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COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XX.

MANASSAH'S LETTER.
"Wherefore so sad and faint, my heart?
The stranger's land is fair;
Yet weary, weary still thou art—
What dost thou wandering there?"
What wanting? Oh, all I love!
Am I not lonely here?"

Several weeks have elapsed since Cosella left the
luxurious home of Donna Teresa do Almira, and
sought refuge in the humble but happier one of
Clara Maldonado. The ever kind and generous
husband of her friend received her as cordially as did
Clara herself, and their two lovely children were glad
to have the stranger come. It was indeed a fitting
residing place for Cosella's wounded spirit; and
whatever their humble means afforded was placed at
her disposal with frankness and good will. The
good old Panthea called often to see her; she heard
from her that her god father had returned, that the
Senora had held a long and private conversation
with him, and that the Senor had never mentioned
Cosella's name. "She has told him something,"
said the faithful negro indignantly, "or he would
not so neglect his Godchild." The young girl sighed
wearily and accepted her fate.

Her manner, patience and abstinence, proved
to Clara that some great grief weighed upon her
mind; but with true and intuitive delicacy she
forebore from questioning her. And Cosella was silent,
not from fear, but for shame of the unworthy
woman once deemed her maternal guide. It was with
her a season of unrest that preceded the coming
storm; strange dreams haunted her pillow, and a
wild desire to wander far from the scenes of her
discipline took possession of her every wish. Only
while in the presence of Clara, or while pressing the
children to her adoring breast, and replying to their
innocent prattle, did she feel the soothing calm of
that happy home; and for the hour she forgot the
sorrow and the foreboding that haunted her.

One afternoon, Clara's husband returned from the
post office with a letter and a package directed to the
Senorita Cosella Maria de Almira. "There, young
lady," said he smilingly, "is news for you, and I
doubt not a handsome present; come, please gratify
our expectant curiosity; see, the children are star-
ving at you, open-mouthed, hoping for a good supply
of candies. Clara, by her looks, thinks a fortune has
fallen to your share, and we are all ready to wish
you joy of your good luck, Senorita."

But a nameless dread possessed Cosella; a sudden
faintness overcame her; a chilling tremor shook her
frame.

"Cosella Maria!" (she was thus called often
since her admission to the church.) "What is the
matter, my friend?" and the sympathizing Clara
hastened to take the package from her hand.

"Open it, pray open it," said Cosella faintly; and
her trembling fingers proceeded to unseal the letter
she held in her hand. She was so long about it that
Clara had untied the parcels and cast aside the
wrappings, ere she had pursued the first lines. She
recognized an ivory casket that had belonged to
Manassah, a few trinkets lay therein and an open
letter which she saw was in his handwriting. Her
heart gave a loud throbbing; then by a sudden
and powerful exertion of the will she gave her
attention to the message she held in her hand. Her
friends looked on in silent wonder.

"This letter is from the island of Tello—I have
no correspondent there," she murmured. "And
this casket, with a message from my father, what
can it mean? Lord! give me strength!" she for-
tunately implored. And hastily she read the letter.

She read it through, with a blanching cheek
and with eyes dilating. Not a sound escaped her lips;
when she had perused it all, and read the signature,
she snatched up the casket and hurriedly left the
room.

"Some great calamity has occurred to our poor
friend!" said Clara, and she burst into piteous
tears, in which her tender-hearted children joined.

Cosella entered her chamber, bolted the door,
and sat down, pale and stern and tearless, to the
perusal of Manassah's last confession.

She read it once, and the crimson of a sudden joy,
the pallor of a soul-deep grief alternated on her
changing face. Low exclamations burst from her
lips. "I thank thee, oh my God!—oh mother,
Shine! Father! Where, oh where!"—and then
with another effort to be calm and still, she read the
letter again; and drank in the overwhelming
revelations of life and blessedness; its testimony of
penitence and wrong.

She perused it for the third time, and not until
then did she realize that Manassah, her cruel
guardian, her calumniator, her ruthless foe was
dead!—With a prompting of exultant joy she clasped
her hands, thankful that she was liberated from
his grasp; free and glad and proud, that she was
not his child. Then came the human pity; the
mild-eyed womanly angel of compassion knocked at
her heart, and the wronged girl's tears fell on the
letter laid by a dying hand. "God forgive thee
as I forgive!" she murmured, and then she thought
of him in his sunny moods, and in view of his tardy
but ever-wrong penitence, of the appeals to her
woman's heart for charity, she wept the heart-floods
of divinest pity over his death.

Then came the thought that indeed he had spoken
truly, that the loving Shins bore to her no tie
of motherhood; that in a far land he rested who
had given her birth. And then amid the isolation, and
the sorrow and thankfulness, there broke a gleam

of divinest light and hope. Her father, her loving
true, much wronged and seeking father, he lived per-
haps; and she would meet him on the earth. For
Manassah had written thus: "often have I been de-
ceived with tidings of his death; as if it were a
punishment for my sin, his haunting and living
image over pursued me. Only two years ago I
heard from him, he was then in England. Oh, for
give, forgive Cosella! I will make restitution as
our law demands. May you meet and be happy, for
in this my dying hour will I confess, that he who
has the right to call you daughter is one of earth's
noblest men. The veil of prejudice is withdrawn,
I stand upon the portals of another life. I feel—I
know my immortality now; and I tell thee, thy
father is a brave and most heroic soul. His name, oh
wronged and persecuted child!—his name is Per—" thus
far the falling hand had written when the sum-
moning angel called. A bitter cloud of disappoint-
ment lowered over her expectant hopes; and she
wept for the unfinished revelation; she cried aloud
that heaven was unjust thus to defraud her of a
daughter's rights. But even amid the storm of
frustrated hope, there arose to her mind's vision the
welcoming form of him it was her will to seek
throughout the universe! Tall, and majestic with
the power of innate nobleness; lofty-browed and al-
most of speech; with face untouched by the de-
caying hand of time; unmarked save by the beau-
tiful lines of thought; with eyes of heaven's serene-
st, holiest blue, her father stood before her, opening
wide his arms, smiling with deep tenderness; calling
her by name to come and cheer his life! And as be-
fore some beckoning reality, she bent her knee and
reverently bowed her head, invoking that most sac-
red boon, a father's holy benediction.

She had learnt her mother's name; she knew the
history of her proud grandmother, the sorrows of
her father's lot; and from that hour a wild but fixed
resolve dwelt in her breast; she would seek her
father; she would travel from place to place, guided
solely by the intuitions of a daughter's heart, and if
he dwelt on earth she yet would find him. Poor
Cosella! she thought not of her dependent condition;
she forgot that she was bereft of fortune; she knew
not that the grandest aspirations of the human soul,
the loftiest impulses of truth and goodness, are often
fettered in their expression by the iron hand of stern
necessity; by the galling bands of poverty. The
dreamer knew not this; the denizen of fairyland
deemed not the earthly pilgrimage so paved with
difficulties; she, who worshipped heart-wealth could
not deem the world's obedience was most deeply re-
ndered unto gold!

Therefore she dreamed amid her sorrow, of home
and bliss re-union, of happiness and joy; and yet
there was a gleam of prophecy, spiritual and true,
in all the varied imaginings of her love-yearning soul.
Cosella bathed her face, and arranged her hair;
then calmly walked into the sitting room and told
her friends of the announcement of her father's
death. But when alone with Clara she told her all,
and received that true friend's condolence and sym-
pathy. "I shall have to unlearn to call him father,"
she said, with a tearful smile; and from all the
world beside she guarded her secret.

For some months afterwards new and strange feel-
ings struggled in Cosella's breast. Gradually awak-
en, led to the bitter sense of dependence, she began for
the first time to think of the daily effort necessary for
material sustenance. She had ever been surround-
ed with plenty, often with luxury; she had never
acquainted her hands to toil, nor her brain to labor.
Her humble friends lavished upon her every kind at-
tention, and in return she compelled them to the ac-
ceptance of various gifts; such as dresses for Clara,
pictures for the adornment of the sitting room, play
things for the children. Cosella thought not, cared
not for the diminution of her resources; she knew
naught of the value of money; none but Manassah
had ever ventured to her his mighty influence upon
the world. She dispensed gifts with a generous
hand, until she had no more to give; and with fold-
ed arms and eyes that sought help from above, she
queried of herself: "what next? what shall I do?"

She heard of Salvador del Monte occasionally;
she caught a glimpse of him sitting by a woman's
side upon the balcony of a house. But resolutely
she turned away her head, and when once she sent
her a message she declined receiving it. There was
no wavering in her soul when conscience pronounced
her fat. Hoping, waiting, praying for destiny for a
change to come, the months passed on; and many
changes passed over the interior life of the waiting
one. Religious scruples arose; conflicts of reason
with traditional teachings. Which was the path
to heaven? Was it the faith professed by her
mother's people, to the last upheld even by the scater-
tered, persecuted tribes of Israel? Was it the Chris-
tian faith, with all its panoply of church and form?
Was it right for man to make unto himself embodi-
ments of things unseen, and worship them in lieu
of the divine realities? Was Jesus of Nazareth in-
deed the very God? And was that God a spirit,
infinite and all-pervading; or was he some grand,
incomprehensible personality, dwelling afar in space,
where time is not? And heaven?—was it a place of
ever-enduring day, where Jehovah sat enthroned in
kingly pomp, where a blaze of glory veiled the Fa-
ther's countenance, and the communion of the angels
was to sing and glorify him alone? And that mys-
tery of the Godhead—the Christian, the Catholic
Trinity—could the human intellect accept it, and
the human heart approve? The never-varying mo-
nology of heaven, the earthly glitter of its golden
streets, the imperial pomp presiding there as in the
court of some worldly despot—was it a sufficient
compensation for the trials and discipline of life?
What was to become of the holy ambition, the ever-
upward tending aspiration, the love that demands
fruition and continuance of eternity? What is life
devoid of action, incentive, progression? What is
the hereafter, if divested of the noble affections that
embellish earth? What of the untold capacities,
here but half unfolded; the yearnings half un-
folded; the spiritual links of soul that would stretch from
world to world to the infinite conception? What of the

slumbering emotions no wand of earth could reach;
the vague forebodings of angelic prowess, spiri-
tual dominion, holy conquests? The thousand guar-
antees of immortality, how should they be realized?
In selfish rest within a glittering, sensuous heaven;
in prayer before Jehovah's majesty; in withdrawal
from all human and angelic sympathy? "No, oh,
my soul!" responded, silver, clear, the promising
voices of intuition within that seeker's breast. "Be-
lieve not creeds and rituals, they are the work of
man. From a low standpoint of moral fear and
grossness he has hitherto beheld his God; he went
outside of his own soul to grasp the infinite, and
found only shadows—looming horrors, myths, of
man's formation. He has cast aside the ever-renewed
and holy volume of nature, to grope amid musty
books made sacred by the impress of antiquity.
The soul ever gives a truthful response; direct it of
fear; all it with human and divine love; cast aside
the fragments of creed and the teachings of priest-
craft; question not thy educational prejudices, thy
passions—they are of the earth; but inquire of thy
freed soul, and the truth will respond.

God is no malignant tyrant, sending wars and
pestilence upon his much-loved earth. He is not
jealous of thy human tributes rendered unto the
beautiful in art or nature. He is a spirit, present in
each form of life, speaking in a thousand voices, all
of love. When creeds and churchly dogmas cease to
satisfy the hungering soul, from nature's fountains
flow forever the myriads of living truths. The
bloom upon her sacred vestment is as pure
and fair, to day, as ever; there is within her wide
arcade all that earth life can bestow upon the stu-
dent's soul. Her crystals teach the fashionings of
divinity; her piled rocks tell of the successive eons
of unbroken time; her vegetable realm teems with the
life-spirit, her floral treasures with the Godlike at-
tribute of beauty, her mines' wealth with the cor-
respondences of soul. Not a flower blooms, nor a
brooklet murmurs, nor a tall tree waves in the pas-
sing wind, but sends a link within the human soul.
From the atom up to God, the interminable chain
ascends. And there are chords within the human
breast responding to the wild bird's note, to the
angel's cry; to the Arabian breathings of the sum-
mer breeze, as well as to the reading of the thunder-
cloud and the passing of the storm. There are souls
on earth to whom the voices of the sea are the
teachers of a mystic lore. Beside the wave-washed
beach they learn what life shall be; how death can
be overcome, and heaven be gained. In that hal-
lowed spot of voiceless prayer they compose sub-
limest poems, never to be recited until the material
veil shall be withdrawn, until the loved and parted
shall meet in the Elysian star-worlds. Vows of
sublimest self-abnegation, promises of soul-enfranchis-
ement, efforts for a world's redemption, have
been outpoken and outgrown in presence of his
recording witness—the guarding, faithful sea! Some
vestal hearts have sung their hymns of devotion
beneath the silver stars of night, and to the lily's
ear have breathed what man can never know. The
wild-wood solitudes have trained young souls for
the battle of this life; and the mountain's mist-en-
clored grandeur has inspired the epic poems, the heroic
actions of the ages. Calm, peace, and sweet endeavor
have been borrowed from the river's onward flow;
and the songs of joy that have blessed the laborer
have arisen from the wafted inspirations of the sun-
light and the dancing leaves. Thus everything
that bears the semblance of the beautiful appeals to
human knowledge—instructs, and charms, and
soothes—for it is ever God that speaks therein.

But heaven? where I shall meet my mother. Shall
there wander listless, hand in hand, surrounded
by a blaze of glory, feeling naught save self-satisfac-
tion? No employment, no incentive to effort, no
good to be achieved? And that other place—too
terrible to think of! There those I have loved may
dwell in perpetual torment, and I may not lend the
helping hand!

I am a human creature, full of faults, inharmonies,
and conflict; my eyes are darkened to the heavenly
light; suffering and disenchantment have made me
bitter, oh rebellious! I repine when I should sub-
mit; I know not yet the wherefore of life and trial
—the necessity of being of endurance and sorrow.
But this I know, all faulty as I am—within my soul
there glimmers forth a fountain of forgiveness, that, by
its sweetness, I know is divine. I have been cruelly
wronged, deprived of my rights, despoiled of love,
and disenchantment with the promises of friendship.
My soul is full of skepticism, bitterness, and sus-
picion of humanity. Forgive me, God, that I have
dared to arraign Thee! It is not thou who hast
suffered, but thy human children upon each other.
Earth and sky are as beautiful, as true, as in my
childhood's days. These aspects change never! Yet
I, striving to imitate Thee, learn to forgive. And
from my soul I do forgive Manassah, cruelly as he
has sinned against me. Yet the priest tells me that
he is in hell; that the gentle, loving, timid Shins,
whom I shall ever love, burns in perpetual tor-
ment, not for the sins of life, but for the difference
in belief! Oh, can this be, and art thou just? An-
swer me, oh voice of God! oh sacred intuition!
Tell me, is there an eternal hell?

The soft breeze that invariably preceded an im-
pression fanned her brow; calm descended on the
anxious heart; a sweet atmosphere of peace, through
which the commissioned angels communicated, en-
folded her thought. Framed into words, thus was
the response:

"There is no arbitrary decree nor place of punish-
ment; but natural, beautiful, and inevitable con-
sequence, that is the spirit's compensation for its
every act. The heroic, self-denying soul, yielding
obedience to the moral and physical laws that are
immutable, is a spiritual conqueror; and in the
hereafter, the soul-victories achieved, the illumina-
tion of truth and knowledge obtained, shall form
for itself external surroundings of the utmost
beauty. The purely loving shall dwell in Eden
bowers, such as their young imaginations pictured;
all that the mother's heart desired and dreamed of
for her noble boy or lovely girl, shall there be re-

alized. Not an aspiration shall be lost, nor one hope
remain unsatisfied; the material barriers removed,
the soul is free to act, to live, and to achieve. There-
fore the poet's eye shall be gladdened by the beau-
ties of the celestial worlds; the artist's soul drink
in the varying panoramas of the fabled realms;
the minstrel there shall hear the music-voices of the
stars, the floral concerts of the blessed earth. And
there will be labor for all; labor of love, and aid,
and sympathy; works of truth and goodness; com-
munication of Heaven with the worlds beneath.

The faint reflections of celestial heavens of
beauty and of peace may dwell within the human
spirit, while it dwells amid the disorders of the earth-
life. Angelic discipline, self-reform, will and truth,
may bring these bright reflections; and you may
dwell in joy, though surrounded by external inhar-
mony. And thus with the opposite picture; viola-
tion of natural and divine law, inevitably entails
remorse and untold suffering. Hell, with its demon
shapes and lurid fires, dwells in the guilty breast;
and it burns on, when the shores of eternity are
gained, but not forever. Thou, fallible and human
creature, cannot forgive; and thinkest thou the in-
finite possesses not that holy attribute in an infinite
degree? Human hatred would not consign its bitter
fury to a life-long torture, and yet it tells thee
of a God implacable and unrelenting; the chimera
of tyrant's brains; the offspring of ecclesiastical
fear and love of power, is this avenging and unfor-
giving Deity! The true God is a loving father and
a bountiful mother unto all souls.

All sins must be self-expiated; no church, no
priest, is invested with the power of forgiveness.
The soul must, from its gained summit of spiritual
insight, learn to forgive itself, ere happiness can be
obtained. And this can alone be done by substitut-
ing deeds of love for deeds of hatred; by loving
truth and abhorring falsehood; by living purely in
place of living vilely. On self depends the gaining
of salvation, or the soul's immunity from evil. Pure
and lofty aspirations will attract kindred influences
that will strengthen the first feeble effort in the
right. But the first effort must be made by the
human will; it is the voice of God asserting its
supremacy; it is the God within dictating through
the reason, the affection and the intellect; and all
that conflicts with it is of the grosser nature, and
must be overcome in order that the Divine may
reign supreme. That voice hearkeneth unto obeyed,
the angels of inspiration hasten to the soul, to as-
sist with their encouragement; to strengthen with
their power; to elevate, refine and purify; therefore
no vicarious atonement can suffice; no priestly ab-
solution benefit; no obscure ceremony sanctify.
On thyself depends thy present and thy future des-
tiny; knowing the beautiful compensations of good,
the direful and inevitable consequences of evil, what
soul would choose the latter?

There is a conscious self-respect, intuitive to the
soul, that makes it shrink from the arrangements of
conscience; it would not blush for shame before its
own august tribunal; it would stand erect on the
mountain heights of spiritual freedom, and proclaim
itself a worthy child of God! But in the homage
paid to externalities, in form and creed and cere-
mony, this consciousness has been lost sight of; and
many a soul harboring deep the hell-pangs of re-
morse, has been proclaimed forgiven by the judg-
ment of man. Many a human heart, tortured and
devoured by self accusation, has received the church's
symbol of admission, the outward sign of the remis-
sion of its sins.

Follow the voice of truth and honor; the mandates
of purity, the laws thou feelest are divine; and break
from all thy soul the fetters of superstition, that ren-
der thee fearful as a slave! Leave all thy troubled
questions, those thy intuitions cannot solve, to the
guardian care of Time. Revelation, insight, spiritual
discernment, come to all that truly seek; but the
earth discipline is needed, and thine is not ended
yet."

"Strange that I should have such thoughts!" said
Cosella to herself. "They come sometimes unbidden,
at other times invoked. What strange, new fancies
crowd upon my brain! Perhaps it is wicked in me
to indulge them. Heaven help me, I know not! I
seem lost in a labyrinth of doubts; what human
hand shall draw me hence? Oh, that I might know
of the Future, that a spirit might appear to me, and
tell me of the other world!"

Not yet, not yet, Cosella! For awhile the shadow
and the doubt, then wilt thou emerge into the free
and glorious sunshine.

The external beauty of the faith that had cap-
tivated her poetic fancy was fast losing its every
charm; for Cosella had learnt the hollow mockery
it concealed. Her active mind could not refrain
from reasoning, her heart from questioning; she
ceased to pay her usual devotions to the Virgin
Mary; she neglected the confessional; weary, dis-
pirited; skeptical, she fluctuated betwixt old opinions
and the thronging thoughts that overcame her.
A feeling of longing, of homesickness, a restless
desire for change, for a return to the cold regions of
the North, possessed her. She often prayed to God
to send her deliverance, to reveal to her in what
place her father sojourned. Then for days a strange
exaltation seemed to enfold her spirit; she seemed
to feel her father nearing. This was succeeded by a
sad revulsion of feeling, in which she wept and
wildly accused her wayward fate. The strong and
unyielding grasp of an iron necessity approached;
the tenderly nurtured, dreamy Cosella was troubled
by the invading phantoms of compulsory toil and
privation; but as yet, they only loomed mistily in
the distance.

She retired as much as possible even from the
little world surrounding her; when she walked out,
it was to Shins's grave, or to the public beach. A
settled melancholy brooded upon her face; Clara
was tender and sympathizing; but Cosella for awhile
turned away from all human sympathy.

"If I can only find my father," she would think,
"I would believe that God is good, and that life is
beautiful; while that joy is denied me, I can only
mourn. Soon I shall be penniless, a burden to

my friends; before that time arrives, I must away—
away from here!"

CHAPTER XXI.

ABOUT THE CLOUDS OF EARTH.

"Eye hath not seen it—
Ear hath not heard its deep song of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there."

Thou toller for the multitude I stay awhile the
earthly record, and come in spirit to the heavenly
land. Though thine eyes be veiled, and thine ear
yet closed, a gleam of beauty, and a low, faint strain
of joy, is vouchsafed unto thee; a revelation from
the worlds of soul. Calm all the anxious throbb-
ings of thy heart; be silent, all ye voices of the
outer world! Uprise, winged aspirations! nor stay
your flight until the Morning gates are reached!

Oh, world of life and youth external I thine at-
mosphere of blessedness enfold me! thy peerly
gates unclose; thy fragrant summer wreath is at
my feet, thy crystal streams flow on toward the
ocean of infinitude! The grandeur of thy wisdom,
temples and thy mountain-shrines—the beacon-fires,
the love-powers of the soul's divine repose; the mar-
riage bowers, and the trying fancies; oh, blessed
land! I break upon my spirit's vision, all mistily
overhanging by my earthly imperfection's veil!

And wandering 'mid the avenues of light, resting
by the sunlit fountains, praying by the wildwood
shrines, mine eyes behold the faces of the glorified
and blest. I hear them joining in the harmony of
worship unto the true and living God:

"Father I with uplifted vision,
Freest the spirit, purified the soul—
Gaze we upward to the worlds Elysian,
Where the planet lies in music roll.

Where thy sun-winged messengers outvying
Thoughts intenser speed, are borne along
To the ether worlds, in pity heaving
With the heaven-born gifts of love and song.

Starry isles, the sacred fane of angels,
Gleam upon our loving, prayerful sight;
And of love divine, the soul's evangel
Graves the tablets of eternal right!

Father-spirit! from thy inner glory
And abounding Mother-love, we crave
Pitying response to Earth's saddened story,
Light to guide her souls beyond the grave!

By the tempestuous broken hearts are kneeling,
Doubt and fear with mortal storm are rife,
O'er the homeless clay in vain appealing,
For the tokens of another life.

Priests are held the guardians in whose keeping,
Rest the treasures of celestial lore;
On the Present's knowledge falsely heaping,
Many records of the myths of yore.

Thundering curses o'er the frightened masses,
See, they hold dominion o'er the world;
Forged devices of the heavenly powers,
Fierce decrees of endless wrath are hurled.

By lips fallible, and weak, and sinning,
That presumptuous dare of thee to tell!
And with faltering glories seek the winning,
Of immortal souls from priestly hell!

Father! we, thy spirit-children, gifted
With enfranchised souls and hearts at peace—
Would, inspired by Thee, by Love uplifted,
Labor for a darkened world's release.

From the spirit-lands in distance gleaming,
From thy onward ocean of Thy Will,
From heights of power, and depths of love's dream-
ing,

Designant wisdom speaketh to us still,
Of the sunrises of that Inspiration,
Of the waters of eternal Truth,
And the amaranthine blooms of youth—

Of the love-fanes, and the marriage bowers,
Of the soul-laws of the upper realm;
Of the life-guard, freighted with God-powers,
Angel-guarded at the prow and helm.

Would we tell Thy children; creed-bound, weeping,
As the orphaned, outcast ones of God?
Toll them, Life is endless—death no sleeping—
That no heart-pulse rests beneath the sod?

They should know Thee, Father! from the pages
Of thy Life-book, Nature, true and fair;
And the teachings of the bygone ages,
Steep no more their souls in doubt's despair.

Earth is calling! myriads souls are pining,
God and Father! list the anguish cry!
In thy Love and Wisdom come designing,
Bid saving angels to the rescue hie!

A kingly form, majestic in his bearing, with the
innate nobleness and worth of soul, steps from amid
the spirit-ranks. Light undulates in rainbow waves
around his form; its condensed rays illumine as with
a diadem's transcendent lustre, the lofty brow; the
sempre of moral conquest is held in his uplifted
hand. That is no æthereal image, that is rendered
unto him; that is bowing of love-crowned and lily en-
circled brows; the folding of strong and tender
hands is no mark of deference such as earth renders
to her princes and her rulers; it is the tributary
meed of the soul's obedience, law-giver unto Honor,
Truth and Wisdom. That kingly soul has gained
the victory in a hundred spiritual conflicts; that
noble heart has won the mountain summits of Sub-
limis Will; that regal hand has unlocked the
treasures of celestial life. And public acclamation,
and the inner dictate have enthroned him intellec-
tually; have given into his care the teaching of
souls—to his keeping the watchwords of Progress-
ion. In musical utterance his eloquent speech flows
forth, and is recorded upon the tablets of Eternity:

"Oh, earth-buried! earth enshroued! thy sorrows
Have touched my soul with shafts divine of Love;
For thee uprolls the curtain now—the morn-
The dawn of Truth is breaking from above.

Thou wert my birthplace, mother I and I love thee,
With all the grateful memory of young years,
And with responsive blessings I will seek thee,
And with sweet heaven-songs chase thy hoarded
fears.

Father of souls! before Thy Omnipresence,
I bow the head and meekly bend the knee;
Awaiting from the Love-realms of thy Being,
The consecration of my ministry—
To be to earth immortal truths, and win
The faltering, creed-bound souls of men from sin;

Commissioned of my heart and Thee, I go
To teach redemption to the world below!"

From the azure and rosy clouds, vibrating to a
strain of heavenly encouragement, there fell upon
the bowed imperial head a diamond-thrust shaft of
light. It was the signal of divine approval; and by
his inspirational power, he felt commissioned from
the source of Truth.

"Blessed, thrice blessed, art thou, co-laborer for
the earth's redemption!" sweetly sang the spirit-
hosts. And he was led to the roseate and peerly
gate by the hands of the true and pure.
Radiant with the beauty born of heroic deeds, and
lofty soul achievements, a woman-angel, clad in the
azure vestments of the beatified, leading by the hand
a child immortal, thus addressed the silent ranks:

"Is it not woman's province earth to bless,
With the heart-offering of Love's sacredness?
A spirit's holiest task is to reclaim
Its children from their heritage of shame.

To break off fetters from the souls that pine
In churchly prisons, for the light divine;
To priests to whisper of a higher fame,
Than controversial fury in God's name!

On childhood's heart to pour the love of truth,
And beauty's secret to the care of youth,
And to the mother and the maiden speak,
Of soul laws binding on the strong and weak.

To stand a guardian-angel by the side
Of tempted virgins to the sorrowing bride,
And weeping mourner, teach the law of love,
God's mandate of reunion from above.

Be thine my mission; bending heart and knee,
I seek Thy blessing, Spirit of the free!
Life of all souls! Maternal source! whose grace
In love's splendor decks the human race!"

Around the kneeling form there fell bright golden,
and violet-tinted rays; a sapphire star, unseen be-
fore, glinted on her brow, and a gleam of magic
power was in her hand; with a gentle gesture of
farewell she turned to her companions, who showered
flowers upon her pathway. Close beside the mes-
sage-bearing portal she paused, and gazed upon the
little child that in its snowy vestments, with its
wreath of jeweled roses rested by the fountain's
murmur. To her inquiring gaze the little angel's
lips responded in a gush of melody:

"I will go with thee, beloved, to the dark and stormy
earth,
And my soul shall whisper comfort to the mourner by
the hearth;

Where they weep for angel children, past the golden
flowing tide,
Where the seal of sorrow lingers, there wilt thou and
I abide.

I will press the rosy blossoms of my star wreath to the
lips,
Of the captive and the mourner, waiting for their life's
collapsing.

I will speak of home and heaven, to the fallow of the
land,
And the pure and the forgiven, shall behold me up I
stand.

I will sing sweet songs of comfort to the spring and
the wild,
And will tell the sorrow-stricken that he is the Angel's
child;

I will go with thee, beloved I by my ministry to aid,
The beautiful to blossom, in yon world which He has
made.

To the Father of the Living! to the Mother of all
souls!
The tide-flow of devotion through the boundless ether
rolls!

And his spirit child invoking, all of inspiration's
might,
Lowly bows the heart and spirit in His omnipresent
sight."

Oh, the delicious tidal flow of melody that de-
scended from the unseen realms! Beneath its so-
lemn and thrilling vibration every knee was bowed;
beneath the glory-flood of crimson splendor that
enveloped that radiant child-form, every eye was
veiled. Meekly triumphant

I would cast the sweet spell that is mine;
Till I broke forth exultant in triumph's refrain,
And the earth would be hushed and still
I would thy voice, gracious Author of Mine!
I would for the token of joy—
That shall animate soul, and shall sanction the toll
Of the chosen of heaven's employ!"

It came, the result token of acceptance; breaking
through the amethystine splendor that encircled
it, and the poet's spirit seemed to float exultant in
the music of heaven's air.

"Blessed, blessed is thy mission to the world!"
sang the adoring host, and, with bowed head, and
eyes that glistened with sympathetic heart-dew,
he passed beyond the pearly gates.

A vast Grace, softly gliding over the comely
plane, advanced. The namelike beauty of the soul's
serenest expression dwelt upon her perfect face; its
lines revealed in all the rhythmic symmetry that
ruled her form; the holy eyes were upraised to the
glorious skies, and inspiration's glory was wrapped
in mirrored in their azure depths. As a veil of living
sunbeams, her unbound tresses fell around her, and
the myrtle splendor of the silver Star of Eden, was
reflected on her flowing robe. A wreath of lilies,
fragrant with the outbreathed purity of soul, was
twined around the queenly head; from the flower-
ets heart-deeps sparkled light, and murmured
music. All heads were bowed, all hands out-
stretched in welcome, as she approached. The
cloud-messengers lingered to hear; the birds sus-
pended for a while their liquid strains of re-
joicing; the floral harmony of spirit-land was
hushed, while she, the angel, sang:

"I know that life directed of love's power,
Is barren of fruitless; that the flower
Of truth unfolds beneath its sunlight dower.
I am beloved of God and angels; man
Alone refuses me the right to share
Creation's glory, and the future's plan.
I am immortal! yet they call me dead.
And say my kindred loves from earth have fled;
That Eden's love-light from the world has sped.
They call me 'Drearyer than the vestal maid';
Earth's voices tell me it is all in vain,
The wish and will, its holiest souls to gain.

And yet, methinks, within earth's home there dwell
Souls that but need my spirit's hushing spell
To bid the grossness of the world farewell!
I hear sweet prayers arising from that world;
And music, that the planets must have hurled
Through space and time, till peace her wing unfurled

Upon some sacred tablet of the heart;
Bidding the phantoms of its ill depart;
And smother's calling, love-lore to impart.
I see within the darkened domes of earth,
Amid life's disillusion, spirit death,
Winged aspirations coughing by the hearth.

I will unto the untaught souls declare
How angels live in soul-lands, free and fair;
How vestal brows love's lilies chapered wear;
I will teach man the serpent form to shun;
Tell him ascending chimes in ether hung,
Bling out the horror of a soul undone!

I will tell mothers that their children bear
The impress who has chosen they shall wear,
Of demon foul, or sybil of the air.
And I will whisper to the maiden's sense;
Of purity's divine Omnipotence;
The mystic glory that she draws from thence.

Thou! who art enthroned in love's own light
By Thy soul's quickening power and conscious might!
I play Thee now for the coming fight!
I would release Thy children from the gloom
Of earthly grossness; and the spirit doom
That evil works beyond the shielding tomb.

I would behold the earthly serpent creep,
Beneath the conquering woman's foot; and hushed
All groveling aims from life-founts that have gushed.
I would make love supreme, my God, for Thee;
For the lone hearts invoking death's decree—
And for man's great and godlike destiny!

And not a breath of lower earth's desire
Should mingle with the incense, that aspires
Unto the soul's eternal heaven fires!"

Low plaudits rent the azure and cloud-jewelled
dome; then solemn silence fell upon the multitude,
and a prolonged re-echoed hymn of sovereign glad-
ness swept from the empyrean above, enfolding all
the prayerful hearts assembled there in a hush of
most exalted joy. Around the loving spirit fell a
silver shower; and unseen hands cast o'er her
kneeling form the emblematic lilies of immortal
growth. While yet that cloud of glory lingered, she
had reached the gate, and with one more look
of love and longing, she sped to the calling world
below.

There came next, a matronly form, whose brow
was decorated by the love-crown of motherhood.
Beautiful with eternal youth, the wisdom of ages
dwelt within her soul. Eager to redress the wrongs,
the skepticism, the sorrows of the earth, she stepped
forth, leading by each hand an angel-child; and
all who gazed upon her blest her as a ministering
spirit. She cast her eyes, so full and tender, to
ward the overreaching sky, and from her true heart
burst the melody:

"I dwell in the land of my heart's desire,
I pray by the true God's shrine;
I am robed in the amethystine glow
Of a motherhood divine.
I wear on my brow the diadem
Of my consecrated aim;
And the music-waves of my soul respond
To the love-call of my name.

I would leave the home-lit glories
Of my heart, hushed above;
Hastening to the angel rescue,
And the seraph's word of love.
I would bear to earth the tablets
Of the life-law framed by thee!
And would tell the fettered millions
Of the freed soul's destiny.

I would bid the mourning mother,
From the great bereavement torn,
To the star-world's magnet glory,
Where the constellations burn.
I would lead the aspiration,
Winged and fearless to the goal
Of love's infinite revelation,
To the sunlit heights of soul.

I would to that world of truth
Bear the messages of truth,
Angel watchwords of reunion,
And the blessed spell of youth.
I would cast the prayerful incense
Of the heart's divinest need
O'er the darkened household altar;
From the crushing soul-lands freed.

Man, erect in godlike beauty, shall upraise the tri-
umphant song
Of the blessed earth's redemption, love-taught by the
angel throng."

A flood of amber light shed around the suppliant
spirit, proved the divine acceptance of her offering,
and again the solemn music of celestial hosts was
heard. With sweet smiles of gratitude and fare-
well—the spirit-mother leading by the hand the
graceful angels, sped upon her commissioned way.
Many sought the same bow for earth. Sages, child-
like hearts, maternal guardians, moral heroes, loving
youths, and most celestial maidens, prayed for the
earth's redemption, and for the divine approval of
their laboring souls.

And thus, to some portions of the world, from
upper lands of love and knowledge, were the glad
tidings borne; and thus the new era was inaugu-
rated; the earth blessed anew with the spiritual
intercourse of all.

The beautiful scene fades slowly; the glorified
faces grow dim; the music dies away in a soft,
lingering strain of regret. The pearly portal closes;
once more the diamond spray of fountain blends
with the shifting splendor of the skies above. A
misty veil overhangs the beautiful realm.

"Return to earth, and record earthly scenes, thou
teller for the multitude!"

Original Essays.

IMMORTALITY AND NON-IMMORTALITY.

REPLY TO J. R. LOVELAND.

BY PROF. PATTON SPENCE, M. D.

Words are but arbitrary signs of things. It is
therefore more important to know the existence and
the qualities of things than it is to know their names.
If man is immortal, one element of his immortal
nature must be a something which may be, and has been
represented by a variety of names, such as principles,
powers, faculties, mind, spirit, all of which refer to
the most interior element of the immortal being. As
this interior element cannot make itself manifest ex-
cept through an organic form, such an organic form
is another essential part, or element, of man's immortal
nature; it is called soul by some, and spirit-body by
others. In the introduction to my second article on
"Immortality and Non-Immortality," I stated that I
applied the term soul to the organic form of the im-
mortal being, while I applied the terms principles,
powers, faculties, mind, spirit, all of which refer to
the interior element which manifests itself
through the organic form. Those who admit the ex-
istence of the two things which my words represent,
could hardly fail, therefore, to understand my mean-
ing, although they might prefer to represent them by
other words. This dual nature of the immortal being
has not been disputed by Mr. Loveland in his review
of my articles; neither has he informed us that he
prefers other words. The reader, therefore, is left to
infer that the gentleman understands me and agrees
with me upon these fundamental points, and that
here, at least, there is no dispute between us. But
Mr. Loveland evidently does not understand me; and
it is equally evident that a want of precision and de-
finiteness in the use of terms has introduced no little
confusion in some portions of his review, however
clear his thoughts may have been to himself. Thus
the ninth and tenth paragraphs, which form about
one-third of the review, are obviously based upon a
total misapprehension of my meaning. A perusal of
the ninth paragraph will show that, although the gen-
tleman makes certain statements and draws certain
inferences in reference to what he calls the soul, which
are intended to refute what I had said about the soul,
yet it is evident that he refers to that interior ele-
ment of the immortal being which manifests itself
through the organic form, while all my statements and in-
ferences had reference to the organic form itself. That
Mr. Loveland does mean the interior element, when
speaking of the soul, in the ninth paragraph, is evi-
dent from the following passage, in which the word
soul is used in contradistinction to the word spiritual
body, which means the organic form. "Nor is it cer-
tain, or demonstrable, that any lapse of time after
conception, or birth, is necessary for the development
of the so-called spiritual body. Its existence begins
with that of the soul itself." The tenth paragraph of
the review shows, still more clearly, that by the word
soul the gentleman means the interior element, and
not the organic form; thus he says, "Take, in addi-
tion, the mode of soul-growth, as it appears within
the sphere of consciousness. It is by an aggregation of
particles or powers? May it be only the going
out of the soul in action or experience. So universal is
the recognition of this fact, that any one would be
reckoned foolish who should deny to the smart boy of
three years old the *innate capacity* for the higher mathe-
matics," &c., &c. "But the common sense or intu-
ition of man affirms that mathematics, science and phi-
losophy, are all in the boy." In the paragraph from
which the above quotations are taken, Mr. Loveland
endeavors to refute what I had said about the growth
of the immortal organic form; yet, as he perceived,
they all have reference to the organic form, but to
the powers or faculties of the immortal being—the
spirit, in other words. It is hardly necessary that I
should have quoted so much to show that Mr. Loveland
speaks of one thing, while I spoke of another,
when a single quotation given above, in which the
word soul is used in contradistinction to the word
spiritual body, is sufficient for that purpose, and suffi-
cient to define the meaning which he attaches to the
two words. If, therefore, the gentleman is consistent
with himself in the use of terms, his whole article has
reference to the interior element of the immortal
being, and not to the organic form; for he uses the
word soul throughout the entire article, the word
spiritual body being used but once, namely, in the
passage already quoted. In this state of the case,
there are but three lines in the whole review which
really call for an answer; because they are the only
lines which refer to the same thing that is referred to
in my original articles. They have already been
quoted, and are as follows: "Nor is it certain, or de-
monstrable, that any lapse of time after conception,
or birth, is necessary for the development of the spiri-
tual body." This, however, is but a barren statement
of an honest conviction; and as it is not accompanied
with any refutation of the many reasons which I gave
for believing that "the development of the spiritual
body" (the soul) does require a certain "lapse of
time after conception," and "after birth," it needs
no reply at present.

I feel somewhat embarrassed in my endeavors to
decide whether to proceed any further with my analysis
of the review, for the reason that I cannot do so with-
out making Mr. Loveland inconsistent with himself.
I cannot proceed without interpreting the word soul
as meaning the organic form—the spiritual body, in all
the rest of the review, while, as we have seen, in the
ninth and tenth paragraphs it means the interior prin-
ciples, or powers—the spirit. I will make the ven-
ture, however, with an apologetic assurance to Mr.
Loveland, that, if he objects to the arrangement, all
that I may write shall go for naught; in that event,
however, all that he has written must equally go for
naught, because it would then have no reference to
the organic form (the soul) about which I wrote in my
original articles.

The first paragraph of the review is an introductory
statement of facts which needs no reply.

The second paragraph contains the following: "One
of the loudest and most confident boasts of the Spiritu-
alists has been that immortality was now demon-
strated. But this position is challenged, not by op-
ponents, but by some of the strongest and best within
our ranks." I have not challenged that position.

The third paragraph contains what is intended as a
synopsis of my argument, as follows: "The last
vestige of nature is soul. 2d. Souls are organized en-
tities. 3d. Bodies must exist, or be organized, in
order to render soul organization possible, inasmuch
as the soul is organized within the body. 4th. As a
certain length of time is requisite in order for em-
bryo life to pass into the adult life, so the soul must
pass through a definite process of gestation in the
body, or else it dies the death of annihilation." 5th.
Souls are only accented, refined, etherialized mat-
ter—the distilled, yet organized, nectar of the body. 6th.
The testimony of spirits to any fact not level to our
sensual perception is entirely unreliable, and, there-
fore, utterly useless; hence his final conclusion—ani-
matism of the human race are non-immortal."

In contrast with the above, I will give a synopsis of
my own, in the very language which I used, wherever
the case will admit of it. 1st. "I know of nothing in
nature which is a sudden manufacture; but 'all' bodies

works are the results of a growth—a gradual aggrega-
tion of elements." 2d. "Everything that grows be-
gins as a germ, which, though possessing within itself
the power of the possibility of being developed into
the full form of its type, is yet a very different thing
from the fully developed form, and is not the matured form
which it is capable of producing." 3d. "The action
of a principle" (power, faculty, mind, spirit), "can
only be made manifest through the motion of a form";
therefore, "an organic form" (which I call soul)
"must be, or else there is no immortality." 4th. "All
organic forms begin as germs, and as the germ of the
physical man is not yet a man, so, also, the germ of
a soul is not yet a soul; that germ, like all other germs,
must grow by the aggregation of elements until it is a
soul." 5th. The germ of the soul is deposited by
nature in the physical body, but is not developed;
for "if the soul could have been fully mature without
a seventy years' connection with the body, both the
seventy years and the body would have been dispensed
with." 6th. The gestation of the soul within the
body is analogous to the gestation of the body within
the womb. 7th. As the development within the womb
is necessary to prepare an organic structure capable of
eating, breathing, drinking, and digesting the ele-
ments of the outer world, so the development which
the soul undergoes while in the physical body is neces-
sary to prepare it to come in contact with and to
receive the elements of the spiritual world. 8th.
"Every stage of development is a necessary prepara-
tion for that which succeeds it;" therefore, "the de-
velopment which the soul undergoes up to the end of
the natural life of the body is a necessary preparation
of the soul for its immortality." 9th. Hence, as there
are premature births of bodies which die as a conse-
quence, so there are premature births of souls which
perish as a consequence. 10th. "Spiritual testimony
upon this subject, as it reaches us, is unreliable;" for
the reason that "the spiritual world is not a uni-
fied thing; and, therefore, all sorts of conflicting facts,
and all sorts of conflicting philosophies, theories, and
systems of morals." 11th. The testimony of media
(and clairvoyants, I should have included), upon this
subject is unreliable, for reasons given. 12th. The
testimony which we cling to life, and the universal
intuition which tells us not to take life—neither our
own, nor that of another—argues that nature thus
holds us here for the development of souls.

The above somewhat lengthy synopsis of my argu-
ment is necessary, not only that the reader may be
enabled to see how little Mr. Loveland appreciates the
merits of my case, and how imperfectly he has pre-
sented it, but also that the reader may see how far
short the gentleman, and the Boston Conference, and
the editor of the Spiritual Eclectic, have fallen of the
real merits of the question. Yet, imperfect as is Mr.
Loveland's synopsis, I am sure that the reader would
have been better pleased with the review, had he
taken up its several points of argument even as he
himself has presented them, and discussed them one
by one in the order stated, or in any other order
which might have suited him better. This the gen-
tleman has not seen proper to do.

The fourth paragraph of the review contains what
Mr. Loveland believes to be a still further concentra-
tion of my argument, as follows: "The careful reader
will see that the whole gist of the question hinges
upon the assumed analogy between the organization
of the soul and the body. In a less degree it also
depends upon the reliability of spirit-testimony." Be-
lieving that he has reached the gist of the question,
the gentleman proceeds to discuss the reliability of
analogy in general, and of the above-mentioned anal-
ogy in particular. I will follow him.

In the fifth, sixth, and seventh paragraphs of the
review, Mr. Loveland endeavors to establish the fol-
lowing proposition, which will be found in the fifth
paragraph: "Such are the direct differences between
the lower and the higher departments of nature, that
an assumption strictly true of the one would be utter
falseness if applied to the other." The proposition
is entirely true, and excludes the possibility
of there being an analogy between things which are
not absolutely identical. Man and the fish belong to
very different departments, yet there are many facts
which may be asserted as strictly true of both. Thus,
they are both red-blooded animals, they both have
spinal columns, they both have a nervous system, they
both have a heart, lungs, kidneys, &c. What is still
more important in the present discussion, several of
the basic propositions of my original articles, which
will be found in the synopsis which I have given
above, are true of both man and the fish, and they are
also true of the vegetable, which belongs to a depart-
ment which is still more widely separated from man
than the fish is. Nature is the case with my first propo-
sition, that "nothing in nature is a sudden manufac-
ture; but all her works are the results of a growth—a
gradual aggregation of elements;" and my second,
that "everything that grows begins as a germ;" and
my third, that "the action of a principle can only be
made manifest through the motion of a form;" and
my fourth, that "all organic forms begin as germs;"
and my fifth, that "every stage of development is a
necessary preparation for that which succeeds it;"—
all of these propositions are true when applied to the
vegetable, the fish, and man, although man, the fish,
and the vegetable belong to widely separated depart-
ments. It is obvious, therefore, that the gentleman
would have been more likely to have met the respon-
sibility which he assumed, and to have done justice to
the subject, and to have filled the demands of the
reader, had he taken those basic propositions of my
articles into consideration, and attempted a refutation
either of them or of the inferences which I drew from
them, or else disposed of them in some satisfactory
manner, instead of arguing, in a general way, that
analogies are uncertain and unreliable. No one need
be told that some things are true of the vegetable, or
of the fish, which are not true of man; and I hope
that no one need be assured that there are other things
which are true of the vegetable, the fish, and man.
The great desideratum is to ascertain what can be
truthfully asserted, and what cannot be truthfully
asserted, of the different departments of nature; in
other words, to ascertain what are the analogies, or
resemblances, between things that are otherwise dif-
ferent.

The fifth paragraph of the review contains the fol-
lowing: "Nor can you affirm of man in the day stage
of his development, what you can of the fish; nor of
the fish what you can of the man at that period." That
is precisely what can be done. We can assert
many things of the anatomical structure, and of the
functional activities of the one which are positively
true of the other; and this very fact, in connection
with others of a like nature, has enabled the naturalist
to reach one of the sublimest generalizations of modern
science, namely, that man unfolds by the same suc-
cessive steps as those through which the whole re-
created department of animals has unfolded during
the great geological epochs; first the fish, then the
reptile, then the bird, then the mammal, then the
man.

Again, in the fifth paragraph, the gentleman says,
in substance, though not in the same words, that "if
man were born in the fish stage of his development he would
not be a fish. If it would not be a fish in organization,
(remember we are discussing organic forms, not spirit-
ual powers, faculties), what would it be? Most assuredly
it would not be a man, nor a reptile, nor a bird. Did
man, like some of the lower animals, pass through his
embryonic development disconnected from the parent, he,
like them, would in all probability, be so much of
a fish in the fish stage of his development, as to de-
ceive the most skillful anatomist, were the latter for
the first time accidentally to discover a human being
in the fish stage without knowing anything about his
origin, or his future unfoldings. In this very way the
best anatomists and the most learned naturalists have
been deceived, and have erroneously classified the em-
bryos of animals not knowing that they were embryos,
but supposing that they were adults. I presume that
if Professor Agassiz himself were presented with a
 tadpole for the first time, and knew nothing of its or-
igin, or possible development, but believed it to be an
adult animal, he would put it in the catalogue of fishes

and not in that of reptiles to which its progenitor, the
frog, really belongs.

The sixth paragraph contains the following: "Who
could imagine what animal would be, from what veg-
etable? Or again, from the mode of vegetable re-
production, who could map out the order of reproduc-
tion in the highest types of animal life?" I answer,
that though nature put vegetables and plants upon the
earth, yet were their anatomy and physiology fully un-
derstood by a rational mind, it would be enabled to
ascertain, with a positive assurance, that if another form
of organic life ever should appear upon the earth, it
would conform in some of its general features of struc-
ture, functions, and reproduction with that which al-
ready existed. That intelligent being, with thought
before him, in his endeavors to predict some-
thing about the future animal kingdom, could safely
affirm the very same analogical propositions which I have
affirmed, in my endeavor to clear up some of the un-
certainties of soul existence. He might safely affirm
my first and second propositions, and the first part of
my third, fourth, and eighth propositions, as expres-
sed in the synopsis given above.

Again, the sixth paragraph contains the following:
"Even if we allow what Professor Spence seems to
claim, that soul is assimilated or spiritualized matter,
such is its removal from the law of conditions govern-
ing grosser organizations of matter, that no data fur-
nished by them would be valid, as logical premises,
on which to base inferences containing soul organiza-
tion." That is an assumption of the very point at
issue; it will stand a reply nevertheless in the reply
given to the next question.

The seventh paragraph contains the following:
"Following our revelation of analogy, which never
fails or misleads, that every accession in the scale of
growth outworks no function, we should naturally in-
fer that, in the sublime process of soul reproduction,
all lower modes would be so immensely exceeded that
all analogies based on them would be illusory and
false." This is another gratuitous assumption, which,
like the one above quoted, is made in the face of the
fact that the soul is but one step removed beyond the
physical body in the sublime process of nature, and
in the face of the fact that, although man is many steps
removed from the vegetable kingdom, are neither "il-
lusory," nor the vegetable, yet some of the "analogies
based upon" "false" when applied to man.

The eighth paragraph contains the following: "But
the Professor overlooks all these facts, and protests he
cannot and will not believe that there is an immortal
soul in man during the fish and reptile stages of develop-
ment, until he can believe that fishes and reptiles have
immortal souls." And I, moreover, stated that, even
then, I would not believe it, for a still greater reason,
which Mr. Loveland has entirely overlooked, that is,
I will not believe it until it shall be demonstrated that,
in every process of organic development, the first
metamorphosis is not a necessary antecedent to the
second, and the second not a necessary antecedent to the
third, and so on, to the end of the process, until
the meaning and application of which to the soul I fully
explained. But, as Mr. Loveland believes that the
soul has the form of the physical body which it leaves,
I think, if he will examine the pictorial representa-
tions of the crude forms of man in the fish and reptile
stages of his development, he will hesitate a little be-
fore he becomes settled in his convictions that the
spirit world is peopled with such shapes, with their
unholy cords and pendants attached, the latter or-
gans being even more essential to the organic form of
man, at those stages of his development, than the gills
are to the fish, or the lungs are to the adult man. I
presume the gentleman has seen such pictorial illus-
trations; but I would refer those who have not seen
them to the modern illustrated medical works on Par-
turbation.

Again, the 8th paragraph contains the following:
"Man is always more than a fish, or a reptile;"—
"power is never measured by fish, or plummet." But
the manifestation of power is always measured and
limited by organization; and we have already shown
that, in organization, man is not always more than a
fish, or a reptile; indeed, at the start, he is much less
than either.

The 11th as well as the 6th and 10th paragraphs, has
reference wholly to the interior element—the spirit of
the immortal being, which, as I have already repeat-
edly stated, was not the subject of discussion in my or-
iginal articles.

The 12th paragraph refers to the testimony of media;
but as Mr. Loveland promises a separate article on
that branch of the subject, I shall defer any further
consideration of it at present. The 12th paragraph
also contains the following: "and yet, he" (Spence)
"rejects with marvelous ease analogies far more obvi-
ous." The gentleman here refers, I presume, to
analogies (which he neither describes, nor specifies
however), which seem to prove though he does not
say so, that the soul must retain the human form.
This point I shall reserve until I undertake the anal-
ysis of Mr. Loveland's next article, when I expect to
show that the analogies of nature require us to believe
that the soul does not retain the human form.

The 13th and last paragraph contains the following:
"The Professor, after elaborating his theory at great
length, rejects the principle on which the soul depends,
(analogy) except in a single item; he is compelled to
believe that the soul is organic," but all the analo-
gies naturally growing out of that belief, he is not
compelled to believe except the principle of analogy in
general. I do not reject the principle of analogy in
endeavoring to determine the form of the soul, as
the gentleman intimates in the above quotation; and
I not only myself compelled, by the analogies of na-
ture, to believe that the soul is organic, but, as I
have already stated, I will, in my analysis of Mr.
Loveland's next article, endeavor to prove, that those
analogies require us to believe that the soul does not
retain the human form.

New York, May 24, 1890.

THE QUESTION OF IMMORTALITY.

[The recent articles on this subject—contributed by
Prof. Spence—have elicited a great number of com-
munications, designed to controvert the principles of his
philosophy, and to disprove his views respecting the
non-immortality of a portion of the human race. We
have not the requisite space for all; nor would it be
profitable—in our judgment—to devote a very large
share of our paper to this discussion, to the exclusion
of other interesting and important matters. But hav-
ing given Prof. Spence an opportunity for an unre-
stricted expression of his peculiar opinions, we feel
bound to grant equal freedom to other correspondents,
to whom the views of that gentleman may be either
repulsive or unavailing.

Accordingly, we give place to the following com-
munication from a lady. When a mother pleads for
the life of her child, she must be heard, nor can we
disregard the fact that we have more confidence in the
deep affection and the spontaneous utterance of the
human heart, than in the subtle philosophy of many
school-men.—Eps.]

MESSES. EDITORS: I admit the freedom of your
paper, giving, as it does, to each, the expression of
his own opinions; however much they may differ from
those entertained by others. But in paying the late
numbers of the BANNER, I have really felt to regret
that, in the exercise of this noble principle, the bril-
liancy of the light, has been partially obscured by its
becoming the medium for such *decadent* ideas, as those
advocated by Prof. Spence.

Though I do not, for myself, apprehend much danger
from the publication of such sentiments, believing, as
I do, that they will find but little place in the com-
mon sense of mankind, and fall altogether of meeting
a response in the hearts of those who examine them.
It appears to me painfully inconsistent, for those
who profess themselves Spiritualists—standing before
the world as its representatives—upon whom has been
shed the rays of the soul-clearing light of spirit-commu-
nication and immortality, to be thus advocating views
which at once destroy the very foundation of our high-
est hopes.

Who would not receive as consistent, and even beau-
tiful, the doctrine of no future existence, rather than
that which favors to prove that the purest being—the
only souls who have ever left earth—no annihilated?
As far as my own observation and experience extend,
the most striking manifestation, and those contain-
ing the greatest amount of evidence, of the truth that
there have been the most converts to the truth that
spirit life does not co-exist with mortal life, have been
so inseparably connected with representations of little
children—and even infants, as comprising an important
part of the spirit-world—that, to prove their non-existence,
is to prove the whole a fallacy.

I have two *precious little cherubs* in the spirit-world—
yes, I have them there, notwithstanding Prof. Spence's
argument, to prove the contrary, and the purest love
my nature is capable of exerting, is constantly reach-
ing out to those dear ones. In return, I hear their
"day rays," saying, "I love you still, dear mother."
How this touches my heart, and what a response it
meets there—and how my own spirit witnesses with
their spirits, that if they are my children—that they
still live, language fails to tell. These only can know
who have had a similar experience.

Nor is this all—they have been seen and accurately
described by fire of the best mediums we have, and in
all cases described alike, three of them never having
seen them in life. I have felt distinctly the touch of
their little spirit hands upon my face, this being con-
firmed by many spirits present, who said they saw them
at the time. They have also given me names of
relatives, whom they have met in the spirit-world,
who died long before their birth. When my second
child—our darling George—passed away, Mrs. Ham-
let, a very reliable medium, being present, saw and
described, with great beauty, a band of little bright
angels—the spirits of departed little ones—coming to
bless him away, and recognized among them his little
sister, who preceded him two years, to their bright
home.

And now, why am I a Spiritualist? Simply because
I have received so great an amount of evidence; and
that evidence has so commended itself to my reason
and common sense, that I cannot do otherwise, unless
I lay them both aside. But regarding them as the gifts
of God, I do not feel at liberty to do so; consequently
I became a Spiritualist. But disconnect from this evi-
dence all pertaining to my little ones, and what have
I left? Nothing at all; for I do not remember in the
numerous communications I have received, of one but
has given some intelligence of them; hence if they do
not exist, it must all be false. But they do exist. Like
other King, I find the answer to the question, "Do
they live?" in my own soul. And when I am brought
to receive this cheerless doctrine, like her shall I pray
for annihilation too, and believe my prayer will be
answered. If there is no immortality for the multi-
tude of pure ones, who pass away untaught by the
signs of earth-life, then shall I believe there is none for
any; consequently no future existence. Nay, more;
that there is no existence at all—that life itself is an
illusion—its seeming realities, its joys and trials, but
phantoms. But I shall never receive the thought;
no! It finds no place in my heart. I know that my
little ones lived—that they were dearer to me than my
life—that the parting with them was soul-trying; and
I know too that the tie of affection which bound them
so closely to my heart is not broken, but connects my
spirit with their brighter sphere. I look forward with
great certainty to the time when those that remain of
our little band will be reunited, with those who have
gone before, and our family circle again become com-
plete.

In all kindness permit me to say, if I had nothing
which appeared more reasonable and truthful to pre-
sent to the world—could find no other balm to offer
poor bereaved humanity—no greater consolation to
give heart-broken parents—than that contained in the
articles upon Immortality and Non-Immortality, then
should I conclude that my mission to mortals was
ended, and would retire to enjoy in silent solitude all
the satisfaction such views could afford me.

FRANCES A. COOK.

Westbrook, Maine, May 12, 1890.

IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

"And many an untaught tomb,
Where hitherday's dream of life to come,
Blue light shining round the smooth and dark
Edge of the obolous cedar plank."

The paper of Prof. Spence, and some words by our
able and eloquent friend, Mrs. Spence, on the subject
of continued existence for all human forms after the
dissolution of the earthly bodies, have created quite a
commotion and excitement among those who claim to
have complete and scientific demonstration of inter-
course with the spirits of men, women and children.
If we have this—and I claim we have—I can see no
grounds for fear from any inquiry, experiment, theory,
realism or investigation on the subject; and for myself,
I am glad to have every argument and effort made and
presented to contest the truth of our position.

We have lived and fed long enough on hope, faith and
belief, and often upon such dimly pretences of scintilla-
tion, that a slight inquiry from the throne of reason, or
a breath of skepticism, would nuzzle the whole tribe of
believers and start a war of words, or a dreary
penetration of foggy, and the poor thinkers have suffer-
ed terrible penalties for doubts, sometimes almost as bad
as the hell which theology has established for unbeliev-
ers. But have ever considered that Spiritualism courts
investigation, calls for inquiry, and solicits the presen-
tation of every argument that can be found against the
continued individual existence of the race; for if we can-
not withstand these, and defeat and overcome all with
philosophy and facts—with reason and calmness, then
sooner or later we must follow our sectarian brethren
to the wall; for there must come an age of reason, and
nature and her laws must and will triumph over all
artificial theories that do not harmonize with her.

If Spiritualism were a theory only to stand or fall on
its own merits and its harmony with

Banner of Light.

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THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A friend stopped us in the street, the other day, and in the course of conversation, proceeded to lay down the following proposition: that no parties are, or can be, honest, except those at the two extremes; that all men who are the pure abstractions and grasped the naked theories, were of necessity clean handed men, honest, upright, and would be to be trusted—while the body that lay between these extremes were full of guile, mere policy hunters at best, not worthy of implicit confidence, shuffling, trading, cheating, and at all other false and worthless.

The statement was a forcible one, we were bound to admit; but, after all, its real force depends on the standpoint from which we view it. Considered one way, and that honestly, all who accept and hold pure ideas must be honest, and cannot be supposed to be anything else; it is in their application to affairs that those ideas become mixed, and thus seem temporarily to pass under a cloud. The difficulty always is, in reducing theories to practice. Theories that are perfect in themselves, may prove marked failures in the attempt to reduce them to actual, every-day practice. And it is at this point that the minds that lead, and mold, and control, the middle classes, lying between the extremes, are liable to the charge of policy-hunting, of seeming inconsistency, of tergiversation, and even of open falsehood. Is it at all difficult to see how it should be so?

Admitting that all holders of pure ideas are honest, we ask what their boasted honesty avails them if they are not able to bring down those ideas into the dusty, sweaty, crowded arena of the world, and make some sort of attempt to carry them out practically? What is an idea oner to be worth, if it can never be made, in any sense, a working idea? How are theories to exercise an influence, if they cannot be made to bear upon the every day interests and experiences of men? What avails your fine and high ideas, if they are so fine and high as to be out of the reach of common humanity? There are the pure truths, we grant; and there is the mass of men; the mass need the help of the truths, and the truths are not truths—perceptibly, experimentally, and visibly—until they are made to play their part upon the motives and conduct of men.

And here comes in the tug of war in life; the problem simply is, how to make the two parties better acquainted each with the other, so that the truths shall be made real, and humanity be exalted? It cannot be disputed that here lies the great field of exertion and self-denial, where a man may work a thousand times harder than he ever could in the easy field of speculation, and in which martyrdom is secured, with all its crowns and glories, ten thousand times as readily. And he is the truest reformer and progressivist—few as that class may be as yet—who labors for the love of the truth alone, and in no sort for the furtherance of his own ends. As human nature is made up—that is, in better phrase, as it is educated from its earliest infancy—it is not to be supposed that the men who work for the love of the race merely, outcount those who have a special regard for themselves; but that is a misfortune in itself, ending where it begins, and does not impair the position we assume in relation to their true work.

Thus, then, the whole case is made plain; it is ideas, and theories, and abstractions, on either extreme, and these are supposed to be pure, pascetic, and un-mixed—while, in the middle, lying between these extremes, is the mass of humanity, with its developed passions, selfishness, and ignorance. Now the question is simply—how are the ideas, truths, theories, and abstractions to be applied so as to be practical—so as to perform good service, be beneficial, and exalt and make the mass happy? That is the problem, and that is all. To call the dreamy and altogether impractical speculators honest, and the actual workers dishonest, because the first are best with neither obstacles nor temptations, and the latter are surrounded with them as with epics, is manifestly taking a hasty, narrow, and inconclusive view of things, and argues short sight and everything but a large comprehensiveness of mind and philanthropy of heart. Such a view cannot be a true one. It is not just to call men dishonest, merely because they are unable to do all they would like to do, from an insufficiency or impracticability of means.

Abstract principles must, of course, be held, be explained, and be defended; this calls to them the attention of the world, interests men in their trial and permanence, and eventually leads to their trial and adoption. But it is not the part of those who believe in and hold to these principles, that they should rage and roar at all others who, comprehending and appreciating them as well as themselves, are not able at once to inoculate the crowd with their own views. If the contemplation of pure truth has any effect upon a devoted soul, it certainly ought to make it more and more devout, humble, and worshipful—not disposed to wrangling, to fault-finding, and to wretchedness. And again, all men who know anything of movements in human history, know very well that all progress is made slowly, *feratuna lente* being the rule; that often, as the waves rush on and then retire, one after another, seeming to lose the ground they have just gained, it is only to gather fresh strength for a push and a rush that shall overwhelm all obstacles; and that it will not do for the head of any movement to advance faster than that the body may keep up with it, so that there may be perfect homogeneity in the whole work.

Jefferson used to tell his more eager, but not more ardent and hopeful friends, when the work of displacing Church of England authority was going forward in Virginia, that they must be careful and not move too fast; for if the head of the liberal party traveled faster than the tail, it would not be long before the two extremes would be out of sight of one another, and the whole work in progress would come to a miserable end. "Ah, but Jefferson was a politician!" we hear some of our friends say. Yes; and it was because he understood human nature so well—in other words, just because he was a politician, that he gave the sensible advice he did, and generally, conceiving abstract truths as clearly as he did, but knowing how to apply it so vigorously and effectively to the minds and notions of the people. This is what it is to be a "politician"; because there are plenty of the professors who make a dirty trade of their art, considering it to mean nothing more than purchasing votes, and falsifying to the people, and securing warm quarters at the public expense. It is therefore urged and inferred that all policy must be base and mercenary. It is Edmund Burke who called politics—that is, policy—the "science of expediency"; and Macaulay has added that it substantially amounts to this, doing the most one can with the means at hand. These definitions simply imply that there are pure principles, on the one hand, to be reduced to practice, and, on the other, that there are human passions, human selfishness, and human ignorance, to be gradually overcome with them. And now we are not at all to be told, that he who gets mad because the principle and pure abstraction, which he clearly beholds and joyfully accepts, is not at once made just as clear to the multitude, and accepted with

just as much joy by them, does not really believe in the principle he professes, and has not faith in its final efficacy and perfect operation. God furnishes the truth; it is left to us to discover it, to demonstrate it, and, both by example and precept, to make it popularly effective. But if, having once made the discovery of the precious gift for ourselves, we have and rant because others, less fortunate perhaps, do not, or will not, see it yet, or because their blind selfishness causes them delay in bringing it into use—then we prove ourselves wholly unworthy of the trust committed to us, and only best the air vainly when we endeavor to force human nature to accept our views and conclusions. Much is to be left to time, in the affairs of this world; if time is a wonderful mollifier. It is a great mollifier also; what is voted to be excellent to-day, may not be good at all to-morrow; and hence, we are to allow much, in our present judgments, to the workings and transpositions which time is always likely to give. There is a power that rises over the whole of us; our own passions, our selfishness, and our ignorance, he turns to good ultimate use. We stop and quarrel, one with another, about the proximates; we ought simply to wait until we see how we are to be overruled; the divine currents set steadily and strong above our endeavors, and even our self-will, and cause all to converge at last in a focus wherein burns the long-sought happiness both of the individual and the mass. Thus we may be all right, and all wrong; God alone knows best. If we do the best we can, keep clearly on our side, and remain consistent to the end, we shall have produced lives full of the highest beauty and the largest use.

Death of Theodore Parker.

Late advices from Europe confirm suppositions entertained for many days past by us in relation to the close of the life of this marked and most useful man. He breathed his last at Florence, on the 10th day of May, having awaited his end for some time in serene hope and patience. Thus he has left us for a higher sphere at the comparatively early age of fifty—an age at which, under ordinary circumstances, his usefulness ought to have been at its height. But a life of labor like his could never have been prolonged; it was useless to expect it. He was beset with violent and unchristian foes, culled and picked from all the so-called Christian denominations, from the day when he first announced his disbelief in the plenary and miraculous inspiration of the Scriptures, hoping that if they "crossed him out," they were sure to make the truth, where it looked unpleasant, disappear. But they succeeded as well as all such billed zealots succeed; they were seeking to overthrow Mr. Parker, not to discover and publish the truth, and so they have been disappointed. It always results in that way.

The work given Theodore Parker to do he has well and faithfully accomplished. There is no palming that. He has done more than any one man of our times to scatter to the four winds the superstitious terrors imposed on the unhappy soul by a powerful and self-perpetuating ecclesiasticism, and let in pure light upon the mind of the hitherto perplexed inquirer; and as he has swept away the cobwebs of the creeds from the spiritual firmament, showing man that he must stand alone and unsupported before God, casting loose from the shaking props and shifts of all hierarchies and more spiritual authorities, he was naturally the object of intense hatred on the part of well-paid and self-satisfied priests, and on his devoted head were rained all sorts of deadly missiles from their theological arsenals. But he is out of their reach now. It is no longer a battle for life. He sees a wider field of truth, and is blessed with a far more keen spiritual vision. One institution he leaves behind him, well and firmly established; and that is the independent church, in whose pulpit any man may preach and pray to his hungering and thirsting brethren. A Free Church was a great want in those times, and he has done what he could to establish and perpetuate it.

We observe that Mr. Parker has done another noble act, as the crowning one of his life, and the one that will longest keep his name directly before the thoughts of the people; a fact which no man would be supposed to know better than himself. He has donated his splendid library of more than 30,000 volumes to the city of Boston, to become a distinct apartment of the public library. These volumes comprise the studios collages and pickings of Mr. Parker's entire life, and contain many works to be found in no other library in the land. Truly, this was the noblest of gifts, and the more so because the most enduring and useful. Henceforth, whatever Boston may have said or thought of him in the past, she will hold his name in reverence. He said truly, in his last wandering moments, that there were two Theodore Parkers; "one in Italy and one in Boston. There will be one in Boston always."

Lending Out a Few Holes.

The "Professor"—formerly the "Antocrat"—says some very good things about the restraints imposed on people by hard masters or unfortunate circumstances, and shows how it is that a man who has passed all his days in the country becomes the ready victim of designing persons when he comes to town. Says he: "People who have been living for a long time in dreary country places, without any emotions beyond such as are occasioned by a trivial pleasure or annoyance, often get crazy at last for a vital paroxysm of some kind or other. In this state they rush to the great cities for a plunge into their turbid life-baths, with a frantic thirst for every exciting pleasure, which makes them the willing and easy victims of all those who sell the devil's wares on commission. The less intelligent and instructed class of mortals, who venture with their ignorance and instincts into what is sometimes called the 'life' of great cities, are put through a rapid course of instruction, which entitles them very commonly to a diploma from the police court. But they only illustrate the working of the same tendency in mankind at large, which has been occasionally noticed in the sons of ministers and other eminently worthy people; by many ascribed to that intense congenital hatred for goodness which distinguishes human nature from that of the brute, but perhaps as readily accounted for by considering it as the *growing and stretching of a young soul cramped too long in one moral posture*."

Early News.

What excites everybody to devour the earliest news? It is a peculiarity with our people, and of course is chargeable to that national and individual curiosity which is remarked by every one who cares to study it. An American wants the news as much as he wants his dinner; he cannot live without it; he may be said to drink and chew out of all comparison with other men, but for eagerness in hunting out and snatching up the news he is unsurpassed. We honestly believe would relinquish every other delight for the sake of this. It is, however, but a natural offshoot from the general activity and nervousness that characterize our people, and there would seem to be something wanting if this predilection did not balance the former tendency. The news is the god of the morning; he is saluted, fresh and early, by tens of thousands of us. That day would be a long one indeed which failed to interpret the world to us for the eventful twenty-four hours preceding. The newspaper is emphatically an American institution, and must live as long as we are what we are.

To New York.

We can commend to our numerous friends the Fall River route to the metropolis, having had personal proof of its superior advantages, comforts and conveniences. The cars occupy but little time in performing their work, while the boats on the line are every respect magnificent. To cross the Sound at the close of the year, in one of these "floating palaces," is rare luxury. The sleeping accommodations are all that are to be desired; the tables are surpassingly good; attendants are all polite; and the navigation is safe. For ourselves, we can say that a trip to New York and back by the Fall River line is refreshing and long to be remembered.

Thoughts on Religion.

Many years ago, the poet Whittier penned the following beautiful thoughts on Religion, which best show the deep devotional nature of the writer's mind, and will not fail to gratify and benefit the souls of all who read them again. "We pity the man," says he, "who has no religion in his heart—no high and irrefragable yearning after a better and holier existence; who is contented with the sensuality and grossness of earth; whose spirit never revolts at the darkness of its prison-house, nor exults at thoughts of its final emancipation. We pity him, for he affords no evidence of high origin—no manifestation of that high prerogative, which renders him the delegated lord of the visible creation."

He can rank no higher than the animal nature; the spiritual soul never stoops so lowly. To seek for beastly excitements—to minister with a bountiful hand to depraved and strong appetites—are attributes of the animal alone. To limit our hopes and aspirations to this world is like remaining forever in the place of our birth, without ever lifting the veil of the visible horizon which lent over our infancy.

There is religion in everything around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which men would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in, as it were, unawares upon the heart. It has no terror—no gloom in its approaches. It does not rouse the passions. It is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of men. It is fresh from the hands of the author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, which pervades and quickens it. It is written on the arches of the sky. It looks on from every star. It is on the sailing cloud, and in the invisible wind. It is among the hills and valleys—where the shrubless mountain tops pierce the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unpeeling ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is in this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is full enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain which binds us to materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness."

Railway Management.

In a paper on the "Future of American Railways," a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who appears to understand the subject well, declares that one of the leading causes of our non-success with railways is the want of interest felt in them by employees. "To what," he asks, "is the extraordinary success of the Hudson's Bay Company owing?—that wonderful organization which rules the whole of British North America with a discipline which has no parallel in the history of mankind, except that of the order of Jesuits? Simply to the fact that every man whose duties require intelligent action is a partner of the company, shares in its gains, and loses with its losses. And so it should be with our railway employees. Instead of exorbitant wages of time and property by the stereotyped phrase: 'The company is rich and can stand it,' they would strive to exercise a rigid economy, knowing that at the end of the week their pockets would be so much the heavier." There is little doubt of it. The principle of association has never been fairly tried in this country, in many particulars, and the railway business is a most excellent one to begin on. Even if the men made no more money out of it, they would have fewer human lives to answer for their recklessness.

Old and Young.

Never let your youngling seed, season after season, with its grand-mother. Old people incessantly draw away the magnetism from the young children, if allowed to dwell with them, and finally sap their constitution. The nervous energy and physical health of many and many a promising child has been utterly ruined by this mistaken kindness on the part of parents. The old person is dying for want of magnetism, which is only this subtle nervous fluid, which constitutes life—while the child, being electrically in a positive condition, is too ready to part with its surplus, and, as a necessary consequence, its vital nerve-electric fluids are taken up without the least resistance. The elder, being electrically negative, and the younger positive, the whole operation is like the contact of any two bodies similarly charged with this subtle fluid. The grand-mother holds a longer lease of life, while the child pines, grows feeble, languid, and pale, and creeps along through life a poor, robbed and wronged creature. When we behold the ignorance that exists in relation to the commonest laws of life, we wonder there are as many whole and wholesome persons as we do find.

Affected Manners.

The secret of good manner, or what we all agree to call good breeding, is self-forgetfulness. When a man enters a company, thinking of nothing but himself, how he shall behave so as to secure the largest amount of admiration, what persons are going to think of him, and all that sort of thing, of course his manners are constrained, stiff, and awkward, and he does a great many things that he would not otherwise think of; but if he puts away from his thoughts all this vanity, and forgets all about himself, thoughtful chiefly and entirely for those into whose presence he is ushered, he cannot be awkward if he tried over so hard, for the native grace and goodness of his heart would spontaneously toward all with whom he comes in contact, and the actions that are the result partake of their characteristics altogether. In such a case, he is beautiful in his manners even before his will, his action being spontaneous in all its parts and points. In contrast with this, the manners that are incited by rule are wholly mechanical and hollow, and cannot be other than affected, false and contemptible.

What to Eat in Sickness.

Florence Nightingale—that queen of nurses—says in her little book, "Notes on Nursing," that in the diseases produced by bad food, such as scurvy, dysentery and diarrhoea, the patient's stomach often craves for and digests things, some of which certainly would be laid down in no dietary that ever was invented for the sick, and especially for such sick. These are fruits, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham, or of bacon, suet, cheese, butter-milk. These cases have been noted by ones, not by tens, but by hundreds. And the patient's stomach was right; the book was wrong. The articles craved for, in these cases, might have been principally arranged under the two heads of fat and vegetable acids. There is often a marked difference between men and women in this matter of sick feeding. Woman's digestion is generally slower. The doctors do not know all the tricks yet, any more than the agriculturists.

Two Relics.

So, to settle their long-protracted squabble in England over the late light, it has been agreed by the two parties to the bloody contest to put up the old "bait" for any one to fight for who is ambitious of its possession under the "rules," and to satisfy the two men chiefly concerned by subscribing for a new belt for each of them—Hecan to head the list on behalf of the Sayers' belt, and vice versa. This looks very fair, and we suppose it is, though we are as ignorant as an un-pounded child of the "rules of the ring," or of what may be done in similar cases made and provided. Therefore we may consider this brutal controversy drawn to a close. Both have shown themselves to be "the best man," by being willing to do the handsome and kind thing by their opponents. Sayers fights no more. We beg Hecan not to, either. They can put their muscles to better use.

Hope.

We should be but poor sticks without hope to help us on. A man would refuse to make any further exertion, when he found himself in a tight place, unless he felt a faith in his "star" or in something else, and was pretty confident that he was going to get out of it. Hope lends a powerful aid to the muscles, not less of the arm than of the heart.

Freedom of Thought and Action.

As we survey the various phases of being around us, we notice that nature has distinguished her productions by unmistakable peculiarities, not only of shape and size, but of instincts and faculties, and the appropriate instruments for their gratification. Each is as permanently and securely confined to its proper sphere as if fastened by a chain. The quadruped must adhere to the ground; the fish cannot but leave the water; and the bird may rise in the air. Man is no exception. His sphere is also prescribed. He can be neither horse, fish, nor bird; nor can they be men. His alleged or claimed free agency cannot metamorphose him into a quadruped, nor furnish him with wings for flight. Nor has he any more control over the natural hour of his own existence, than the smallest insect, whose life has over its own. He cannot alter the physical law, nor the constitutional features of his own system, which determine the length of his life on earth.

With his thoughts, their influx is not invited; for he knows not beforehand what they are to be; more than he knows before his birth what kind of an entity he will be. All that he can do with them is, to let them enter as they abruptly bolt into his mind; or, incited by some motive or other, banish them after their entrance; for he knows not their quality, as good or bad, until they have entered; and he has examined them. Even his veto then is qualified, restricted, and by no means free. The decisions of his judgment in all matters are influenced differently at different times, by his feelings, circumstances, situation, &c. He wills, but his will is directed by extraneous conditions. He resolves to do immediately homeward, and if he be not interrupted in his career, it is an easy matter to accomplish his resolve; but if something unexpected and effectual interposes, he is diverted, and his resolution is thwarted; he goes elsewhere than homeward. He is baffled; and this may serve as a sample for human actions generally. Many appearances may seem to conflict with this idea; but a vast overwhelming majority do not even seem to; and the seeming ones yield easily by examination. A man's career not even for a month or for a day, sometimes for a minute or a second, is precisely as he intended and strove for it to be. His acts are swayed from his intentions. The good that he would, he does not; and the evil that he would not, that he does. He says: "If an inspired man like him blunders, who is reliable?"

All this indicates that man is by no means his own master; that an extraneous power controls him, and his conduct in the smallest minutiae, and that what he seems to be about to do, is overruled by a superior influence. This tends to intimate that a conflict of counsel would produce confusion, that some one course must predominate among a multitude of projects, that a general or universal plan is to be executed by this superior power, and the selected course must accord with the tenor of this plan, and all human and other actions must conform to a single standard for the completion of that plan. Such an action often occurs, and are wrought into the network equally with the pronounced good. In his Arctic Boat Journey, Dr. Hayes says: "It was not at all to ourselves that we were not at sea in that fearful storm. We knew not even where we were. We came not by any will of our own. There was a Providence in it."

It is indeed a grave question whether it is at all probable that one man is actually able alone to trespass on another's rights, happiness, life, health, or safety, however strongly we may suspect he can originate, shape, and control his own conduct as he relates entirely to himself, and even actual infliction of higher authority than himself, injury, benefit, or in any way affect his neighbor or his friends? Is not the not work of the Universe so intimately connected that the work of its parts, however small, whether man or insect, can be affected without similarly affecting some one or more of its contiguous parts? And has any one authority ad libitum to do as he may fancy—just as a floating whim may seem to influence him—in life, property, happiness, and interests of another and an innocent party? Or is it not rather as Pope beautifully says—

"All chance, direction which thou canst not see!"

Are not the merest notions, notions, acts, however insignificant and trivial in appearance, just as necessarily issued, directed, and controlled from the moment of their emanation to the completion of their destiny, as a planet or a man? Can it be otherwise in a Universe composed of as minute parts as a vessel of gas, a microscopic animalcule's organs, and an infinitesimal particle of matter; and without which minute items, all subject to uniform laws, that Universe could not exist, would disappear as an entity, and become a blank? No, all Nature is evidently constructed and operated according to one uniform plan, in its every motion and constituent ingredient, by one and the same Chief Marshal; and in the view of the despatch and unimpeded of mankind, "all things work together for good."

The Solar Eclipse.

The sun—or his Majesty, Old Sol—goes into mourning on the 18th of July next. The affair will not be visible to persons living hereabouts, nor indeed thereabouts, but will have to be traveled after in order to be seen. Our government is despatching officers to Washington Territory, Hudson Bay Territory, and Labrador, where the eclipse is to be beheld in all its glory—and another party to Chilkoot, to procure observations that shall be of the greatest scientific accuracy and value. The New York Herald very sensibly remarks concerning such an expedition—"This is a commendable idea. We have plenty of officers attached to the army and navy service, out duty, who, by education and taste, are fully competent to perform a duty of this character, and government could not employ them better than in the service of science and in the acquisition of knowledge relative to the phenomena of nature. We have a decided advantage over European countries, owing to our being in a more southern belt, and we should not wonder if the United States expeditions produce the most intelligent and instructive results."

How It Works.

The system of imprisoning witnesses, as it is practiced in some States, in order to secure their testimony on certain occurrences which they could not well help seeing, is a cruel and unjust one, and ought to be brought to a speedy termination. We extract the following striking illustration of its unfair, and even wicked working, from the editorial columns of the New York Atlas:—"When Macdonald shot Virginia Stewart, nearly a year ago, there were with her two companions—two young women who, being unfortunately witnesses of the transaction, were held to appear and answer. They were residents of Mobile, and were without friends here, and through inability to give legal security that they would be present to testify on the day of trial, were placed in the White Street Jail. This detention, however nominal it may have been, in regard to their confinement within the limits of the apartment appropriated to their use, was to all intents and purposes an imprisonment. Meanwhile by such imprisonment—year and a half as they were—all the little property they possessed in Mobile, consisting of furniture, unsecured for and unclaimed, has been taken away or destroyed, and they are left measurably destitute. Now, being entirely destitute, save of what little they may have earned more than their expenses, they can go into the world with its cues upon their former lives ringing in their ears, reckless, hopeless, its victims, not of their own desires, but of the law."

The Weather.

June came in blandly, like the opening of the beautiful poem it is. Grass, leaves, blossoms, and everything else is green, bright, and happy. The cold, soon spell we had at the last end of May had an exceedingly ill effect on sunny human tempers, perhaps a little infirm to start with; but the becoming of such months as this sweet and leafy June is a potent restorer of all good feelings again. We trust all our friends are as happy under the blue sky and over the green grass as we are.

Fowler's Mission.

The defalcation of Postmaster Fowler, of New York, calls out various comments from the press, and the *Sunday Times* of that city expresses the occasion to show up the whole system of placing mere party leaders in office, in the following truthful manner:—"Government appoints politicians. It demands 'leaders' for high offices. It expects of them, as the condition of their continuance in office, that they should continue to be 'leaders.' It knows that 'leadership' is a low standard of public morality; but it knows how many hands are on it to be provided for out of a high official purse; how he has to live; how he supports his family; how he is to be a leader in all men's eyes? Does it or the public expect, or have they the moral right to expect, anything but defalcations? These questions are answered by the tenderness with which both press and public treat the defalcation of Mr. Fowler. The crime is admitted—the shame is covered for; but no acknowledgment is manifested—no violent sentiment of horror felt or expressed. We think that the low standard of public morality, but we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact, that until a radical revolution takes place, and either the salaries of public officers are raised to a sum sufficient to cover all the inside and outside duties imposed on them, or until it be no longer required by the public officials, but by a party leader and pay the hire of every hanger-on for whom there is no subordinate place provided, such defalcations as Mr. Fowler's will be the rule, not the exception."

How to become Great.

With a searching sight into the springs of human progression, Emerson says—"A great man is willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantage, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented and defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance, is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as heaped words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies."

To Subscribers.

Those who receive notices of the expiration of their terms of subscription, will do well to remit immediately, on receipt of the same, for the next term. Our published terms obligate us to discontinue promptly at the expiration of subscriptions. And as we do not put a limited number more than is necessary to supply our list, those who do not attend at once to the renewal, run the risk of missing some numbers of the *Banner*. In this connection, we will remind our friends that in order to keep the *Banner* waving, their money is wanted, and we cannot afford to lose any names from our list. We have met the public in a spirit of liberality unsurpassed, and we may say unequaled, by any publisher in the ranks of Spiritualism, and hope to receive a continuance of the liberal support extended to us heretofore.

How to Fortune Them.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* has found out a way, and we should not wonder if it might be the surest one, to put our new friends, the Japanese, to the torture. It recommends that all the Japanese be sent and led to Washington to lay before the Prince the leading points of doctrine, with a view to their proper understanding of the United States. What an idea! Ask a gentleman from the antipodes to "get the bang" of all the phases of belief that prevail here, in the short space of three months, besides seeing all there is in the country of a political and social character? It cannot be done.

Anniversary Week.

Last week was what is styled "Anniversary Week," in Boston, and a pleasant time our friends from the country had of it. The town was thronged. We have not seen so many strangers jamming together on our sidewalks in a long time. There was the usual amount of good and prosy speaking, the ordinary rendering of accounts, any quantity of pleasant interchange of friendly sentiment, and, on the whole, a good, substantial term of solid enjoyment. It is a fine thing for the people to come together occasionally, and get a little acquainted.

Lee Miller at the Melodeon.

Mr. Miller will speak at the Melodeon next Sabbath at 2:45 and 7:30 P. M. His subject in the afternoon will be, "Jener Life." In the evening, "The Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism." This will probably be the last service at the Melodeon during the summer. A report of Mr. M.'s lectures on Sunday, June 30, will appear in our next issue.

Spiritualists' Conventions.

The friends must bear in mind that the Quarterly Convention of Vermont Spiritualists will be held at Burlington, on Saturday and Sunday, June 16th and 17th. A two days' Convention will be held at Sturgis, Michigan, on Saturday and Sunday, June 9th and 10th.

Test Manifestations in Public.

Ada L. Hoyt will answer calls to give test manifestations in public, by her usual modes of rapping and writing, in any of the towns of New England accessible by rail from Boston.

We call the attention of our readers to the announcement in another column of the Grand Mass Picnic, to be held in the Grove at Abington, on Tuesday, the 10th inst.

LITERATURE.

DICKENS' SHORT STORIES. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This handsome volume from the well-known press of Peterson contains thirty-one stories from the pen of Dickens, that have never before been published in this country. They stamp the volume with the same individual characteristics that made "Sketches by Boz" so popular, and besides, a broader and deeper power over the part of the writer, gained from his long experience since. In the list are "Three Detective Anecdotes," "Down with the Tide," "Bill Slucking," "Out of Town," "Our School," "Our Dore," and "A Christmas Tree." The Petersons have made a great hit in republishing Dickens for readers in this country, and his writings have thus been sent literally to every man's door.

For sale by Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street.

MY EXPERIENCE; or Post-Prints of a Presbyterian in Spiritualism. By Francis H. Smith. Baltimore, 1890.

This little volume was alluded to by us last week. It is a record, more or less minute, of the various facts that were presented, from time to time, of the spirit's unalike faith, which operated with such force on the mind of the author as to compel his subscription to their authenticity. The statements made all the way through the volume are exceedingly interesting, and his reflections are worthy of the striking facts elicited. The entire experience of the writer is given in such a style of candor and good feeling, betraying so unquestionably the sincerity and seriousness of the soul that it is sure to have been heard, and thus we can hardly at down to an examination of the volume without giving it a thorough and complete perusal. We bespeak for this little book a wide circulation and the hosts of friends it actually deserves.

Text-Book in Intellectual Pathology, non-School, and College, containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlin, D. D., President of Waterville College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., 117 Washington Street, 1890.

BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall No. 11 Bromfield Street, every Wednesday evening. May 20th was discussed the following:

QUESTION.—"What is the difference between the material and the immaterial? What is it that is immaterial? Is it the soul? What is the difference, if any, between them? Do animals have the faculty of reason?"

Mr. BROWN.—The opposite able make one great error. They think to show if animals have instinct, they cannot reason; they claim that instinct does not progress. The question is, whether the reason of animals improves. Animals have reason, but not so much as man. Man progresses in reason, and I cannot see why animals do not. It has taken man a million of years to come to the invention of the steam-engine. The human race progresses very slow. The human reason seems to be about the same as a million years ago. We do it because others have done it before us, not from reason. We find little progress in animals below us; but this slowness is not sufficient evidence that they do not improve in reason. I believe that horses and dogs improve by education. The idea that animals do not reason, is to me preposterous. The sight, smell and hearing of the dog implies mind; all his faculties imply mind. A cow goes to the best part of the pasture to graze. The dog decides by smell what he shall eat. Animals, I believe, are immaterial as much as men.

Mr. WETHERS.—I must confess I was astonished at Mr. Spooner's remarks. Instinct and intuition are blended. No one can tell where one begins and where the other ends. I cannot see any progress in instinct. Reason has come to man, for he is on a higher plane than mere animals. They cannot speak, because they have not organs to speak with. They are below the power of reason. Man possesses this power, and by speech can give it utterance. I cannot tell where reason begins and where instinct ends. We do not know but snakes had legs once, and hairy animals scales. I am of the opinion that animals reason and reflect. What animals do is very much akin to what man does. The lower we go in the animal, the less of reason we find until we go where we do not find reason.

Mr. EASON.—I was interested in the remarks made by Brother Spooner, but I cannot come to his conclusions. Blind and unenlightened instinct makes a platform to bring us to reason. I cannot believe that the dog has a conscious mentality or spirituality, so that he can comprehend and choose. The human soul has conscious mentality and spirituality; can comprehend and choose. I agree that animals improve and progress, but this is through the reason of man. Animals, of themselves, never do this. The habit of a dog may be almost entirely changed by education; that comes of human reason. Why are we left, the least work of God, alone with the instinct possessed by animals? We are not. I think it is for a reason, that we should manifest the Godlike element that commands our immortality.

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out the noblest and holiest purposes of man, and blighting the best and grandest principles of our com-

BY A. F. M'COMER.

en to their summer

Alas! poor T—, what tarnished thy good
What estranged thy friends? What squandered
wealth? What blasted thy great aims, and
hopes? What harled thee from thy high em-
murdered the wife, beggared the little ones, flung
veins with suicidal poison, and closed upon
the gates of hell? Oh, demon rum! what hast
done! In vain thy victim struggles in thy re-
grasp; in vain bleeding and prostrate humani-
ty sneers from beneath the trap-bait, that leads

Spiritual Progress in Northern Ohio.
EDITORIAL BANNER—Spring is lavishing her sweet smiles upon us, as radiant as ever before, and the

any safely say, that with her gentle approach
 and sunshine of Spiritual progress, her and is

Breathe the fresh air if you would live long. In New England, farmers who pass their days out of doors live to an average age of 61 years. The average age of persons who have in-door occupations at death is, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island:—Shoemakers, 43; tailors, 42 1-2; editors, 41; druggists, jewelers, and teachers, 39 to 40; machinists, 38 1-2; printers, 36 1-2. Fresh air, therefore, almost doubles a man's life, while it makes the double life profitable for enjoyment.

published below a lecture delivered in Boston :
 course by this gentleman on the subject of 118

he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you in
all truth." Why has the world not been led in
truth? Because they have rejected the only means
which they could attain it--inspiration. This was the
comforter which Christ gave when he "led captives
captive, and gave gifts unto men," and which was
continue until we be all perfect men in Christ.

killed in her sleep, with her heart unregenerated, her spirit passes to eternal torment. Her murderer

tion is told by each sect that he will find it only in their church. But when he at last comes to the Spiritualist for advice, what shall we teach him?—“Follow the Divine that is within you,—the divine impulses of your own being.” But we must add practice to precept, we must exemplify our own tenets of belief in our daily life, and labor to save others by those

discovered to open a Bible lying on a table in the room, which is following lines in the handwriting of the deceased, with-
out date, word found

May, wife of Mr. INCHAMAY, aged fifty-eight years. She was married, which after an illness of twelve days portended the success of the body, was the third visitation of the same disease. She was a woman of sterling qualities. In her were united the most delicate, clear sense and subtle affections. She was the affectionate wife, the tender mother, the dutiful grandmother, the devoted friend. Her conversation was highly interesting and full with the appropriations and weight of her conversation. To all with all her large circle of relatives, she had a kind word, and I can never remember her with a single partiality. May had the habit of looking at the stars, and she was deeply impressed with the beauties and the compasses of each—all who mourn—look at the stars and to the regions in the celestial abode, and live to the noblest purposes while the earthly shell endures.—C. C.

zon, Boston.—Leo Miller, Esq., will lecture on, Washington street, next Sunday at 3:45 (admission ten cents).

Worcester.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular Sunday meetings in Waltham Hall.

PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. Ulrich Clark, speaks June 10th; M. Emma Harding, June 17th and 24th; Miss L. E. A. in Faneuil, July 1st and 8th; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, four Sundays in August.

TAUNTON.—Mrs. M. M. Macomber will speak November 4th and 11th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall.

past I have been a deeply interested

Modern Spiritualism marks a new epoch in world's history, as necessary in its time and place as the Christian dispensation was.

We want more light, and your HANMER to wave over the whole globe.

G. L. VLIST
No. 512 Broadway, New York city, May 21, 1860.

our pages of Light in our little home
your dear, familiar face with feel-

time of his departure, we believed in the communion of spirits; but we had no way of communing until we developed the medium powers of a lady, a near neighbor of ours. Since then we feel that death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory. I would that all who are mourning the departure of friends could realize the joy and peace this sweet communion of dear departed ones bring; soon their tears of sorrow would turn to those of joy.

MAY 28, 1870. ELIZABETH MURCE

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Sept. 10th, Miss Emma Haydige; June 17th, Prof. E. Brittan; through the month of July, Miss Fanny Davis; Sept. 23d and 30th and Oct. 7th, Miss A. M. Buragon; Oct.

Vermont Quarterly Spiritualists' Convention.
The next Quarterly Convention of Vermont Spiritualists

The spiritanimists of all sections of the State are earnestly invited to come to this Convention, as matters of importance will come up for action. We desire to obtain a complete

Central, and Vermont and Canada Railroads for fare
ways, and members of the Convention will be furnished with
return checks by the secretaries.

NEWMAN WELLS, Rutland,
S. B. NICHOLS, Burlington,
CHARLES WALTON, Bridgewater, } State Cen-
D. P. WILDER, Plymouth, } tral Com-
A. E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, } mittee
CHAS. G. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater, }

Anniversary at Middle Granville, Washington
Co., N. Y.

Free limit, one year ago, to the cause of humanity. Friends of progress and reform, as well as those who are

Annual Celebration.

The friends of progress and free speech of Georgia, Mississippi and vicinity will hold a two days' Convention at Marietta on Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 10th of June, 1886, in commemoration of the building of a free church in that place. A general invitation is extended to all to be present on both days.

Spiritualist Picnic.
The Spiritualists and all friends of reform will have

Grove Meeting.
The friends of Spiritism and human progress will
be at a grove meeting at Arcadia, Hancock Co., Ohio, on the
14th and 15th days of June. Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine
and Dr. C. H. B. Kellogg, of Arcadia, will be present
speakers.

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JOHN KUOFT, Proprietor,
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and medicine. The money must be all cases accompany JOHN SCOTT, the lecturer.

JOHN B. Recipes and medicines sent by express to any part of the country on receipt from two to ten dollars, as the quantity may require. Be particular in ordering to give the name of the Town, County and State in full. J. B.

Spirit Preparations.

PREPARED BY JOHN SCOTT, AND PREPARED BY HIM AT 86 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

COOSIANA, OR COUGH REMEDY.

This is a medicine of extraordinary power and efficacy to relieve and cure of Bronchial Affections and Consumptive

rice 25 cents.

PINE SALVE.

For weak or inflamed eyes this preparation stands unrivaled. It never fails to give immediate relief; and when the difficulty is caused by any local affection, the cure will be speedy and permanent. Price 50 cents.

SPIRIT EMULSION.
For Tetter, Erysipels, Sals Rheum, and all Eruptions of the skin, an invaluable remedy, and warranted a cure in all ordinary cases. Price, \$1.

CANCER SALVE.
This Salvo, when used with the Magnetic or Spiritus powers of Dr. Scott, has never, in a single instance, failed to effect a permanent and positive cure, no matter how aggravated.

good medium, whose powers are adapted to such complaints will answer the purpose. Price, \$10.

character of its wonderful effects, and often in an entirely new manner of disease. We do not claim for it the reputation of being a cure all, but we do regard it as a Cure of Many. It has been proved scientifically and amazingly successful in the worst forms of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, Biliousness, Prostration, Stiff Neck, Tetanus, Bone Grates, Bone Spikes, Spinal Complications, Baldness, etc. Price \$1 per jar.

DR. PARTICULAR.

In ordering any of the above medicines, inclose the amount in full, addressed to the undersigned, and state distinctly how the package must be sent, and to whom addressed. In all cases the package will be forwarded by the first conveyance.

Extract from a letter by Judge Edmonds on Spiritualism
"John Scott, of No. 38 Bond street, New York, was origi-

total blindness; a club foot from birth; fever, particularly
scarlatinal and yellow fever; small pox; after breaking out
of the womb, which he has cured; hæmorrhoids and never failed
paraplegia, where, owing to age, the cure was slow and hard;
neurasthenia; displaced and broken bones; insanity; children
dumb from birth; epileptic fits; issue of blood from nose,
mouth and womb; ruptures; falling of the womb; piles;
syphilis; scrofula; cancer, sometimes by absorption, some-
times by removing them from the body, and restored with-
out. And all this, I repeat, by simply laying on his hands.

May 6, 1871

Dr

DR. J. C. HENCKES, GENESE, N. Y.

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