

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
WAILING WINDS.

BY FANNY.

O, wind! around the casement—
O, mournful, sobbing wind!
What seek you moaning through the world,
Yet never, never find?

Mourn you that from the brook-side
The Spring's bright buds are gone?
Or that to falter Summer climes
The swallows' wings have flown?

Or is it that the woodlands
Have lost their shades of green?
That on the withering, dying leaves,
The frost's cold hand is seen?

Or is it from a feeling
Of sadness, vague, yet deep—
A longing for some unknown bliss
That will not, cannot sleep?

O, wind around the casement!
Blow sadly, where you list;
The human heart has ever felt
This sense of dim unrest.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH; OR, THE MYSTERY OF MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CONCLUSION OF CHAPTER SECOND.

"Very singular," said the lawyer, as he looked in every probable and improbable spot for the document. "I drew up the will myself not a week before Mrs. Murray's illness, and my last conversation with her but ten days ago proved she had no thought of altering her intentions in regard to her property."

No one offered any suggestions, and after due search, the attempt to discover the will was abandoned. The general belief was, that the nearer approach of death had aroused remorse at her unnatural treatment of her son, and occasioned the destruction of the will; but that, being an intensely proud woman, she could not bear to acknowledge her injustice, and, retreating, preferred to let Richmond appear to receive his due rather through accident than design.

"Well, Miss Judith," said the old lawyer as he shook my hand at parting, "at least no one can accuse you of depriving the missing document, as you would have destroyed yourself of a mighty handsome fortune by the means."

Involuntarily I started and trembled. How could it be that Mr. Floyd had unconsciously proclaimed the very truth. Had he indeed no knowledge of my secret?—for suspicion was already beginning to poison my happiness and former sense of security in my uprightness of conduct.

"Yes," continued Mr. Floyd, noticing my start, and attributing it to mere surprise, "your aunt left you her sole heiress, and I'm very sorry that you should lose so much good fortune, just for the want of a little yellow paper."

CHAPTER III.

After Mr. Floyd left me, I shut myself up in my chamber to think. I began to be doubtful whether I had really done right in following the impulse to disinherit myself. I was now half inclined to believe that I was in no fit state that night to decide impartially on the matter, and it was one of sufficient importance to be duly considered. If I had really done what the dispassionate dictates of conscience would approve, why this guilty feeling and loss of self-respect, which made me apprehend that every person about me was suspicious and watchful of my actions?

I endeavored to comfort myself by thinking that Richmond would at least be benefited, and spared the knowledge that his mother's dying mention of him was almost a curse. But it occurred to me, with a sinking sensation at my heart, that there was a most mysterious earnestness in her mention of him, an indefinable shade of meaning, as if he were something foreign to her—an object of indifference rather than of a mother's angry complaint. Portions of her last words rushed across my recollection, suggesting the wildest ideas. There was one solution to the whole of this singular conduct—that he whom I had always supposed to be my cousin was not my aunt's child!

The instant after this idea was developed I was shocked at myself for thus desecrating my aunt's memory, and fairly humiliated that my own departure from a straight forward course should have shaken my faith in one so irreproachable as my Aunt Murray had ever been. Here my meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door. On opening it, the house-keeper entered.

"I hope, Miss Kennedy," she said, "that you intend to stay here until Mr. Murray comes home from abroad, which I suppose won't be long."

I informed her that he must have received my letter informing him of his mother's illness, sometime previous, and was probably on his way to Morton Manor.

"Bless him!" exclaimed the old woman, who had always petted my cousin, "I'll be glad to see his bonny face again. But I'm afraid he'll never take to the old Manor for a steady home; when he was here it never seemed like you'd suppose it would, and he the heir, and an only child, too. My mistress never made of him, though everybody else just worshipped Mr. Richmond; and a finer, braver boy was n't to be found, far nor wide. Do you know, miss," continued Armstrong, sinking her voice to a

confidential tone, "it was always a mystery to me what there was between them to set one against the other so—for as you know yourself, miss, it was n't in nature for any mother to be so careless of her only child as my mistress always seemed. Why, when he was little, miss, and would be ailing, she never was anxious, but would say he'd be better soon; and once, when he was so ill that we all feared it would go hard with him, instead of being by him day and night, and losing her rest and senses most, she left him to the nurses, while she took her regular sleep, saying she'd need all her strength if the sorrow should come, and that she was so unused to sickness that he was better in other hands than hers—as if a mother was n't more than a college of doctors and nurses to boot. Well, he made out to win through it, the poor lamb, and what does my mistress do then? The first time he could sit by the window and see the green trees—for it was winter, mind you, when he took ill—instead of crying over him for joy, which, indeed, though I'd not expect from so proud a lady; but instead of talking to him cheerful-like, and planning pleasant things for him when he'd be strong enough to be about, she just read him a regular preaching, telling him how serious he ought to take his duties after such a warning as he'd had of the shortness of life, and finished with saying that if he did n't improve his time, and put away temptations to idleness and the like, it would have been better to have died before he recovered to do ill. Not that I mean, miss, it was n't all gospel truth, and what we ought to hear and say at the right time, but surely was n't it a strange mother to choose that time, and he just snatched from the grave?"

But it was of a piece when he grew older. Surely it seemed more like she was struggling with herself not to hate him, than striving to keep down the worship he'd tempt one into. So, just finding he was sure of a cold welcome to his own home, when he'd come at vacations, Mr. Richmond took to the stables for amusement, and the whole country round for companionship, and he was just torn to pieces with engagements to come here and go there. But never a bit of a mother's pride or vanity would you see in the mistress's face, if you'd look for it till you'd be gray.

Finally, as you know, miss, Mr. Richmond finished his education and went to Europe. But there was never a look of sorrow or loneliness in his mother's face; and after he wrote that it was true he was married—oh, Miss Judith, I'll never forget the day that news came," continued the old woman with a burst of bitter indignation, fresh as if it had happened but yesterday—"the face of a corpse is n't whiter than was my mistress's. I know there must have been some hard words in the letter to work her so; and her eyes were like coal-pits, for all the world, when she told me, in answer to my questions after Mr. Richmond: 'Armstrong, never dare mention that name in my presence again. There was once a Richmond Murray, who was my son; he lives no longer—no such person is recognized here.' After that we'd no more dare speak of him than we'd go through a graveyard at midnight. Even the pastor, when he came to console with her, went away with a sea in his ear."

"But what do you suppose was the reason of this coldness, Armstrong?" I now inquired. "When I came here a desolate little orphan, no parent could have been kinder than she was to me, although I was her husband's niece. And you know there was never a better mistress nor a more benevolent lady."

"Yes, yes, miss, there were some crooked corners in Mrs. Murray's nature, that no mortal ever did or ever will make out; but even they won't account for her unnaturalness to Mr. Richmond. I would n't for my life, Miss Judith, that it should pass my lips to a living soul but you, and I hope you won't take offense; but indeed, then, I've lived a long time, and I've seen a deal; and I never forget what I see, neither, nor do folks say that I am blinder than others, and I've thought it over and over in my mind. Well, then, it's here—I can make nothing more out of it, miss, unless Mr. Richmond is just no child of hers at all!"

So startling and unexpected was this confirmation to my wild suspicions, that I could not forbear a faint exclamation.

"Yes, miss, I dare say you think I'm gone clear daft," continued the aged housekeeper, "but I've my reasons, and good ones, too, they are."

I answered by a look of inquiring interest.

"It's a long story, Miss Judith; but if I don't go back to the beginning, you'll maybe not understand it. When my master brought his young bride home, I was then housekeeper, though I'd just come back to the Manor after several years' absence that had seen me wife, mother, and widow. A haughtier lady I never saw, nor one that could more entirely win you over with two words when she pleased. My master fairly worshipped the ground she walked on; and she was just as stately to him as she was to everybody else. But mind you, miss, she'd not let another person copy her ways to him, and no one dared put her consequence above his, to her face; for all that, it was plainer than daylight who ruled the Manor. Several years passed away, and there was no heir yet. Mr. Murray fretted secretly at this—but if my mistress did, there was none the wiser. My master goes abroad on business, and my mistress finds the old house too lonesome to stay in. So she just takes her maid, a Frenchwoman that had always been with her, and was once her nurse, and off she goes to a gay watering-place, to Brighton.

The first hint we ever had of what was going forward, was the news that there was a fine, noble heir to my master, and my mistress doing well. You may think our surprise was in good earnest; well, miss, three months from the time she left us, my mistress

came home again with Master Richmond, who was a beautiful babe, though he did come before his time; and my mistress was as thriving as he was. But somehow her fine color never returned; and instead of her proud, lawless ways and speeches, she was always as still and grand as you remember her, miss, with a look in her eyes that went to my heart, sometimes. It was troubled, anxious-like, as if the tears might freeze in them, but never melt. She never seemed happy and fond with her baby, as young mothers are; and when the master came back and held the child in his arms, his heart too full to speak a word, but looking at his wife with more love and gratitude in his eyes than he'd speak in a lifetime, she just went white as a snow-drift, and all but fainted. It was a queer way to be joyful over the young heir, wasn't it, miss?

Well, miss, as Mr. Richmond got older, instead of indulging him, as the Squire was for doing, my mistress just fought against it; and, between wife and son, the poor gentleman had a hard time of it, for he thought the world of both; and you know how natural it is to pet an only child, and be the heir. But what his mother withheld in the way of affection, was made up to him by everybody he'd come a-near. But when the Squire died, miss, my mistress had it her own way, without saying 'by your leave' to anybody. Ah, many's the time, Miss Judith, I've favored him unbeknown to her! Mr. Richmond had a will of his own, though, for all he was so kind and free from airs; so when he came to be a lad, he somehow contrived to take the place he should as heir of Morton Manor. Soon, too, as he left home for school, he was so clever that the teachers had more than one blind side, and so brave and forward in all sports, that his mates just followed as he led, till he found that the heir of Morton Manor was not to be looked down on.

But it is n't for me to tell you, miss, the winning ways of your own cousin, as you lived with him for years. You know what a warm heart he must have had to never cast up his mother's coldness to her, but be just the most dutiful, loving son as was ever seen; why, she could n't have a wish but he'd bring it out for her before she'd more than speak it. He'd never have been content to leave when he did, if she had n't driven him away entirely. This happened after he'd come home from his last college term, and was meaning to coax his mother to go abroad with him in his travels. Sure, miss, there's no harm of speaking to you, and I've lived here so long in such an awful silent way, with all these thoughts in my mind, and Mrs. Murray dying by inches before my very eyes, without letting any one be called in for advice, that it is a relief to speak out at last. So, as I was saying, my mistress fairly drove Mr. Richmond away. One evening I was in the room that leads out of Mrs. Murray's, where I had gone to get some things from the closet, while she was out, when I heard herself and the young master come into her chamber. Before I knew they were saying anything private, words had passed that put me in a dreadful trouble. I would n't have let them know what I'd heard for the world, and I was loth to hear what was coming; but I could n't get away unless I went through the room where they were; so, as I knew all was safe with me, I made up my mind to hear as little as I could, and forget as much. But it went to my heart to hear Mr. Richmond.

"Mother," says he, "you never loved me as only sons are generally loved, especially by widowed mothers. What is the reason? Have I ever failed in my duty to you? It was never in my heart to do so. Yet I know you must have sufficient reasons."

"I am not aware that my conduct to you has been so unnatural as to excite remark or questioning," answers my mistress, as cold and proud as an icicle.

"Dear mother," says Mr. Richmond, hurried-like and grieved, "don't think I am capable of wanting in respect to you enough to question your actions; but if you could know the yearning in my heart for that confidence and intimate companionship I so often see between parents and children, you would bestow it on me, I am sure. Much as I value my friends, and firm as I believe their affection to be, I would give all, twice over, for one endearing epithet and a tender mother's caress, even if it were a farewell, and I went to a life-long separation with but that one memory to cheer me."

"How can you place so much value on mere words?" asked my mistress, not quite so haughty, maybe, as at first.

"Not the words, mother—it's the feeling that prompts them which sets the value."

"But some people, Richmond, do not express their feelings by words."

"I know; but then it comes out in action—it cannot be kept wholly out of sight."

"Have I ever neglected to give you every advantage or refused you any privilege due to your station?" says my mistress, hesitating-like. I was surprised to hear her argue with him, instead of cutting her words short, and asking him to leave her.

"I said I did not complain," master answers, so meek and sorrowful that my eyes dimmed over, "and you do not understand my feelings; but, thank heaven, I have a mother, though she does see fit to put me beyond the pale of warm affection."

It was not in human power, Miss Judith, to resist such sad pleading as was in Mr. Richmond's voice, and Mrs. Murray seemed quite softened. "Why, Richmond," she says, "I never have wounded you meaningly. You are morbid on this subject. I know I am not demonstrative, but I never was so. Of course there is a strength in natural ties beyond the power of any circumstances to crush out, although it may not be on the surface."

Mr. Richmond waited for no more; but, without letting my mistress finish, he rose hastily, and kneeling by her chair, as I judge, kissed her, and with his voice all of a tremble, said—

"Oh, mother, mother, my devotion to you is more than repaid by these dear words! But I cannot love you more for them, for from my earliest remembrance you have been my ideal of womanhood. As a boy, I worshipped and exulted in your beauty and superiority, and ever have felt the absence of tenderness on your part compensated by the honor of being your son. Now I am blessed. Dear mother, tell me that you wish me to remain with you—that you will continue thus toward me."

I do n't know, miss, what came over my mistress to do such a cruel thing, but she stopped him, and said—

"You agitate me terribly; if you are so vehement, you will destroy all comfort in your presence. It is impossible for me to understand or sympathize with such frenzied language and ideas. If this is to be my reward for disclaiming your charge of being an unloving parent, I must request you to leave me till your gratitude has found a more quiet mode of expression."

Miss Judith, I expect Mr. Richmond felt his heart was breaking, to be dashed down so sudden. He rose and fetched a gasping sob, and a groan.

"Mother," says he, "I can bear no more! Oh, you must hate me to torture me thus!"

Mrs. Murray had begun her hard speech, as if she was struggling to say the words, but she had ended quite firm, and she answers him now so stern:

"Richmond, I cannot allow this. I am not accountable to you for my feelings, or the line of conduct I choose to take. You distrust my love for you—you upbraid me with neglect and injustice, in the same hypocritical breath that you assert your respect and devotion. Can the companionship of a child so suspicious and arbitrary be pleasant to me? I have always seen this disposition on your part to demand a show of feeling repugnant to me, and have been more at ease in your absence. You may well feel estranged from me. There can be no sympathy between us. Your birth brought me no happiness, and it was never by my desire that you were the heir of Morton."

Oh, Miss Judith! there was a gloomy fierceness in my mistress's voice that made me faintish, and poor Mr. Richmond did not answer at once; when he did, indeed, 'twas enough to melt a heart of stone—so pitiful like.

"Mother," he says, "I will never grieve you again. I will go abroad immediately. I have no preferences on earth now, for everything looks dark in the present. I will not stay for the preparations I had intended to make, but leave for London to-morrow morning, and I will not return till you permit me."

"Do not let me turn you out of your home," interrupted Mrs. Murray. "I merely request you to let me pursue my course toward you, of years past, without comment, or attempt at alteration on your side."

"Mother, what home is this to me?" asked Mr. Richmond, for the first time with hardness; "it is nothing but the tomb of dead hopes, since our outward life would be henceforth an acted lie. No; there are bounds to my capacity for suffering. Oh, mother, forgive me! I do not know what I say. I am glad to suffer, if you will have it so, for it links us together in some relation—and you repudiate our natural one. We may never stand face to face again, after to night. Let me, then, for one moment fancy myself, as I have ever striven to believe—your beloved son." And he took his mother in his arms, kissed her several times, and then, as if he must give way to grief, hurried from the room.

Mrs. Murray started as he left her, and in a low, broken voice called him by name. He did n't hear her, though, and, after she had listened a moment, as if half a mind to go after him, she came back, and through the chink of the door I could see she was trembling like a leaf.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "my punishment is harder than I can bear! No change, no lightning of the burden through all time. Must I forever crush out that noble, loving heart, because his heritage from me can be my hatred only? or, when my heart is drawn to him at times, will it always be a crime to indulge in the generous impulse, lest I neglect to make atonement to heaven and man for the sin which I brought on unconscious partakers?"

Here my mistress cried out, and pressed one hand to her breast, groaning, while she tried to ring the bell with the other; before she could reach it she fainted. I rushed to her, and in a few minutes she came to herself.

"Oh, ma'am!" says I, "you've got one of those dreadful turns again. Let me call Mr. Richmond."

For you see, miss, I knew after what I'd heard, that if she was to see him in her weak state, and he knowing she was pained to part with him, for all her hard words, they'd find out the way to happiness at last. But she would n't hear to it, and I got her to bed at once. Still I was bound Mr. Richmond should get his chance; for, though I was main sure, by Mrs. Murray's last sayings, that there was an awful deal of wrong somewhere, and I knew it could n't be straightened out now—and I loved the young master like my own child, to boot. So when I left her, I went to his room; for all it was so late, there was a light under the door, and when he opened it, I saw the chairs all full of clothes he was to take away in the morning.

"What is it, Armstrong?" says he, eagerly. "Did mother send you?"

"No, sir," says I. "My mistress is very poorly; she has had another of her attacks."

"Does she wish to see me? How is she now?"

"I left her asleep, sir, and I think she needs rest; but she will be stronger to-morrow."

"I go to London by the first train," says he, turning over in his mind what he'd best do.

"Then you won't see her till she is well again," says I, making as if I did n't know how long he was going for.

"I am going abroad, Armstrong," he answered, with his face partly turned away.

"Why, sir, is n't this sudden?"

"Yes; but if my mother is so ill, I do n't like to start."

"Then that is what brought on the illness, sir," says I; "she seemed very much cast down about something."

"She is asleep, you say?" he asked, his beautiful eyes lighting up when I told him this. "I won't disturb her; but if she wakes in the night, be sure to call me, Armstrong."

Just this minute her bell rung for me. Mr. Richmond started, and said:

"Did Thomas—that was his man—come to me as you go to my mother's room, and give her the note yourself, that I shall send by him?"

So I told Thomas that his master wanted him, and went to Mrs. Murray, feeling better than before I'd seen Mr. Richmond. Presently Thomas comes with the letter, and I gave it to Mrs. Murray. She read it quickly, and weak as she was, made me bring pen and paper for an answer.

My mind misgave me, miss, for I did n't like the black look on her face, and I was fearing I'd done wrong to meddle, for belike I'd only get the master two hard words for every one he'd had before. Sure enough, she sent me with it to him, and he asked me to wait till he'd read it. When I looked at him he was pale as ashes, and says he—

"You can go, Armstrong. Tell my mother I shall leave, as I expected, when I last spoke with her."

When my mistress got up next morning, Mr. Richmond was gone, and we never saw him again. I went into his chamber the day he left, and a desolate looking spot it was, Miss Judith! The fire had gone all to cinders, and in one corner of the grate was a twisted paper, half burnt. I saw it was the note I had brought the night before, and perhaps I'd no right to do it, but I was so interested for poor Mr. Richmond, that I just picked it out. It was badly scorched, but I made it out. Oh, Miss Judith! 'twas a cruel letter. My mistress asked if he could not rest content with making her ill, but he must annoy her with urging a disagreeable subject still further, and begged him to leave her until she recovered her strength. I took good care to destroy the note this time, you may be sure.

Al! how lonesome it was after Mr. Richmond was gone! I think my mistress herself would have called him back, only for pride. But he wrote regularly to her, and she answered when she pleased. Then when the neighbors were calling they seemed to find it dull without him, and my mistress had to hear of him constantly from them. Mrs. Murray kept open house more than ever to divert herself, and as the Manor was the top of the county, she never lacked for company. But she grew dreadful tired of it, Miss Judith. There was one strange thing, too, that I minded; of all the young people around, my mistress's favorite was Miss Jessie Scott, and a sweet young lady she was, indeed—as pretty as a new blown rose, and a voice like a linnets' for singing. I always thought she and Mr. Richmond were great friends, and nothing could be more to my mistress's taste, you'd think, for she was from good blood and had a fortune of her own.

I do think she took the master's absence to heart, and she never missed asking after him when his mother would get a letter. Sometimes Mrs. Murray would give them into her own hands; then she would fairly color with pleasure. But my mistress must have been blind to the feeling between them; or else she changed her mind, for once when Miss Jessie was visiting here, news came that Mr. Richmond was very ill and not expected to live. Mrs. Murray read it before the poor lamb, and she went right off, crying and laughing together, so that we'd as much as we could do to bring her out for half an hour. That seemed to open my mistress's eyes, and from that she took as strong a dislike to Miss Scott as she had a fondness before.

It was a great cross to the young lady, for she had no news of my master now, and she was fretted with knowing she had shown her heart so plain. The dear only knows, miss, what Mrs. Murray could find against the match, but there it was; and Miss Jessie, soft and winning as she seemed, had pride, so they only met after that when they chanced to.

But when Mr. Richmond wrote his mother that he was truly married, we had sad days; for she began to that to draw closer into herself, and this beautiful old place, that used to be so grand and gay the year round, got like a nunnery, with only the parsonage folks ever coming to it at the last. Sure, you know the rest, miss; and glad I was when Mrs. Murray let you be sent for. Now I suppose you'll stay here till Mr. Richmond comes?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Female Health and Beauty.

Professor E. L. Robbins, in a lecture on Sanitary Science, says, in speaking of the health and beauty of women, as affected by air, exercise, light and costume, he agreed with Dr. Prichard, that beauty was synonymous with health and perfection of organization. Of light, air and costume, the latter was the most important in its influence upon woman. Dress was far more important in its influence upon woman than upon man. Woman exercises far greater influence upon the health and welfare of the future generations of the race. The improvement of the human race must be sought in the improvement of the health of women. In the whole animal creation, there was no such instance of the want of strength in the female as compared with the male, as in the human race. Women inhaled but about half as much air as men. The difference was not so great in any other instance in the animal world.

Written for the Banner of Light.
LEWIS.

BY ENOLA.

Our baby Lewis came to us,
A witching dainty sprite,
Whose every look and motion brought
Its quota of delight.
We watched and guarded him so safe
From every breath of ill—
A single year went by and he
Was baby Lewis still.
Then trouble came, and all the light
Seemed dimly to depart
From desolated hearthstone
And weary aching heart;
But twice a twelve month could not steal
The proud, brave heart I kept,
While every night upon my arm
My darling Lewis slept.
Oh Lewis, Lewis! Shall I see
His sweet face never more?
In every dream I watch again
The rose-hued shroud he wore.
The little dog he loved so well
By stranger hand is fed,
His useless toys are put aside;
My little boy is dead.
Nay! youthful mother, cease thy plaint—
Thy darling is not dead.
In a far brighter land than thine
His faltering feet are led.
Yet bends he from his higher sphere
To kiss thy cheek and brow;
Thou may'st not see him, but he is
Thy angel guardian now!

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

Spiritualism is often rebuked for its want of power to work its signs and wonders in the sight of all Israel and the Sun. But is the more material world wholly exempt of short-comings in this direction? Do chemistry and physiology exhibit a front with lines alike marked on its phenomena as manifest in darkness and in light? Is there no "chemistry of the sunbeams"—no "progress of the primaries" in the evolution from the inorganic to the organic estate? Do not chemistry and psychology require their conditions for the manifestations they exhibit?—and shall it be objected to physiology that it also has its ways and means in the manifestation of the spirit for every one to profit withal? Mesmerism and odyle or Spiritual laws are a part of the universal whole of nature; and are not supernatural in their soliloquies, but ask only a common tribunal before which to appear and prove their consecutive links in the universal chain of being. The soul of the imponderable world is no less individual and characteristic than when manifest through its ponderable medium of flesh; though in the circumstance of this latter, it has sadly failed of the past in its scope of vision to compass the birth and the growth of its coming estate.

Let us recur to the latest unfoldings of the chemical and physiological worlds. The laborers, in these spheres, are rather apt to make each his own the measure of the other; and both, to ignore and reject the claims of the psychological domain. Thus, they make the segment of a circle as equal to its circumference by denying that the spiritual has any notoriety in the ponderable realms they explore as connected with life and intelligence. Thus, the temple that they build, though beautiful in the way of health and material life, is open at the roof and affords no refuge to the soul from the pelting of the pitiless storm. Thus, too, the temple is left cracked and crumbling at its basis, while the stones which the builders rejected would have secured foundation, turret and spire, in the one embrace of the heavens and the earth.

We require the fulfillment of laws and conditions to prove the spiritual domain—and no less the chemist and physiologist—though their own spheres of labor may be more palpable to outer senses as having to do with more ponderable modes of being—nor are they without variableness or shadow of turning in the evolution of their aspects. They are not what they were twenty years ago, or even ten. There has been progression. Their present contradictions very much of their very latest past; but whatever the phase, they make laws and conditions the *sine qua non* of what they shall produce.

"The Physiology of Common Life," by George Henry Lewes, so late as 1860, is a very excellent work, within the scope of material vision. He may be said to belong to the "Broad Church" of chemistry and physiology, and is fully aware of the "effect of different conditions." The Spiritualist, whose phenomena are apparently in contradiction to the more material laws, asks no more to postulate his positions, and to prove them, than does Mr. Lewes in his chemical and physiological domain. Upon matters pertaining to food and drink, he speaks of the paradox that "water which will allow our burning thirst, augments it when congealed into snow;" and "to render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst."

He continues—"These facts point to an important consideration, which has been little regarded by the majority of those who have written on Food—the consideration of the profound differences in the state of substances. The chemist in his elementary analysis, necessarily gives no clue to such differences. He tells us of what elements an article of Food is composed; but he cannot tell us how those elements are combined, nor in what state the substance is. Even when he has ascertained the real composition and properties of any substance, he has still to ask the physiologist what are the conditions presented by the organism in which the substance is to undergo chemical transformation.

We know that a change in the conditions will cause a change in the manifestation of a force; so that often what ordinarily takes place in the laboratory will not at all take place in the organism. Chlorine and hydrogen are gases having a powerful affinity for each other—that is to say, they will unite when brought together in the daylight; but if we change the conditions—if we bring them together in the dark, their affinity is never manifested; and thus, while in the sunlight they burst together with explosive force, producing an intense acid, they will remain quiescent in the darkness, and there for all eternity would form no combination. Again, this same chlorine decomposes water in the sun's rays; but in darkness it has no such power.

If such are the effects of so simple a change in the conditions, it is easy to imagine how various must be the difference between the phenomena which

occur in the laboratory, and those which the same substances present under the complex conditions of the organism.

Now we ask no broader platform than this for phenomenal structure of Spiritualism. It is sufficiently broad too, to cover the remarkable facts set showing the same characteristics, in greater or less forth in the August number of the Cornhill Magazine, degrees of what has been noted in the last dozen years in our own country, much of which we have ourselves witnessed. Nor was it an insuperable difficulty that light and darkness and conditions of the atmosphere, were factors in the sum of the manifestations. We saw that chemical, physiological, electrical and psychological bearings affected the transmundane as well as the mundane centers—but adjusted in harmonious conditions, there are unmistakable manifestations of supermundane intelligence of men, women and children, whom we have proved to be the same we had formerly known as occupying tenements of clay—thus proving continuity of being, or the immortality of the soul. In all this, we ask no admission of miracles or suspension of nature's laws, but only to seek and find the conditions of the spiritual law's unfolding. The interlinked batteries of the two worlds require only to be conditionally reported to furnish a "Thus saith the Lord," which is simply equivalent to what may be said by our brethren of the spirit world, as may be seen in the vision of Patmos John, when he was about to fall down and worship one of these as the Lord, who was only one of the brethren. The chemists and physiologists, in tracing the secrets of nature, are often misled by many voices saying, "lo here! and lo there! still there is most of progression towards the higher ways, and when they shall have taken the step that grapples together to the spiritual domain, they will find laws and conditions here no less exacting than those with which they are familiar on their grosser planes. They will find the spiritual plane a cement of the chemical and physiological, and that it has no more paradoxes than those they encounter in the present spheres of their labors—nor will they find miracles or aught supernatural in the theological sense of the term. They will find even the Holy Ghost to be amenable to conditions, nor will it appear strange that the transmundane is sometimes in the reverse ratio of chemical action. This, in some of its aspects, can manifest only in the light, while that exhibits its more astounding phenomena in proportion to the absence of luminous material rays. All nature is full of these apparent contradictions, but in the rhythmic whole, they discourse concordant music. The miracle is thus cast out of the category as an exorcism of past ignorance, and "all chance direction which thou canst not see."

Mr. Lewis is rather saucy on the infallibility of the savans who "declared bone soup to be better than meat soup." The infallibility of those proved to be on a par with a "Thus saith the Lord," wherein the word and the performance appear to have been very distant of Him.

"Great was the excitement, vast the preparations. In hospitals and poor houses, machines were erected which made an enormous quantity of gelatine. Unfortunately the soup thus obtained was found to be far from nutritious; moreover, it occasioned thirst, digestive troubles, and finally diarrhoea. The savans heard this with great unanimity. They were not the men to give up a theory on the bidding of vulgar experience. Diarrhoea was doubtless distressing, but science was not implicated in that. The fault must lie in the preparation of the soup; might not the fault be attributable to the soup eaters? One thing only was positive—that the fault was not in the gelatine.

"In this high and unshaken confidence, the savans pursued their course. Thousands of rations were daily distributed; but fortunately these rations were not confined to the bone soup, or else the mortality would have been terrific. Few men of science had any doubt until Mr. Donne positively assured the Academy that experiments upon himself, and on dogs, proved gelatine, thus prepared, to be scarcely, if at all, nutritious."

There has been great advance in science since the days of infallible bone-soup, some seventy years ago. There has also been great advance in the interpretation of the infallible word of old Jewry. The pulpit and churchcraft have done their utmost against the rising of a broader word.

It would appear from Dr. Lewes that the Amœba or Proteus, the earliest manifestation of life, has powers somewhat analogous to disembodied spirits, who have capability to appear in various aspects, as when the orthodox Satan is transformed into an angel of light and dominates the churches in the name "of the Lord." "The Amœba is a single cell; it has no 'organs' whatever, but crawls along the surface by extemporising an arm or a leg out of its elastic body; this arm or leg is speedily drawn in again, and fresh arms are thrown out; thus, as you watch it, you perceive it assuming an endless succession of forms, justifying the name of Proteus originally bestowed upon it.

So like the Amœba is the colorless blood corpuscle, that many observers have not hesitated to adopt the opinion that these corpuscles are actually animalcules, and that our blood is a select bivarium—an opinion not very tenable, and is far from necessary for the purposes of explanation. We may admit, and the point is of philosophic interest, that the blood corpuscles are analogous to the Amœba, without admitting them to be parasites.

Considering the wondrous uniformity in the organic creation—considering how life seems everywhere to manifest itself under forms which, through endless varieties, preserve a uniformity not less marvelous—so few and simple seem to be the laws of organic combination, there is nothing at all improbable in the idea that, as the Amœba is a starting-point of the animal series, an analogous form may also be developed in the blood. In many of the lower animals the blood abounds in the Amœba-like cells. Moreover, the very substance of the fresh-water Polype sometimes breaks up into several distinct masses, which can, in no respect, be distinguished from Amœba.

Although it is wrong to consider these Amœba-like corpuscles to be parasites, I may mention, in passing, that the blood has its peculiar parasite, and a very singular animal it is. Bilharz describes it under the name of *Distoma hematobium*, as a double animal, the sexes being perfectly separate, the male lodging the female in a sort of tube extending along its stomach. With two heads and two tails, it seems only to have one body. This specimen of 'two single parasites rolled into one' is only found in the blood of man."

Thus we see the original of "the twain being one flesh," and when separated, and not finding each its mate along the dark valley of flesh and blood, there is lamentation and woe for the loss of the "conjugal companion," "the course of love not running smooth," "though accident, blind contact, and the

strong necessity of loving, have removed antipathies." Probably this conjugal pair in the blood, separated, secreted and ejected, gave rise to the tadpole theory of man's beginning, in vogue some fifteen years ago.

The greater lights in medicine, like the greater lights in theology, have to deplore the darkness in which their respective spheres are merged. It would be difficult to say which is in the lower deep, old medicine or old theology. The devotees of both are doubly damned by wallowing in the mire. Says Lewes, on the circulation of the blood, it "is a vast span of time for the elaboration of the discovery of a fact which, now we know it, seems so obvious that the marvel is why it was ever unknown; and the moral of the story lies precisely there, teaching, as it does, the remarkable servility of the mind in the presence of established opinions, and the difficulty which is felt, even by eminent men, in seeing plain facts, when their eyes are hoodwinked by preconceived notions." How completely this applies to every system of old theology! Utterly fossilized, and in hell, they would continue there and employ a Cerberus to bark and bite all heretics who would subvert their domains to let in sunlight and air, the so much needed ventilation for their asphyxiated estate. Even Servetus could "describe with great precision how the air passes from the nose into the chambers of the brain, and how the devil takes the same route to lay siege to the soul." By a parity of reasoning we may well suppose that as prince of the powers of the air, and not being ignorant of his devices, he would take possession of the air passages to the lungs, the bronchial tubes, transform them into Gabriel's trumpet, and blow "by-and-by" according to the programme of the Adventists, as set forth in the sayings by them of old time.

Dr. Lewes would cast the moving of psychology from physiology as being "the region of disorderly mystery, which is the domain of ignorance." "A vast province" would be "added to science" in its stead, "the realm of order by mystery." We grant you, if no further advance could be made than what pertains to the old metaphysical and theologians, dominated by the "Thus saith the Lord" of old Jewry. But modern psychology has changed all this, and has made no less rapid advance than chemistry and physiology. It has taken the route of animal magnetism or mesmerism, and is well laid out by the late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh. This route, in its ultimates, will be found to blend the spiritual with the physiological domain. Modern psychology is amenable to laws and conditions, and stands in the same relation to the ancient religion, or "disorderly mysteries," as the modern chemistry to the ancient alchemy. We now have the clue to the past "disorderly mysteries, the domain of ignorance," Sinian, Eleusian, and Penta-costal. Even the Holy Ghost, is amenable to law and conditions, whether manifest in revivals or through spiritual mediums, and cannot quicken otherwise than the soul and its surroundings are open to receive. If broadly open, there is much; if narrowly, but little; if shut, none. Both mundane and transmundane batteries are qualified by the conditions at the time of working. The state of the atmosphere, as well as nervous, mental and other conditions, modify in the exhibition of psychological or spiritual phenomena, and these are as easily traceable as the things manifested on the chemical and physiological planes. Strike out the psychological domain, and you may still possess a "vast province added to science," but it is simply provincial, with head and arms lopped off, and not the harmoniously developed whole.

There are more things in heaven and earth than have been dreamed of in the "provinces" of science; and when all are brought together, and viewed from the highest mount of vision, they are seen to be not fragmental isolations, but a homogeneous whole, with manifold relations, holding extremities apart. We do not complain that the scientist is disposed to maintain a squatter sovereignty in his own particular "province," but he is not to suppose that all beyond is chaos, to be ignored or filibustered. We grant him that old metaphysics and old theologies are legitimate game, birds of night, to be winged, and cast upon the dunghill to be trodden under foot of men. Dr. Lewes is open to a much broader inference than his words convey, when he places church and sermon amongst deadliest of narcotics. He says—"A heated church and a dull sermon are almost sure to provoke sleep. There are few men whose powers are equal to the task of opposing the joint operation of two such potent influences. They act on the spirit like narcotics, and the person seems as if involved in a cloud of acornite or belladonna. The heat of the church might be resisted, but the sermon is irresistible, its monotony falls like leaden accents on the ear, and soon subdues the most powerful attention."

This, then, is the church and sermon mode of putting man to sleep, and perchance to dream. We grant that church and sermon are vast stilleries of narcotine in their dark and narrow provinces. Some one is recommending Hashish as a more royal road to heaven, while Sir John Falstaff found nothing equal to Sterris Sack for ascending into the brain.

Let us rejoice, however, that the old cauldron of narcotine is "swealing awa' like a farthing candle lested at both ends," and like old alchemy and witchdom, is to be transmuted through the modern crucible. Dr. Lewes has experimented with "eye of newt and toe of frog," so potent in old sorcery. We are happy to learn that the Doctor etherized or chloroformed his victims before he offered them in sacrifice to the Lord of Science, and thus prevented suffering. We hope Agassiz does the same when he performs the Cæsarean operation on his turtle victims.

To conclude this "Glimpse," we commend this work of Dr. Lewes, as for the most part, a very lucid exposition of the latest researches in physiology, but deplorably deficient in that domain where the spiritual grasps, fashions, and controls the grosser material modes of being. Secession from this imponderable domain cannot sustain itself; for it is a domain that dominates all provinces—a domain that unimpairedly caps the more visible of physiology, and sets as gracefully upon the same as the "cap of carbonate of lime" which Captain Lynch found surmounting Lot's wife while pouring her salt tears into the Dead Sea. C. B. P.

THE DYING OUT OF SPIRITUALISM.

The allopathist will tell you that homeopathy is a humbug, and yet they will tell you that they do not give a tenth of the drugs they did in former years. Why this change in their practice? It cannot rationally be accounted for, but through the teachings of Hannonman, and his disciples, whose practice they still affect to despise.

And so with Spiritualism. The materialist will tell you that it is a delusion, and he does not believe in it; but who now believes in annihilation? not one, however the skeptics may scoff at the new light,

which has (mysteriously to them) entered their souls.

The man of creeds will tell you that these manifestations are the result of your own thoughts, or else instigated by the devil; but who now pronounces on what intelligent man believes, in the everlasting, material, orthodox Hell, as taught with so much unctious and denunciations to the unbelievers within a few years.

No, Spiritualism is not dying out—the very atmosphere is full of it, and with every breath we inhale it, according to our receptiveness of its influence.

Let us then labor on hopefully in the faith, that as certain as the sun and air will decompose and turn our bodies into dust, will truth, through spirit communion, undermine and annihilate the creeds, and give the world the teachings of Jesus, as now unfolded, to guide them in their religious faith.

PAUL PAX.

FATE AND FREE AGENCY.

An Essay read before the Boston Spiritual Conference, Wednesday Evening, February 20, 1861.

by JOHN WENNERDEZ, JR.

Sometimes an individual finds himself in a train of thought of this kind: Says he to himself, "I am a conscious being—I exist—I am conscious of that existence." No power or logic can convince that man of this fact—and he says to himself, I look behind me, and my origin is mystery. I look forward in the dark, and still it is mystery. True, I exist, says he, but there was a time when I did not exist—and then without my little space, in the universe of external things, all went on without my aid, or even my consciousness; and as far as I can see, I am of little moment; and when I drop out, the gap will close, as readily as the ocean receives a pebble, and the world goes on, and I am forgotten. But is it so? The records of human history show a deeper current, not apparent on the surface of life's stream, and we must think before we can answer this question.

We cast our mental eyes back, and call up with ever-pleasant delight the sweet hours of childhood—the dawn of early consciousness. We see some of the star that lingered in our early twilight, but the horizon of the mind hides the advent of sun or soul, whose rays are shooting up into the world's atmosphere, to which we are then hastening to work out our day's toil and set: the clouds of later life had not then overshadowed us, and the early rays unclouded by the anxieties and cares of mature life, spread gladness and joy, and a rosy-tinted hue upon our garden path, leading to the great highway of manhood. Oh! happy days of youth, say we, too quickly fled. We linger in our minds over those halcyon moments, which even now by memory, cast a pleasant light upon the sombre hours of later life. From the day of those early recollections, our thought-life, way back in memory's vista, till it loses itself in the distance, up to the present moment—that is our life's consciousness; that is our positive knowledge—all else is second-hand—all else is outside testimony; and this our experience teaches us, that we have been, all this time, subject to a complication of laws, and that our freedom is only relative—at least, it teaches me so.

Inherent biases, hereditary proclivities come with us from our fathers; surrounding circumstances, also beyond our control, play an important part in our life, and the two influences blending in this human machine, are twisting out the rope of life, day by day and second by second; and we are the product of the yarn that is gathered by forces over which we have little, yea, no control; and we fall into our places as naturally as the coils of rope find theirs.

We find even our tiny actions and plays in youth are often typical of the acts we perform at maturity—"the child is father to the man." The boy who has confidence and leads in game; the boy who is delicate, and timid, and follows, and all other characteristics—we find reproduced in the future man. We find the same impulses, governing motives, though they may be upon different and larger objects. "Charley" is a good planner, tugging to arrange a break or make a truck; and thirty years later, he is the persevering man, who, against obstacles and difficulties builds edifices and railroads.

Now if qualities and ideas are not in any way hereditary, then we should come nearer Freedom; but the evidence on this point is on the side of Fate.

I will say here that nothing in nature appears absolutely isolate; and this question whether we are mostly governed by Fate or Freedom shows some dovetailing on the principle of everything being related, in a greater or less degree, with every other thing. We see the focus, so to speak, but the surroundings are lost in the complexity of circle life. For instance, sunlight is so beautifully arranged that a ray of white light is but a blending of all the colors. No prism made by nature's dew drop, or man's handiwork to separate the ray into its elements, but shows the colors blending into each other; no line of demarcation. And again these rays coming to us in their aggregation, are said to be the source of light and heat. Is it so? We go on the mountain top, three, or four miles high, and the rays though visible, are cold as death, and the white fields of ice show eternal winter—then it is the blending of the ray of light with the atmosphere near the surface of this planet that produces heat; not the sun alone; and the source of light also, for at a certain height the stars shine in the sun's company, and thus but for the combination or blending with the air we have neither light nor heat—and having both, our earth is covered with verdure and is radiant with life.

We know little or nothing of the "life principle," either of the plant, animal, or man. The question before the Conference concerns the life principle. It is a hard thing to tell the difference between the life principle of the plant and the animal—still harder to tell the difference between the animal and man. No one imputed any free-agency to the plant; very few to the animal; I cannot see any really in the man—of course I can see a difference in degree, but that is not the question. A horse tied to a stake is as free, the length of his rope, as is the horse who has the whole field, hemmed in only by a fence. The latter has more freedom; but not freedom.

Now to say nothing about the law of gravitation that keeps us on the surface of this earth, or the laws of life that keep us out of the fire and out of the water, and all other laws homing in our bodies—but our thoughts, soul, spirit, real self, where is our freedom there? Can we do right, or can we do wrong? Can we be saints, or can we be sinners? Can we get rich in gold and narrow in soul? or rich in sympathy and narrow in purse? Can we study philosophy and dietetics and be healthy and happy? or gorge ourselves with Theology and pork and be gloomy and miserable? If yes, at our will, we are

free. But can you my friends who see the trees grow thickly when conditions are right, and meagre when they are not, and know the tree does not make the conditions, but that they are made for it, and see man growing and acting under conditions, and say man makes the conditions—any of them? I cannot.

The man looks back over life's pathway, and sees his mistakes, and says, if I had done this or that I should have been there. It is no use thus to reason; you did just what you could not help. Say not, if you should live your life over again, that you would have been a minister and married Polly Sprague. No doubt you would; but there's the fate, and not the freedom. You may file in your objections to the judge's ruling, but in the great court of human life you will never have a new trial. What is done is done from impulse or motive, and must be the result of conditions antecedent to the act; they may be as strong as thunderbolts, or so faint as to be beyond detection, but you know not the wills, or where they come from, to produce that spring—one thing is certain—not from your "free agency," but fate.

The Bible tells us the story of Joseph. It may be an historical fact, or an historical fiction; but that is of no consequence, as I use it as an illustration. Now Joseph was a promising young man, and, no doubt, he felt as you and I do, that he was a "free agent," and Pharaoh thought his dream and Joseph's knowledge saved all Egypt from destruction. But does not this story, and thousands of others of which the world is full, teach the Christian a Providence at work in the affairs of men, and to the philosopher a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough how them how we will?

Now suppose Judah instead of Joseph had been sold to the Ishmaelites—judging by his dealing with Tamar, his daughter-in-law—Potiphar's wife would have found an affinity, the prison one inmate less, Pharaoh's dream no interpreter, and Egypt and the Hebrews perish out of the land—stripping the twelve tribes in the bud, with the unborn Moses and Joshua, Samson and Samuel, David and Solomon, John the forerunner, and Jesus the Messiah, and all the apostles sawed off in the parent stem. Really, does any one think that is left to a man's "free agency" or eleven men, even if they are brothers? It would look, if that were so, as if Christianity and half of modern civilization proceeding from this little fountain of circumstances depended upon the act or will of a man. Then if the instruments in the world's history of great events are under the direction of a law or a Providence, or a "Fate"—then the smaller ones must be, that is self-evident.

The conclusions of the originators of more religions than the Christians have been favorable to Fate, or foreordination, which is the same thing. In the Roman Catholic, the thinking is done by the priest—and the same may be said of the Protestant; the grand level of human society, the mass, devoting their time and thought to getting what corn, wine and Indian meal they can, with the same kind of freedom as the little microscopic shell-fish, in its destiny, when Divinity was all the time using their selfish labors, wholly unknown to them, to make a chalk substratum, upon which, when he was ready, it piled modern England.

The Calvinist was right, or at least consistent, when he taught the doctrine of Election, which is the doctrine of Fate. The mistake was setting up a Deity, which cannot be made an object, and should only be the great unspoken thought, leaving or forgetting the sublime and simple ethics of the Nazarine, disgusted the human intellect with their exhibition of a Deity—the Poet who said, "whatsoever is, is right"—and the Brother who has elaborated it into a book, and all those who assent to it, teach the doctrine of Fate.

The "soul growth" Brother, who often from this place, with language sparkling with beauty, speaks of mankind as the great humanitarian man, and says, "what right has the head to say to the foot I have no need of thee?" etc, teaches the doctrine of Fate—he will speak to you, and on the side of freedom, but he will contradict his analogy.

There are two ways of looking at an object or a subject. Look at St. Peter's, close to it, and you see wood and stone; at an artistic distance, and you see the edifice. Look at this planet; by a close inspection, it is flat, perfectly still, and dirty at that. Look at it at a suitable distance, and you see instead, a globe of such magnitude, that the biggest man or object on it is but as a grain of sand, and instead of being flat and still, it is round and moving on its axis where we now are, at 1000 miles an hour, and whizzing through space at the rate of 2,000,000 miles a day. So looking closely at the details of life, we see evils and sorrows and incongruities. Take a larger range; calculate by the *Angles of Celestial Geometry*, and Divinity or Fate is taking a turnpike road to perfection, or "Whatever is, is right." Does a belief in this doctrine of Fate, tend to the good of man? Certainly. Man must fulfill his destiny, and does; he nets as I have said, from forces he did not make and does not control. Take the simple illustration of "Bread and Butter," what all mankind is after. He can eat little or much; he or you can eat or fast—there's a length to that rope. Like the horse tied to the stake hunger pulls us, if we stretch our tether—Hunger builds ships and raises armies, gridirons a nation with railroads, peoples and builds up cities; and hunger has use for you, and where your place is there you must be; no skulking—no man ever did.

You and I are doing on a higher plane what the little coral does on the ground level.

Many years ago, near what is now the Gulf of Mexico, God wanted a "coral reef;" and while the little occupant of that tiny shell was living out his little life, perfectly free as thought, Fate had it all the time. And Florida and the reef now stand painted on the charts of the world.

How VERY CHRISTLIKE.—In Jackson, Cal., a Methodist preacher was called in to comfort an afflicted family that had lost a young female member. She didn't happen to be a Church member, and he was so offensive in his remarks, with reference to this fact, that the mother of the deceased fainted. He said there was scarcely a glimmer of hope that the sins of the young woman were forgiven; that her friends had no reason for believing that she had taken a place among the redeemed; that a short time before her death she accepted an invitation to attend a ball, and oh! he hoped she was not now dancing in the ball-room of hell!

"Mister, will you just lend pa your paper?" He only wants to send it to uncle in the country."
"Oh! certainly; and ask your father if he will lend me the roof of his house. I only want the shingles to make the tea-kettle boil!"

It is a strange way of showing our humble reverence and love for the Creator, to be perpetually condemning and reviling everything that He has created.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER VI.

Remarks in relation to Spiritualism in Natick—Manifestations continued—A table lifted by spirits—The spirits count for us—Mrs. Coan visits Natick—Remarks in reference to her Mediumship—Tests witnessed through her—Mr. Bly's assertions in relation to her Mediumship contradicted by facts.

Spiritualism in Natick, from the commencement of its introduction, took somewhat of a peculiar turn. At first, there was considerable interest awakened, to witness the manifestations. But not gaining that evidence which they had marked out in their own minds, and not being able to stand the outward pressure, which, as a matter of course, came from the opponents, a large number, who at first became awakened to the subject by a faint rap, or the rocking of a table, fell back, and left their places vacant for the few. And, in fact, the few have been more interested in the philosophy which has grown out of Spiritualism, than in the manifestations. This is well in its place; but other things are necessary. There is such a thing as cultivating the head to the neglect of the soul.

After the meetings of 1853 and 1854, but little interest was felt in the manifestations; and, although there were a few who were constantly praying for more evidence of spirit existence and identity, yet it was found impossible to form a circle which would patiently, harmoniously, and punctually sit a sufficient length of time to receive the evidence desired. After the spring of 1854, I think I never sat in a circle composed of the same individuals, two evenings in succession; and, yet, the spirits were ready, and seeking all the time to give the evidence of their existence and presence. A few received this evidence, but when it came, it came suddenly, unlooked for, and unexpected. At least, such has been my experience. Our meetings were soon turned into meetings for discussion.

Notwithstanding the apathy manifested by the majority of those who professed to be Spiritualists, on the subject of manifestations, the light would occasionally dawn in upon us from these bright messengers from the spirit world.

During the winter of 1855, (I think it was) a company of us spent an evening at the residence of a neighbor, (Mr. Charles W. Hazeltine,) where we were invited to play a game of whist. Most of the company were Spiritualists, but the subject was not introduced until we were about to break up, when it was proposed by some one of the company to have a sitting. Accordingly, we took our seats again around the table, where we had been playing, and which was made of heavy mahogany. In a few moments the table began to tip violently.

It was then asked:

"Will you raise the table?"

The answer came "yes."

I was seated at one corner of the table, and a lady, (Miss Parsons) was seated at the other corner, on the same side. In a few moments an effort was made to raise the table. I placed my hands under the leaf, and Miss Parsons did the same. Every other hand in the circle was on top of the table and in plain sight of every one at the table. Without scarcely an effort on our part, we raised, or more properly speaking, steadied our side of the table, while the other side, with all the hands on the top, was raised as high as we could reach, and then gradually lowered again to the floor, keeping all the time in a perfectly horizontal position.

The reader, I think, cannot fail to see that in the position we occupied the table could not have been lifted by the circle around it. If it was lifted by human agency, it must have been by Miss Parsons and myself; for, as I have stated before, the hands of every other individual around the table rested on the table, and as a matter of course, would tend to bear the table down, instead of raising it up. And it is also equally evident that it could not have been lifted by Miss Parsons and myself, for we were both on the same side of the table; and, furthermore, I was fully conscious at the time, that with the effort I put forth I could not have lifted a pound weight to the height the table was lifted. We simply aided in balancing our side of the table, and that was all the agency we had in the matter.

After this, we requested the spirits to hold the table down, and it was fastened to the floor so firmly that no one in the circle could start it from the floor without breaking the leaf.

The same winter, by invitation, I attended a circle at the residence of Mr. Ellab Allen, in this place. Mrs. Allen, had been having circles at her house for some time, but I had never before attended any of them, and, in fact, on the evening alluded to here, were not more than two or three present who had. We had been having manifestations, such as answering questions of minor importance, when one of the company (Mr. Isaac Gale, of this place,) putting his hand into his pocket, took out a handful of change, and holding it up, asked the agent tipping the table, to tell him how many pieces he held; stating at the same time, that he did not know how many there were. The table, in response, tipped just as many times as there were pieces. We then took some corn, and repeated the experiment, and in almost every instance, the spirits counted it correctly. I then took a pencil, and making a figure on a slate, covered it with my hand, so that it could not be seen by any other member of the circle, and then requested the spirits to tell me what figure I had written, and in every instance I received the correct denomination of the figure. Mr. Gale repeated the experiment, and with a few exceptions, I believe, with equally good success.

During the spring or summer of 1856, Mrs. Ada L. Coan, (now Miss Hoyt,) visited Natick. As we have since heard considerable said, in relation to her mediumship, in one of Mr. Bly's pretended exposures of Spiritualism, I shall go into as minute a detail of what we witnessed through her mediumship as circumstances will admit.

First, in relation to the raps, which are heard at her sittings—and which Mr. Bly asserted here she produces herself—and that spirits have no agency in them, simply because he can counterfeit them—I would say: On the afternoon previous to her public exhibition, several friends were invited to a sitting at the residence of Mr. Hanchett, where she was stopping. At this sitting I was present. Mrs. Coan sat in a chair, away from the table, and I think did not place her hands on the table during the sitting. I watched her closely, for at that time I was anxious to gain all the evidence I could, on the subject of spirit manifestation. During most of the time Mrs. Coan was busy with her needle, and seemed to take but little interest in what was pass-

ing. The raps came loud, clear and distinct. They were not located at any particular point, but were sometimes heard on the table near to us; at other times on the floor and on the ceiling in different parts of the room. If Mr. Bly had been present, I think he would have been satisfied that Mrs. Coan did not make them.

Her exhibition, at the school-house hall, that evening, was a complete triumph. The hall was crowded with spectators. After some opening remarks by Mr. Coles, a committee was chosen from the audience, composed mostly of gentlemen who had taken no active part in Spiritualism, and several of them were known to be opposers. I think there was but one on that committee identified at all with the Spiritualists. Names were written on a small slip of paper and sent up to Mrs. Coan. The committee received these slips of paper as they were handed up, and laid them on the table. I am thus particular in relating the circumstances of this sitting, from the fact that Mr. Bly stated in his exhibition here that she reads the name through the paper. What she may do sometimes I am unable to say; but that she did not on this occasion, I am fully satisfied, as I think the facts in the case will show. Some of the names, at least, which were read, were written on paper selected by the writer, and which was so thick, that the name could not possibly be read through it. One of the identical ballots, read on this occasion, for Mr. Asher Parlin of this place, was preserved, and which, when Mr. Bly was reading his ballots, Mr. Parlin offered to present to him to read, showing the ballot to the audience, and stating at the same time, that it was one of the ballots successfully read by Mrs. Coan. But the only response Mr. Bly made was:—"Who are you?" "I do not know you!" If Mr. Bly did not, his audience knew that Mr. Parlin's word could be relied upon. This name was written on thick, heavy paper, and no trace of the writing could possibly be seen without opening the paper, which was closely folded.

Now what are the facts in relation to Mrs. Coan's reading the names through the ballots? The ballots were closely folded, and handed to the committee, who sat at the table with Mrs. Coan. Mrs. Coan held a pencil in her right hand, and with a finger of the other, selected a ballot, and drew it towards her. If the raps came, indicating that they could read the ballot, she retained it, and moving the pencil backwards, or from right to left, wrote the name inside of the ballot. She then passed the ballot to the committee, and they opened it, and announced to the audience that the name written by Mrs. Coan was the same as that in the ballot. In this way she read a dozen or more ballots. Now admitting she read the name through the paper, (which I think I have shown in one instance at least, was impossible,) what next? She not only read the names, but told the age, occupation, the town they were born in, where they died, and other particulars, which every one in the audience, I think, must have been satisfied could not possibly have been known to the medium, who was an entire stranger in the place. Where did she get this intelligence? Will Mr. Bly answer this? I shall have occasion to allude to Mr. Bly again.

I have said that Mrs. Coan's exhibition on this occasion was a complete triumph. Nearly every experiment during the evening was successful; but she gave an exhibition in this place afterwards and it was a complete failure. Why this failure, if Mrs. Coan is the only agent? At her second exhibition she had equally as good an opportunity to perform as at the first; and if she is the only agent in producing the raps, and in communicating the intelligence which comes through her, I see no reason why she should succeed in one instance and fail in another. Her failure is as strong an evidence as I desire, to prove that there is an agency over which she has no control.

GLEANINGS FROM FESTUS,—No 6.

COMPILED BY D. S. FRACKER.

Man's spirit, extolled, dilated, clarified,
By holy meditation and divine
Love, fits him to converse with purer powers,
Which unseen surround us always, and gladden
In human good and exaltation; thus
The face of Heaven is not more clear to one,
Than to another outwardly; but one
By strong intention of his soul perceives,
Attracts, unites himself to essences,
And elemental spirits of wider range
And more beneficent nature, by whose aid
Occasion, circumstance, futurity,
Impress on him their image, and impart
Their secret to his soul; thus chance and lot
Are sacred things; thus dreams are verities.

Deity is seen
From every elevation of the soul.
Study the bright; attempt the high; seek out
The soul's bright path; and since the soul is fire
Of heat intelligent, turn it always
To the all Fatherly source of light and life.

Draw to thy soul, and centralize
The rays which are around of the Divinity.
Count o'er the rosary of truth;
And walk boldly and wisely in the light thou hast;
There is a hand above will help thee on.
Learn Christ's faith by heart;
Study its truths, and practice its behests:
They are the purest, sweetest and most peaceful
Of all immortal reasons or records—
They will be with thee when all else have gone.

God worketh slowly; and a thousand years
He takes to lift His hand off. Layer on layer
He made earth, fashioned it and hardened it
Into the great, bright, useful thing it is;
Its seas, life-crowded, and soul-hallowed lands
He girded with the girdle of the sun;
Veined it with gold, and dusted it with gems,
Lined it with fire, and round its heart-fire bowed
Rock-ribs unbreakable: until at last
Earth took her shining station as a star,
High up the crowd of worlds.

There is a world where every loveliest thing
Last longest; where decay lifts never head
Above the grossest forms, and matter
Is all transparent substance; the flower fades not,
The beautiful die never. Death lies
Dreaming, and the babe plays with his darts.
It is a mart where all the holy spirits
Perform sweet interchange, and purchase truth
With truth, and love with love.

There is a tree in Williamstown, so situated that it
draws nourishment from Massachusetts, New York,
and Vermont. It stands on the spot where those
three states join.

If you will calmly consider the actions of some men,
you will be persuaded they are morally insane, so utterly
unconscious do they appear that they are doing wrong.

Prentice thinks sewing girls cannot be expected to
compete with sewing machines, for they haven't such
iron constitutions.

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAD.

From "Notes from the Invisible World," published in Manchester, Eng., in 1827.

A remarkable narration of the apparition of a young gentleman to his sweetheart; taken down in writing from the young man's own mouth by the Editor, who, from the young man's sober behavior, believes the account to be true.

This young gentleman lived at St. Ives, in Cornwall, and died of the small-pox in September, 1764. And her sweetheart was the son of Mr. Hains, a very reputable butcher and grazier at Bosc, about twenty miles from Plymouth. The match was not approved of by the young woman's friends, and during her illness they would not suffer the young man to come to see her, though she greatly desired to see him. About the time of her illness he also was taken sick of a fever, so that it was above a month after her death before she made her first appearance to him, which is as follows:

"After I had recovered from my illness," says he, "I went out one afternoon on my father's horse for a little airing; and returning home just at dark, about a mile from my father's house, I saw something pass very swiftly by me, which so frightened my horse that he flew home with me as fast as possible. A short time after this she appeared again to me, and then I knew her; and what is remarkable, when I was on horseback she seemed on horseback, when I was on foot she appeared so too, and her appearances to me were so frequent that she became quite familiar, and I had no fear at all on seeing her."

It was about a month before I had any power given me to speak to her, although I thought to do it from time to time, but could not speak, though she gave me all the opportunities she could, by walking often by my side, or very near me. My father and mother used to go to a place of worship belonging to Mr. Wesley, about a mile off, and one evening I went with them with a large lantern and candle, and coming home, she appeared to me as usual. I said, "Now, don't you see her?" As I spoke, the lantern was twisted violently out of my hand, and flung to a considerable distance. A few nights after this, as I was sitting in my father's house, it was strongly impressed upon my mind to go out that night, and with God's leave to speak to her. I went out with all the courage imaginable, and she appeared to me as usual, and I said to her: "In the name of the Lord Jesus why do you trouble me?" And I was going to lay hold on her arm. She shrunk back and said, "Do not touch me." She blamed me for not speaking to her sooner, and said this was the very last night of her liberty to appear to me, "and had you not spoken to me now," said she, "I should have power to do you some mischief."

Then she related to me what she had to say about her family and her property. We conversed together near two hours, and I promised to fulfill all her instructions.

She appointed me to meet her that night, if I had done my business before twelve, at the church-door where she was buried. She met me there, expressed her approbation of what I had done, and said she should now be at rest, and would trouble me no more. She said, "My time is nearly expired. Follow me into the church." The door was opening. She entered the church, which was illuminated with the most glorious light, and my hearing the most soft and heavenly music betokened her happiness. She bade me take notice when the music began to cease, to go then out of the church, which I did; and being very glad that all my trouble in this affair was ended, I saw her no more. J. HAINES.

It is about a hundred years since these events, and yet Spiritualism is said to be thirteen years old. There seems to be a law recognizable in most of these ancient accounts, viz., that after a certain time the spirit could not manifest itself.

After a certain number of days Jesus appeared no more in bodily form to his disciples, but only in spiritual influence. In what does this power immediately after death consist? Do we carry with us some of the earthly magnetism which enables the spirit-body to appear and act with more distinctness and power?

The sweet music and illuminated building have many a parallel in our own time. We notice also the use of the much abused term "impressed," showing us that even then the ideas of Spiritualism were quite familiar. In 1768 we find in John Wesley's Journal a full account of some spirit-manifestations that occurred through the mediumship of Elizabeth Hobson. In 1716 the manifestations occurred in the Wesley family. It seems evident that the Wesleys and very many of the early Methodists, were powerful mediums; and as John Wesley avowed his faith in spirits, others were less afraid of being laughed at by a narration of their experiences. As far as I can learn, Methodism started in Spiritualism. Very many of the early converts dated their conversion to the appearance of a spirit. The same is true now. The converts will speak of seeing or two three spirits, and one they usually designate Jesus. Yet Spiritualism is the work of the Devil, and prepares the soul for destruction, according to every Methodist conference or prayer meeting.

L. M. W.

What Man Thinks of Himself.

It has long been our opinion that man holds fully as lofty an opinion of himself as he ought; as if the universe were made for him, and not he for the universe. Rev. Mr. Hepworth, of Boston, and the only man here who comes anywhere near the wide wake left by the preaching of Theodore Parker,—took occasion to remind his attentive congregation, a few Sabbath's ago, that, ever since the dawning of the reformation, a marked change had been going on in the popular mind relative to the real position of man in the divine economy. Man, said the speaker, is only one of the Almighty's creations. Science has latterly developed and made prominent the truth that every creature was for its own sake only; in itself it is beautiful and perfect. From the little animalcules in the drop of water to the lion of the forest, everything has a specific object in life, independent of man. Not one hundredth part of the influences at work in the universe have any reference to him whatever. How is it that whole races of animals and whole genera of insects and fishes of which he knows nothing, that live and die without ever meeting his eye, are tributary to him? Or, how is it that the races which had their day, and which vanished long before he was created, were made with reference to him? Or, how is it that, to-day, there are whole forests of beautiful foliage in the very bed of the ocean, to which no human eye has yet penetrated, if all things that are, are only because they do good to man?

It is better to say, that when God created this earth, and gave to it its many kinds of life, he did not make any lower kind merely to be tributary to

any higher, but rather to be a good in and of itself. He had reference only to the thing he was making, when his hand was on it. The smallest things are as really the recipients of his bounty, though in a less degree, as man,—and as truly the objects, too, of his care. Such a thought, however, takes nothing from the goodness and benevolence of God, but only shows how great he is. It robs us not of an atom of power, but makes us more truly humble, and God more truly our common Father.

Written for the Banner of Light.

W. A. H.

OBIT. SEPT. 12, 1860.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul,
also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed,
—Luke II.: 35.

Oh sacred words the Hebrew mother heard,
When stood the Saviour 'mid the wondering throng,
Whose mystic depths her inmost being stirred
With thoughts that through the future, drear and long,
Looked anxious, fearful, human to the last—
Gazing with wonder on the spirit high
Whose form she nurtured in the vanished past,
As eagle mother peers along the sky
When down the steep her trembling young are cast,
And through the closing air their wings are fluttering
—fast!

Thine in the years to come shall be the course,
The type, the emblem of all grief below;
Through mental calm, or madd'ning billows hoarse,
Nerved with a waveless trust, thy step must go,
To see thy loved rule in the swerving crowd—
The jest—the mocking scorn of rulers cold—
To kneel where Calvary feels the thunder loud,
When from the cross the last faint prayer is told,
And o'er the echoing tomb the priestly stone is rolled.

Thus, in a humbler path we tread this vale,
And see our loved ones crowned with gold or thorn,
And mounting joy drops to the feeble wall
As one by one their parting souls are born
To higher life. Thou wert not there at dawn,
With those who found the buried Saviour dead—
Grief chained thee. Through our woes some see the morn
Of Faith's clear light along th' horizon spread,
While we, in shrouding gloom, mourn o'er the pulseless
—dead!

Oh Faith, what art thou? Fragile as the thread
The brown worm spins 'mid India's blazing noon,
Thou coil'st around some hearts; while years outspread
They wind themselves within a soft cocoon—
A fairy palace, arched with heavenly blue,
Walled in with twisted hope, and dreams of bliss,
Wherein from care to hide the guiding clew,
Till Heaven's own promise burst their chrysalis,
And call to grander realms and nobler spheres than
—this.

Delusive phantom! fierce temptation's power,
Or blazing passion sears them, and they die—
Not like the worm, that yields his little hour,
But grope, while sombre years, or moments fly,
As wills the Author of all deeds below;
For prostrate faith in life, and man and God,
Struck down by one wild grief, shall feel the flow
Of truth's clear stream, and in the path it trod,
Rise to the march once more, and kiss th' avenging
—rod!

"Oh Faith, what art thou?" and my soul replied:
"It is thy joy, thy strength, thy force divine;
On through the spheres of being, far and wide,
I live or languish, as its powers combine
With strength or weakness for each earnest deed.
Its action bids the tidal currents thrill,
And wakes defeat, or brings the victor's meed."
Then forth from Reason's throne and earthly will
An answering prayer uprose, in accents calm and still:

"Oh, human soul! whose mystic power
Roams through the air, and sea, and sky,
And fills each dark and gloomy hour
With wondrous harmony—
We may not know the binding chain,
We only feel the loves that draw,
When prostrate on the earthly plain
We bow before thy law!"

Thou wert not moulded in this land,
Where varying light and seasons reign;
Where spring-tide wakes the flowery land,
And Autumn loads the wain;
Where swift along the grey-browed hills
December piles the whirling snow;
And Winter's pealing anthem chills,
And dancing frost-fires glow!

We may not ford the stream of thought,
Whose sombre waves go rolling by,
Lit up in transient splendor, caught
From grand Eternity.
Thou flow'st 'neath wilds of frowning ill,
To bowers where fadeless garlands bloom;
Where the last heights of mortal will
Slope to the bending tomb!

We hail thee comrade, in the isle
Where childhood dreams the hours away,
And far blue peaks in glory smile,
And rippling waters play.
When deep with hope and memory-gold,
Youth's galleys quit the island strand,
Thou stand'st beneath the sail's white fold,
Bound for thy fatherland!

"We hail thee, as an elder guide
When time's grey billows, chill and cold,
Spread out a watery desert wide,
To far horizons rolled.
When dimly, by the swinging lamp
That gleams within each cabin'd breast,
We read life's blotched page—tear-damp,
And long for closing rest,

We hail thee as a pilot light,
When mast and sail go shivering down,
And blinding mist wreaths o'er us fly,
And beetling sea-crags frown.
We hail thee on the sinking wreck,
When through the heart cold waters climb,
Nor age, nor fear, nor death can check
Thy tireless wing sublime!

Pray to thy Father! We are dust—
The crumbling tools His hand hath made;
We die, and leave life's kindling trust
To never-ending shade;
We only mourn in cheerless woe
What earth hath lost—what heaven doth gain—
Thine eye can pierce the blinding flow,
And scan th' eternal plain.

Pray to thy Father! From His hand
All good descends, all blessings flow—
That led by Faith's divine command,
Thy homeward sail shall go;
Till foaming cape, and shoals of sin,
And all the doubting wreck's waste wane,
And Heaven's clear light shall welcome in
The voyager o'er the main!"

Oh thou who sleep'st beneath the wintry snow,
Where wild winds peal their stormy lullaby,
'Tis wrong to mourn thy bliss, though grief o'erflow
The sorrowing heart, and tomb-like shadows lie
O'er my lone soul, that waits the dawning day—
The higher life—as when, the night-cloud rolled,
The lone peak stands to clasp the primal ray
That higher grows, till peace, and health, and wild,
From one long sleep of dark burst into flaming gold!

ANNISQUAM, MASS., Feb. 17th, 1861.

A Haunted House—A Musical Ghost—Strange Experience.

Just this side the bridge over Sheld's Branch, in the lower part of the city, is a small, old, unoccupied house. We should not say unoccupied—but, not occupied by human beings. But it seems that spirits of the other world are abroad, and we are informed that they appear to have taken up their abode temporarily in this little shell. Our informant is a man who says he lives down in that neighborhood. He states that, besides himself, the substance of the story he gave us is known to at least two or three other persons.

About a week ago, passing there late at night—after midnight, in fact, our informant was startled by a sound much like that of a violin played very lightly and slowly. He stopped a moment, when the tune became more lively, and continued for about two minutes. He thinks it might have been heard perhaps four or five rods—not more. As soon as it ceased he went up to the house and looked in. All was silent, and no human being was to be seen. At first he saw nothing; then in one corner gradually grew the dim outline of a female face, with long hair hanging around it. He owns that he was frightened, and cannot exactly tell what occurred the next moment. He has a faint recollection of running as fast as his legs could carry him—of hearing his name called two or three times in a strangely musical but unearthly voice; and there his knowledge of events ceases.

On Monday night last, he resolved to test the truth of his senses, by a little investigation. At eleven o'clock, he repaired alone to the neighborhood of the house, and sat down to listen and to observe. An hour he sat, and neither saw nor heard anything. He remembers striking a match and looking at his watch—it was a few minutes after twelve. There he lost himself—a haze came before his eyes, he tried to rise, but could not, and tried to scream, but could not. This is not all. When he came to his senses, he stood looking into the old house—he heard the music as before—at first could hear nothing—was sure the melody came from somewhere not more than ten feet away—directly it ceased, and then in the corner again grew the outline of that womanly face—paler and paler, till he saw it as distinctly as he could any one's face in the broad daylight. He was bolder this time, and stood looking at it until it faded away into the air. Then he took himself off as rapidly as possible. Since then he has made no further investigation. He is satisfied there is a ghost about the house. We leave our readers to place what credence they please in the story—he told it as if it were true.—[Alton Courier.

From the Cattaraugus Freeman.

Strange Dream.

I wish to make public a very singular dream, which was literally fulfilled at the death of my wife. She had been ill for some time. The day before her death she fell into a trance-like slumber, and on waking she told me what she had seen and heard; that she lingered three hours in dying; that the clock was striking six as she breathed her last; that she went for the friends, and where they were; who laid her out, and the remarks they made; how she watched with her, and the remarks they made; how the shroud was made, and coffin, giving the inscription on the plate—her name, "Died April 4, 1849, A. E. 34 yrs and 1 mo." She told who took charge of the funeral; how the procession was formed; who made the prayer at the house; how the boys were dressed, (their garments were made afterward and out of the house); that the minister met us; how the mourners sat, and who were there; told the hymns, the text, the minister's name, some things he said, and the manner he treated his subject; told to whom I applied to dig the grave, his excuse, and then who did dig it. Seeing all this, she reflected and reasoned with herself—"I must be dead, for I have seen all that has happened for two days. I am not in hell, for I suffer no pain; if in heaven, it is not as I expected." Then she awoke, and after telling the dream, requested me to remember it, as it might prove true; and if it did, it would prove the reality of future life.

And here I must add, it did all prove most wonderfully true! Nothing was done, however, to make it so. The Rev. Mr. Fisher was sent for to preach, and when, after the funeral, I told him the vision, he said "it was not a dream—it was of God," and he knew it because of the part he took. He got a subject nearly arranged for the sermon, when he lost it and could not recall it. He took another, and lost it. But a few minutes before he started, the text he used came to mind, and he prepared his sermon on the way. And that one just met the dream. I have stated simply the truth. I believe. Others may doubt. I leave the facts for all to consider. It may be a mistake that Death leads us

"To that undiscovered country
From whose bourne no traveler returns."

WILLIAM ARMS.

Napoli, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

The Making of Shoes.

We are becoming more mechanical, more the creatures of machinery, every day we live. Who has any proper idea of how our clothes are turned out? Who has taken the pains to satisfy his curiosity—if he have any—respecting the manufacture of the single article of shoes? In a late number of the New York Tribune, we find a letter put to this very matter. The writer observes that "The extent to which machinery is taking the place of hand labor, is strikingly illustrated in making ladies' shoes. I recently visited a manufactory in Haverhill, Mass., where with the machinery in use, twenty-five persons turn out 600 pairs daily. All the stitching is done by sewing machines run by steam—a combination of the two greatest mechanical inventions. Every operation, except fitting the shoe to the last, even to the final polishing, and cutting the pegs out of the inside to prevent them from hurting the foot, is done by machinery. One of the greatest curiosities is the pegging machine, which inserts the awl, cuts out the peg from a strip of wood, and drives them in, all at one operation, and so rapidly, that it will peg two rows around the sole of a shoe in twenty seconds. The facilities in this manufactory are such that the raw calf-skin and sole leather can be taken in the basement of the building, and in half an hour turned out in the form of a complete pair of shoes."

A QUER THOUGHT.—A few mornings since a little boy of four or five summers was riding through a piece of woods in the suburbs of Boston, when, glancing upward, he saw smoke rising above the tree tops, but looked in vain for its source. After pondering a moment, he exclaimed, with all the simplicity of child hood, "Mamma, I guess God is smoking his pipe!"

The Newbury port Herald states that there is a physician in that city who has attended births of three thousand children.

Dictionaries are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.

The worst kind of fare for a man to live on is warfare.

Brad thinks he must have passed through many equal times.

Special Contributions.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

The contributor to this department is responsible for no other portion of the paper. Letters and communications designed specially for him should be directed to care of Box 3235, Boston.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.

NEW SERIES.

No. II.—The Priesthood.

A prominent feature of all religious systems and all church organizations in the past has been the Priesthood. This has assumed various forms, from the imposing hierarchies of Brahminism, Judaism, and Romanism, down to the simple eldership and itinerant ministry of our most democratic religious assemblies.

There are not a few who look upon the priesthood, in all its forms and functions, as an unmitigated evil, a curse to humanity. They regard a priest as the embodiment of arrogance, self-righteousness, craft, love of domination, spiritual despotism, and the natural enemy of all progress. It is too true that the nominal priesthood of the past has often earned such a reputation. But it behooves us, as candid seekers for the truth, to inquire whether these repulsive characteristics are inherent in the priestly function itself, or whether they arise merely from perversions of a function which is normal and necessary to human society. If the former, let the order be abolished forever; if the latter, let it be reformed.

The word "priest" appears to be a contraction of the Greek word *presbys*, or *presbutes*, which means an old man, or an ambassador, old men being usually employed by the ancients to perform such services. From the same source is the word "presbyter," meaning merely elder, or older. The prominent idea involved is that of age, or eminence in wisdom, which age and experience are usually supposed to confer.

The priest, then, according to primitive usage, is simply a person qualified by superior age or wisdom to be an instructor, guide, and assistant to the young, the ignorant, and the inexperienced.

And is not this a perfectly natural, nay, indispensable function in human society? In the nature of things, there must always be the childish and the ignorant, who need to be taught; and there must always be the more mature and advanced, whose office and pleasure it is to teach. And since, in spiritual matters,

"We measure age by wisdom, not by length of years; We count time by heart-throbs, not by figures on a dial," it may not unfrequently happen that the beardless youth and the maiden in her teens may become priest or priestess to them of hoary head and tottering limbs.

The function of the priest has been usually limited to a single department—the teaching of the religious doctrines of his particular sect and the performance of its ceremonies. But the fundamental idea of the priestly office underlies every form of teaching, in every possible department of human culture.

There are priests, yea, and high-priests, of Science as well as of Religion. All who, by virtue of natural genius or patient study, have penetrated more deeply than others into the arena of nature, become thereby the authorized priests and revelators of her mysteries to such as seek their aid. Our schools, colleges, laboratories and institutes are their temples, and numberless are their reverent followers. And we have priests of Music and of Song, whose praises are on every tongue, and whose high function is devoutly acknowledged by every harmonious soul. We have priests of Art, of Beauty, of Commerce, of Mechanics, of Agriculture, and of Human Physical Culture. Often these know not their office, and appreciate not the high function they are exercising for the benefit of humanity.

Nor are the priests of Religion to be found alone, nor chiefly, among those who are set apart in the Church, consecrated by the imposition of episcopal hands, invested with sacerdotal robes, and dignified with the sonorous title of "Reverend Sir." Nay, nay. The true priests in spiritual things are far oftener found among the lowly and untitled. They are those who in sincerity of soul and self-abnegation, have sought to know the right, and to no it—who have had personal knowledge of the mysteries of the spirit, and experience of the inner life—who have learned, often through sorrow and suffering, rightly to estimate the shadows of the mundane, and to lay hold on the realities of the eternal. Such have become old in wisdom, if not in years. Such wisdom is to be had, not from books, nor from bishops' hands, though both these may be helps toward its attainment. It comes only of inward growth. They who have it may be ignorant of theology, yet they alone are competent to aid and succor others who may be struggling after them up the steep of spiritual progression.

The lineaments of the true priest in spiritual things, are thus sketched by Mrs. Stowe, in portraying one of the most lovely characters in "The Minister's Wooing":

"Yet was she, at that moment, unknown to herself, one of the great company scattered throughout the world, who are priests unto God—ministers between the Divine One, who has unveiled himself unto them, and those who as yet stand in the outer courts of the great sanctuary of truth and holiness. Many a heart, wrung, pierced, bleeding with the sins and sorrows of earth, longing to depart, stands in this mournful and beautiful ministry, but stands unconscious of the glory of the work in which it is engaged. God's kings and priests are crowned with thorns, walking the earth with bleeding feet, and comprehending not the work they are performing."

And again:

"There are soul-artists, who go through this world, looking among their fellows with reverence, as one looks amid the dust and rubbish of old shops for hidden works of Titian and Leonardo, and, finding them, however cracked or torn or painted over with tawdry daubs of pretenders, immediately recognize the divine original, and set themselves to cleanse and restore. Such be God's real priests, whose ordination and anointing are from the Holy Spirit; and he who hath

Not long since, the writer visited, for the first time in his life, a traveling institution vulgarly known as a "Circus," but in this instance dignified by the more pretentious title of "Hippodrome." Its entertainment consisted of feats of horsemanship, and displays of human strength and agility. Educational, prejudices and inability to conceive of any use of such exhibitions, had heretofore caused them to be passed by on the other side. The result was a complete revolution of sentiment—the birth of a new idea. In these performers, whose almost incredible feats at first sight seemed only an absurd and reckless trifling with life and limb for the mere amusement of a gaping crowd, we at length saw the priests and priestesses of Physical Development, demonstrating to the people the possibilities of strength, suppleness, agility and self-command which exist in these wondrous mechanisms, our human bodies! Though the majority of the spectators, doubtless, only wondered and applauded, yet there could not fail to have been some to whom the suggestion came, "If such possibilities are mine, why not cultivate them for purposes of use and blessing to others?" And, though the performers themselves may have been actuated by no such motive, and dreamed of no such end, yet it may be better that the idea should be taught in that way than not at all.

not this enthusiasm is not ordained of God, though whole synods of bishops laid hands on him."

This definition of the priestly function makes it identical with that of the "mediator" or "medium." The true priest in spiritual things stands between the higher and the lower realms of being or stages of growth; his office is to help, not to dominate. He may offer his services, but never force them upon any. The proof and seal of his divine commission is, that he actually quickens and stimulates the spiritual life, the growth of all that is good and pure and noble, in those who feel his influence—that he actually ministers to the spiritual needs of those who seek his aid.

True, the priestly office has often been perverted from this. The nominal priesthood, of nearly every sect and time, has sought to control and to use the masses, rather than to aid them—to think for them, rather than help them to think for themselves—to repress rather than stimulate individual progress. In so far as it does this, it becomes a millstone about the neck of humanity—a curse of which society should rid itself as speedily as possible.

It has been claimed that one peculiar and essential function of a priesthood is the offering of sacrifices. Though strenuously repudiated by some, and absurdly interpreted by others, yet there is a momentous spiritual truth underlying this idea, which it may be well to unfold.

The Roman Catholic Church, insisting on the sacrificial office of her priesthood, requires them to offer a daily sacrifice in the "Holy Mass." It teaches that the Lord of Glory himself is actually present in the consecrated wafer of the Eucharist, and is veritably offered in sacrifice by the officiating priest! Nothing seems more absurd than this, when understood in its literal or external sense.

On the contrary, Protestants have utterly denied this function, and have run into an equally absurd extreme in the opposite direction. Says a high authority: "If the word priest be taken to denote a person commissioned by divine authority to offer up a real sacrifice to God, we may justly deny that there is a priest on earth. Under the Gospel, there is but one priest, which is Christ; and but one sacrifice, that of the cross."

This is doubtless the common belief of the Protestant world, yet it is hardly possible to conceive of a greater mistake. It needs but a single ray of spiritual light to dispel such darkness.

What is a sacrifice? and what was the spiritual meaning and use of the sacrificial rites in the old religions? The answer is plain, when we look into our own experience, instead of into the tomes of theologians. A sacrifice is simply giving up a lesser or earthly good for the sake of a higher or spiritual one. If our hearts are set upon any transient or unworthy object, as wealth, fame, position, reputation, etc., we all know that these must be given up before we can seek or rest upon the higher and the eternal. This giving up is a sacrifice—greater or less according to the strength of our devotion to the object.

The Jewish shepherds found their chief wealth in their flocks and herds. On these their affections rested. They were therefore called upon from time to time to devote or sacrifice the choicest of these treasures, in order to show and keep alive their attachment to the unseen Power who guided them.

It is a spiritual law, that just in proportion as we surrender our baser and selfish loves, so is there room in us for the higher and purer to come in; or, in proportion as our affections are withdrawn from outward and earthly things, so only will they cling to the inward and the spiritual. This is the philosophy of sacrifice. Without it, in one form or another, there can be no spiritual progress.

Now, in the light of this simple truth, written in every consciousness, what is plainer than that the true priest in spiritual things is an offerer of sacrifices? That is, he or she who would attain any real eminence in this department, must, for the sake of the inner and higher treasures of the immortal spirit, give up and cease to delight in those external things which materialistic men and women most value—must be willing to be "crowned with thorns, and to walk the earth with bleeding feet," if need be; yea, to lay down even the external life itself as the last, complete, crowning sacrifice necessary to enter upon the highest condition of spiritual power and usefulness.

The Catholic, then, is right in the principle, though he gives it a miserably external and solemnly farcical interpretation. And the Protestant is absurdly in the wrong. For surely there cannot be a single child of the Eternal Father in existence but is "commissioned by divine authority" within himself "to offer up real sacrifices" (the only real ones that can be offered), whenever and wherever he feels an inward prompting so to do. Even an old Hebrew discovered that "the sacrifices of God are [not bullocks and burnt-offerings, but] a broken heart." And Christians must have studied the "Gospel" to poor advantage, who have not learned that the avowed aim of the religious system of the New Testament is to make of its believers, as a whole, "a royal priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices." (See 1 Peter, ii. 5, 9.) Nay, more: that each individual Christian is taught to offer, not Christ, but his own body, as "a living sacrifice," which is declared to be "a reasonable service." (Rom. xii. 1.)

In fact, the law of sacrifice is the universal condition of eminence in every department of progress. The student who would become an acknowledged priest of science, must forego the ease, comforts and selfish indulgences of an indolent life, and become an earnest and laborious questioner of Nature's secrets, else he can never become competent to reveal them to others. So of every order of true priesthood. Sacrifice or self-denial is the condition of upward progress—the price of all eminence. And when practiced unselfishly, for the good of others, it is the noblest and most Godlike trait which human nature can emulate or conceive.

Such is a hasty view of the Priesthood, as seen from the spiritual standpoint.

Note.—Since the foregoing was written, I have noticed that a valued and prominent co-laborer in the Spiritualistic field recently advocated, in a Convention in Central New York, a resolve affirming that "all religion that makes sacrifice a virtue and suffering a necessity, is the offspring of ignorance and the enemy of healthy and harmonious progress." Perhaps the meaning of our friend was right, though his words seem to conflict with one of the plainest principles of our common nature, as stated above. I cannot conceive of ascending progress without sacrifice. In the sense above defined; and this, taking people as they are, is often attended by suffering. In fact, multitudes can be induced to let go their grasp upon the material and selfish goods of this life, and to seek for those which are real and substantial, only by suffering. True, this reluctance may arise from "ignorance" of the philosophy of spiritual progress; but this can be learned by many only by severe experience.

• Buck's Theological Dictionary.

• "Excelsior."—The unknown friend who, over this signature, addressed me several inquiries on

the subject of "Evil" some months since, (which inquiries were not answered at the time, for reasons which he doubtless understood,) will find a full reply in the tract entitled "Evil: its Source and Remedy," advertised in these columns.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

OFFICE, 3 1-2 BRATTLE ST., BOSTON.

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Business Letters must be addressed, "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass. William Berry & Co., Publishers.

THE BANNER RETURNED TO BOSTON.

At the urgent solicitation of friends in Boston, who felt that the BANNER OF LIGHT was needed in New England, and who have held out such pecuniary inducements as are satisfactory to us, we have returned to Boston; and we shall, for the present, at least, have our principal office in this city.

We deem it unnecessary to state the causes which led to our removal to New York, or to elaborate upon those which have induced our return; but we will simply state that both movements have resulted in giving greater stability to the enterprise we are engaged in.

We have associated with us a gentleman of well known and tried integrity, and of means, and the business of the Banner of Light will hereafter be carried on at the old office, No. 3 1-2 Brattle street, Boston, under the name of

WILLIAM BERRY & CO.

REAL AND UNREAL.

Many a man is worth ten, fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars—and no ways backward about telling of it, either—who is worth that amount, and nothing more. When we hear a person boasting of his wealth, it always strikes us that he has nothing else to boast of; or, if he has, that he is totally unconscious of it, which is about the same thing. Much, if not all, depends upon the estimates we put on life and character. There is no use in a man's arrogating to himself quite all that is worth possessing, for it may possibly turn out that somebody else has got a little something worth talking about, too.

It is an easy matter to delude ourselves with the shows of things. Almost every man likes to be flattered, even where he can see through the disguise. As he could through a coarse netting; and this love of flattery too often leads one insensibly into a totally untrue estimate of himself, both as it regards his value to himself and to others around him. How many suffer themselves to be thus misled! Thus it comes, we oftentimes consider, that an individual is puffed up with an importance which is not real to him, and true; that we see persons, for example, eager to exhibit their proportions in a public capacity, who ought, by every consideration, to desire chiefly privacy and seclusion; that so many have the itch for office and public favor, who might better be quiet and do what they can to keep properly out of sight.

We admit the vast influence that resides in shows, because the external must always be symbols, or symbolisms, of the interior and the thing signified; but the error lies with stopping at the symbol, and not pushing forward to the thing signified. As an illustration: money adds greatly to the opportunities of a man may have to lead a beautiful life—considered aesthetically, at least; but thousands—which are the great majority—stop short of this most desirable end, and are entirely taken up and absorbed with the means to it only. They become blind to the only thing money can indeed do for them, in consequence of the excessive glitter of the money itself. It is certainly a remarkable instance of the human mind being turned from its course by a sideways consideration; that is, of its taking up with nothing but the aids it was going to have on the road, and thenceforward stopping its journey altogether.

What a shaking there would be, if the assumptions and pretensions of men could be suddenly stripped from them, and their real natures for but a single moment exposed to view! We fear the majority would be quite discouraged for poor human nature altogether. Undoubtedly the unreal in a great many instances is passed currently for the real, and does good service, too, until found out. Even if it should never be found out, it may be said that, under certain circumstances, it performs just as serviceable a part. Hence many would say that if it is as well—that, if the false is to all intents and purposes proved as good as the true, the need of taking any more trouble to be true than the contrary, does not at all become apparent. The reasoning is specious and worthless. It omits to take the one radical fact of all others into consideration, viz., that it is not the appearing false or the contrary, but the being false, that makes all the difference. No matter if the untrue does, for a time, answer as well under some circumstances, as the contrary; it is enough for a man to know that it does not at all answer for himself; that if, as regards himself, he is false in one point, he is false in all; and that it is of the first importance to a man that he feel assured of his own truth, before he sets about reckoning up his influence upon the multitude.

Most of our shams come into vogue from our ardent love of show. Everybody admits it is an empty affair, and freely laughs about it, at that. Yet they continue its worship, and admit it into their practice. They know they are shamming, but fancy that their very confession of it takes off the edge of the condemnation. The looseness of their ideas is the best illustration that could be given of the ill influence of their God Sham. Its worship has made them false and unsettled in every particular. Show may be well enough; but it should have its root somewhere in reality. If it do not, it only deserves the execration and contempt it gets on this side and that, the same to be much more universal, too, than it is.

What can be the Reason?

Some of the questions that are thoughtlessly, yet most seriously, put by the press, are laughable indeed. For example: we read a lugubrious newspaper paragraph, the other day, in which it was

narrated that a certain man had committed suicide; and then much wonder was expressed at the act, and the cause of it inquired into, because "he was said to be above want," and worth a good deal of money! There it is: if a man is only worth something, what can induce him to commit suicide? What can a man want more, if he has but managed to lay up a little? Life has answered its great end, of course, if the person living has secured ten, twenty, or fifty thousand dollars! Oh, the shameful hollowness of all this!—and the public journals of the day lending countenance to a superficiality that is so full of mischief! When will our people learn that, while money is to be desired as a means to independence, and so to wider and more permanent usefulness, it is not the only element of manhood, nor the single proof of merit, nor yet the last test of individual happiness?

The Country.

We ought now to enjoy peace. If the point is not already settled in every mind that a fraternal war is sure to be the direct event that could befall this country and this age, the doubting mind ought to lose no time in solving the problem by the most direct and practicable route. Those who are calling out most lustily for the immediate application of force to the present unhappy emergency, as if, not knowing how to untie this Gordian knot, they were at least certain that they can cut it, little think that this is no government of force, as between its component elements and members. "Have we no government, then?" they inquire, with a doleful expression. Not if the popular consent is gone, for it is upon that alone on which our whole fabric of government rests. It is useless to complain of the death of governmental force, while the sole strength that can flow into it is withdrawn. If any complaint is to be made, it should be against those who, on one side and the other, have virtually withheld their present consent and assent from the old arrangement. No matter, for the present, whether it is so withheld for a proper or an improper reason, a sufficient, or an insufficient one; all we are now looking at is the fact as we find it. Force did not bring us together, but interest, which begat fraternity; and as soon as the interest dies, away goes the fraternal feeling along with it. Even the olden memories and associations, potent as they are always admitted to be, are not powerful enough to overcome the aversions begotten of divided interests and feelings. We have faith to believe that the people of this country are, every day, coming to see more and more clearly that the interest of all sections, and of the great cause of humanity that is deposited with them for safe keeping, is to preserve peace; to concede and keep conceding, where vital principles are not concerned; and, even then, to keep down their own prejudices and passions, to remember that they are but human themselves, and to allow the very largest room for the necessary play of human circumstances and human conditions.

The Early Birds.

We have certainly seen the "early birds" this year. They were hardly of the kind that is after the "worm," for it could not be that worms of any kind have showed their heads above ground yet. The little dears that we allude to were, perhaps, a handful of sparrows, and as many more gay blue birds. They appeared to be tickled enough at the Spring's early return, and hopped about in the haunts of last year with a joy that let us at once into the secret of their sentiments. People who would scorn to be thought in the least degree sentimental, nevertheless let the whole cat out of the bag when the blue birds come back. Their cheery chirp, across the fields and orchards, is something a great deal pleasanter than a snuff of odors from the tropics, and tsets in every soul. We like to watch the professed practical people, the hard and unsentimental ones, at the time these happy "harbingers of Spring" return and set up their songs of praise again.

Has it occurred to many of our contemplative and observant readers, how desolate a landscape would be without the sight and sound of birds? It is sometimes said—though it is too plainly true to require repetition—that no landscape is perfect and complete without a man in it. It is hardly less true, and none the less true of the summer landscape, that it is not exactly what the beholder wants, until he sees beautiful birds winging across the open reaches, and flitting in and out the copses and belts of woodland; nor, unless his sense of hearing, and through this his soul, is regaled with the songs of innocents, that may be supposed to have caught the inspiration of their little songs direct from the happy plains of Paradise. But the early Spring bird's single twitter strikes a profounder chord of feeling than the glorious, full-throated singing of June, because with the note streams forth also the whole beautiful picture of Summer, which, like other objects of delight, appears to the best advantage while yet in expectancy and the distance.

Marriages in Massachusetts.

The annual report (the eighteenth,) of the births, deaths and marriages in Massachusetts, has recently been presented to the Legislature of the State. There are some interesting and instructive items among the marriages, which we quote, to the following effect. In the year 1859 there were 11,476 marriages in the State—a decrease of 634 from the average of the five previous years. Sixty-two persons were married on every day of the year on an average. There are more weddings in October, November and December than in the other months. Less widows and widowers than usual were married a second time last year; 91 out of 100 of the women married were brides for the first time, and 84 out of 100 of the men had not been married before; 96 out of 100 bachelors selected maids, and only 4 per cent. chose brides who had been brides before; 66 out of 100 widowers selected maids, and 34 married widows. Of the maids, 89 in 100 were united to bachelors, and 11 in 100 were wedlocked with widowers. Of the widows 42 in 100 were chosen by bachelors, and 602—58 in 100—became the wives of those who had been husbands before. Of the 10 widows under 20 years of age, 9 married bachelors; of the 86 widows between the ages of 20 and 25, no less than 74 married bachelors. The marriage tables include one man aged 31 married to a girl only 12 years of age; one man of 36 to a girl of 18; one man of 68 to a girl of 17; one of 63 (fifth marriage), to a maid of 19; a bachelor under 50 to a maid over 70; a widower over 70 to a widow under 25 years old. One hundred and ninety-five boys married before they were 21 years of age, 5 of whom were only 10 years old, 8 of 17, and 39 of 18 years. Four hundred and seventy girls were married before they were 18 years old, one of whom was only 12 years, 4 of 13, 4 of 14, 47 of 15, 129 of 16, and 286 of 17 years.

The Foundations in Holland.

Holland has been overflowing again. The dykes have hardly been sufficient to protect the squatters in those lowlands. A late letter from Amsterdam, however, says like this: "Thank God the frightful desolation of our inundated districts begins to abate, and the waters are returning to their natural channels. But what scenes of distress, agony, and penury, do they leave behind them! Some villages are entirely destroyed; not a vestige of a habitation remains to show that they were the dwelling-place of man. Nearly forty thousand acres of cultivated land have been submerged, and their cultivators been driven from their dwellings to seek shelter in schools and churches, and to eat the bread of charity. The number of cattle drowned or killed it is impossible to state with accuracy, but it is said to amount to several thousand. This, however, is a slight calamity compared with the loss of human life, which, notwithstanding every effort made by the authorities to render assistance, has swollen to a high figure. When the dyke broke at Leeuwen the waters rushed through with such fearful violence as to carry all before them; houses, barns, and trees tumbled down at their approach; how, then, could the laborers on the dyke and their families resist the crushing strength of the flood and the ice masses? The descriptions sent me from the scene of desolation are really shocking. What the poor creatures, whose homely dwellings but recently afforded them a comfortable shelter, have had to encounter in the form of cold, nakedness, and starvation, is almost incredible. Truth, indeed, in this case is stranger, much stranger, than fiction."

"Further Communications from the World of Spirits."

Messrs. Editors.—On Saturday last, I found lying on my table, a pamphlet called "Further Communications from the World of Spirits." "Given through a lady." It was "published for the proprietor," and that was all I could learn about it, except who printed it.

I read the pamphlet, and it seems to me to be of so much value, that I ought not to hesitate to recommend it strongly to the perusal of every one. I regard it as the most valuable and important work that the literature of Spiritualism has yet produced. Its truths are of intense interest, its style is simple and unpretending, and there is a kindly tone pervading it that is very grateful, and no one can rise from the perusal of it without benefit.

Allow me to commend it to your perusal, and if you agree with me, ask you to call the attention of your readers to it. It must do great good, and comes very well-timed.

The external manifestations are dying out, and we are well prepared for the higher truths which spiritual intercourse must be able to teach us. And now they are coming, and in the same humble, unpretending way, that the external first came.

I inquired, through the printer, the source whence they came, and I ascertained. It is of great respectability; but that is of little value compared with the truths themselves. Yours ever,

New York, Feb. 26, 1861.

J. W. EDMONDS.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

◊ We regret exceedingly to be obliged to apologize to our readers and correspondents for the numerous critical and typographical errors in our last week's paper. Events beyond our control was the cause; but we shall take especial care that nothing of the kind occurs again. It has been our constant endeavor to present the public a paper worthy the cause we advocate—and we are pleased to know that our labors have thus far been duly appreciated.

◊ Miss Harding's lectures at Allston Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon and evening, March 8d, were fine productions, and were listened to with close attention by large audiences. See report on the eighth page.

◊ On our fifth page will be found the report of a powerful lecture upon the subject of AMERICAN NATIONALITY, delivered by Mrs. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday afternoon, March 8d.

◊ See advertisement, in another column, of Messrs. Warren & Ludden's new patent combination pen. It is pronounced by competent judges to be a superior article.

An article on "MORTALITY AND MOURNING," from our esteemed correspondent "O," is in type, and will appear in our next issue.

THE HESPERIAN—A Ladies' Monthly Magazine, published in San Francisco, by Mrs. F. H. Day—is a perfect jewel. The illustrations in the February number are: The Great Crater of Kilauea, Volcano of Mauna Loa, Hawaii, the Zelma Mantle, and a pattern for dannel skirt, embroidery for muslin skirt, edging pattern, braid patterns, and insertion patterns; also, a full-sized paper pattern. Its literary department displays unusual talent. As the new volume commences with the next number, now is the time to subscribe. Terms, \$4 per annum. Address as above.

Mrs. M. M. Macomber lectures before the Spiritualists of Cambridgeport, on Sunday, March 17th.

The Herald of Progress comes to us this week sparkling all over with gems.

The Aquarial and Zoological Gardens, are a very popular and entertaining place of resort.

MASSACHUSETTS ANNUAL FAST.—His Excellency Gov. Andrew, with the advice and consent of the Council, has appointed Thursday, April 4, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

The World's Crisis, the organ of the Second Adventists, contains the following "PETITION.—O Lord of love, look from above on all thy saints below; for in this age it's all the rage to make an outward show." We think so.

Mr. Richard Sands, the world-renowned circus proprietor, died recently at Havana.

The Providence Weekly Times says tobacco is "the most vile and filthy weed which grows." Why did the Creator create it, then? The "good book" says nothing was created in vain. What was tobacco created for? Digby is anxious to ascertain. This very point has puzzled him sorely. Answer, if you please.

Much aid is yet needed to prevent death by starvation in Kansas. The philanthropes everywhere should bestir themselves in this matter. They should remember that angels are looking down from their heavenly abodes upon and blessing those who feed the hungry of earth's children.

A MUTUAL CONCERN.—A newspaper published at Niagara Falls, called the "Mute and the Blind," has the following paragraph: "How THIS PAPER IS PUBLISHED.—The editor is a blind man, the compositors are deaf and dumb, the press-work is performed by the blind, the papers are folded by the blind and wrapped by the mutes."

CHANGE OF FEELING IN LOUISIANA.—In New Orleans, on Washington's birthday, Mr. Cuthbert Bullet, a Kentuckian by birth, and a merchant of long and distinguished standing in the city, decorated his house with American flags, and the busts of Clay and Webster, interspersed with strong Union sentiments. Contrary to his expectation, the loyal display called forth plaudits from the entire procession as it filed

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. O'NEAL, who in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirit beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Saturday, Jan. 20.—What proof have we that the whole human family are destined to eternal happiness? Elijah White, New Haven; Jackson T. Elton, Philadelphia; Samuel Adams, Boston; Ada Augusta, New York.

Tuesday, Jan. 23.—What is the highest manifestation of the soul? and is the soul of the Alchist immortal? Isaiah S. Keith; Sarah Hanson; James Good; Susan Cassell, Boston.

Wednesday, Jan. 24.—How many kinds of electricity are there? and does electricity travel? Stephen Whipple, New Orleans; Thomas Emery Stone, Bee Hill, Me.; Ann Elizabeth Burgess, South Boston; Betsy Thompson, Hampton Falls, N. H.; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

Thursday, Jan. 25.—Do disembodied spirits know disease and recovery? Elizabeth Francis, Boston; Mary Elizabeth Cordis; Thomas Boswell, Fryburg, Penn.; Mary Burns, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Friday, Feb. 1.—Is the human soul finite or infinite? and how shall we know that the soul may be unfolded harmoniously? Joseph W. Lyon, Boston; Michael Brady; Charles Jackson Masters; Peter Leroy.

Thursday, Feb. 7.—Is Spiritualism a Science or a Religion? Wm. H. Parsons, Dover, N. H.; John A. W. Jones; Mary Augusta Howard, Georgetown, D. C.; Mary L. Ware.

Friday, Feb. 8.—Why do not spirits assist in breaking up the Union? Major Christian, Montgomery, Ala.; Abigail Phillips; Maryweeney, New York.

Saturday, Feb. 9.—How may the African race be elevated to the standard of the Anglo-Saxon race? Isaac P. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.; Frances Almida Whortley, New York; William Murphy, Boston; Nancy Davidson.

Thursday, Feb. 12.—Is not American Slavery unconstitutional? Charles T. Wentworth, Worcester, Mass.; Alice D. Lacy, Montreal; Samuel Robbins, Salem; Anna Smith; Wm. Jones.

Wednesday, Feb. 13.—Have not religion and morality greatly degenerated in America? John O'Donnell, Cambridge; Ellen Corbett, New Bedford; Billy Murray, East Cambridge; Joseph Astor.

Thursday, Feb. 14.—How many principles are there in the economy of nature? and does not every epoch in life give us a new principle? David Bartlett, Augusta, Me.; Josiah S. Farver, Mary Louisa Shaw; Juliet Morsey.

Soul and Spirit.

Is there any distinction between the soul and spirit? and if there is, what is the distinction?

That there is a marked and positive difference between the soul and the spirit, we have before stated. But we wish to add this much: We are not the representatives of the great family peopling the spirit-world, but simply that portion who harmonize in idea with us, or of those who see and understand as we do.

From this you are to infer that there are those in the spirit-world who differ widely from us in opinion. We say we have before stated that there is a marked and positive difference between soul and spirit. We consider soul to be the principle, and the spirit to be the outworking of that principle. In other words, the soul is the thought, and the spirit the man; and again, the soul is the mediator between the immortal spirit which pervades all things and that individualized mortality which belongs to the human particularly. There is as marked difference between the soul and the spirit, to our conception, as between Theory and Experience. Theory is the child of Intuition, while Experience is the child of Theory. The one stands in close relationship to soul or Deity than does the other. The two are distinct, and yet allied to each other. Every thought is, as it were, a manifestation of the soul, or a spiritual being. Now when that thought merges into another sphere, comes to you in language, you in the external condition realize it and understand it; but while it stands in direct contact with the soul, you are not conscious of its existence. True, there are many who believe in the theory of thought-reading. But believe us the thought must take upon itself a crude form or an external garment, ere you in external life can comprehend it, can read it. We give the immortal part the term soul, simply that we may appeal to your outer consciousness—that we may give you a better understanding of that principle than we could give without using the term. The soul, the deity, the principle is the power, while the spirit in all its thoughts and acts is but the manifestation of that power. Now that power has never been seen, nor will it ever be seen. Your Bible tells us no man has seen God at any time. No man has seen soul, nor will man ever see the soul element, for the soul element only becomes conscious in its connection with the human form; and if you recede from the human, expecting to gain conception of this element, you will not do so, nor can we, nor can angels, or angels. They can have no more understanding of this principle than can you who dwell in casements of flesh. But mark us, we speak of the soul. The spirit, and that which is a manifestation of the spirit, you can realize in external life. Nature everywhere gives you the capacity. When you see the rock, you know what it is. It is a manifestation of the soul's power that gives you this understanding. This is the case with all the manifestations of nature—you are capable of understanding them, because you have a counterpart in your own being.

We have stated that the soul was man's source of life, or power, or unfoldment. For instance, my soul is my source of life, because without that individualized element belonging to me, I would not be conscious of an existence. I would not be closely allied or related to the Great Central Source, or Deity. The soul hath received direct power from the great eternal principle; and it hath not received one portion of the great body of God, but all. All you find manifested externally, you find in the soul. But again we say you cannot understand it as a source, except as you understand it through the manifestations of the spirit. We have told you before that man was a threefold being—an Immortal, a Spiritual, a Material. There is a positive distinction between these three kingdoms, and yet they are all wedded to each other, as God is wedded to all he has created.

What is it that gives you a knowledge of the condition in which you exist? What is it that makes you conscious of your surroundings? It is the action of the soul or the principle upon the personality, the spirit. It is the conjunction of the two. Without this you would be no more than the beasts of the field, or the rocks, or grains of sand, or vegetation that comes forth at certain seasons by the law of attraction, or magnetic force.

We have stated that Theory was the child of Intuition. We will state a few cases. If it is not as we say, what was it that gave a Fulton his ideas? Was it his experience? No, for he had none. What gave a Newton his? His experience? No, but intuition—a direct unfoldment of the soul in that direction. Then comes experimental knowledge; for lo! the individual seeks at once to build a theory upon this intuition or soul unfoldment. Learn to know, by the exhibitions everywhere presented to you, that there is a great difference between soul and spirit—yes, just as much as between God and His manifestations. For the one case is the other.

God speaks through countless mouths, and all He creates become animate tongues, sounding forth His praise. And yet these tongues are not the God-principle; no, and there is a dividing line which may be seen and realized only through the external unfoldments of God everywhere.

Daniel McClusky.

My name was Daniel McClusky. I thought I'd like to come back, and I think so ever since I came here at all, and that's about three years.

I was with Mr. Decker some months before I was sick, as he calls it. He's down Albany street, New York. He keeps stable. I had the erysipelas, and I died of it. I think I would do something about right if I'd sent a medium to go where I like with, and speak where I'll be known.

I was no Catholic. I was out with the prairie about four years before I died, and one thing that brings me here is to tell them all I was more right than they are. When I got so I could see for myself, I thought I would think for myself; and when I see the prairie no better than myself, I think he's no nearer God than myself, and I no right to confess to him more than to anybody else. That's what makes me disbelieve in what was my religion.

My mother and my brothers are all feeling very bad about me, because I was not buried in consecrated ground. I defied the church, and the prairie will not have me buried in consecrated ground. What the devil do I care where my carcass lies? Little odds it makes to me, and God don't care any more about where my body lies than where any thing else is. There is no one place of ground better than another, no matter what prairie walks over it, and says a lot of talk over it—it don't make any difference.

I come to talk about the spirit—that is all there is worth talking about. My brothers know more than me—read better; and I know very well how they will get my letter, and I want them to know that I'm just as well off as though I stuck in the church, and better off too, for then I'd had a house without a foundation; and I don't see any Catholics here but believe about as I do.

I was no Protestant at all. I don't know what I was. I had no religion before I died, but I believe there be a God, because I wonder how the things come to be, if there was no God. But, faith, I don't believe he talks to one man more than another, unless he be better than another.

My brother Michael is thinking much about the Catholic religion. He does more than he ought to do for the church; and faith, I think he'll have his two eyes opened when he comes here. He'll find that Daniel was not far off. If he'll let me speak to him, I'll tell him something that goes on in the church where he cannot go, but where we go, because we are not seen or heard.

My poor mother will soon come here herself. I suppose it will do no good for me to ask her not to think so much of her religion, for it has grown old and stiff in her. Good morning to you.

Jan. 24.

Ishabod Peasley.

Jesus says, "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

This now fourteen years since I left my friends. I died with the full expectation that I should rest in my grave until the morning of the resurrection. But to my unutterable astonishment I found I was resurrected as soon as free from the body; I found myself clothed with that spiritual body that the saints speak of; and so beautiful and harmonious were the teachings given me at that resurrection, that I could but believe all the flow, at the expense of the oil.

I was eighty-three years of age. I died of no particular disease, but probably of old age. I was born in Lebanon, N. H., and I was born again at Hartford, Ct. I was then living with my daughter. I have on earth one daughter and one son besides six or seven grandchildren. I have a brother, also, who is now upwards of seventy years of age. I wish to make an appeal to those dear friends, that they may come here with their lamps trimmed and burning, and not be obliged to buy oil, as I did—not be obliged to look on and ask those who are around, who they are and where they are, and what has become of their religion—what has become of the fulfillment of their faith on earth? I want them to get a knowledge of their life on earth, and not come as I did, although I soon realized the truth of the new dispensation.

Fourteen years, I say, I have been here; my progress has been slow in consequence of my strong ideas pertaining to religious things. All those false ideas I am obliged to uproot from my nature. The work is hard and slow, but it has gone on harmoniously; and the more I see here the more I have to thank God that I was created. Notwithstanding the sorrows that cluster about the children of God everywhere, they have enough of joy to thank God continually.

After asking for this blessed communion with my friends I will leave. My name was Ishabod Peasley. May the God of all Bless and water the seed the old man his servant has sown here to-day, for the honor and glory of Himself and the good of His children.

Jan. 24.

Margaret Melville.

Did you ever think that God commenced at the wrong end to make the world, and the consequence was that all was made wrong? I did ever since I knew anything.

In the first place my mother died before I was five years old. In the second place, my father brought in a stepmother for me; this was the second thing wrong. In the third place, I was not strong enough to do hard work, and that was the third thing wrong; and then I didn't have any money; and that was the fourth thing wrong. Then nobody saw fit to take care of me, as I ought to have been; and so everything was wrong with me.

My name was Margaret Melville; I was born in New Bedford, and died there. I've got a father and stepmother living there now. I was twenty years old, and didn't die at home, although I died in New Bedford. I suppose they called my disease consumption, but I don't know; I was never very strong. But once my stepmother said she'd thought I would have died years before, and I wonder I didn't.

I see plenty of trouble, even now. Most that troubles me is, I've got a child three years old, and it's my child; but a devil has charge of it now. I'd sooner see it gone to hell—the worst kind of an old hell the folks tell about. It's hell enough to know you've got a child here, suffering. They're told me all our letters are printed. Now if my father and stepmother get this letter, and I suppose they will, I'm going to tell her that she must treat that child better than she did me, or I'll burn the house down over her head, and her with it. Why, I've been tied up and whipped till I could stand; and I know my child has got to take the same. But I'll send her snapping out of the world, if she treats that child wrong.

I am myself, and not at all pious. It isn't right for me to be far off. If I was good, as they call it, I'd not take care to see that child wasn't abused, but should say it was God's will.

What year is it now? 1861! Is it '61? Why, I've thought I was only dead 2 or 3 weeks. What month is it? It was about St. Valentine's time when I died. I knew '58 here; yes, and I knew '59 here; but '60 and '61 I knew nothing about.

If there is a hell like the one some folks think there is, what a roasting that old stepmother of mine will get! I told her once there ought to be such a place for such as she. I don't want to talk to her; I wouldn't speak to her if she was here. I'd like to talk to my father, if he wouldn't go to her about it. He'd go to her, and she would say, Oh, it isn't me at all; the girl is all to blame.

If she should happen to find any part of her religion true, she'll get mightily stirred up here, and get a warm berth, sure. She believes in God, heaven, hell, and a devil. I should think she ought to; she's got devil enough in her to believe in an outside source.

I don't think it's any harder to set her house on fire than it is to come here.

Ans.—We do have matches here, and they never fail to strike fire when we want them to.

Jan. 24.

The Philosophy of Disease.

What is the true philosophy of Disease, and the best method of cure?

These are the questions given for this afternoon's discussion.

All disease, whether physical or mental, religious or moral, comes in consequence of inharmonious between the members of the organic body. It has been said that all disease, as pertaining to the physical form, comes through the spirit. This is so, doubtless, in its strictest and most perfect sense; but when considered from a material standpoint, it

is not so, or should not be considered so, because man has as yet a limited knowledge of the spiritual, as connected with, or allied to, the material.

When disease fastens itself upon the human organism, you should not throw yourselves into the hands of the unskillful practitioner. If possible, place yourself where wisdom reigns, or under the charge of one who is master of the human form, and who has a perfect knowledge of the form and its functions. This is the first step—perhaps the greatest. When one organ in the body, whether human or spiritual, is performing an undue amount of labor, you should trace the effect to the cause, and you will find that another organ is latent in its energies, and not performing its labor. Instead of applying remedies to that which is strong, apply to that which is weak, so it may perform that it should.

The true philosophy of disease is inharmonious or inactivity. It is not only so with regard to the physical form, but with all forms.

Moral disease comes in consequence of this. Perhaps the direct cause of one moral defect may be the want of the necessities of life in the outer. In this case, what is to be done? Give strength to the weak organs in the moral body, and they will draw their own from those organs already overcharged with the good things of the material condition; we say they will draw to themselves that which is necessary to their normal action.

We presume our questioner has direct reference to the human body, and will confine ourselves to it.

The wise physician will seek to know for a positive certainty the cause of the effect before him. If he find the brain over active, he will seek to know the cause and to ascertain what other organ is sluggish, or has suspended its functions for the time being. Then he will apply the remedy through the spiritual or the animal, as it may be, and try to effect a cure.

We will admit that nine-tenths of the ills flesh is heir to, come through the spiritual. Then the most direct effort to effect the most speedy cure will be through the spiritual energies of the individual. Seek to arouse the will forces of the individual; seek to inspire him first with a desire to be cured—next with a hope, or faith, or belief. When you have aroused to active life, the energies of the spiritual body, then give of your strength to that particular part that is weak. But you must understand the spiritual of the man or woman as well as the material. Therefore it is necessary for the physician to be educated, not only in regard to the human, but the spiritual body.

He is capable of it, for as he has a type in his own body of all in the universe, he has the power to complete a harmonious action of the organs—and harmonious action of all the forces in the system is necessary to health.

If there were not harmony between all the planets, there would be terrible disease, and terrible would be its effects. But the Great Creator hath preserved harmony in his creation. And he hath given to man the power to preserve harmony in his world, the world-spiritual and the world-material.

Again we say, when you are diseased, place yourself under the charge of one who understands you spiritually, materially and physically. This is your part of the work, as an invalid; unless you perform it well, your chance for restoration or cure is not good.

When spiritual disease or death is found to exist among the churches, what do the heads of the church do? They begin to pray that God may pour out his spirit upon the sons and daughters of man. They begin to use up the surplus of their will power, or to give it out among the flock who have but little. The result of this is, action commences among the inactive members in the religious arena, and as soon as proper action is gotten up, or harmony restored, everything moves on well, and this which is a disease to them, disappears. They do not make a direct attack upon the disease, but upon the cause. They do away with that which generates the evil. And though they do this unwittingly, they are wise, for the effects prove them to be so.

If the same power could be exerted with regard to disease as everywhere seen, the result would be nearly allied to that we see in the church.

When the heart, that particular organ in the human body, is performing an over amount of duty, ask to know why the heart is working so largely, and if you ask this in all sincerity, combining your prayer with wisdom, the effect will lead you to the direct cause. It may originate in the liver—doubtless there is inactivity there. Then seek to restore activity or magnetic power, and by so doing you give the heart its proper amount of labor.

When one organ in the human body ceases to be active in its functions, another suffers by being obliged to perform the duty of the inactive organ. The effect of this is inflammation—suppuration, and finally dissolution, between the human and the spiritual. The reason why man clings to the old with a certain tenacity, is because certain organs in the spiritual have not been unfolded and are inactive. The Spiritualist often asks why did I not realize this great truth before? This because one of the members of your spiritual body has been sleeping. But when brought under proper spiritual condition, that organ was aroused to duty and the result was a more healthy condition of the spirit as a body.

God never asked any more of his children than that which is centered within themselves. He calls only for that which he has implanted within them. Now God everywhere says that man is capable of being Lord of all beneath him. If so, he is capable of being Lord of all beneath him. This term lord or master, signifies a point or degree of wisdom. If you had no knowledge of the human form or the spiritual body, or that which is beneath you in the animal and mineral kingdoms, how could you control them, or be master or Lord over them and make them serve you?

Therefore, if you would make harmony between the vast amount of bodies coming under the different classifications of your moral, intellectual, and your spiritual worlds, be wise; seek to know that which is at present hidden from your vision, by doing all that is in your power to bring out those hidden grains of life so requisite to your improvement. If you would cure the diseases everywhere resting on humanity, seek to know what causes them, seek to remove the cause, and the great general physician Nature will perform the rest.

Joseph Smith.

Popular Christianity, or religious belief, has ever carried a flaming sword in its hand. And with that sword many of the members of the religious body are cutting down without respect of persons those who do not believe precisely as they do. Everything that is new is unpopular. There has always been the case, and it always will be, no doubt, as long as men are so uncharitable and unjust. I am a member of the Latter Day Saints. I'm not ashamed to own my membership. I was not ashamed to while in my body, and thanks be to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, I am not ashamed to own it now. And I have to inform those friends who have been kind enough to call me back, that I have not delayed on account of my dislike of my position, or that I took upon myself while here, but because I found myself unable to control a medium.

I am questioned if I believe as I did on earth. I answer yes, with all the faculties of my soul. I believe and I know many things which I had only faith in while here. Our opponents know but little of us. We are assured of this from the fact that their trusts are always made at random. They strive to reach us at certain marks, but perchance those marks are not with us. They seek to overthrow us on account of our plurality of wives, but they make no direct thrusts at us, because they know not the facts.

The wife of the Latter Day Saint is not the wife of the Christian, by any means. While we unite ourselves to sustain, to uphold, the Christian unites himself to debate, to demoralize, to unchristianize. We can prove this to be so by your peculiar diseases, by your quack doctors, by the vast quantities of quack nostrums used by you.

We have no need of these; it is because our institutions tend to elevate, while yours debase. Pardon me if I am zealous in advocating my peculiar faith.

I am no more so than the case deserves and God requires.

The Church charges all manner of things upon us we never knew, conceived of, and which never had birth with us; but yet she does this in all honesty, because in all ignorance. Let me suggest that the Church make herself acquainted with our Church, and she may possibly find some marks to shoot at—now she has none save in imagination.

The same Bible that supports the Christian Church, supports ours also; the same proof lies within the lids of that book, that will answer good for the church of Christianity, and that of Latter Day Saints.

We have no outcasts with us—we have no prostitutes—we have no children begging from door to door—we have no diseases peculiar to the Christian race, to that class who style themselves popular, and claim the allegiance of right. These things we are without. Thanks be to God, we never wanted them; and because we did not want them, we laid our foundation such as would secure us from them. To prove us correct, you have but to live with us. This is the only sure way of making yourself acquainted with the weak points of our brethren. Now you have but a phantom, then you would have a reality.

I am asked if I could live my earth experience over again, would I not do different, travel over another road? I answer no, not because I am prejudiced in favor of my beautiful religion, but because, thanks be to God, I see the dark places which every one can view, who seeks to make himself acquainted with the Christian world.

Those things which seem to be evil with us, are nothing but large mountains of vapor; the distance and ignorance magnifies them greatly—close contact and clear scrutiny will give them to your vision in their true condition. And these things which now appear so degraded, so low, so ungodlike, may find a place in the highest heaven of your conception by becoming acquainted with them. When the same moral evils exist with us that exist with you, you may well cry out against us; but while we preserve ourselves from these things, you may as well give us credit for wisdom as far as they are concerned.

Now with a declaration that I am the same in thought, word, and act, as I was in the body, I leave the subject with the friends who have called me back to earth, that they may view it at their leisure and analyze it as they will. I am Joe Smith, the Mormon Elder—or so called by the Christian church.

Jan. 25.

George W. Graves.

I don't know anything about the religion of the man that's just been talking; but from what I heard of it, I don't like it, and I don't like him. I was always unfortunate enough to get in places where I didn't feel happy. For my part, I never cared anything about any religion; but the last I should choose must be his kind.

If you antany objection, I'd like to ask for license to go see my old woman. I've got something to tell her. She is sick and in a bad fix. She lives in Lawrence, Mass.

I don't know much about sickness. She is troubled with a cough and short breathing. Her name is Mary Elizabeth Graves. My name was George W. Graves. That's the way I used to write it. I worked on the buildings—on the mills—on the blocks where they were building. I was a hod carrier—not a mason. I don't want to put myself up any, because I'd have to come down a peg when I got where folks knew me. If I wasn't coming where folks knew me, I'd been a boss man; but if I had, and any of the bosses saw it, they'd say, "What a lie; he never laid a brick in his life, except in a hod." A good many of the bosses are living and they'll know me, so I'll have to be hod-carrier still. When I get where I ain't known, I'll be something better. That's the way many of them do.

I was born in the little town of Plakston, N. H., on the road from Lawrence to Newmarket. I never went to school much—generally about a month or six weeks out of a year, and that only about six years. I didn't get along a great ways.

I don't come to tell you what I want to tell to my people. I suppose the old woman will want to know if I am happy. Yes, I am happy as I can be. Others they say, are happier, but I am as happy as I can be.

I've been dead since the summer of 1858. I want to tell my wife about some things she don't know of. I want to tell her where her brother-in-law is—who owed me, and if she can get it, it will help her along a good deal. Then I want to tell her a good deal about myself—something she and I had a little trouble about. I've found out about it since I came here, and I want to tell her about it.

No, I can't come when I please; I can't get a ticket once in a dog's age. We don't know how to work the engines. Sometimes they have got too much power for us, and then they ain't got enough. We have to search all around to find an engine we can use, and then we have to make a sort of a bargain with the folks around that to get a chance to run it.

I fell and hurt myself. I was carrying up a hod of brick. We were topping out a chimney, and I missed my footing, and down I come, bricks and all. I never was all right after that. I kind of ailed some time after that—a number of weeks; some days I could not do much, and used to spit up blood. I had a kind of a vomiting all the time. The last day or two, I was hard on to 46 when I died. Fortune didn't favor me, so I never got beyond a hod-carrier. I got into hard luck and kept in it. I went along about the same all the way, and I've been about the same here. I've been trying for a long time to learn to come back.

I don't want my wife to get thrown on any of your charitable institutions; I wouldn't throw a dog on to them—rather knock him on the head.

My wife's brother-in-law, that I lent the money to, is away, and able to pay it. If now amounts to \$200. She don't know where he is. I know, and it's all right. I should come back and tell her.

He cleared out, and left his wife—she's kind of a fiery thing, and it was about even—a regular high-binder, and she don't care a great deal about him, except for his money. So I guess I'll not tell where he is. I want if he'll pay the money. He's got a brother in this city, who is a dentist. If he knows where he is, he don't let the wife know—that's certain. If he's a mind to call on me, I'll talk with him. He may stand in the dark, and I'll tell who I be, if he is n't ashamed to talk with a hod-carrier.

Jan. 25.

James L. Draper.

I made an agreement to come here, if it was possible for me to do so; but I made no agreement to answer the questions my friends have seen fit to ask of me.

My name was James L. Draper. I was in my twenty-first year; a native of Massachusetts. I died in Chicago, on the third day of last September. I came here to day to tell my friends that I am now in possession of power to come; but I do not think this is a proper place to answer their questions. If I did I should not hesitate to do so.

The questions are of a domestic character entirely, relating to affairs that can be of no consequence to any but our family, and might do harm if I should answer them here.

Say I have not forgotten the friends in Chicago, particularly Messrs. Davis, Clark, Pearson, and Robinson. I am under much obligation to them, and I hope they will keep me as fresh in their memory as I do them in mine. I thank them for their kindness, and I hope to reward them some day.

Jan. 25.

William Hurley, London, Eng.

We give place to the following communication given at a circle in Roxbury, Mass., to oblige a friend. We cannot vouch for the truth of it, nor can the party to whom it was given.

ROXBURY, JAN. 15th, 1861.
My name was William Hurley. I died at the age of 33, eighteen years ago, at No. 10 Charlotte street, Fitzroy Square, London. I had kept a first-class

coffee-house in Rathbone Place, Oxford street. I led what the world would call a depraved life for a time; brought on by a love affair. The truth is, my brother stole the girl I loved, and married her. Her name was Julia. My brother's name was Archibald. They are now living with their children in Great Portland Oxford street. He is a man in large business, and well known. I have a father and two brothers in the spirit-land; Thomas and John. My brother Thomas fell down in an apoplectic fit in the entry of number 10, Charlotte street. I was not placed in my coffin in a shroud, but in a white flannel wrapper, not used at that time, but peculiar to my mother's family; which made a great deal of talk at the time.

I looked so much like life when I lay in my coffin, that one of my cousins wanted I should be bled. In conclusion, I wish to say that I forgive Julia all the misery she caused me in the earth-life, as I now see it was all for the best; and if they (my brother's family) will form a circle, I will manifest to them through Annie Hurley, and speak to them through Louisa Hurley in the abnormal trance condition. My height was just five feet seven and a half inches. I had dark hazel eyes, dark curly hair, white teeth, and a good beard.

From the Father of the preceding.

My dear children: I have a larger, a finer, a happier mansion than I did in, and am now patiently waiting for dear mother to share it with me. Tell her that I have flowers of all sizes and descriptions waiting for her. My name was Archibald Hurley. I died at the age of 73.

Correspondence.

New Jersey.

This brave old State, washed on one side by the ocean, and drawn up on the other by two Empire States, and braced at each end by the two largest cities of the nation, seems to be located for the kitchen garden of these cities, and bought to have the most liberal population of the country. But it is not so. Her feet are yet in her marl beds, her arms raking the shores, her head in her peach trees, and on her back the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company ticketing citizens and strangers in and out of the State at either end, and taxing foreigners from New York to Philadelphia, an extra dollar for crossing the State, and paying it to the State for their own ride and monopoly. But the State has long since found this a curse instead of a blessing, but not easily disposed of. New York and Philadelphia are colonizing each end of the State, and from them the light of Spiritual truth is spreading in the borders, ferried over the great rivers; but the interior seems as yet left mostly to clerical darkness, in which the blind leaders of the blind have not yet ascertained that thousands here have heard from their friends on the eternal shore. A last week, in company with Mr. Samuel Paist, a remarkable test medium, (blind from childhood), and a good lecturer, I made a visit to Lumbertown and Vincentown, and lectured in each place to good audiences, and found some most excellent and devoted friends at both places. Mr. Paist had already done a good work there, and I also found the footsteps of our beloved sisters, A. W. Sprague and Amanda Spence, still deeply imbedded there in human hearts, and many kind

Pearls.

"—erleas—"
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever.

SPRING.

A flush of green is on the boughs,
A warm breath panteth in the air,
And in the earth a heart-pulse there
Throbs underneath her breast of snows:

Life is a stir among the woods,
And by the moor, and by the stream,
The year, as from a torpid dream,
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds;

Wakes up in music as the song
Of wood bird wild, and loosen'd rill
More frequent from the windy hill
Comes greening forest aisles along;

Wakes up in beauty as the sheen
Of woodland pool the gleams receives
Through bright flowers, overbraided leaves,
Of broken sunlights, golden green.

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in
adversity, and the best provision in old age.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

From heaven fair beings come at night
To watch o'er mortals while they sleep;
Angels are they, whose sole delight
It is to comfort those who weep.
How softly on the dreamer's head
They lay their soft and snow-white hands!
One smile! then, in a moment fled,
They melt away to happier lands.—[John Wilson.

TRUTH.

Truth, with its golden blessings, is sending forth a ray,
To lead the midnight wanderer to brighter, better day.
It speaks to him of hope and love, to guide his mind
aright,
And bring him to the knowledge of the pure, celestial
light.
Soon will the heaven-born mystery, from ages kept
concealed,
Break forth in all its holiness, its beauty be revealed.
The fog and mist of error will quickly pass away.
Enlightened minds will seek the truth, whatever men
may say.

The truly wise man courts peace—the fool, conten-
tion.

PEACE.

Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose.—[Adelaide A. Proctor.

The power of pleasing is founded on the wish to
please. The strength of the wish is the measure of the
power.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE AT ALLSTON HALL,
BOSTON,
Sunday, March 3, 1861.

Miss Emma Hardinge commenced a series of lec-
tures before the Spiritualist Congregation at Allston
Hall, Boston, on Sunday, March 3d.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE," was the text
of the afternoon discourse. When, two years ago,
the medium last addressed an audience in Boston,
revelation was made of some of the foundations
of religion. That work is not yet ended. During
that time, very silent but very powerful have
been the manifestations of the actual, tangible de-
monstration of living, "dead" souls. While we can-
not lay claim to the discovery of the belief in im-
mortality, we have a right to claim, in this nine-
teenth century, the discovery of the knowledge of
the immortality of the soul, and, with that knowl-
edge, demonstrations of its nature, its attributes
and its mission, such as have never marked any
other period of the world's history. Spirit power
and spirit influence are found permeating the destiny
of the single individual; and that individual is a
microcosm of the universe. Hence may we form
some conclusion of what hand it is that even now
holds the rudder of this great ship of humanity.
Hence it is that the speaker would claim that the
great science of the age is, or should be, the anatomy
of the soul, the physiology of the mind. Spirit is
the cause, and spirit the effect, spirit the ruler of
the destiny of the individual and the race.

In what lexicon do we find opened for man a
knowledge of this most wondrous element of power?
Where is the grammar and the vocabulary, where
the college and the professors, that will enable this
world of souls to study their own destiny, to com-
prehend what their own hereafter shall be? Such
colleges, such teachers, are everywhere to be found.
It is to religion that we must look for the advance-
ment of this science of soul. But, surely, man has
a right to know something more of that spirit, that
world of power, than the mere vague, transcendental
conceptions which we have hitherto had of the soul.
Religion closes over our inquiry the solemn veil of
mystery; and man, seeking for light, simply hangs
upon the lips of teachers utterly devoid of knowl-
edge and authority to instruct upon the nature of
these spirits which this age is now proving to pos-
sess all the powers and attributes and energies that
belong to life, with added powers. The evidence of
the reality and the nature of the life to come is pre-
sented in the spirit circle; but you are expected to
study the glorious anatomy of soul, and comprehend
the physiology of mind, without any such appliances.
It was the purpose of the speaker, in the discourse
of the day to treat of that prime element of the
soul, true religion.

We trace it at the very threshold of the life of the
race, before man, though gifted with speech, had, as
yet, the means to store his thoughts in writ-
ing. Even then, tradition brings us evidence that
the world was ever a worshipping world. What
was that worship, which man, without printed book,
or stereotyped forms, must have learned from the
very Author of his being? Were those words the
first breathed into the ear of the father of the race?
We find, from all the records and traditions of the
past, that the race, at the first, were worshippers of
nature. "The ancients did not, indeed, possess those
advantages of civilization which belong to us. These
are the growth of ages. The first races of men had
but few wants, and these of the most simple kind.
Their intellect was chiefly limited to the supplying
of their sensuous wants. Hence, they were agricul-
turalists; and the art of cultivating the soil, the
most essential to the race, called forth the utmost
exercise of intellect of which they were then cap-
able. They were thus led, first, to study the various
changes of what we now term the seasons. This
study opened to them that magnificent field of specu-
lation, on which the mind of man entered when he
started the inquiry—"In whose hands am I? by
whom am I governed?" He looked abroad, and
everywhere he saw that the wild winds were stronger
than he, that the majestic sun, the firmament of
heaven, inflexible and ever the same, were constan-
tly manifesting a power before which his own feeble
efforts shrunk into insignificance. He found himself
surrounded by evidences of the most tremendous
power. Everywhere he found this same power man-
ifest—the same design, the same providence, the
same regularity. Everywhere he found, in the

works around him, the presence of that principle of
his own nature which we now call mind. He came
to the conclusion that all he beheld was the effect
of a master mind; of some gigantic soul. This was
his first and vital religious belief. He saw that his
own soul was a part of the mighty spirit that fash-
ioned the earth, that governs the stars and winds
and tides, and controls the entire system of the uni-
verse. He sought to discover this great ruling
spirit, and thus man fashioned his Maker in his
own image. He gazed upon the ocean, but he found
not there this Divine Principle; he asked of the
rushing winds—he found no voice to answer him.
He asked of the first—his own hand could quench it
or call it up. That great Principle was not in the
fire; it was not in the water; it was not in the earth.
It was not in the atmosphere. He gazed upon the
starry hosts of heaven, and there he met a sight so
splendid and glorious, that something like the subli-
mity and majesty of God appeared to dawn upon
his soul. "That glorious King of day," he said,
"brings me light and summer, gives me heat, calls
up the flowers from the ground, and leads the forest
tree with leaves and fruit; that glorious sun lights
up the life-forces in my veins; that glorious sun is
the revealer that brings to me knowledge of all
things; that glorious sun was my father's sun, and
for ages and ages my forefathers have admired and
bowed down and worshipped before it. O thou glo-
rious orb of day! If thou art not the God, art not
thou his likeness?" Yet there was something in
the magnificent moon that must of necessity have
struck the mind of man not curbed and fettered or
forbidden to reason and think for itself. There
were no priestly tongues then to restrain the daring
flights of thought; and in these mighty forces of
nature man recognized at least a form in which he
might worship the Great Spirit of the universe.

The forces of nature, their wonderful phenomena,
their superhuman, resistless power, attracted, of
necessity, the earliest wonder and study of the race.
In the sky above him, man saw a constant move-
ment of certain stars, which seemed to keep pace
with the progress of the sun. They came and went
with regularity. He saw that with certain of these
changes came the warmth and plenty of summer,
and with others the darkness and tempest of win-
ter. From these studies was born the science of
astronomy. But to the ancients it was impossible
to observe the influence that the different constella-
tions, the sun, and the moon, exercised upon the
earth, without connecting them with the fate and
destiny of man. We may curl the lip of scorn at
the theories of astrology; but let us ask whether,
in dismissing the science of universal correspond-
ence, we do not drop the golden keys of a knowledge
that has enabled us to unlock one of the truest sci-
ences the world has ever known. Consider the na-
ture of our own structure. We talk of inventing
or discovering arts and sciences. There is not an
art or science of which we are not the model.

There are our own joints, the only perfect system of
mechanics. There is the great galvanic battery of
our own brain, the only perfect system of control,
outside of the giant son, that the universe can
show. There is the most perfect system of pneu-
matics within our lungs. Hydrostatics and hy-
draulics are all exhibited in the flowing currents of
our own life. Man is a compound of all the ele-
ments of nature—vegetable, animal, and mineral.
Man is linked with the whole material universe,
from the dew-drop that glitters on the humblest
plant, to the fiery spark that glows on the farthest
rim of creation. How could the fathers of the race
but connect, in their thoughts, the mysterious phe-
nomena of the heavens with the destiny of man?
The ancients recognized this universal harmony of
creation, and therefore all the phenomena of nature
—the rolling of the tides, the courses of the planets,
the appearance, which we can calculate for a hun-
dred years in advance, of those erratic bodies that
shoot through the midnight skies—all these were,
with them, invested with supernatural awe, and
regarded as the arbiters of human destiny. Thus
the ancients determined that all things move for-
ward in one vast harmonic chain of fate, and the
stars were but eternal symbols by which God mani-
fested his dealings with man. They traced there
the image of the intellectual and moral nature of
man. In the heavens is the same conflict which we
recognize between the forces of our own souls. The
battle-ground of the heavenly forces was to them a
mirror of the struggle of good and evil in the hu-
man heart. The ancients stereotyped these thoughts
in hieroglyphics or in written language. This
primeval state of man we may well call, then, the
Eden, the Paradise, where man, walking with God
in the garden of innocence, saw him face to face,
and recognized in every tree and blossom a beauty
and brightness that surrounded himself with hap-
piness. But the day came when the incessant priv-
ilege of intellect, tempted by the serpent of pride,
led him to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge
of good and evil, and the garden became too simple
for him—he must needs go forth to seek and to dis-
cover the truth.

The first soul-teachers of the race were of two
classes—the astronomers, who sought to observe
those phenomena necessary for the calculation of the
seasons, and a race of persons who, in subsequent
ages, were called prophets, or seers. We know that
the electric forces by which disembodied spirits com-
municate with us through the physical organization
of man, constitute a gift which cannot be inherited,
nor can we control it, or drive it away. So it was
in the beginning. The churches would make us be-
lieve that there was in the earlier ages of the world
a facility of communication with the spirit-world
which does not now exist. But those spiritual gifts
which are still manifested in certain members of
the race, are identical with those which constituted
the prophets and the seers of olden time. Their
possession, with the astronomers, formed the first
two governing classes before whom the earth bowed
down and acknowledged their authority. At first,
they were but the warning angels that walked with
man in Paradise; but, at length, they became infat-
ed with spiritual pride, and in their own image
created their Maker. When storm and famine and
pestilence came, their God was angry, and was to be
appeased by supplications and offerings. Hence
originated the rite of sacrifice. But there is a bet-
ter offering to God—an obedience to the higher in-
stincts of our own natures, in opposition to the
appetites and passions; and even among the
ancients there were many who recognized the truth
and beauty of this genuine religion. But selfishness
and pride became the rulers of man, and tempted
by them he fell.

Then followed the second stage in the history of
man. In the mounds of Central America, in the
strange and grotesque mysteries of Masonry, among
the wild regions of the Norsemen, in the far isles
of the seas, in every land of the known world, there
are remains of a singular and mystic system, known,
sometimes as fire-worship, sometimes as serpent-
worship. This was nothing more than the external
sign and symbol of the worship of the powers of
nature. We find, everywhere, that this religion is
one—that, though the races of the earth are as
widely different as color and form can make them,
the essential nature of their religions are the same.
We trace those religions from the recognition of the
powers of nature, until we find men sacrificing in
external forms. The priests, the scholars, reserved
to themselves their knowledge. At last, the people
lost sight of the principle of Deity, in the person-
ality. The ruling classes, as the people were ignorant,
stood behind the faith, the mystery; priests were
needed as its interpreters, because the power thus
acquired was requisite to keep the people in sub-
jection. But for this, every man would have been
his own priest, and the incense and perfumes of
simple obedience would have been the only sacrifice
offered by the people to Nature's God. But then
there would have been no end of the priesthood.
"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Long live
Diana of the Ephesians! so long as image-makers
are needed to carve her image. And so it came to
pass that the Order of the priesthood was established.
Next upon the page of history we find men begin-
ning to invent alphabets, and to write in books the
solemn decrees which, from time to time, the priests
enunciated. These, they held, were direct revela-
tions from God. In this age we find the mystery of
the people deepening, and the power and authority
of the priesthood growing yet stronger. At last it
covers the whole earth. The churches and priests

of every nation began to form their own sects and
creeds. Hence the apparent diversity of religions.
But their origin is all the same; they differ only in
the forms of words.

It would be too long a task to trace, step by step,
the various forms and absurdities into which man
has fallen in attempting to limit the Infinite to the
finite, to limit the eternal, and to make it subserv-
the fancies of the present moment. Throughout all
religions we have the history of the sun. We trace
him, first, in his infancy, in the obscurity of the
Springtime, symbolized by the phenomena
which herald in the Spring. We find him growing
up; we trace him in the obscurity of the hedge row
violets and the tiny blades of grass, until he rejoices
in the heat of Summer. Then he is sacrificed to, by
the symbol of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. Now
he performs great miracles—he changes water into
wine, he cures disease. And now comes the mourn-
ful hour when the great Sun-God must die; the
Dragon appears in the heavens—the Destroyer is
there—Typhon, the Serpent, and all the hateful
names which the leathery of the ancients could be-
stow on this constellation, are now at hand. Woe,
woe, for the nations! our Sun-God must die. The
Twelve cluster around him—the twelve Signs of
the Zodiac. Lo! the hour of darkness is come, when
the Sun begins to cross the Autumnal Equinox. The
storm rages, the tempest swells, and the voice of the
Destroyer is heard. Darkness is upon the face of
the earth. Our Sun-God has perished. Mourn—
mourn, world! the Sun is dead! But now there is
another scene. On the 25th of December comes up
the glorious constellation of the Virgin, the Woman,
the redeeming sign to whom the Sun shall be born
again. He is born again. Rejoice, oh nations! And
thus the 25th of December, or a day not far distant
from that, has in every age of the world been held
as the period of the greatest rejoicing of the whole
year. This is the history of the Astronomical sys-
tem; this is the system that underlies every my-
thology of the world. This is the system which the
man Jesus came to rend in twain; but the world
would not have it—they wanted another myth, and
in order that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, they
wound around the history of the noble reformer,
of the kind and true heart that spoke as never man
spoke, of him who was sent by the Father to redeem
the world from darkness, the fables of mythology; and
priests and astronomers, and Scribes and Pharisees,
almost extinguished the pure light of the most
intellectual and natural religion that has ever been
known.

These are the sources of our religions. Are the
pure teachings of Nature's religion, and their re-
production in the life and words of the Child of
the manger, worthy of the corruptions which have since
been set up to rule the world with? Forms, dog-
mas, creeds, mysteries, have taken the place of the
life of good and use which every star-beam teaches.

EVENING LECTURE.

The conflict between the powers of good and evil,
of light and darkness, truth and error in religion,
symbolized by the war in heaven between Michael
and his angels and Satan and his angels, as illus-
trating the history of religion and the human soul,
formed the subject of Miss Hardinge's evening dis-
course.

Spirit and matter form the perfect whole. Matter
may be indefinitely sublimated. The soul is a real
existence, and not that transcendental nothing which
we have been accustomed to consider the spirit.
What are its manifestations? The theory commonly
called, in scorn, the "development theory," is, with
whatever contempt it may sometimes be treated, far
more worthy at least of research, than its opponents
would claim. Should we go into one of the museums
where are gathered the animal relics of past ages,
and look upon the voiceless skeletons which have
been drawn from the rocks of the globe, we should
stand aghast at the long line of experimental forms
which Nature has been preparing in the early cycles
of the earth's history. Should we trace up the history
of these vaporous masses called comets, we should
find them concentrating, from the condition of
these nebulae, into the hardest granite. All
through the preparatory stages of a planet's being,
these mighty changes are going on. The adamantine
mountains bear on their bruised and scarred
brows the touch of fire. There is something more,
in this process, than the necessary action of the law
of change. In each atom there is an evidence of
mind. There is the patient hand of the Creator,
waiting and waiting till the young child-world shall
be born, and the sons of God shall together for joy.
Even so do we find, step by step, in the world within
as in that without, the same course of preparation.
Everywhere we see the evidence of matter impressed
with the action of spirit; the ocean waves, the
rushing winds, all the great forces of nature gather
together, and in the chemistry of nature elaborate
order and higher conditions, until at last the human
spirit appears. Aye, spirit; even in the rudest and
most unformed monsters of the ancient seas, there
is spirit—for there is thought. Step by step we
trace them up, one species after another taking its
place in the order of creation. At first, the world is
fitted only for the existence of these imperfect types
of being. Still the progression continues. The ruin
of one age is the birth of another and a higher one,
and the bright phoenix of one tribe or species rises
from the ashes of its predecessor.

At last, man appears, in the chambers of whose
brain reside all the attributes that have hitherto
been scattered in diverse habitations over the earth.
Were we to take that little eye alone, what a
gospel of power would you read therein! Go
forth and add thereto your telescope, and O what
vast realms of being shall appear on the fields
of space! These rushing worlds all speak to the
little, narrow compass of man's eye, in all their im-
mensity. You cannot measure their distance; you
cannot calculate their numbers; you can never esti-
mate their splendor, their power, and their glorious
satellites, their shining belts, and their vast, illumi-
nated orbits; yet they are all there, there, narrowed
down to the little half-inch compass of the pupil of
this eye! O, eye, human eye! what dost thou not
gather up into thy small, infinitesimal space! All
the beauty of the landscape, all that God has fash-
ioned, the lovely colors of the earth, the glorious
sun, the majestic constellations of heaven. It is
such power as this which constitutes man, with his
spirit looking out at the window of the soul, the hu-
man eye, and listening through the door of the
human soul, the human ear, and winning its way
to power through the medium of flesh and blood—it
is such power as this which makes man the repre-
sentative by whom we may conceive something of his
great Creator.

We may ask the materialist, the disbeliever in
God and in immortality, whether he can stand upon
the mount of ages and calmly look back upon the
unaccounted millions of years during which mind has
been preparing for the growth of his sovereignty,
and then believe that his destiny is to be limited to
the few brief, fleeting moments of an earthly exist-
ence? Better to be like one of these flowers; for
they shall never wholly perish. In some form, every
particle of their delicate tissue shall live forever.
Better to be a dew-drop, floating in the atmosphere
and descending in blessing to the earth. That's all
live forever. Its destiny may be ignoble, it may be
glorious. It may be it shall one day sparkle on the
crown of royalty, in the crystallized diamond; it
may be it shall be part of the form of an Alexan-
der, or a Shakespeare, or a Napoleon, or a Wash-
ington, and it shall not be put out of existence—
with their existence it shall live forever. Better be
anything than that mighty soul which can for one brief
moment look out on the glories of creation, and
about with rejoicing—"I live!"—and then pass
away into the night, the blank of humiliation. O
thou only failure in creation! O thou last
sovereign link by which all things below thee are
bound up! dost thou imagine thou art cut off from
the Infinite Source from whence thou camest? It
matters not whether thou wert eliminated from the
dust of the field, whether thou wert the outgrowth
of the atoms; thou dost never see an atom that is
without a destiny, never one that is indestructible.
But give to thyself the same glorious destiny that
thou dost assign to every blade of grass.

But not to the materialist alone, said the lecturer,
do we speak. We speak to ye, oh children of mod-

ern reason, who have heard the wonder of the flow-
ers raper, whose eyes have been gladdened by the
dash of the radiant forms of the precious dew,
whose purified homes have been filled by the pres-
ence of the loved and lost—we speak to you. Let
us see if we cannot reason out, in the very nature
of things, something higher, in the soul and its des-
tiny, than is manifested even in the soul-human
presence now delighting you with the converse of
departed friends. We desire to know their welfare
and their destiny; but there is a centre-soul, an
internal power, which God has clustered on that
form of selfishness, that law of self-preservation,
that makes you all useful co-workers with Him.
We desire to know the destiny of the soul and of
the race.

The truest and strongest wish of our heart is the
love of some being near to ourselves, and provision
for the welfare of some creature dependent upon our-
selves. If we go into a foreign land, our first care is
to resort to the post office to assure the dear ones
we left behind us of our safety; the next, to gather
up wealth, that the golden heap may gladden them;
the next, to store up knowledge, that those who
follow in our footsteps may, like ourselves, be armed
to battle with the difficulties and dangers that we
are undergoing. This is the outworking of our
spirit. If the hereafter bears the same relation to
the world below that we bear to absent friends in
this life, kindred must be the natural impulses of
the spirit which has left its earthly form; and,
surely, there cannot be between it and us an im-
passable gulf of separation. For all nature is linked
together. The mineral, the vegetable, the animal
kingdoms are all related to each other. Not a frag-
ment of the universe exists but in relation with all
the rest. Somewhere there must be a chain in na-
ture; somewhere the connecting link between the
physical and spiritual worlds must be tangible to
man. Where is the world of power, that inspires
and supports and sustains us; where the hand that
is stretched out to uphold and call us higher? Are
not the two worlds one, and are not the loved ones
who have gone before the ministers of the unseen
power that comes to us?

It is utterly impossible for the lower to control
the higher; always the high controls the low, the
strong the weak. Whatever, therefore, is higher
than ourselves must have power over us. The be-
ings of the spirit-world hold mystic sway over man;
they draw your midnight curtain, they flash across
the green graves of your spectre-haunted church-
yard—they are ever in this world's midst. This
supernaturalism is busy in the very atmosphere in
which we live and breathe. Were we to consult only
the necessary, inherent conviction of the truth of
spiritual being and intercourse which exists in the
nature of man, we might well be satisfied that the
inhabitants of that world of power, that from time
to time have manifested themselves, are strictly hu-
man in their character; and the only remaining
question is, what has been their influence? To-day,
said the speaker, we tell you something of the ef-
fects of this supernatural world of power to subdue
you, to bring forth from your souls the knowledge
of your destiny, and to guide you in a world en-
closed in the mystery created and fostered by priest-
hood and church. We purpose, now, to show you
the opponents, the warriors, who have fought for
you in this great battle with the Dragon and his
angels. They have been as active as the forces of
the enemy. We trace them, first, in that second
order of the world's teachers to whom reference was
made in the discourse of the morning. Dividing the
kingdom of power with the astronomers, were the
races of prophets and seers. Wherever those strange
men appeared, from the caverns or the wilderness,
denouncing woe, calling for rejoicing, we find
them a mystery. They inherited not their power—
it was not purchasable with gold or silver. These
were they whom Michael and his angels found fit
instruments to represent themselves upon earth.
Gifted with a magnetic force that enabled them to
form a battery with the bright bodies of spirits,
they formed a link between the higher and the low-
er worlds. The prophets gathered the multitude
around them, and ruled them by love as the priest
ruled them by fear; and ever and anon we find
spirits making mighty blows for the world's re-
demption. There was mighty warfare carried on in
the ancient days.

For life we labor from day to day; for the prolon-
gation of life we strive with all the earnestness of
which our natures are capable. When we come to
part with it, we struggle fearfully to retain it, on
any condition. This reluctance to part with life is
not the fruit of a fear of falling into the hands of
the living God. The belief of men upon the charac-
ter and government of God is not in accordance
either with their instincts or with their works. It
is the darkest mystery into which they are about
to be hastened, which they fear. We are not pre-
pared for it; we know not whether we are going.
Shall we be happy or miserable? shall we continue
to exist at all? and what will be that existence?
Some among us say there have been voices from
the hereafter—glorious lights flashing forth from
behind the curtain of darkness. We know that re-
ligion accords the power, and the past reality, of
supernaturalism. But it confines that power to the
ages of its own revolution. It needs a belief in
supernaturalism, for its own establishment, and to
keep the people in subjection. Science, too,
upholds supernaturalism to a certain extent; but she
has done so with many a hard and bitter grudge.
She has failed to do it honor; she yields obedience to
the simple statements of the books of Christianity,
and refuses to the testimony of monarchs marching
on to victory by the voice of oracles, of philosophers
and sages guided by portents and signs, and them-
selves the subjects of that mysterious power which
will not be crushed out of the hearts of men by a
sneer.

Whence come the glorious visions of the poets?
Deprive them of their fairies and gnomes, their
night-riders and demon-riders, and what have they
left? But for the airy creatures that sport in the
moonlight, the radiant beings that dance before the
eyes of the seer—but for the beautiful creations
that have become so true to the heart of man that
science, with all her cold crudities, cannot remove
the imaginative faith in them from the human
mind? Science may take possession of the outer,
gross brain, but the sweet impulses of the worship-
ing heart still retain their hold on the inner nature
of man. The higher instincts of our nature recog-
nize the grand truth, with which all history is con-
sistent, and which, in truth, forms the true key of
history, that the supernatural powers of the spirit world
are forever mingling their unseen but all-powerful
influences in the affairs of earth, and, taking sides
with the warriors of good and evil in the world of
matter, help to carry on the great battle of truth
and progress with darkness and ignorance and wrong.

The astronomers, the astrologers and the priest-
hood sought to govern mankind by terror and super-
stition. But, on the other hand, was the true priest-
hood—that order into which man is admitted only
by the internal gifts of his own nature. In this
struggle the spiritual world—the forces of good re-
presented by Michael and his angels—and those of
evil represented by Satan and his angels—took part,
for the subjection or the redemption of the race.
Moses desired that every man should be his own
priest. A powerful ally was he, of Michael and his
angels. It was not by the hand of military power
that Moses was enabled to control the Jewish people.
A power above him strengthened his heart and his
hands; the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by
night went over by his side. Joshua succeeded him
in the command of that people who held the nearest
approximation to spiritual truth in those days; and
his hands, too, were upheld by spiritual power. And
through all the history of the Jewish race we find
the spirits of the patriarchs appearing before their
descendants, the spirits of their departed warriors
leading them upon the field of battle. From the
earliest history of the race to the Pentecostal feast,
we still see that communion with the world of souls,
which is now denied and denounced when it appears
in the form of modern Spiritualism. Not always
would Michael and his angels permit the world to
be trampled upon by the dragon of authority. A
mighty blow was struck when the Man of Nazareth,
from the obscurity of the manger, stood forth in the
power of the spirit, and taught the law of duty and
love. Aye, this was a mighty blow struck by

Michael and his angels. They determined that the
world should see light.

But they did not then strike their last blow. The
priests, the servants of the Dragon and his angels,
still wrought their ends in the name of synods and
councils and bishoprics and creeds and forms, and
sought by cruel persecutions to subject all to their
own sway. But the servants of light still contended
against them—Michael and his angels still struck
blow after blow in behalf of the oppressed race. At
last a accumulating hour has come. We find it in
the days of Swedenborg. His revelations were a
mighty blow of Michael and his Angels; he opened
to man the crystal gate of heaven, and assured us of
the absolute certainty of eternal life. The eyes of
Swedenborg were still human, and the wildest and
most incredible revelations were mingled with the
mighty truths he taught; but the certainty of im-
mortality was assured to man.

The next great blow came in the form of Mesmer-
ism, which demonstrated the existence of spirit as
a living and efficient power, apart from visible
forces. But the last and great blow struck by Mi-
chael and his angels was in the revelation, to man,
of the truths of Spiritualism—the opening of a
direct communion between the material world and
the world of souls. In this great revelation has
culminated all the progress of the ages. Its minis-
ters may be personated, as have been the prophets
and seers, the mediums between man and heaven, in
all times; but the contest between the priesthood
and the prophets now draws near to a close. The
Dragon and his angels still contend, and will still
contend, for the mastery; but the Powers of Heaven,
the ministers of light and truth and freedom and
genuine religion, will still meet them in the conflict.
The power of the Dragon is broken by this last great
blow, and the day of the redemption of the race
draws nigh.

CAPILLARY DISEASES.

DR. PERRY.

THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST, and the only
man in this country who has ever made the treatment
of DISEASED SCALPS, LOSS OF HAIR, and PREMATURE
BLANCHING, a specialty, has established himself at 29
Winter street, Boston, (formerly the residence of Dr.
Hypocrite), where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted
with any diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, or Premature
Blanching.

Dr. Perry is prepared to treat successfully the following
Diseases, all of which are productive of a loss of Hair:
Debility of the External Skin, Suppressed Secretion,
Irritation of the Scalp, Dandruff or Thickened Secretion,
Inflammation of the Sensitive Skin, Matted Scrofula, Ex-
cess of the Scalp, Hair Eaters, Distended or Swollen Roots,
and Premature Blanching.

This is the only method based upon Physiological prin-
ciples which has ever been presented to the public for the
restoration of the Hair.
Particular attention is called to the Doctor's Theory of
treating Diseased Scalps, and Restoring Hair. It no doubt
will command itself to every intelligent and reflecting mind.
There are eighteen Diseases of the Head and Scalp, that
cause a loss of hair and in some instances premature blanch-
ing, each requiring in its treatment different remedies. Where
loss of hair has resulted from any of those diseases, the first
thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course
of treatment; restore the Scalp to its normal condition, keep
the pores open so that the secretion can pass off, and in every
follicle that is open, new strands of hair will make their ap-
pearance.

The philosophy of premature blanching is this: Iron and
Oxygen are the principal constituents of dark hair; Lime and
Magnesia of light hair. When the suppressed secretions be-
tween the skins contain an excess of Lime, it is taken up by
the strands, causing the hair to turn white; by opening the
pores the accumulation of Lime passes off with the secre-
tions, the natural components of the hair resume their ac-
quency, and the hair assumes its natural color.

Because persons have tried various preparations for the
hair, and have been deceived by them, and in some cases their
difficulties made worse by their use, they should not be dis-
couraged. The one preparation system for any class of dis-
eases, must necessarily prove a failure. No one compound
can be available for a dozen or more diseases; it may remove
some difficulties, in other cases it is useless, and in some
positively injurious.

Dr. Perry's method is in accordance with the law of cause
and effect. He makes a personal examination, ascertains
what disease of the scalp has or is producing a loss of hair,
or premature whitening, prescribes such remedies according
to its nature and requirements, as will remove the disease;
hence his great success in treating Capillary Diseases.

All consultations free.
All inquiries or other communications should be addressed to
DR. C. PERRY, Box 2837, Boston, Mass.
Feb. 16.

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