation, the general and particular characteristics of unknown persons, by merely holding their autographs in the hand, or against the forehead, has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of numerous experimental observers. Dr. J. R. BUCHANAN was the first and most scientific investigator in this department, and his observations and experiments form a large portion of the early history of Psychometry. This faculty—which, in numerous instances, may be wisely employed and with great practical advantages, is possessed by Mrs. Mettler, in an unusual degree. By placing a sealed letter against her forehead she is able to establish a sympathetic rapport with the writer, when she immediately becomes receptive of impressions from his mind and respecting his character. We have subjected her powers—as manifested in this particular phase of psychical phenomena—to numerous trials, and the results, with scarcely a remembered exception, have been highly satisfactory. Some seven years since the writer published in his *SHIRKINAH* the Psychometrical Portraits of Prof. George Bush, Theodore Parker, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Virgil C. Taylor, Horace Greeley, Isaac T. Hopper, Thomas H. Green, Sarah Helen Whitman, Alice Cary, and other distinguished persons. The letters from which Mrs. Mettler gave the psychometrical delineations referred to, were carefully sealed before they were forwarded to her, and they were subsequently returned to the present writer with the seals unbroken, accompanied in each case with a transcript of her impressions in her own language. The names of the parties, whose characters were thus submitted to her inspection, were first disclosed to Mrs. M. when the delineations were published.

On one occasion the writer of this submitted a letter just received from Prof. E. I. Sears, the New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, who is widely known as a facile, graceful and forcible writer. [I may observe in passing that Professor Sears has long been an able contributor to a number of the more influential secular papers—in the Eastern, Western and Southern sections of the Union—to say nothing of his frequent and more elaborate contributions to the *Journal of Education*, as well as to several Popular Magazines and Literary Reviews. By his classical attainments; his familiarity with several modern languages; his varied, extensive and practical information; as also by his genial spirit and unaffected liberality, Professor Sears has done much to improve the moral tone and to elevate the literary standard of American Journalism.] At the time the letter referred to was submitted to the psychometrical ordeal, I had no personal acquaintance with Professor Sears, and Mrs. Mettler had never even heard of that gentleman. However, faith in Psychometry and confidence in the powers of Mrs. M. induced the determination to give publicity to her impressions, without waiting to have them confirmed by information communicated through the ordinary channels. Accordingly, the Portrait was published in the *Spiritual Telegraph* of the date of Oct. 15th, 1853. Immediately after it appeared, the following polite acknowledgment, of the fidelity of the picture, was received from the gentleman whose mental and moral likeness was appropriately set in the Psychometrist's description:—

New York, Oct. 18, 1853.

PROF. S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir,—In the *Telegraph* of last Saturday I was agreeably sur-

prised to find a "Psychometrical Portrait of myself, from the pen—as I presume from your introductory remarks—of the highly gifted Mrs. J. R. Mettler. I have read the portrait carefully, and, for truth's sake, feel bound to say that, while I cannot pretend to deserve the very high estimate which the lady has given of my character and faculties, (without, as you observe, having known ought about me except through the medium of a letter she had not read,) my friends, as well as myself, have been astonished at the fidelity with which she has portrayed my peculiarities.

Were I a believer in "Spiritual Intercourse," I probably should not wonder so much; but I am not—never have been; although I have always read your paper with deep interest, and have sincerely admired the ability and talent with which it has been conducted. How to account, therefore, for Mrs. Mettler's truthfulness, in regard to my disposition, habits, etc., I am utterly at a loss. Of this, however, I am convinced, that let what may inspire her—let it be "light from Heaven," or from the disembodied, inspiration she certainly has—no one can read her sparkling sentences and graphic pictures, without the consciousness of being *en rapport* with a superior mind.

Permit me, dear sir, to express my best thanks to you for the large space you have devoted to your talented journal to this highly complimentary portrait; and should a convenient opportunity present itself, I should feel under a still deeper sense of obligation, by your telling Mrs. Mettler how highly I appreciate the distinction with which she has honored me.

Believe me, with friendly respect,

Your obedient servant,

E. I. SEARS.

The writer once placed in the hand of Mrs. Mettler the autograph of a man who had taken the life of his own child. She at first described—in broken sentences—the confusion of her mind, and the strange, bewildering, and painful sensations in her head, exhibiting, at the same time, strong indications of delirium. This was succeeded by violent gesticulations, a convulsed action of the whole system, and signs of strangulation. Then lucid moments supervened, when the muscles were relaxed, the disposition became childlike, a sweet smile played over the features, and the whole manner and spirit were gentle and devotional. Again, the wild paroxysm—like a sudden tempest—swept over the soul and the countenance. For some time fearful convulsions and brief seasons of placidity and apparent exhaustion alternated like succeeding waves of light and darkness, when the right hand—which had hitherto held the autograph with a preternatural grasp—was, all at once, relaxed; the offensive object was violently thrown from her, and the spell was broken.

On one occasion a carefully sealed envelope was received by Dr. Mettler, with a note requesting that the envelope and its contents might be submitted to Mrs. M. for her inspection. It was at length returned with the acknowledgment that the character could not be discovered. Mrs. Mettler having received no impressions while holding the letter. It was subsequently ascertained that the envelope contained a piece of blank paper. At another time Mr. James Gallier, a wealthy gentleman, whose residence is in New Orleans, forwarded sixteen letters to the Doctor, for his wife to psychometize. Delineations of character were given in every case *save one*. The exception was a closely sealed package from which Mrs. M. could obtain no impression. Her mind was a blank; and she observed to her husband, that the person was either an idiot, or, for some other reason, exhibited no development of mind. The letters—all numbered and with the seals unbroken, together with a record of the impressions desired from each—the portraits being numbered correspondingly—were returned by mail to New Orleans. On the receipt of the package, Mr. Gallier invited a number of his friends to meet him at the residence of his son. When the party had assembled, commencing with number one, he proceeded—without mentioning names—to read the several psychometrical descriptions, in each case leaving it for the company to decide as to which person—of their number or within the circle of their acquaintance—the portrait belonged. Fifteen portraits were in this manner examined, and the letter bearing corresponding numbers laid aside. The remaining letter, from which no impression could be obtained, remained to be disposed of. On breaking the seal, it was found to contain a sheet of paper whereon an infant child—only six months old—had made some singular pencil lines and scratches!

Many other psychometrical descriptions of distinguished public characters have from time to time appeared in the *Hartford Times*, *Spiritual Age*, *Telegraph*, and other public journals. Among the number, the portraits of Charles Dickens, Daniel Webster, Lydia Maria Child, and several other noted statesmen and popular authors may be remembered. Some time since the editor of the *Hartford Times*, having obtained autographs from three very prominent men in the Old World—which he enclosed and sealed in separate envelopes—submitted them to Mrs. Mettler. The personal, intellectual, moral, and social characteristics of each were so accurately described, that an intelligent gentleman, to whose judgment they were submitted, instantly recognized the likenesses, saying as he examined them—"This is Lord Brougham," "this is Ashburton," "and this is D'Israeli," and there are remarkable points in each."

At the same time a letter written in the Connecticut State Prison, by a man convicted of burglary and an attempt to kill, was handed to Mrs. M., whereupon she remarked:

"The sphere of this writer is unpleasant; he has a double character; that is, he has much secretiveness, and is not just what he appears to be. He has conscientiousness, but it does not control him; he loves to read poetry—can write poetry tolerably well; he dwells a great deal upon home and the scenes of his childhood—indeed more than upon any other subject; he has a great love of order, is odd in his expressions, but his general character is not pleasant!"

Of this case, the editor of the *Times* says:

"I had not read the letter, but had liberty to do so. In it was a request that his mother would send him a volume of poems, and some worsted shirts of a certain color; then followed four well-written stanzas on the 'HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD.' This letter was written with an extraordinary regard for order, every comma, semicolon, period, dash, apostrophe, and hyphen, was in its place, and some of his ideas were oddly enough expressed."

Written for the Banner of Light.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

A SAD MISTAKE.

OR, "THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU."

You have all thought about Heaven, and wish to know something about it. Perhaps you think Heaven is a far off place, where you cannot go until you leave this world, but Jesus says that *Heaven is within us*. If you wonder how that can be, I will try and make it plain to you. Heaven is a place of happiness, made so by goodness, and the child that is good and happy knows about the Heaven Jesus tells of. I dare say, some of you think you could be very good if you had all you wish to have. Perhaps some of you think that if you had all the beautiful playthings you wish, you would always be happy; and some think fine clothes, and sweetmeats, and candies, would make them the happiest girls and boys that could be found; but all these things, and every beautiful thing we can have, will not really help us to be happy unless our hearts are happy, and that can only be by goodness. If you are gentle, and kind, and loving, then wherever you are, whether you have much or little, you will find true happiness in your spirits, and will know about Heaven.

I will tell you of a man who thought fine things would make children happy. He had plenty of money, and wished to do good, so he said to himself, "I will try and make the world happier. I think people will become very good if they have all that they need. I will build a nice house, and put beautiful things in it, and make every thing lovely about it, and then I will place in it those who have no fine things, and I will see if I cannot make some people learn about Heaven."

He built his house, and adorned it; he furnished it with rich carpets, and elegant chairs, and tables; he hung beautiful pictures on the walls, and arranged vases and statues. He also fitted up rooms purposely for children, and placed in them everything that children could ask for. There were little baby-houses for girls, and hoops and balls for boys; and there were books of all kinds, with gay pictures and pleasant stories. He had play grounds, with swings, and with little yards for pet animals; he brought dogs, and horses, and goats,

and birds in cages, that the children might have something to love; he also planted a garden with every kind of sweet and gay flowers. When all was done, he said to himself, "Now, who can help being happy here? I will find some people to live here who have none of these things, and I will look upon their pleasure, and think how beautiful a place Heaven is." He thought that Heaven was somewhere besides in the heart.

He soon found people enough who thought they could be very happy if they could live in so fine a house, and have so many fine things; he did not think to learn whether they had good, kind hearts, but chose rather those that had handsome faces and sweet names. The children belonging to the family were called Ellen, Clara, Theo and Frank. They were immediately furnished with an abundance of fine clothes, silk dresses, and bright ribbons, velvet and broadcloth garments. It was the beautiful summer when they entered their new home, the flowers were blooming, and the fruit was ripening.

Now these little children had not happy hearts; they had always been discontented and fretful; they were quarrelsome and fault-finding. In a few days after they had entered their beautiful home, if you could have seen the change that had taken place since the first day, you would understand how little good beautiful things can do for those who have not a spirit of beauty within them. The carpets were covered with sand and faded flowers, the vases were broken, the books were torn, the play-house was a scene of confusion; Master Frank had cut open the arms of Miss Clara's doll, to see what they were stuffed with; Ellen had broken Theo's hoop; on the rocking-horse was one of the little girl's dresses, torn and soiled, and in the corner lay the boys' boots and coats, looking hardly fit to be worn.

Now let us look in the garden, and try to find the children. Frank is chasing the goat over the beds of flowers, and beating him with a stick; Theo is throwing stones at Bruno, the dog; Clara and Ellen are contending with each other for the swing, and the words you will hear are, "I will," "you sha'n't," "go along," "be still." In a month from the time these children came into this fine place no one would have known it was the same, and they looked no better than when they ran the streets without a home. Their hands and faces were not clean, their clothes were torn, and their hair tangled.

"Alas," said their unwise friend who had placed them there, "how little like the Heaven I hoped to make for these children does this place seem. Am I to think that all the good things of this world will not make people happy?"

These children had no Heaven in their souls, and they could not make any place beautiful, but changed everything to make it as much like their own disordered spirits as possible. They were selfish, and so they were not kind to each other; they were cruel, and so they injured their pets; they were untidy, and so they tore and soiled their garments; they did not love to study, and so they injured their books. *Heaven was not within them*. Suppose the children had been gentle and kind, would there not have been something there more beautiful than the flowers, better than the garments, lovelier than all the lovely things to be seen? I want you to think about these children, and if any of you have any of their bad habits, I want you to remember that you cannot know about Heaven until you break yourself of them, and become really good.

Next week I will tell you of some little children who found that Heaven which Jesus tells of.

AMY'S DREAM.

Little Amy laid her head
One summer's night upon her bed,
At times the shadows creep;
And soon her quivering eye-lash fell,
And as she felt night's witching spell,
She gently fell asleep.

For she had wandered all the day
Beside the pond and brook at play,
Nor knew of weariness;
But now her happy spirit kept,
The while her willing body slept,
Its conscious thoughtfulness.

She culled, that day, her apron full
Of pretty flowers; she reached to pull
The far-off lilies, too;
She talked to fishes in the brook,
And in high nests she tried to look
When off the old bird flew.

She strung on grass the berries red,
She hunted shells in the sandy bed,
And chased the thistle down;
She made a frog take nimble leap,
And picked soft ferns in a book to keep,
And pinned with thorns her gown.

And all the while her heart was full
Of happy thoughts; she did not pull
A flower without a song;
In every living thing she saw
Some tender, hopeful wish of love,
Nor thought of hate or wrong.

And as she closed her eyes she prayed;
Not many words of prayer she said,
But, "Let thy kingdom come!"
And she was wondering if a day
In blessed heaven, where God had away,
Could be like this at home.

It was not strange, then, that she dreamed
Of bright, glad things, or that it seemed
She lived in "the happy land,"
She thought she saw the birds and flowers,
She thought she lived life's merry hours,
But with an angel band.

"How came I to this land?" she said,
"Tis just like home—this place I tread—
And yet I know 't is heaven;
And here are birds and flowers the same,
Only they bear a sweeter name,
And a brighter hue is given."

And I am Amy, the same girl
Who loves the dance, and all the whirl
Of a merry play at school;
Do tell me what this heaven is,
Or if 't is heaven at all—all this,
Like earth where angels rule?"

"Yes, these are flowers," an angel said,
"And birds and soft sky over head,
With only brighter sheen;
And you, an angel just like us,
Yet love the gladness none the less,
Or the birds, and flowers, and stream."

And we will tell you what it means;
All this heaven of your dreams,
So like to earthly homes;
Heaven will be, to loving souls,
What the loving heart unfolds
When to heaven it comes.

You live amid all earthly things;
For us a brighter glory flings
Its light around the day;
But all our joys can be for you
When you are good, and kind, and true,
And love like ours has away."

Then Amy learned that all the heaven
That ever could be found or given,
Must be within the soul;
For angels only had the bliss
Of homes not brighter far than this,
If love all hearts could rule.

True.—Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

The man who loves his fellow-men—The king of the Cannibal Islands.

Banner of Light.

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BEING AND SEEMING.

Hamlet may have sounded a profounder depth in his own mind, when he gave utterance to that immortal soliloquy, commencing—"To be, or not to be"—than learned interpreters suppose. He may not have been thinking of existence merely, a state of being, of living on the surface of this planet, but likewise of a life that is genuine and harmonious, healthy and at all points consistent, actual and not professional and pretentious. His "to be" might have stood out in strong contrast, in his mind, against the *seem*,—or the "not to be." For to seem is as much death and negation as "not to be." It is, in truth, the same thing.

Simplicity is the first proof of excellence. Directness offers us the primary pledge of truth. Where we see so much inland or overlaid work, we are very apt to suspect that this work is all. Where men are solicitous chiefly about appearances, their work cannot of course be as thorough or as enduring. Speciousness goes to the charge of quality; and a beautiful surface, unless organic, only detracts so much from the value of the whole.

It is difficult, we know, to enlarge on this topic at all, without being more or less didactic. It is easier to touch the matter with the aid of illustration. For we may declaim against hollowiness till our words and phrases shall seem to be nothing else themselves; but if we can point a moral with our example, its immediate effect cannot fail to be more marked, and it holds out the additional promise of being longer remembered.

Our modern society, unfortunately, offers fewer illustrations of being than of seeming to be. Within that charmed circle—to many—the men and women of pretension find it easiest to go. Perhaps even they will not admit the fact; but it is one, nevertheless. There the habit is, not to search out the hidden and valuable qualities of a person, but to find out what amount of jewelry they wear; not if they possess purity of character, but if their diamonds are of the first water; not if they are of sterling worth, but if they are worth a hundred thousand dollars.

Hence follow shams; springing up as thickly as toad-stools in the night. Hence come pretensions, of the boldest and baldest character. Thus professions pass current for deeds, because they are easier put forth, and are found to be a little more convenient if they will only answer as well. Out of this rise assumptions of every stripe and hue, that seek not to find what is of worth in others so much as to get the better of them, whatever they may be worth. The facility with which fortunes are made in this active age of commerce only aggravates the complaint, because it helps those who have them to purchase all those countless robes, insignias, trappings, and uniform, by which the genuine dignity is chiefly manifested to common eyes. Therefore money comes at length to stand for all—the means and adjunct; for the end; and he who has the funds is thought more of than he who makes the noblest use of them.

It is not less so in other respects, as well as in those which appertain to society merely. All departments of life, all characters of men, all shades of belief, are alike infected with the mania for seeming. It is found to work well as an experiment, and so its practice is kept up. Once become popular, and it has achieved the standard of authority. With the prestige of fashion, it is easily able to work its way anywhere. There is just as much pretension, or shamming, in literature as in other matters. Our modern books—alas! what do the bulk of them amount to? Who reads them to remember them? or if remember, then how much is retained? We rejoice at least over the fact of increased intellectual activity which they demonstrate, but we must still deplore that activity is not action, any more than the play of lightning on summer evenings is warmth. There is so much show and sham; so much gilt and tinted paper; there are so many high-sounding phrases, and so few kernels of thought in all the chaff! We write before we get experience. We tell before we know. We publish that we may sell and make much money, not because our souls are full and must find relief only in pouring their riches out into others' laps. There is an empty vanity to shine, to attract attention, to draw down remark. We wish to have people point to us as having written a book that sold to the extent of so many tens or hundreds of thousands, rather than as having scattered so many golden grains of seed. Yet we may hope that eventually this evil will cure itself; it may be said to be doing so already, and because it is amenable to the sense of the great public, instead of to the whims and pretences of a little clan or coterie.

But in another department of life men are greater pretenders still; and that is in their religious walks. It sounds strangely, but the shock of such a statement can do no harm to those who secretly know how much truth there is in it. Here is the very point at which the world suffers the most; in this shallow deceit, respecting principle. When the foundations are decayed, the superstructure is in imminent danger. The danger cannot be infected here, without being in danger indeed. For the religious principle in the nature of a man is the fundamental principle; underlying all others, running its veins and arteries into all directions through the length and breadth of the being, and finally cropping out, like ore on the surface of the earth, above all circumstances and conditions into the sunlight of reality. Hence if a person is willing to try to deceive others here, he most fatally deceives himself. His hollow professions may pass now, but Time is the great critic, and will prove the steady avenger. It is impossible that we should long be different from what we seem; indeed, the very act of seeming in time comes to make us what we pretend. A hypocrite will betray it; perhaps not to-day, but then to-morrow. A mere professor will in due time show his hollowiness, and all he can do to prevent it will not matter.

There are good people in the churches, we make no doubt; but we insist that as good ones are to be found out of them. Were it so, all goodness would necessarily lie in the act of profession, which is not so. Therefore we would protest against laying the stress of judgment so much upon the profession as the *practice*,—the title as the act,—the seeming as the being. It is because so

much is thought of the pretence of a religious life, which is conveyed by church-membership, that there are so many hypocrites in the church; were it not so, even as human nature goes, there would be a much better chance of a uniform goodness and sincerity. We could not of course undertake to say that hypocrisy flourishes to any greater extent within the pale of the church than without; yet it certainly would be more likely to, where a partisan feeling, like that which rules ecclesiasticism, is admitted into the judgment, than where every individual's pretensions and professions must needs be made good on the spot, every day of his life, at all hours, and in all places.

Then how much power is lost in the work of seeming. It has been estimated that if a rogue took as much pains to succeed in an honest calling as he does to succeed in his roguery, he could not help reaching any mark of high achievement he chose. It is not less true, either, in the particular of which we are speaking; if a man would only concentrate the efforts he absolutely throws away, in pretending to be what he knows he is not, upon actually being what he pretends, he could not at once estimate the additional strength it would bring to his character. So much is wasted in these profitless externalities. So much of internal value decays because of its misapplication. So much actually dies within us, because we will not let it work out its own true character. Alas! when shall we all learn what is wisdom? that what is simple, and costs nothing, because it is entirely after nature, is also true and will abide to the very end of time? When shall we admit even to ourselves that there is no ring like that of the genuine coin sincerity?

But it is not that we may appear to others to be true, and simple, and sincere; here is the identical point where the fatal mistake begins—it is, primarily, that we may be thus and thus, and in the searching eye of our own knowledge and consciousness. We are the first and last censors. We pass judgment, after all others have done. Our own secret convictions are all that avail; there is no faith to be put in any others, for we may not know that they are so acute, so comprehensive and so sincere. The judgment-seat of every man is set up within his own heart; to that are dragged up all his actions, and the motives to all his actions, every hour of the day; not merely upon his own wish and pleasure, but whether he will or no. And from that thorough, searching, and final judgment, there is no appeal. We may think that if we can impose upon the world, we can get along well enough with that; but no idea is more erroneous. The truth is, we can practice deceit everywhere but in our own hearts; there the necessity lies that we should be direct and true.

If our own eyes served us, rather than the optics of other men, the chances would be ten to one—nay, a thousand to one—in favor of a greater truth and a larger individuality. How much we pay every year as a tax to foreign vision, surpasses even our own power of computation. It is enough to know that we can feel our mortification at times, in being made aware, as we certainly are, of our secondary and unimportant position; conscious, in fact, that we might be somewhat of ourselves, if we would stop thinking what other people thought about us. It is a truly heavy punishment for any one to bear—this same knowledge of his self-imposed inferiority—feeling aware how he throws out his own nature, which is all-sufficient for himself, that he may make room for a magnified and even a worthless fraction of somebody else. He who can endure this with equanimity, never repining that he has consented voluntarily to such dimensions, can truly say that his existence is never likely to be of any use to him.

The only man who may be said to live, is he who stands on his feet. There is no need of all this crouching and crouching, and nothing is made by it. We cannot possibly cheat anybody else, and we certainly cannot cheat ourselves. When we go into what is styled society, if society will not bear a noble and court-courtesy frankness, if we find it snubs mainly bearing, and sneers at truth-telling as a piece of veridicality, then we may make up our minds that society is not worth the trouble we had thought to bestow upon it; but we can thus decide without any mixture of sourness or cynicism in our opinions; for that argues unworthiness in ourselves as well. We can learn how to practice even a pleasant contempt, if we will; and it does not occur to us that it would be impossible to cultivate, with decided success, such a feeling as a cheerful dislike. We must learn to condemn for reason only, and thus we shall escape the unwelcome tinge of bitter prejudices. All Nature does but preach this single sermon—be yourself. Do not imitate. Never fly false colors. Carry true papers only, and not two sets. Let Nature play freely through the whole being. Attempt no bargains or compromises, such as giving away a part of yourself on condition that somebody else gives you an equal portion of himself—a thing that is impossible. At the risk even of being misunderstood, better be true—not cross-grained and waspish, nor yet bluff and disagreeable, but simply, unostentatiously, quietly and naturally true. Have respect chiefly to the divinity that is within you, and so it shall the sooner reach a development to be desired. Follow none, and presume to lead none. Never pretend. Never profess. But always be—forever do. A true life is being, and a true life is doing. For, though we neither opened our mouth nor lifted our hand, there is that in each individual life as distinct as the ray of golden light that travels from the furthest star in the universe.

WHAT THEY WANT IN GEORGIA.

Our esteemed friend and able co-worker, Dr. L. F. W. Andrews, of the Georgia Citizen—likewise editor and proprietor of the Spiritualist, published at Macon—writes us that the friends in that city are making active efforts and effective arrangements to receive, entertain and compensate public lecturers on Spiritualism, and Media for Spirit Intercourse, during the ensuing winter. Our friends in Macon want—more especially for the benefit of the public—test Media, whose claims are above any well-grounded suspicion. Any one who has the capacity to afford frequent and convincing proofs of the presence and identity of Spirits, will find warm and true friends in Macon, and a most desirable place to spend a portion, or the entire cold season. Moreover, such an one will be sure to remove a vast amount of skepticism from that beautiful city, and at the same time be richly rewarded for his or her time and labor. We also speak, with the assurance derived from the remembrance of a delightful personal experience—when we say, that able lecturers, who may be pleased to visit Macon, will be sure to meet with a similar welcome, and to receive a generous material "recompense of reward."

Persons who answer the above description—whether as lecturers or channels for a direct intercourse with the Spirits, and who have a desire to escape the northern winter—would do well to correspond immediately with Dr. Andrews, respecting the accomplishment of his plans and the realization of their own wishes for the coming winter. Address Dr. L. F. W. Andrews, Macon, Ga.

CRIMINALS AND CHRISTIANS.

We are told that the criminal is an enemy to society, and this may be as true as the converse of the proposition. But the criminal is likewise an enemy to himself. Moreover, Christians profess to love their enemies, and to do good, as they have opportunity, to all men. Surely the criminal is a man, (or he could be no criminal) and it is only by humanity and kindness that we can reasonably hope to do him good.

All communications, whether of a public or private nature, intended for the New York Editor, should be addressed to him at the office of this paper, 143 Fulton street, New York.

REPLY TO THE INVESTIGATOR.

Some weeks since, the BANNER copied a paragraph from a foreign Magazine, designed to show that, inasmuch as the chemical and atomic changes in the human body do not circumscribe consciousness and memory, or otherwise destroy one personal identity, we are authorized to infer that this imperishable identity of the individual must inhere in a spiritual and indistinct constitution. A single accompanying remark, conceived in no controversial spirit, but designed to call the attention of the *Investigator* to the subject, has served to elicit the views of the editor of that journal. As the question must be one of unusual interest to many of our readers, we have thought proper to reprint the paragraph from our English contemporary, and, lest we should do our candid neighbor some injustice, we copy his objections, *in extenso*, and in his own language:—

From the Investigator of Oct. 5th.

"It is a known fact that the matter composing the human body is constantly undergoing a complete change. This, then, being the case, let us again ask, what it is that is identical in the Duke of Wellington dying at Waterloo, in 1832, with the Duke of Wellington commanding at Waterloo, in June, 1815? Assuredly it was not possible that there should have been a single particle of matter that composed the body at the two occasions. The interval consisting of thirty-seven years and two months, the entire mass of matter composing the body must have undergone a complete change several hundred times—yet no one doubts that there was something that did not undergo a change, except in its relation to the material, and which composed the same body, memory, and consciousness, and constituted the personal identity of the individual; and since it is as demonstrable as any proposition in geometry that *that something* which thus abode in the body, retaining the consciousness of the past, could not have been an atom, or a trinket of a trinket, it must necessarily have been something not matter, that is to say, something spiritual."

We copy the above from an English magazine. We should be pleased to have the "Investigator" give his views upon this interesting subject.—Banner of Light.

As our Spiritual neighbor seems to have copied the above paragraph for our particular edification, we refer to it. This, then, being the case, let us again ask, what it is that is identical in the Duke of Wellington dying at Waterloo, in 1832, with the Duke of Wellington commanding at Waterloo, in June, 1815? Assuredly it was not possible that there should have been a single particle of matter that composed the body at the two occasions. The interval consisting of thirty-seven years and two months, the entire mass of matter composing the body must have undergone a complete change several hundred times—yet no one doubts that there was something that did not undergo a change, except in its relation to the material, and which composed the same body, memory, and consciousness, and constituted the personal identity of the individual; and since it is as demonstrable as any proposition in geometry that *that something* which thus abode in the body, retaining the consciousness of the past, could not have been an atom, or a trinket of a trinket, it must necessarily have been something not matter, that is to say, something spiritual."

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further illustration may be found in the fact of the admission of mineral poisons into the circulation and the tissues, and their subsequent elimination. On this point we cite the demonstrative experiments of M. Orfila, also of the French Academy:

"In eighteen months I was able to experiment on only four poisonous substances—mercuric iodide, mercuric iodide, sulphate of copper, and nitrate of silver. These experiments have taught me that when the above poisonous substances are administered to animals, that mercury disappears in general from the organs in eight or ten days. Lead and copper are found in the intestinal parasites and in the bones of old mortals after they have ceased to be introduced into the stomach. Silver, whose presence in the liver may in some cases be demonstrated after six months, is not found in any organ of other animals, seven months after the administration of nitrate of silver."

"Should a man survive a poisoning by corrosive sublimate for fifteen days, it is very possible that the chemist consulted in the case would find no mercury in the organs. They would, however, commit a great error should they conclude that there had been no attempt to poison."

From the foregoing facts and observations it will be seen that the molecular changes occur through all the solid portions of the body, and the same chemical elements alternately assume a fluid and solid form. The vital action as observed in the processes of organic chemistry is essentially one with combustion; and while from day to day the vital fires consume the body, they also prepare the foreign elements wherewith Nature rebuilds the temple of the Soul.

The several objections urged by the *Investigator* will now receive our special attention. We can scarcely think that the editor of that journal is serious when he assumes that the argument from the foreign Magazine has been changed, or essentially modified in its form, since it was first introduced. We are sure that no sane man ever so much as intimated that the body—in its entirety—was changed "every seven years." In any way *ever* by the uniform, natural process we have already described, once it may be equally true that it is changed [entirely] once in seven years—more or less—and yet that the change is constantly going on.

"It is better to reason than to cavil."

But we are told that "the idea in either case is absurd, and contradicted by the most casual observation."

While we think that the absurdity will be found in the denial rather than the affirmation, we cordially agree with our neighbor that it is precisely from such headless observation that the idea is contradicted. Really careful observers, patient students of Nature, and scientific investigators, are neither so ready to dispute the natural evidences of their own immortality, nor so willing to believe in

"A gradual diffusion of the soul among the elements that make the world."

But what are the grounds of the *Investigator's* objections to this argument for the spiritual nature and immortality of man? They should be very strong to warrant his own sweeping conclusions. We will endeavor to treat them gravely—not on account of their intrinsic character, but for the sake of our skeptical friend, in whose mind they assume a fictitious importance. The first objection maintains that if the whole composition and structure of the body thus undergoing a gradual decomposition and reformation—the ultimate particles being thrown off by a natural process, and their places supplied by new molecular deposits—all the old flesh-marks and scars, produced by accident or otherwise, would be completely obliterated. This objection, so well calculated to confound all those who have merely been illuminated by "the most casual observation," has really not the slightest weight in the judgment of the enlightened physiologist. When the injury does not penetrate beneath the epidermis, it leaves no scar; but when the instrument that inflicts a wound severs, or otherwise obstructs the channels of circulation, a scar may remain after the healing process is complete, for the obvious reason that the anatomosis of the vessels through which the fluids circulate is never as perfect as before. The reformation of the parts must therefore proceed without a complete insulation, and the subsequent molecular deposits are consequently rendered irregular and unequal.

The *Investigator's* next objection, like his first, is presumed to "completely upset" the argument for another life, now under consideration. And on what adamantine basis does that very formidable objection find secure repose? It might surprise the shade of John Locke to be informed that it rests on a *WART*! Nothing less—nothing more. It is a terrible personal exorcism that so utterly subverts the claims of the universal Manhood to its immortality. When our neighbor can no longer support his skepticism by a rational use of the present normal developments of the human mind, it is not without a peculiar significance, and at least a seeming propriety, that he hangs "a forlorn hope" on the preternatural and superfluous parts of the perishable body. But the alleged fact that "the wart has been where it is now for nearly or quite thirty-five years," and that it still presents the same general appearance, proves nothing in respect to the pending issue. With equal propriety it may be assumed that, inasmuch as the individual so far resembles himself—as he existed thirty-five years ago—that his friends are still able to identify his person, we are therefore authorized to conclude that the same matter formed his body at the commencement of that period that constitutes it to-day. And this is begging the whole question in a manner that does not, it appears to us, exactly comport with the general character and logical pretensions of the *Investigator*. The nails on the editor's fingers doubtless present the same general size and specific form that distinguished them twenty-five years ago; but it would be extremely difficult to sustain an argument designed to prove the identity of each ultimate atom in their composition, after each one of them has been gradually pared off to the extent of two feet in all.

Again, it is insisted that physiology proves that the "mind and body never exist separately or independently of each other." Had our friend assumed that the human mind never exists except in a body, or organic form, through which its faculties and affections may be manifested, there would have been no occasion for controversy; but as he has reference only to the present organic instrument of the mind—the *corporeal body*—we dispute this naked assumption, and affirm that it is not possible for physiology to prove any such dependence of the mind on the body. Physiological science furnishes abundant evidence to prove that the mind and body are capable of existing together under proper conditions—no more. But our imperfect knowledge of what the human intelligence can do, under certain specific conditions, does not authorize us to fix arbitrary limits to the exercise of its faculties under other conditions and circumstances, which have not occurred in our private experience or come within the range of our "casual observation." This loose and dogmatic theorizing, (we had supposed to be confined to sectarian theologians) about what the mind cannot do, while we disregard the most startling illustrations of what it *has done and is doing*, will not be likely to settle any question of vital importance.

In his last objection the editor of the *Investigator* says, "the mind is always affected by the condition of the body, which would hardly be the case if they were distinct." We may perhaps admit the premises without specifying any qualifications, but we must emphatically deny the conclusion. If we admit that the mind may be affected by the conditions of the material body, so long as they co-exist, the concession offers no support or countenance to the negative proposition that the mind is incapable of a separate existence. Different persons in the same company influence each other. The writer has often governed the mental and bodily functions of other people; but this neither proves that the separate individualities among them were annihilated, nor that our own existence is forever and absolutely dependent on those who may have yielded to our influence. According to our neighbor's

peculiar logic, if one child in school has the mumps, and communicates the inflammation to the parotid glands of one hundred children, we must conclude that they can never exist apart from each other. In order words, if so many are "affected by one body," they can have no separate existence, "independently of each other," since this "would hardly be the case if they were distinct."

A friend at our elbow has an additional objection which may likewise be briefly disposed of in this connection.

"A child's arm is pictured with India ink, and in his manhood or old age he dies with the pictures still on his arm. What becomes of the seven years' theory in view of this fact?"

Our answer is—that the India ink is a *foreign substance* which was never naturalized in the human body by its own process of assimilation; and it is, therefore, no more a portion of the matter belonging to the body, and subject to its vital processes, than my lady's earrings; or the gold plate on which the dentist sets his teeth; or the pistol ball that General Jackson carried so many years in his shoulder. The seven years' philosophy is safe enough; but pray what becomes of the objection?

In his concluding observation the Editor of the *Investigator* expresses his fears that "the light that is in" our BANNER may prove to be "darkness." Considering his strong anti-Biblical tendencies, our friend discovers a peculiar aptness in quoting Scripture; and as he can have no reasonable objection to a free and fraternal reciprocation of "every good word," we respectfully submit for his consideration—"The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."

Spiritualism at Harvard College in 1836.

The following remarks were made nearly a quarter of a century since, (1836), by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, at the Centennial Celebration of Harvard College. In reading them the inquiry naturally arises, whether the sentiments they embody, if presented at this day, would not be voted heretical by the Abolition House Committee, and whether the Hon. Robt. C. would not subject himself, in advancing them, to the mild rebukes of the Grecian philosopher. The idealities of that time have become the realities of the present. If the wish expressed in these remarks is granted, and in 1936 those who now preside at Harvard return in spirit to the scenes of their present labors, we trust they may meet with a better reception than those who labored there one hundred years since and now seek to be recognized, are receiving at their hands.

But to the extract. We quote from the published account of the Festival:

"The Chief Marshal of the Day, Robert C. Winthrop, being then called upon for a sentiment, arose and replied as follows:—

"At the very instant I received this summons, Mr. President, I was rising in my official capacity, and under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements, to move that the Alumni do now adjourn to witness the Illumination which has been prepared in honor of the occasion, by the students of the University. But so loth was I to express, or even to entertain the idea, that the adjournment was to be without day, and that this pleasant company of friends and brothers would meet no more forever on this side of the stars, that I had already framed the motion in my mind, and fully intended so to give it utterance, that the Alumni do now adjourn until the next Centennial Day. I would not appear to trifle with so solemn a thought; but who is there among us who would have opposed such a motion? or that part of it, at least, which contemplated the reassembling of this company; yes, even a hundred years hence? If, sir,—as who of us has not felt?—the spirits of our fathers have been in the midst of us to-day, thronging and clustering beneath this vaulted canopy, listening with an earnest delight to the blessings which have been breathed from every heart upon their memories, gazing with an eager joy upon the luxuriant growth of that goodly vine which here they planted, and beckoning us, with an almost visible finger, onward in the course of its care and its culture—why may we not hope, that some part of the same pleasure, proportioned, indeed, to our far inferior deserts, may be permitted hereafter to ourselves?"

The Lost Coat.

We recently heard a good story—one that can boast, not merely of being "founded upon fact," but of being a fact itself. It was in this wise: A philanthropic convention was held in this city not many years since, and so earnest became the zealous advocates of reform, that the clock struck the hour of midnight before any idea was entertained of an adjournment. Occasionally a gentleman, having a sort of intuitive sense of the flight of time, would put on his overcoat; then the debate would get the better of his moral sense of home duties, and down he would sit and become absorbed in the arguments. It was a terrible cold night—a perfect sting-or—a night when an old orthodox creed might not be objectionable to lovers of comfort. At length the janitor of the building informed our reformers that they must go home, whether they would or not; and as it developed upon him to close the building before he went, he should extinguish the lights, lower the fires, and lock up. This proved a moving speech. As one after another became enveloped in coats and furs, Mr. A. found his coat missing, and as no one had seen it, concluded it had been stolen. What should he do? There was little time for necessity, that prolific parent, to devise ways and means. So off he started on a full run for home. He was a light built human, and every one had given vent to their sympathies by saying, "It was too bad!" "poor fellow!" &c. Of these none more than Dr. P., who on his return home related what had occurred to Mrs. P., and of the hundredth time, remarked, "Poor fellow! it's too bad!" He proceeded to divest himself of his outer garments—drew off his overcoat, when lo! there was another! He had come home under two coats, and one of these coats of his shivering brother, over whose sad lot he had been lamenting!

It appeared that at about the usual time to close the meeting, he had put on his proper coat, then sat down, and an hour afterwards, forgetting the first, put on the second.

Organization and Action.

Let us illustrate the influence of organization on action. Suppose a watch perfect in all its parts except one wheel. Let that be constructed without any proper regard to the relative proportions of the several parts of the machinery—so large, if the reader please, as to be unfitted for its place and office. This disproportion, if it did not interrupt the motion altogether, would inevitably render it irregular and uncertain, for the reason that precision in the movement must always depend on the perfection of the mechanism. Now, without assuming that any man is as destitute of voluntary powers as a watch, let the clumsy wheel represent the selfish propensities of a thief. As the wheel, from its disproportionate size and mechanical imperfection, occasions an irregular and uncertain, instead of a uniform movement, so the undue preponderance of the propensity must, in the nature of the case, prevent that beautiful and harmonious action which results from the perfect balance of all the faculties and affections. This great wheel in the mental and moral mechanism of the thief—the selfish propensities—may fashion his character, and determine the course he will pursue. Or, to drop the figure, this excessive development of the propensities at once destroys the moral equilibrium of his nature, and may determine his downward career.

"The Movement of Faith."

We are happy to learn that the very able lecture on "the Movement of Faith which must follow its suspense," delivered by Rev. J. F. Walker, of Glens Falls, at Doddworth's Academy N. Y.,—on Sunday evening, the 10th instant—is to be given to the public in pamphlet form. The discourse is a Review of Dr. Bellows' "Suspense of Faith." We were unable to be present on the occasion of its delivery, but learn from those who were more fortunate than ourselves, in this respect, that it awakened an unusual interest.

Munson will publish the discourse in a few days, and those who want it need make no delay in forwarding their orders. It will, undoubtedly, have a large sale.

Salvation.

The Christian Repository, published at Montpelier, Vt., says that salvation consists in the deliverance of the human soul from a state of ignorance, sin, and woe, in which humanity is involved, and this salvation comes of the soul's volition.

Art Works at the New York Fair.

An article with the above caption, from the pen of our associate, Prof. Britton, came to hand too late for this number of the BANNER. It will appear in our next.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Sawyer, while in a state called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. 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 purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 812 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at HALF-PAST TWO O'CLOCK; after which time 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 from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Thursday, Oct. 20.—"Is there any True Religion?" W. F. Johnson, Boston; Patrick Murphy, Dover; Helen Frances Gray, New York; William H. Seaver, Boston.

Invocation.

Thou Great, Eternal Source of Life, we will offer praise unto thee, because thou hast so liberally blest us; because thou hast overshadowed us continually with the wings of thy Wisdom and thy Love.

We praise thee, oh God, in behalf of the many souls in spirit-life, because of the gifts of to-day; because, in thy wisdom, thy power, and thy goodness, thou hast been pleased to keep in sacred state, in mortal form, this gift thou permittest us to use at this moment.

Almighty Father of Heaven and Earth, we would praise thee in behalf of the inhabitants of earth-life—praise thee because thou art shedding thy light over the earth; because the firmament is being studded with many new stars, called forth by the hand of Progress and the finger of Time.

Oh, thou Great Eternal, wilt thou be pleased to look upon the gathered few who are here to commune with those in spirit-life? Give them of thy strength, that they may look beyond the dividing line which separates them from their friends in mortal. And as their messages are borne across this river, with thou send messengers of Hope and Faith beyond the spirit-land, that each message, when it reaches their people, may find a response of Joy, that shall echo in the spirit-land.

Bless, oh Holy Father, thy children in mortal, who are present with us to-day. May they each one feel, yes, know, that they are overshadowed continually with thy love; that although their path is seemingly crowded with thorns, like flowers grow thereon that shall yield fragrance in spirit-life. May they, oh God, praise thee for each shadow that falls upon their pathway; for, as the night becometh the morning, may they feel that when the shadow is darkest, they are nearing the morning of the loving light. May they, whilst walking through the dark spheres of earth-life, feel the continual presence of some bright one, that shall point them to scenes that are brighter, beyond the earth-life.

Almighty Father, do thou give unto all the inhabitants of the lower-degree of life a due knowledge of the Truth, for Truth is the bright star that shall lead all thy children to thee. Do thou, oh Holy One, so inspire each seeker for Truth, that he may seek with wisdom, and receive with power and glory. Do thou bless every spirit that hath life, whether in the higher walks or the path of the humble. And to thee be all praise and power, now and evermore.

Oct. 18.

William Sawyer.

I thought I knew how to control a medium some time ago; but I did it hard work now. I had the promise of being assisted to come here two months ago; but I could not come, and the reason is well known, I suppose.

I can't pray, for I never did pray on earth, and I shall not learn now. It is very good for those who enjoy it, but it is poor for those who do not. I do not believe that God will give his children any more by their praying for it than without. But they who believe they will receive more by praying for more, should do so.

I have been dead upwards of twenty-three years; and I died myself in about the same situation as I was before I left, or died. My name was William Sawyer. I was sixty-nine years old when I died, and I resided in Boston. I can't tell you what disease I died of, for I do not know. I was troubled some with rheumatism, and some with dropsy, and I had a variety of complaints that an old man might be expected to be subject to.

My object in coming here is to open a way whereby I may commune with my son; for I have one here. I have been told that there was no better way than this; I should like to know if you know of no better way?

I had no sympathy with the churches, while I was here. I called myself a moral man, but I was not a religious man. I had reasons for eschewing religion, which are known to my family—at least to my son, if he has not forgotten.

I do not think I am quite as happy as many who are here. They tell me they are situated in fine places, and have music, and the like. I do not care for fine abodes; they would not serve to make me happy. Money will make people quite happy while they are here; but I find they who have the most here, are the least happy in the spirit-world. And I would like here to tell my son that I regret ever being the possessor of a thousand dollars; and I think that every man and woman who have more of the world's goods than they know what to do with, are virtually cheating somebody else.

I find the great spiritual law runs in this way. To illustrate it, let me say that, when I was on earth, I lived very near a family by the name of Barber. They were very poor. One daughter was sick of fever at the time I have in view—at the time I wish to draw the attention of some to.

I was knowing to the condition of the family; but I said, they are nothing to me—it is nothing for me to do to administer to the wants of that family; I am under no obligations to them, and I might meet with a cold shoulder by going there. So I argued with my conscience, which was all the time prompting me to go there.

The young lady died, and I met the physician on one of the public thoroughfares, and I said to him, "Could not the girl have been saved?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "but the family had no one to take care of her, and I could not save her."

Now the first one I met when I came here, was that young girl. She said, "You must suffer for one sin you committed on earth."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It was sent to this life before the time appointed by my Creator, by you. Your guardian spirit was prompting you through your conscience to administer to my wants, and you heard the voice of conscience, but refused to obey it; and now you must suffer."

"What must be the nature of the suffering?" I asked.

"It will be like a dark cloud before you, until you shall have lived so far that you have out-lived all that condition that prompted that act. You will be unhappy until you are resurrected from that condition." And I was unhappy for that time. That circumstance was a mirror, as it were, in which I saw myself, and I was made to suffer. Such suffering, you mortals know nothing of. Mortal pain is nothing to spiritual suffering. For my part, I would prefer the Christians' hell I heard of.

Now my son falls to do his duty, as many mortals do; and as I do not want him to pass through the hell I have, I do, sire him to do his duty, when he knows plainly what his duty is. When he does not know, he may not sin, for he is in ignorance.

I said I was nonreligious. I repeat it. I had no fellowship with any code of religious laws that are in existence on earth. But I have a code of my own—a mantle with which I have covered myself—that is, Obedience to the dictates of Conscience, and the demands of Right.

Now every one can hear the voice, and obey its dictates; and if they do, they will hardly come upon the plane I stood on when I passed from earth.

The little incident I have related will be understood by my son, and perhaps by some few others who remain on earth. It may prove as a key to them, whereby they may gain access to some hidden treasures, which may be of some service to them. It may inspire them with faith in my coming; and when faith is once established, we shall hardly want a welcome. I'm done for to-day, sir. Good-by.

Oct. 10.

Josephine Carleton.

Is there I am to speak? Oh, why not let me confess as to from human care? No, I have no confession to make, but I would speak to my father and mother. They tell me you ask for many proofs of my identity. I can give you none, I must not. I would commune in private with my father and mother. I left them nearly four years ago, and they have mourned for me—not as they mourn who lose their friends by death, for I did not die four years ago—scarcely one year is gone since then. My mother says, "If Spiritualism be true and there is no hell, oh, I pray that Josephine will come to me." My name was Josephine Carleton. I lived in Chicago. Tell my parents I should be happy here, if I could obtain their forgiveness. Then I should be happy, and should sing no more the song of the outcast. I should then be with those who are happy, and know no sin on earth. They say happiness is the fruit of contentment; and I cannot be contented until I receive the forgiveness of those I left and so cruelly wronged.

I have many acquaintances in the Southern and Western States, but none in these Northern States. I see nothing here but what I saw on earth. They tell me when I am not drawn so powerfully to earth, that I shall pass beyond it, and shall see far different scenes. Now I see nothing but houses, trees, people—such as I saw on earth. A few times I have seen happy spirits. One told me that all that was wanting was peace—peace with my parents. Oh, tell them that I want to speak with them. Oh, tell them I would have returned home, but I could not—no, I could not. Oh, ask them to go where I can speak with them. Good-by. Oct. 10.

William Fenno.

I am here this afternoon, for the purpose of answering a letter or note, which seems to be addressed to myself in spirit. The note runs in this wise: "Will William Fenno, who is in the spirit-world, go to some medium and send me the answer to the following questions:—

Question No. 1.—How long has William Fenno been in the spirit-world?

Answer.—Seven years, one month and sixteen days, to the time the note is dated.

Que. No. 2.—Can William Fenno tell me who wrote this note, or letter?

Ans.—Yes. Charles L. Williams. The note is in the gentleman's pocket.

Que. No. 3.—Which question, by the way, seems to be two, if I understand it right? Does William Fenno know what my father did with certain records that would be very valuable to me if I could come in possession of them? and, if he knows, will he tell me?

The answer is, William Fenno knows, but he is not bound by duty or obligation to do as requested, for should he do so, he would be very sure to make trouble for certain parties on earth. That he does not wish to do.

With a good wish for the writer, and hope for further communion, I take my leave for this afternoon.

Oct. 10.

Anna Prince.

I do not know what to say. My name used to be Anna. My grandfather helps me to come, but he does not tell me what to say. My name was Anna Prince. Shall I let my sister hurt her any more. I am there most of the time, and I want you to tell my father and mother, too. My father wanted me to come, and my grandfather wanted me to come, because he could not. My father sent for me to come, but my mother did not. This is not a nice place as I have, and I do not like to feel so big as I do here. My grandfather says I must conform to conditions and not complain.

I want you to tell my father and mother how much I love them—a good deal; and I am learning a good deal. He puts her to sleep, and I speak.

Want you say I don't want to stay any longer? Oh, I've been away most five or six years. I was sick all over me, when I went away. I was so high. I didn't go to school. I wish you'd let me go. I don't want to stay here, your house ain't pretty. You don't have any birds here, nor flowers. Want you make an anchor at the bottom? My father knows what for.

Oct. 10.

Jacob Lewis.

My Children—You must not live too much in the material; your spirits need food. Why starve them, when God sends you manna in abundance? Oh, let not your spirits find entrance to the spirit-land without the wedding garment of knowledge on, for such are unhappy here—yes, with themselves and all around.

I have often tried to commune with you since I left you, but many barriers have come between you and myself; thus I have often left you with regrets.

My children, you may not seek without hope, for this will be given as you knock. Therefore take the first step, and the second will be easy. You need not receive instruction about seeking; the light of the nineteenth century will give you all knowledge.

Remember me in spirit love to all.

Jacob Lewis.

Oct. 10.

Stephen Hunter.

When men see clouds, they do not, or should not suppose they will be visible eternally. So look up, and beyond the shadows of to-day, and you will find less to make your spirit sad. From STEPHEN HUNTER to JAMES WILLIS. Oct. 10.

Written for the Banner of Light.
AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY GRACE INLAND.

Olling to the branches
Of the shivering trees,
To be a little longer
Silvery sounding keys
For the winds of autumn
Soft to murmur o'er,
Ere they are forgotten,
Ere they are no more;
Still the leaves are waiting
Till their time is come—
Till the cold winds bear them
To their long, last home.
Then, with softest murmur,
Bearing down a song,
Their own requiem sounding,
They will float along
Down to dreamless slumber,
Only to awake
When some passing footstep
Shall the silence break.

And thus the leaves are falling
All around my heart,
No more in joyous murmur
To bear their merry part;
No more soft airs of summer
Can stir those trembling leaves—
Wakes now each breeze of autumn
Its sadder sembles!

October 24th, 1859.

Palpable Spiritual Manifestation.

The Boston Daily Traveller is authority for the following interesting statement:—

Mr. Hector McDonald, of Canada, was recently on a visit to Boston. When he left home his family were enjoying good health, and he anticipated a pleasant journey. The second morning after his arrival, when leaving his bed to dress for breakfast, he saw reflected in a mirror the corpse of a woman, lying in the bed from which he had just risen. Spell-bound, he gazed with intense feeling, and tried to recognize the features of the corpse, but in vain; he could not even move his eyelids; he felt deprived of action, for how long he knew not. He was at last startled by the ringing of the bell for breakfast, and sprang to the bed to satisfy himself if what he had seen reflected in the mirror was real or an illusion. He found the bed as he had left it; he looked again into the mirror, but only saw the bed itself reflected. During the day he thought much upon the illusion, and determined the next morning to rub his eyes and feel perfectly sure that he was wide awake before he left the bed. But notwithstanding these precautions, the vision was repeated, with this addition, that he thought he recognized in the corpse, some resemblance to the features of his wife.

In the course of the second day he received a letter from his wife, in which she stated that she was quite well, and hoped he was enjoying himself among his friends. As he was devotedly attached to her, and always anxious for her safety, he supposed that his morbid fears had conjured up the vision he had seen reflected in the glass, and went about his business as cheerfully as usual. On the morning of the third day, after he had dressed, he found himself in thought in his own house, leaning over the coffin of his wife. His friends were assembled, the minister was performing the funeral service, his children wept—he was in the house of death. He followed the corpse to the grave; he heard the earth rumble upon the coffin, he saw the grave filled, and the green sods covered over it; yet, by some strange power, he could see through the ground the entire form of his wife as she lay in her coffin.

He looked in the face of those around him, but he seemed to notice him; he tried to weep, but the tears refused

to flow; his very heart felt as hard as a rock. Enraged at his own want of feeling, he determined to throw himself upon the grave and lie there till his heart should break, when he was recalled to consciousness by a friend, who entered the room to inform him that breakfast was ready. He started as if awoken from a profound sleep, though he was standing before the mirror with a hair-brain in his hand.

After composing himself, he related to his friend what he had seen, and both concluded that a good breakfast only was wanting to dissipate his unpleasant impressions. A few days afterwards, however, he perceived the melancholy intelligence that his wife had died suddenly, and the time corresponded with the day he had been startled by the first vision in the mirror. When he returned home he described minutely all the details of the funeral he had seen in his vision, and they corresponded with the facts. This is probably one of the most vivid instances of clairvoyance on record.

Mr. McDonald knew nothing of modern Spiritualism or clairvoyance, as most of his life has been passed upon a farm and among forests. It may not be amiss to state that his father, who was a Scotch Highlander, had the gift of "second sight."

REV. GEORGE H. HEFORTH AT THE
MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday, Oct. 10th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY J. M. FOMEROY.

"I create new heavens, and a new earth."—Isaiah lxx. 17.

The American community is, to-day, in much the same position which the German people occupied in the time of Luther; that is, the impulse which carried them successfully through a crisis, is akin to that which is now throwing us into confusion. Luther fought for the rights of the individual. He said the only true religion was that which took these masses and chopped them up into single and solid men. And this thought—that each man has a monitor in his own heart and brain, which is to be obeyed at all times and at all hazards—is the seed-atom from which all the fruit of the Reformation has been matured. And it is this thought which is now really in peril. We have reached the point in Protestantism when we must decide whether we will take this single thought, and confidently push on to any legitimate extreme, or right-about-face, and march back to the Roman Church, which will at once dispel all these fears concerning the logic of Protestantism.

The people are really thirsty; they are really hungry. They have been poorly fed, with a form when they wanted a prayer, with a mystery when they wanted a plain fact. They would not break up our religious system; there is something in the human heart which will not allow that. The cry comes up from the throbbing heart of the world, and it is that men—human souls, feeling their dependence upon the same God—that these men want such a religion as will corroborate and satisfy their yearning, and thus be natural; such a one as will laugh with men when they laugh, and yet be their hope in time of woe; one that seems to fit our every-day life, one that will ennoble it by making each man strong, not out of it, but in the midst of it. Through its experience in the various processes of civilization, the world has at last learned that the religious element is an important force in society; that by it alone is a man made a good merchant, citizen, friend, father. And so religion is silently assuming its rightful position. It is being gradually converted from a mysterious something which saves a man from God's everlasting displeasure, into a plain, and wholesome, and beautiful something which concentrates man's powers, solidifies him and electrifies him by the power of its glorious truths, and makes him, rather, God's son. And men are learning, at last, that it makes a fearful difference whether this soul of ours is fed upon simple, but lasting and sound principles, which religion has discovered by taking a mighty life into its two hands, and looking down into its bore and into its secret, or on the pulpy luxuries of a scholarly system which takes a man out of life when it takes him into its arms, which seems the dainty toll and suffering, and prefers the rhapsodies of a solitary enthusiast to those quiet words which sustain the poor man, and help him to bend his shoulders proudly to the burden.

Religion is about to be acknowledged as a means of general progress—which it has not been before—a necessity growing up in society, a balance-wheel to these thousand ferocious forces of business, and law, and literature. These are, in religion as in everything else, demanding a sight of the practical benefit produced, as the only proof of truthfulness of doctrine. That creed is best to the world of to-day which most crystallizes men, which cuts the cores out of society and makes it healthy, in its commerce and in its philanthropy. The plough, the sewing-machine, the telegraph, show the drift of the work-day thought of the age. The immense sales of books crammed with facts, the decrease in the sale of those which are merely theoretical, shows our peculiar character. The metaphysical leaves his manuscript and takes up the spade, for the simple reason that he can see the result of each distinct effort. The community carries a slate with it; it trusts no man; it conceives a daring enterprise, it pushes into it, knowing exactly what it will cost; it builds the Great Eastern, with the hope of doing everything at once; and yet has firm trust in Providence that when everything is done there will be something more to do. This, too, is not mere trust; it has all been offered up; it has been all proved, over and over again, that it is so. For when the railroad was built, was not the price and value of the horse doubled? Yet who would have thought it? When a machine was made, in Manchester or Lowell, that would do the work of ten men, were not twenty men, in some mysterious way, employed? Yet who would have thought it? Do all you can; when it is done, you will see you have not taken away from the working forces of the world; you have but opened a new gate, through which poor laborers gladly pour to get ten shillings instead of six.

Action, then, in contradistinction to mere thought, is our peculiarity. And so, valuing the tree not because its branches sheltered our fathers, but only for the fruit it produces, the community has just turned its critical glance on the Church; and many a man has thrown his light of thought into the confusion, to see if he could not settle the problem; but in vain. It has tried to measure the length and depth and height and inherent vitality of our religious system. In the true spirit of Protestantism, the world asks, to-day, what kind of a power is this religious force? Does it fit to-day, what kind of a power is it in the van of our civilization, denouncing our bad laws, and pointing out new philanthropies? Is it the General of society, leading on to higher hopes, to nobler aims, to more splendid achievements?

Sorry am I, brethren, that this should not be. Sorry am I that this is not a truthful picture. Sure am I that it ought to be a correct portrait, also should I spare you this criticism. It sees the religions of the community, as they are, each theory only, and that an old theory, each in itself a logical contradiction of all others. It finds in them now the same exclusiveness which they had in Puritan times, times in which exclusiveness grew, imperceptibly and almost irresistibly, out of the hard natures of those pioneers, but which is alien to this period. It finds but little harmony, even within the limits of sects. There are a thousand splits running the whole length of the board; there is every shade of thought; there is—there is—there is nowhere a grand bond of union, conveying the united force of all Christian sects, and bringing it to bear, with focal intensity, on some vice or crime in society, till it is burnt out of the system. Now Heaven has a shade of blue peculiar to itself. It boasts, as it always has, that it alone has the true color of heaven. Princeton presents a different shade; and yet each would dip you in its own dye, as your preliminary condition of entrance into the favor of God, caring less for your life—that is, for the bulk of your soul—than for the hue of your theology. The Baptist scorns the colors of the heavens, and has chosen as his peculiarity that of the water. Unless you have been thrown into his church-bath, and emerged a true water-green, your soul runs a terrible risk.

Here, then—for these, brethren, are solemn facts, they are fearful facts to think of—here are these hundred sects, the spiritual guides of the world, inherently antagonistic. Fundamentally fixed, as they profess to be, on the same rock, having, as they profess to have, as their destiny, the same God, they do not sink their differences, and forget their theological speculations, to push up into bold relief their common glorious work, that of regenerating the world, cleansing our prisons and our poor-houses, putting a Golly fear into our halls of legislation and our courts of justice, but are ever wasting their precious time in wrangling and boasting, and thus clogging the whole machinery.

I believe that the Church is not doing all it can, nor all it should. I have the utmost confidence in its power. It cannot be destroyed. Society would become centrifugal without it. You cannot take away our church without cutting an artery. There must always be some great national altar around which the community can gather, on which it can place its naked, sinful, and weak heart, praying that it may be clothed upon with righteousness, that it may be forgiven and strengthened. I have but to touch a father's kind heart, a mother's tender heart, to prove to you that there is a religious instinct, in both, that must cling to something above it, to some idea, that it calls God, to some great emotion which it calls love. Take it away, and you take away the inviolable purity of the home, the glory of the maiden's bosom, and the integrity of the citizen. But, acknowledging

this necessity, when this altar is built on the wrong foundation, when it begins to crumble, then should it not be kept because our fathers sacrificed thereon, but, in the true spirit of reverence, should it be torn down, and a new one built, that will keep the sons worthy of their noble sires. And now, when all systems seem alien, and fail to reach the springs of thought and action, now, amid the confusion, I turn hopefully to that Broad future Church, to that grandly national religion which shall be the embodiment of the highest spiritual aspirations, and the deepest spiritual wants of the age. A new system must be built; let us carefully look at the plans and proportions. Let us look critically and anxiously into the history of the Church, and discover, if we may, why it does not now hold the sympathies of the world; that, profiting by the past, we may make the new Church just as strong as the necessities of man, a system woven out of the heart-strings of the race, an ever-active impulse, giving us direction and incentive.

First, then, I ask, what has been the basis of all religious systems since Christ? What has been the basis of thought of our systems? Here we hit against the primal error which has been the fountain out of which has come ineffectual doctrine and preaching. Here we see too, how Protestantism has been untrue to itself, and, insensibly has fallen into the theory of Romanism. Here, too, we see that the only remedy will be found in the restoration of Protestantism, in its nakedness, to its proper footing. That error is, that fearful error is, that the Church, which is for man, is based on direct authority from God. That is, as an institution it is outside of, and it pretends to be, while it is not, independent of life. Hence, it is not a natural product of society, as it should be, an ever present proof of our wants; and of the Being in whom is our trust; but it is, as an institution, a gift of God, demanding of men that they shall put off their natural selves, and put on a new selfhood, one which it shall preserve. Hence, too, instead of looking through the instincts of the soul, first through the known laws of the human heart, as they have been evolved, by centuries of observation, into the best Book of the world, and, believing that the book fits the want of the spirit, interpreting, then, its great commands, its prophecies, its promises, by our cravings and aspirations—the only commentary on the Bible—instead of taking it into the midst of our lives, and pressing it close to our bosoms in our toil and suffering, we have surrounded it with a strange and miserable awe that precludes the possibility of its doing us any good. We have put it afar off, as a tremendous mystery, and then looking through it at human nature, and at Duty, we have stood like a man who looks up through the large end of a spy-glass, and called the infinite distance, a small speck, our God. Yes, by looking thus in human nature, we have discovered an antagonism—namely never was there—which seems to be born in the soul between a man and his Maker—an antagonism which, if it be true, makes religion a fearful if not a wretched thing, and which covers the whole of life with gloom.

And there is the Church to-day. It does not pretend to be a worldly force, a force that goes hand in hand with our commerce, which sees a temple in a warehouse, which delights in political reform because all men are lifted up thereby. It does not claim authority on the ground—the only possible foundation of a strong structure—that it represents a noble, helping truth, a truth that makes you strong in life and trusting in death, but simply and only upon the ground that it came from God. It never admits that it is a proper product of society, that it has grown out of, and naturally, from the religious nature unfolding itself in the progress of civilization, and therefore demanding to be received; it is rather a great commanding force, having an origin away from the race.

I will tell you in another way exactly what I mean. No community can exist without a code of civil laws. Society would at once fall back into barbarism, should a sacrilegious hand be lifted against it. Now what is that code of law? As I take it, simply and only an outgrowth from the necessities of man. It is built on those elements of character which all have in common. And, since it comes straight from the heart of society, when society changes, as change it must, it, too, changes. An old law dies of itself when there is no longer any use for it. A new law is made whenever a new need is recognized. Here, then, are certain principles which are as strong as the world. They have grown out of the world; they are based upon the human heart and human experience. They can never be broken; they cannot be ignored. They run parallel with the development of man in society and they can never be given up until we tread within the magic circle of the Millennium.

Now the Church has an origin exactly opposite to this; and hence the want of respect that is manifested towards it. It is not, it does not claim to be, an expression of the spiritual wants of the people; it does not run parallel with the spiritual development of man, as civil law runs parallel with his political development. It did not have its origin in his religious nature. It is not a result of the experience of the race. But, heeding never the experience of men, it stood outside the work which man has ever been doing in civilization, a hard, unyielding, harsh thing, and giving its cold, stern commands.

I am aware that, of late, our own sect has joined with other sects in the effort to keep the Church on this very basis. I have heard, time and again, this individualism, which is the very germ of Protestantism, and which, carried to its proper extreme, would take away this very authority of the Church, denounced as fatal to a high religious life. Aye, it was but yesterday that some man said that our Protestantism will end in infidelity. The Reformation must be carried no further. It has all been a magnificent blunder. Its basis-fact is a failure; we must retrace our steps, until we get back to that authority which the Church had when Tetzel said indulgences. The sacred right of private opinion, the sanctity and authority of private judgment, which was the pith of the life and struggles of Luther, are suddenly found to be dangerous.

Brethren, I confess to believing, with a full faith, in the thought at the root of our Protestantism. I believe in the sanctity of an honest opinion, and I know no higher guide than the ever-burning light of conscience. I detect the watchful providence of God in the sixteenth century. And, standing as I do, with both feet on his glorious privileges and possibilities of this very individualism, I would follow it, as a principle, confidently, to the furthest logical extreme. I would tell men to give up their own convictions never, to hearken to the voices heard in their own hearts, in preference to loud assertions of the whole world.

If once we could fix it as a fact that a man's conscience was not authority for action under all circumstances, we should throw the machinery of society sadly out of gear. I have no fear from this tendency. Let each man have his own aims, and his own sacred thoughts, and his own will. It will throw the Church from its present position—God grant it may—but it will place it on a stronger basis. It cannot, it would not, tear down the building. It will compel the priest to put off his gown and speak as a man, to speak on the authority of truth only, to deal with the religious interests of the world. We shall enter the church as a privilege, and not as a duty. In these better times, we shall listen, not as now, with the same spirit in which we take medicine, believing it to be for our good, knowing it to be disagreeable, but as men who know the weakness of their humanity, and who seek from God help and wisdom. Who does not know that this has not been the result of our present Church system? Who does not know that that is alien to us? There stands the Church; it says, "I am from God; obey me for this reason; question not." And then, in Europe, on this assertion, it has built the Inquisition, a perfectly legitimate consequence of its theory; while in America, to-day, it forgets the claims of our great brotherhood, and refuses to sit at the same table, and from the pulpit consigns to the darkness and dreariness of eternal misery, any man who dares tell them they are wrong.

The only cure is to be found in re-asserting and re-accepting the whole spirit of Protestantism. To get frightened in the midst of confusion is little use; to patch up our system with a ritual is little use. That will have only the charm of novelty. Who does not know that there are but two kinds of religion possible among men? And these two kinds are opposed, root and branch. You cannot modify either of them. You cannot make a new kind of parts of each. You must accept the one or the other, and go just wherever it shall carry you. The one—here it is upon our right—is that which Rome has always had, which claims that individuality—just what has been claimed in these later days—leads to infidelity, and from this monstrous assertion draws the equally monstrous conclusion that man is not to be trusted to fashion his own creed, but that the Church, clothed with Divine power, is to do this thing for him. And, to-day, some of us have taken one step in this direction. It makes a very pretty picture, but it runs terribly against the grain of progress. It results in an ecclesiastical despotism, which depresses the soul's aspirations, and makes the soul the tool of its own ambition. The other kind is that which we profess to enjoy. Its nature is to make men intensely individual, fearing no result. It would place on each a terrible responsibility, and give him dignity, by reposing in him a large confidence.

These two systems run, respectively, on the right and on the left; and it is not well—it is not well—because infidelity is one concomitant of individuality, and impudence is another, to forget the great advantage which it allows, the grandeur to which it is the impulse, and turn wistfully to Romanism. Protestantism, with all its faults, is an ennobling force. It may seem rough on the outside, but underneath the dust that covers it is the pure diamond. It may cause, from time to time, a religious convulsion; like that from which we are suffering; yet trust it, for men shall come out stronger than ever. Trust it to-day, in the midst of our tumult; go not one step toward Romanism; to-morrow there shall be a peace. A pure religion shall come out of this confusion—only the dress shall fall—the religion of good words and good thoughts, and good deeds. If we take one step, we must take the rest. If we introduce a Liturgy, the door is opened; and from after form will come in, logically, until at last, we shall have Romanism with us, in a thousand diluted forms.

Place these two systems side by side; let them run parallel for two hundred years. There—upon the North—is the magnificent religion of form and sacrifice. It is a structure not claiming to be part of our civilization; it is in itself Divine; it has a right to command. Its ministers are but the mouth-pieces of God, as the Roman priests always have been. There it is; look at it carefully. Who of you cannot see at once that its logical tendency is both to ignorance and despotism on the part of its priesthood? Instead of watching the religious interests of the times, instead of disengaging with the scalpel of a sharp criticism the institutions of the period, instead of examining all the political as well as the spiritual forces of the world, instead of keeping just beyond the age, and with the solemnity which gathers round such a grand mission, warning the people of their sins, they have always—read the page of history—they have always scorned the common routine of dull life, clung to the Divine authority of their office, and at last degenerated into careless and capricious men. Look at the priest of Europe to-day. He is the legitimate result of the system. Scarcely ever will you find him full of patriotism, a lover of liberty, an independent man, with a mind comprehensive in its grasp, and a heart open to the miseries of his people. And he is thus, simply because he is not one of society, because his system belongs not to society.

ing God. One who is not far off in the distance, but One who is close to each seeking heart. One who sees every aspiration, and reads every error. One who is the most favorable one, in that there is a communion between this heart and that God, that in the time of our trouble we can go to Him, that He is necessary to our success, that He is our helper in our season of trouble.

Then, here is God, and here is the human race; there is the helping Father, here are the men who need help, and who want to pray. Let them pray from their life. Let them pray when they study out God in the purified form, in the state of the earth, in the state, in the mountain, in the flower. Let them feel that He is above them, that they are looking upon something greater, and nobler, and higher, and purer, than themselves. Let the man carry that idea with him into his business; let there be no mystery about it, but one open space between him and Heaven. Here he is, wanting God; there God is, wanting him.

And then we build the Church; we dedicate it to that Eternal Being, to those great principles which arouse human nature to glorious achievements; we dedicate it to those wants which life us above ourselves and make us more than men. Brothers, I think when we have such a Church as this, simple and not mysterious, an electrical battery in the midst of life, shall we feel that religion is a necessity in every day, one in every hour, something that accompanies youth in his youthfulness, guiding and giving hope, something that is with the man in his manhood, something that sits beside the old man in his age, and lifts his eyes above the present—for the future is all before him. This is the New Church which would build for you, that you may be moved by it to become better men and better women, better fathers and better mothers.

Written for the Banner of Light. PRINCIPLES AND LAWS.

Reply to H. Clay Preuss.

BY PROF. PATTON SPENCE, M. D.

It appears that, in my article on Principles and Laws, I have not made myself clearly understood, often to as acute and logical a mind as that of Mr. H. Clay Preuss, who has published a review of it in the BANNER of Oct. 8th. An answer to the courteous criticism of Mr. Preuss, will enable me to explain myself more fully; and as his review is a very searching one, and one that is suggestive of thought, a reply to it will not only give me an opportunity of vindicating myself, but also of amplifying and explaining what I may have left obscure, in a way which, I hope, will be interesting to the general reader. In my reply, I shall pursue the plan of first quoting a passage from P.'s article, and then stating wherein I have been misunderstood, and wherein I differ from him.

"Dr. Spence makes a distinction between laws and principles, the confounding of which occasions, he thinks, much ambiguity in the teachings of reformers."

I said that "a clear explanation of that difference would assist them and others to clearer conceptions on the subject, and to that accuracy in the use of words which adds so much to the power of written or spoken thought, and to the elegance of the style in which it is expressed."

"Now as I," says P., "take cognizance of a principle only through its law, or manifestation, this distinction between law and principle might appear, to a philosophical mind, a mere splitting of hairs; and I cannot perceive what ambiguity would arise from its non-observance."

There are such things as attraction, chemical affinity, love, &c., which are called principles. Principle is the general name, while attraction, chemical affinity, love, &c., are the specific names; and each of these principles has its method, or law. It is obvious that each of these different things requires a word to express it—a specific name for each principle, a general name which includes them all, and a word to express their method; otherwise our language would fall short of our ideas. Furthermore: a distinct perception of the difference between principles and laws, naturally induces a persistent, uniform use of the same word to express the same thing, and a different word for each different thing. Now, as I said, "this accuracy in the use of words adds to the power of written or spoken thought, and to the elegance of the style," because it presents the ideas and conceptions of the mind just as they are, with all their different parts distinctly represented, and their relations clearly defined; and, also, because the meaning of the words used being fixed and definite, the reader or the hearer is not compelled to stop and translate the words, as it were, or to determine whether they mean this thing and there the other thing. This is what would be gained by clearly establishing the difference between principles and laws, and by always using the word "principle" when we mean a power, and the word "law," when we mean the method of a principle; and it is evident that P., by the very observance of the distinction which I have pointed out, has added to the power and clearness of his own remarks; and that if he had neglected this distinction, or if he had used the words "law" and "principle" in an uncertain, indiscriminate way, his article would have fallen far short of its present force and elegance of style.

"Dr. S. further assumes that principle makes law, and not law principle."

I assumed neither; though it is evident that law does not make principle; and it is equally evident that principle does not make law. My statement was this: "Many persons suppose that law is a thing which overrules the principle, and compels it to do the thing which is ordained by the law—that the law is superior to the principle. We shall see that it is not so." In the illustrations which I presented to prove "that it is not so," I used expressions which show that I hold the same opinion about the relation of law and principle that P. does, when he says, "law pre-exists as an inherent part of principle—Independent of the subsequent action of the principle—neither creating the other, but both originating simultaneously from the Great First Cause." I said, in substance, the same, when I used the following language in reference to the vital principle: "Such is the nature of the principle within itself, that its method always has been, and always will be, the reproduction of the same species from the same;" and the following language, in speaking of man's passions: "But the spontaneous principles, with their eternal methods, are within him." I therefore deem the principle and its law co-existent—neither creating the other.

"Assuming that principles make their own laws," I neither assumed it, nor do I believe it. The doctor proceeds to say, in substance, that principles require no external, but are self-sufficient, or formula, either by man or God, but are to be left to their own free, spontaneous development; and hence the absurdity of the doctrine; that is to say, &c., &c., &c. "This is a bold proposition," &c.

I freely admit, that, in endeavoring to throw a strong light upon an error, I have used a form of expression which does not fully convey my own opinions upon a very important point, which, however, was not the point before me at the time, that is, the development of principles. That form of expression, as interpreted by P., I have no disposition to defend; yet I believe that the spirit of my remarks—which the manifest and I am sure it is entirely defensible. The point before me, at that time, was this—that it is unphilosophical to conceive of God, or represent him as giving external, oral, or written commands, or moral laws to man. I made it a question as to God's method of action; contending that that method should be the same in the moral world that it is in all other departments where principles are concerned, and that it is, to make the law and the principle inseparable—in P.'s own language, to make "the law an inherent part of the principle." Therefore I did not say "the Decalogue is absurd;" for I believe that it is as free from absurdity as most other statute books, which it resembles in being made by man, not by God; but I said that it is "unphilosophical" to represent God as putting the law upon stone, or upon paper, when his method (or nature's) is to put the law within the principle, and, in P.'s language, "originating both simultaneously." Such is God, or nature's method of making laws; nor can I find a single law of a single principle which either God or nature has put upon the outside—they are all inside of the principle; but all the outside laws which I discover, I trace to man; he is the maker of external laws.

When I endeavor to reach the spirit of P.'s criticism upon this point, it seems to be this, that I have either contended that principles can be developed without any outside influence; or else, if I admit, that principles need outside influence to develop them, then I ought not to have said that it is unphilosophical to represent God as making an external formula the Decalogue for the development of man's moral principles.

With regard to the first part of the dilemma, I agree with P. that it is a "very bold proposition;" but it is not mine, consequently I cannot defend it. Each separate principle has all other principles, and their methods, outside of it, to react upon it and develop it; and, hence, I duly appreciate the influence of the "reasoning faculties" upon the moral principles; but, at the same time, I see the necessity of not confounding the devices of man's "reasoning faculties" with God, or nature's methods, as manifested in man's moral powers—not of confounding the "outside formula," means

and appliances which man's intellect may deem it necessary and expedient to throw around the dormant moral nature to develop it, with the laws implanted by God, or nature, in the moral principles as an "inherent part" of them.

Admitting, then, as I do, that principles cannot be developed without outside influences, I would say, in reply to the second part of the above dilemma, that I maintained, and do still maintain, that it is *unphilosophical* to represent God as making an external formula the Decalogue for the development of man's moral principles, because it is *inconsistent* with all our philosophy—with all our knowledge of God's (or nature's) method in all the departments of nature wherein principles are concerned—that method always consisting (in P.'s own language) in making the law "an inherent part of the principle"—both originating simultaneously from the Great First Cause."

"The doctrine of direct, personal communication from the Infinite Creator, might be discarded, and yet the Decalogue still stand on its own intrinsic truth as an external formula for a mind on a superior plane, for the development of the innate moral principles of man on a much inferior plane."

"The doctrine of direct, personal communication from the Infinite Creator," is one of the doctrines which I think ought to be discarded; and the tendency of my remarks was to show that the laws, or methods of principles, are not *personal communications* from an Infinite Creator; but that his method (or nature's method) is to make the laws of a principle "an inherent part of the principle"—neither creating the other but both originating simultaneously from the Great First Cause," (or nature), and, therefore, that all subsequent external, verbal expressions, or representations, or conceptions of those laws, whether correct or incorrect, are the works of man. Therefore, be the Decalogue one of the lowest, or one of the highest expressions of man's conceptions of moral laws, it must "stand on its own intrinsic truth," or, falsely, to be criticized and judged, approved or condemned, as freely as we would any other product of man's mind, or of the mind of a spirit, upon a high or a low plane, and not to be revered as a personal communication from God. The moment we receive the Decalogue as a personal communication from the Infinite, there is, in our mind, an end to all criticism, and we no longer feel free to investigate its merits. Furthermore: it will be remembered that my criticism of the Decalogue had no reference to the question as to whether it is or is not a good formula, calculated to facilitate the development of "moral principles which are undeveloped, vague and indefinite;" but I endeavored to show, in addition to the Decalogue's not being a personal communication from God, that its negative commandments are, furthermore, not verbal representations, or expressions of the methods of moral principles, because the methods of principles are not negative, but positive—positive action—and because a principle cannot manifest itself by a negative, or by abstaining from action; for that would be the same as no action at all—no manifestation of itself. If the vital principle invariably manifests itself throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms, by making "like produce like," we learn, thus far, its law, or method; but if the vital principle did neither that positive thing, nor any other positive thing, then its existence would be negative, or the same as no existence at all.

"Moses—whether deriving his laws direct from God, or through angelic mediation, or even his own mind—had a clearer view," &c.

I have already given my reasons for not believing that Moses "derived his laws direct from God." I am willing to admit that it is possible that those laws may have emanated from Moses's "own mind;" for there is nothing in them which is superhuman, or above man's capacity to produce. I am also willing to admit that it is possible that he may have received those laws "through angelic mediation;" yet I do not see the necessity of our tracing the Decalogue to either of those extraordinary sources. If he receives it from spirits, that would be of course extraordinary—out of the ordinary course of events; and if he produced the whole Decalogue out of his own mind, without any assistance from minds in the body, it would be extraordinary for two reasons—first, because human codes, like everything else, grow; they are the gradual aggregations of ages—one mind doing all, but many minds doing each a little, until a code, or system of laws, is formed; secondly, Moses lived at a time when Egypt was in the full tide of her civilization, and when she, of course, had the codes, or systems of laws.

When, therefore, this ordinary source of the Decalogue is so obvious, I do not see the necessity of attributing it to either of the extraordinary sources above mentioned—that is, either to his own mind, or to that of spirits. The laborious researches of modern times among the monuments and records of Egypt, have not yet made us acquainted with the when or the how of her beginning as a nation. Even her wonderful and persistent civilization has not yet been traced to its commencement. But as far back as the most recent explorations have carried us into the history of Egypt, we still see her, in the language of Dr. Mott, "not in childhood, but with the maturity of manhood's age, arrayed in the time-worn habiliments of civilization. Her tombs, her temples, her pyramids, her manners, customs, and arts, all betoken a full grown man. The sculptures of the fourth dynasty—the earliest extant—show that the arts at that day, some thirty-five hundred years before Christ," (more than two thousand years before Moses), "had already arrived at a perfection little inferior to that of the eighteenth dynasty, which, until the last few years, was regarded as her Augustan age." Moses led the Jews out of Egypt in the reign of Pharaoh Menephtah of the nineteenth dynasty.

"He (Moses) perceived that their (the Jews) innate moral principles were undeveloped, vague and indefinite, and he sought to direct them by a fixed, definite, external formula."

It is one thing to direct or guide a principle, or a people, and quite another thing to make a law, or method, of a principle. "The Jews received that formula in ready faith and obedience, and the action of that formula upon, and its correspondence to, their innate moral principles, served the more rapidly to develop those principles."

"The innate moral principles in man are more or less facilitated in their growth by the external guidance of the reasoning faculties."

All that is very true, and still it is also true that the Decalogue, the "external formula," and the external appliances of the "reasoning faculties," whatever they may be, are not moral laws, or the methods of moral principles, but are only the means which "serve the more rapidly to develop the moral principles," and to "facilitate their growth," so that they may make manifest their own methods—their own innate laws, which are positive, not negative. It is necessary, therefore, to discriminate between the external appliances, and the internal result produced by them. While making this distinction, however, I am sure that I can freely go as far as my friend, Mr. Preuss, in advocating the necessity of bringing to bear, upon the moral powers of man everything in the whole arena of nature which is capable of reaching those powers as an inspiration, and arousing them into active growth and full exercise. I do also freely admit, that there are times and conditions when it is necessary to throw the restraints of an arbitrary law and an external formula around individuals and nations; not because the inaction, which that restraint may cause, is *positive morality*; but because that inaction is preferable to the destruction of the individual, society, or the race, or the great damage which might otherwise befall them; and also, because such occasional arrests of powers, which in their extreme action consume and destroy, are suggestive of thought; they raise the question, "Why this restraint?" and the answer of the intellect, "Because there is a better thing to be done," throws an influence upon the moral principles which awakes them into life and action; and that life is the more easily awakened, and that action is the more easily continued while the other powers, which would give quite another action and quite another life, are dormant.

"In regard to Dr. Spence's objection to designate the Decalogue a moral code, because of its negative character, it might be said that a negative naturally implies its affirmative. When a man is told not to kill and steal, it is not plainly affirmed that he must be honest in his life and property of his fellow creatures are concerned."

This is precisely the danger of those external, negative commands, and of weighing and measuring man's moral development by such formula. The error and the danger is in believing that the negative necessarily implies its affirmative. Men believe they are moral, because they keep the commandments of the Decalogue; and so long as they observe the formula with that belief, it ceases, in a great degree, to be suggestive to their higher powers; they are so absorbed and occupied with the *not doing*, that it rarely occurs to them that they ought to be absorbed and occupied in *doing*.

It appears to me that Mr. Preuss has deceived himself by substituting one grammatical form of expression for another in the following question: "When a man is told not to kill and steal, is it not plainly affirmed that he must be honest in so far as the life and property of his fellow man is concerned?" All negative forms of expression may be thus translated, as it were, into affirmatives which shall mean the same thing, and this is what P. has done. But when a man is told not to kill and steal, it is not affirmed that he ought to love anybody, or anything; and hence it is not affirmed that

he ought to have moral power; for there is no moral power without love. It is possible that P. may give the word "moral" a more extended meaning than I have done, and embrace, under that term, the powers denominated Caution, Self-control, Love of Approbation, Conscientiousness, etc., by the phonologist; if so, I shall not object; yet even in that extended meaning of the term, "when a man is told not to kill and steal," it is not necessarily affirmed that he must be too cautious, or too conscientious, or that he must esteem himself too much, or be too solicitous of the good opinion of others, to kill and steal; for it is evident that he may abstain from killing from a deficiency of that power which in its action destroys, and that he may abstain from stealing from a deficiency of that power which, in its action, appropriates to self.

Written for the Banner of Light. DRURY.

BY AUGUSTA M. KIMBALL.

"T was such a morn as this when last we met;
The autumn sunlight crowned the regal hills,
But the green tracks of summer lingered yet
By woodland fountains and by valley rills;
Day's early robe swung through the breezy air,
And all seemed good and gloriously fair.

The flush of boyhood scarce had left his cheek;
But in the varying light of his eye,
Where light and shadow played at hide and seek,
I read the pure resolve and purpose high;
Hope opened wide for him life's shining door,
And spread her wings the untrodden paths before.

"T was here we met; where the o'er burdened youth
Had cast her golden fruitage to the ground,
And dying leaves were falling then, as now,
With weary course, this orchard path around;
While you proud elm, whose verdant crown had palad,
Through the soft air her fading tresses trailed.

Ten times has spring blow gales of sweet perfume,
O'er sloping hill, and vale, and shady grove;
Ten times has summer, with a richer bloom,
Clothed in new beauty all this hallowed spot,
And, blushing came our landscape to adorn
With fragrant gifts, since that remembered morn.

The earth looks yet the same; her form yet dressed
In varied robes, which Nature's hands arrange;
Time's finger on my brow has lightly pressed,
Yet in my heart, I feel a deeper change;
I've found a thorn the rosiest path along,
And know there's discord in life's sweetest song.

But where is he, the friend of childhood years,
Whose memory makes this path seem holy ground?
Oh, they who told me have not seen my tears!
In Southern vales there is a grassy mound;
There sweetest light should fall, and zephyrs breathe
Their sweetest songs, for Drury sleeps beneath.

Death chose that shining mark, when manhood's dawn
Lighted a darker beauty in his eye;
Just as his life a fairer hue put on,
He calmly bade his beautiful head to die;
With white hands folded on his heaving breast,
A spirit-mother lulled his heart to rest.

Far from his boyhood home they made his grave;
Not in the deep green country's quiet breast,
Where roses wave, and drooping branches wave
Their cooling shadows o'er his early rest;
But where the thrones of power with hurried tread,
They laid him in a city of the dead.

And now I grieve, that stranger ears alone
Heard the last words his falling tongue could speak;
That no kind hand from this dear mountain home
Was there, to wipe the death-damp from his cheek;
Oh, faint would I have followed that lone bier,
Kissed his high brow and dropped the mourner's tear.

Now, when the summer, with a rosy crown,
Brings richer beauty to the vernal land,
When woody glens with Nature's songs resound,
And forest verdure bows to breezes bland,
Is there no dweller in those Southern bowers,
To seek his grave and guard it with flowers?

Within my heart he lives; and oft in dreams
I fancy that he seeks me here below;
I see a brow crowned with celestial beams,
I hear the voice I heard ten years ago;
And 'tis a thought that makes life's journey dear,
That he is sent to guard my footsteps here.

Croyden, N. H., Oct. 4th, 1889.

AN ADDRESS

To the People of the United States in Behalf of the Indians.

In the progress of the settlements of our territories, a crisis is reached, which demands national attention. The survey of different routes to the Pacific, and the discovery of gold, both east and west of the Rocky Mountains, has brought our people to the knowledge and occupancy of every fertile valley; in consequence of which numerous tribes of Indians, who had heretofore lived in comparative peace and plenty, are reduced to misery and desperation; and it is manifest, that unless wise and adequate means are taken to provide for them, several of the finest tribes of the Aborigine race upon this Continent, will soon become extinct.

It is no satisfaction to the humane and Christian mind to say, that these people are destined to perish, and that, therefore, we may leave them to their fate. For it is felt that, as a nation, we are responsible to-day for the sympathy and protection which they need to-day, irrespective of what may be their circumstances to-morrow. And hence, there is no more justice in being indifferent to the well-being of our Indian neighbors, on account of their supposed *destiny*, than there would be to disregard the comfort of the sick and the aged among us, whose *destiny* is also soon to pass away. I am aware that many conscientious and benevolent Christians lament the Indian's fate, and have really thought that it was owing to an inability for improvement, or, as it is said, a tendency to slide away "with the buffalo and the forest."

But such should remember that it is through the persistent labor of the axe-man and the hunter, that those disappear, and if the continuous existence of forests and buffaloes are indeed necessary for the Indians, then it is only necessary to preserve a proper amount for their subsistence, during a transition state from the savage to the civilized condition. But facts demonstrate that forests and buffaloes are no more necessary to the Indian than they are for the white man, and that, when they are treated with common civility and with the common sense which is exercised toward the trees and squirrels, in the Parks of Philadelphia or on Boston Common, they live and flourish, surrounded by civilization, just as naturally as they. That the Indians are capable of advancement, we have the most abundant proof in the high attainments which many individuals among them have made, and in the fact that some entire tribes are proving themselves equal to their pale-faced neighbors in the various avocations of civilized life.

The fact of Indians having faded away under the circumstances which they have, is not owing to any peculiarity of the Indian, but of human nature. For let the most vigorous and progressive community under heaven; be cut off from sympathy and honorable commerce with the whole world, and at the same time be victimized by overwhelming numbers for lawful purposes, and then cast off as nuisances, unworthy to live, it would soon fade and perish from the earth. Let us not wonder then at the disappearance of the undeveloped children of nature, in regard to whom this treatment is not a supposition, but a fact.

It is true that devoted men have worn out their lives in missionary effort, and the country has spent millions ostensibly to Christianize the Indians. But, the well-known law by which the stream cannot rise above its source, is potent in morals as well as in hydraulics. And hence Christian doctrine, at whatever cost or faithfulness it is presented to the Indian, unless it is accompanied with Christian conditions, will be forever useless. Who does not see the impossibility to save and elevate our frontier Indians, while the superabundant influences are to debauch and destroy them; and who does not see the equal impossibility of a remedy for this state of things, so long as the action of both the government and the church, is based upon the paralyzing sentiment which affirms that "destiny" or God wills that they should perish. I dwell upon this point; its vital importance to our own people will be perceived by the consideration of the superior condition which the public morals would attain with a prevailing sentiment, the reverse of that which we have named. If, for instance, the life-inspiring words that "God wills all men to be saved," that progression and not annihilation is His law for man, and that the march of civilization of a great nation like ours, should be characterized by

the diffusion of peace and good-will unto all with whom it comes in contact—I say if these were the permeating sentiments of our people, and young Americans, understanding the influence, went forth as saviors and enlighteners of the Aborigine race, who does not see how much more nobly we should fill the mission which God and nature has entrusted us with?

If this view is correct, let the intellect and the conscience of the whole nation espouse it; let the pulpit and the press give it publicity, and let us all be encouraged by the fact, that in spite of existing wrongs and serious failures, there is hope for the future.

Our pilgrim fathers knew nothing of steamers and telegraphs, and were as much averse to the faith of Baptists and Quakers, as they were to that of the Indian. But now we see the wires, like cords of sympathy, stretched from pole to pole, and while thought responds to thought, the great heart of the world years for brotherhood and love.

The practical questions before us, are these. Shall we do justice to the remnants of the Aborigines, and thus cultivate its predominance between the races, by the acknowledgment of mutual rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Shall we, for this purpose, appropriate and hold sacredly for their use, a territory which, for extent and adaptation, will be worthy of our nation to give and of the Indian tribes to receive?

Let us realize that though the Indians have not the arts and science which we possess, they are nevertheless ambitious for honorable existence, and if there is any obligation in Divine law or religious principle, we are morally bound to secure for them the enjoyment of this right.

Let, by allotting to them an ample territory which shall be absolutely and exclusively theirs, within which they may exercise religious and political freedom without molestation. But at the same time we are bound to give them all the facilities for improvements and aid in the development of their resources which their circumstances require. This would include assistance in making permanent locations, and the laying out of roads—the establishment of schools upon a plan adapted to their nature—also the necessary encouragement to attain the arts and sciences, and to practice agriculture and general commerce.

We can do all this much easier than we can convert the Japanese or Asiatics, and we can do it at a less cost than is required to support the present system of Indian agencies and forts, and standing armies, and frequent wars; for we should not only save the lives and property of our citizens, the deterioration of morals, and the waste of public funds, but we should change hundreds of thousands of enemies into friends, and cause them to become a source of wealth and strength to the country, instead of as at present, a cause of loss and weakness.

And there should be no objection to this on account of what has passed, for if the Indians have been severe in their revenge, they have not been more so than others, with far less provocation, and though they are called "savages," yet it is affirmed by high authority, that as a race they are remarkable for their hospitality to strangers, and for their fidelity to friends. That they have never been first to break a treaty, have never shed a drop of Quaker blood.

We owe the Indian race a kind and respectful recognition, as the progenitors of Randolph and Jefferson, and for the heroism and love of liberty which it holds in common with our own race, as well as for the historic associations which inseparably link the two together.

We are, therefore, bound by the respect which we owe to ourselves—to the age—and to posterity, to transmit, not mere relics and records of a race extinct, but a living, thrifty community of the people from whom we have derived a Continent.

In our engraved map we have an exhibit of the Territories out of which this should be done, before any more States are set off; it will be seen by it, that since the treaty was made a few years ago, by which the Indians were to have the absolute possession of the country west of the Mississippi, a whole lot of States, stretching West and South of that river and round the Western slope of the Pacific coast, has been taken from them. We see, also, Kansas and Washington Territories almost meeting over the Rocky Mountains, and already governments are organized in the Territories of Dakota, Nebraska, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona, and arrangements are in operation to divide them into States, so that now there is really no acknowledged Indian Territory West of the Mississippi, except the space between Kansas and Texas; and even this is being encroached upon, and under present circumstances, there is no reason to believe that the Indians are more secure there than they have been in other sections from whence they have been driven. The fertile valleys of Oregon, California, Arizona and Washington, teeming with exhaustless treasures of mineral wealth, are all monopolized by our people; while the tribes who occupied them, some of whom are distinguished for their industry, and would grace any community in the country, for their intellectual and moral worth, are driven away homeless to starve upon the mountains; and the saying is heard, that "we must either feed or kill the savages." Thus they are made paupers and vagabonds, and then held up as "savages to be fed or killed" by those who have outraged them. Every reflecting mind will see that such treatment is unjust and unworthy the sanction of our people, and cannot be persisted in without a total departure from all moral principle, and from that "righteousness which exalts a nation." Let the tongue and pen of every lover of justice respond to this appeal, and a year will not roll round, another fourth of July will not be celebrated, but with the participation of the red man with the white, in a common heritage of Freedom and Peace.

In furtherance of these views, a series of mass meetings will be held in various cities, to ultimate in a National Convention for the purpose of considering a plan for the final settlement of the Indians, and all existing difficulties on their account. And it is believed that there is not a true souled American, but will respond to a call in this behalf, and do his best to insure speedy success to the movement.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN DEERSON.
October 6, 1889.

In pursuance to a call, a mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Monday evening, 20th inst., and the following resolutions were adopted by the meeting:

Resolved, That there is neither necessity nor justice in excluding the Indians on our Western frontier, from public sympathy and from the protection of Civil Law; therefore, Resolved, That a Committee of seven be appointed by this meeting, whose duty shall be to use the necessary means to promote the highest interest of the Indian population. It shall be authorized to send agents to the distant tribes, to assure the Indians of friendship, and to gain correct information of their needs; to issue suitable publications, and to aid in getting up a series of Mass Meetings in various cities, and as soon as practicable, convene a National Convention, which shall discuss the details for an improved Indian Department, to be presented for the action of Congress during the coming session.

Resolved, That a premium of \$1,000 be offered for the best treatise on the following points:—1st, The causes why the Indians have not been Christianized. 2d, The causes of their falling away. 3d, A plan for their future government. 4th, The location and extent of the domain or domains which should be appropriated for their final settlement.

Resolved, That in furtherance of these objects, the Pastors, generally, throughout the country, be invited to preach to their respective audiences, a discourse on the Law of Christ, which requires the "strong to bear the burdens of the weak," and to take up collections, so that the necessities of the Indian and the humanitarian demands of the age may be promptly met.

Resolved, That the press, generally, be respectfully invited to give publicity to the Address and the Resolutions as adopted by this meeting.

Resolved, That the Treasurer and the Secretary of the Association for the Promotion of the Gospel among the Indians and others, as established in the city of Boston, be the acting officers for the purposes herein named.

The following named gentlemen are the committee alluded to in the resolutions—Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, H. K. W. Perkins, John Deerson, Rev. A. A. Miner, Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Wm. H. Fallow.

Test Rappings.

Mrs. Payne, of Leicester, Vt., formerly Miss Laird, of Stockbridge, in September, 1884, while residing in the latter place, on the 10th of the month, began to be rapped, and began to hear sounds like gentle spirit rappings. Signals were given for her to call over the alphabet, and this message was sent out: "May God speed the work which you mortals call Spiritualism." Mrs. Payne then inquired for information concerning the spirit world, and the rapping gave its name as Helen M. Parkhurst, aged twenty-eight years; died in July, 1884; lived in Roydon; said she had been a medium while in the form, and had a sister still living, named Agnes, who was also a medium. At that time, as Mrs. Payne had no knowledge of the rapping, she gave the name of Helen, and what was communicated. In March, 1885, while passing through Roydon, she heard of a family named Parkhurst, and took some pains to inquire. She learned that all the details as given by the spirit were accurate to the letter. Before this she had no knowledge of the facts of the family. Mrs. Parkhurst, the parents of the spirit Helen, communicates to us the facts as we give them, and the parties are all unquestionably reliable.—*Spiritual Clarion*.

GEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM, No. 3 Winter street, Boston, at the rooms of J. V. Mansfield, Writing Medium. Examination, when the patient is present, \$1.00; by a lock of hair, when absent, \$5.00. Also, healing by the laying on of hands. 3m Oct. 1.

LECTURE.

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.

Miss EMMA HARRISON will lecture in Memphis during November. Address, care of J. E. Chadwick, Esq., Memphis, Tenn. Her lecture in New Orleans; part of January in Georgia, returning to the East via Chicago, in March, 1890. Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above address, or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Marlboro', Mass., Oct. 20th; Natick, Nov. 6th; Newburyport, Nov. 13th; Marblehead, Nov. 20th; Plymouth, Nov. 27th. He may be addressed as above.

JOHN H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture in the Western part of New York State, on subjects connected with the Harmonical Philosophy, during the month of October. His address will be, till further notice, in the care of Dr. H. M. Dunbar, Fen Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

FRANK WHITE will lecture in Boston, Oct. 30th; Lowell, Mass., Nov. 6th; Portland, Me., Nov. 20th and 27th; will spend the month of December in Maine. Calls for vacant Sundays or week evenings will be attended to, addressed as above.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, will speak in Stafford, Conn., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 20th, 27th and 28th. Also, in Mystic, Conn., Sunday, Oct. 30th.

ANN M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Taunton, Mass., Nov. 13th, 20th and 27th; in New Bedford, Dec. 13th and 20th, Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

CHARLES W. BURGESS, Inspirational Speaker, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., Oct. 23rd and 27th. Address him at Box 22, West Killingly, Conn.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT, West Medford, Mass. Mrs. SARAH A. MAGOOS, No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. MARY MACDONER, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I.

Miss LIZZIE DOTEN, Plymouth, Mass. Miss L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.

Miss D. DEXTER, Boston, Mass. ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Leslie, Mich.

C. T. IRISH, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq. A. B. WHITING, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. DENTHA D. CHASE, West Hartford, Mass. E. R. YOUNG, box 53, Quincy, Mass.

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Sept 20, 1994