

BANNER



PROGRESS.

VOL. I.

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NO. 8.

LITERARY.

LINES.

Written by impression, by a little girl of nine years of age, at Sacramento.

Lead on, kind heart, O gentle hand of Love,
To the far home where thy light scepters wave;
Lead back my steps, my wandering steps: I move,
One foot on earth, one standing in the grave.

Lead, lead me back o'er oceans 'neath the skies,
Where all the sweet stars shine across the sea;
Take me, O angel, where my eyes
Are ever looking whither I would be.

In worlds I left are flowers not growing now?
Are voices silent that I hear in dreams?
Come, Memory, lay thy moist hand upon my brow:
How short, but ah, how long ago it seems!

Are there not birds whose warble is so sweet
One dare not hear it long? I seem to hear
A hundred gentle voices in the street:
O God! could she but see me dying here!

It was not fever, when I heard last night,
Or thought I heard, her voice: the tone was low
And sad, I fancied, though her heart was light,
Although so happy in the long ago.

Would it be sin—a sin for even me,
Lost as I am, to touch her hand once more,
So near the glories of the great To Be?
I stand so near the unknown mystic shore!

Would not there be some of the hereafter blended
Even with the earth-fond madness of my pressing?
Where is the sin, when life is ended,
For lips to long for lips' caressing?

Ah, what is this—these faint sounds?
Am I, then, nearing to the end at last?
Thy hand a moment, Savior! by thy wounds,
Now I am led across the sea—'tis past!

ENTRÉE.

OLIVE BRANCH.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Olive then bethought herself, when another feeling, quite as true to the sex, took possession of her. She was piqued to think that he could go away, and so far, without at least bidding her adieu. It was true that he had given her the strongest proof of affection; but as great risks had often been incurred, even for entire strangers; and might it not, after all, have been only common humanity, that prompted him thus to risk his own life in order to save hers. Could he, in fact, if his feelings bore any likeness to her own, thus desert her, even at the very time when she was not certainly known to have survived the extreme danger? And was she to remain in a state of anxiety all this time? How could she support it? or even if she were assured of his love, how could she wait six months before she might tell him how very grateful she was? And then what dangers might he not encounter! Storms, and ocean terrors of every kind, were conjured up in fearful array, until Olive forgot her resentment in her fears for his safety. And as these changes of feeling followed each other in rapid succession, the slight and now attenuated form shook like an aspen leaf. Poor little Olive! simple-hearted as a young partridge that hides its head in the leaves, and then thinks it is all out of sight, she little knew how clearly—how truly—those deep mother-eyes read her guileless and loving heart! These thoughts passed through her mind with the rapidity of impression, which persons of a highly nervous temperament often exhibit, especially when the system is in an excitable condition; and so completely absorbed was she, as to be hardly conscious of her own emotions, even if she had been possessed of power to conceal them. But her character was transparent as noonday light; and though her mind was of the finest and most delicate order, she knew not how to conceal one emotion, or any strong impulse of the heart.

Poor girl! She did not know how untiringly, how tenderly, how lovingly, she had been watched over night and day through that long illness, and that Wilfred suffered himself to take no rest, unless absolutely driven away from her bedside; nor could she know what true resolutions of reformation, and exalted worthiness, had been breathed over her insensible form. She knew not that he had been so loving, and yet so delicate in his attentions, that often in her seasons of waking delirium, when he held her in his arms for rest, she had clasped him around the neck, pressed her burning cheek to his, or nestled her head lovingly in his bosom, believing him to be her father, as she always called him. During these seasons it was a touching sight to see her looking up in his eyes, with that sweet confiding love-light in her own, into which the fires of delirium occasionally softened; and a moving thing to hear the tender murmurs of affection, made more holy by the idea of that venerated presence; for she seemed to think that the crisis was indeed over, and that she had entered the spirit-world. Sometimes Wilfred, unable longer to control his emotions, would gently withdraw her hand from his, or unbind her clinging arms, that he might go out of the room and weep alone. Then he would bow himself down, and weep, and sob in utter brokenness of

heart, to think of the horrible crime from which he had been so wonderfully spared; for in the depths of purity, innocence, truthfulness, and tender, confiding love, which were so unconsciously revealed, he beheld his cruel wrong, as in a mirror, that made it a thousand-fold more hideous! Then all the tenderness of early boyhood, which had grown hard and callous, buried under the heart of the worldling, would soften, and melt, and gush out from his bosom, in floods of passionate, but healing tears.

Poor Olive did not then know all this; nor did she know that at last, when her consciousness appeared returning, he had almost been driven from her side by his mother, who, with the delicate perception and discreet judgment of a true woman, had seen that if he should stay, Olive could not possibly either understand or appreciate the happy change, which was taking place in his character, even if a too great and sudden security did not interrupt and retard it. She wisely judged that a brief absence, under existing circumstances, would be the surest means of bringing about a right feeling and a true understanding between the parties; and the event showed how wisely she had estimated the case. Had he remained then, so soon after a revelation of all the immeasurable wrong which he had once contemplated and avowed, Olive must have had, in spite of all his subsequent good intentions, and even his daring venture in her behalf, at least some involuntary suspicions of his integrity; but by withdrawing himself entirely from the scene, with all his laurels fresh upon him, he had every advantage; for in her momentary periods of anxiety, gratitude for his heroic preservation of her life, and respect for his delicacy in retiring from the field where he would at least have been a hero, mingling with her very doubt in regard to the truth of his affection, and her pique at having him go away, just at the moment of all others when she most wished to see him, contributed to give her a truer affection than she had known before; for certainly, in the beginning, she had not loved quite wisely. And thus their love, on both sides, was refined as by the trial of fire.

CHAPTER XII.

"If I may trust the flattering eyes of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thought."
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

The effect of feelings described in the last chapter did not pass without their influence on the bodily conditions of our heroine; but Mrs. Holmes had kept every question aloof until she believed Olive was able to work out the whole matter for herself, truly and healthfully. And after the fair patient's mind was really brought into the required action, she contented herself with watching the effects, and soothing her in a general way, without entering into any explanation, beyond that of saying that her son had been somewhat more gay than either his fortune or his character could well bear, and that having a fine opportunity to do something toward accomplishing both purposes—that is, to retrieve fortune and character—he had undertaken a commission of high trust for a large mercantile house in Boston, which required immediate attention, and had sailed for Europe the very day on which Olive had been restored to full consciousness, leaving a message to this effect, that he was very sorry to go away and leave her so ill, but the physician had assured him of her safety. He hoped in a few months to return and find her quite well and happy, with his dear mother, who would always be a mother to dear little Olive. And the last was the saving clause of the whole. But then she wondered why he did not write it, and wished he had; and then she thought how she would have hidden the fragment away in her bosom, pressing it on her very heart, for the sweet love it breathed, but did not speak. Then, to Olive's simple and truthful mind, all the affection which he had once avowed so passionately, was concentrated in these few simple words.

Yet, after all, it must be confessed that there was much in these affairs very perplexing to one poor little head, even if it had not so lately been shaken with a formidable brain-fever. And so Olive lay on the couch, which Mrs. Holmes sat quietly by with her netting, and thought, and compared, and reasoned, as well as she could, sometimes crushing down a swell of wounded feeling at supposed coldness, then stifling the rising sob that would for a moment almost choke her, until at length she worried herself quite out and fell asleep.

Her repose was long and refreshing. Mrs. Holmes had been quite anxious that day, and excited in regard to the result; and she now laid by her work, and taking a fly-brush, lightly fanned the beautiful sleeper, who, with every moment, was endearing herself more and more.

It would seem as if Olive had been continuing the late exciting mental discussion through her dream; for her cheek was a little too much flushed, and the expression of her countenance was thoughtful and anxious. But suddenly this careworn look passed away; and the light of a seraphic smile overspread her features. Every doubt was gone. When she opened her eyes and looked into

that kind, motherly face, she reached out her arms, and drawing Mrs. Holmes close down to herself, she whispered: "O, I have been dreaming, dear mamma—dreaming just as I was thinking before I went to sleep—so strangely, and so sadly; for how could I know that Wilfred—"

She hesitated a moment; and then hiding her blushes still more closely in the loving bosom that sheltered her, she continued, almost inaudibly: "How should I know that Wilfred loved me, as he has many times said; and as I feel and know that he must have told you, too, dear mamma, when he went away and left me without saying so, plainly, once more, when I had been so sick, and so very sad, dear mamma!"

She looked up, with her large eyes full of tears, while Mrs. Holmes, though usually calm and self-collected, found it difficult to control her own emotions; but she made a strong effort, and Olive went on.

"I was dreaming; and my heart grew heavier and heavier, until it seemed to be dead; then suddenly it appeared to rise up in my throat, and choke me. But in a moment there came light into eyes and mind. I felt that there was a bright form near me, though I saw no one. And the angel whispered in my soul. I cannot remember the words, mamma; but I know that Wilfred loved me, O, so dearly—so truly! and I felt so happy to be here with you—as I knew I was—and to wait quietly the good time, till he comes back. O, dear mamma! I am so happy!"

There was no bursting of hysterical tears, now; no equivocation; no shame—nothing that was false; but when, after an affectionate embrace, Mrs. Holmes arose from the couch, Olive looked up into her eyes with that endearing confidence, and that perfect truthfulness, which were at once so natural and so becoming to her; and the mother's heart, which had borne up so bravely for Olive's sake, melted. Mrs. Holmes wept, not passionately, but freely and soothingly; and how unspeakably dear was that young heart, which she folded so lovingly to her own!

"O, my precious child!" she said, as soon as she could command speech—"when I know that my many prayers are answered with a fullness of blessing which I could never have dared expect, I am lost in wonder and gratitude. Yes, Olive! I do, indeed, love you—truly and purely. And I—O, my child! if you knew how long this mother-heart has yearned for a daughter, you would better comprehend the joy of this moment—joy far, far more intense for speech. And know now, my love, that independently of my son's interest in the case, I have a mother's love for you; and under whatever other conditions we may live, I feel—I know—that henceforth we must cling together—the daughter to the mother's bosom, the mother to the whole being, that has come to her arms, bringing all she wanted, as a special gift, without the pangs of birth."

From this time there were no secrets between the mother and daughter.

Olive rapidly recovered; and when she was quite strong, Mrs. Holmes permitted her to recite her mournful story. But this, however, was interrupted several times before it was finished; for it affected the narrator so powerfully that Mrs. Holmes was obliged to constrain her, so that she might rest from the exciting theme, and get rest, before she was permitted to resume it. And O, how that mother-heart yearned over the once poor orphan! With what ever-growing love—with what agonizing and bitter sorrow for all her sufferings—with what indignation at her cruel wrongs!

CHAPTER XIII.

"I love that dear old home! my mother lived there
Her first sweet marriage years and last and widowed ones.
The sunlight there seems to be brighter
Than where'er else, I knew the forms
Of every tree and mountain, hill and dell;
It's waters gurgle like a tongue I know—
It is my home."
—*Mrs. Frances K. Butler.*

The residence of Mrs. Holmes was in the beautiful town of D—, only a few miles from Boston. It was the paternal estate and residence of her ancestors, for several generations back, and had been improved and beautified by all, especially in the preservation and planting of trees. A winding avenue one-fourth of a mile in length, and skirted with weeping elms, interspersed here and there with a rock maple, or an old oak, led to the house. This last was a true antique, though always kept in good repair. Having been from time to time enlarged by wings and additions, and with gables fronting several ways, it had more of the picturesque effect of the modern cottages, than the square, unsightly buildings of later times. Piazzas, porticoes, and verandas had been thrown up wherever a place could be found to attach one; and these were shaded with a profusion of grape and other vines. A luxuriant trumpet-vine, clustered over the southern front; and a lovely Michigan rose crept along the eastern, hanging its profuse and beautiful clusters over the window of the happy, happy Olive!

The grounds about the house were extremely beautiful; and a large farm, which constituted the estate, was cultivated in that finished and artistic style which we seldom see so well exemplified in this country as among the pet farms of gentlemen in the neighborhood of Boston. Yet this, although owned and managed solely by a woman, was not

inferior to any of its neighbors. Mrs. Holmes had a great deal of natural taste for agricultural pursuits. She was not only a woman of considerable scientific attainments, but of enlarged and liberal reading and general culture. She made herself familiar with all the modern improvements of others, and also experimented for herself. This farm she inherited in her own right; and though she had from time to time handed out to her son, until his father's property, including her own jointure and his inheritance, was exhausted, yet she resolutely determined not to involve this in any of his affairs. Thus, with much struggle, and often with great privation in parting with the income, she had kept it unencumbered, and constantly increasing in beauty and value. There was a kind of sanctity about it so nearly allied to a religious feeling, that she would really have considered it a sin—a kind of domestic sacrilege—to have incurred the possibility of throwing it into strange hands. And had she been obliged to leave it, she could truly have turned to her blooming foster-children, with the beautiful words of Eve, on her departure from Eden:

"Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? O, Flowers
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even—which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names.
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, or water from the ambrosial fount?"

Thus it was not only a feeling of veneration for what her ancestors had cherished and valued—for the home which had sheltered them for many years—but a kind of maternal sentiment, which, in certain persons, ever flows forth toward what they protect and cherish, that preserved the beautiful domain of Elmside from the encroachments of the young heir, until, ere it was too late, he had come to perceive his wrong.

When Olive began to make longer and longer excursions, and at length to enter into the morning labors of her good mother, her joy was boundless. These pursuits were so congenial with her simple tastes and unwarped character—and so healthful, so inspiring, that she gave herself up to them with the most intense delight. Sometimes, when a thought of all her blessings came over her suddenly, she would throw herself into the arms of Mrs. Holmes, and weep such soft, sweet tears of love and joy, as made her fair, blooming face more beautiful. Her light and graceful figure, robed in simple white, or in some light delicate muslin, went glancing about through sun and shade, amid bloom and verdure, as if a younger and fairer Eve had found a new Paradise.

In the shady afternoons, while Mrs. Holmes sauntered through her borders, or walked out to take a look at her squashes, corn, or melons, or, if much fatigued, lay down to rest, Olive would take her drawing apparatus out into the shadow of a large tree and sketch some favorite nook. In the evening she sang, and played the piano, varying the exercises by needlework, or reading aloud to Mrs. Holmes from the agricultural papers, or some of her favorite authors.

There were no bounds to the new mother's indulgence. She one day, however, made a very mysterious visit to Boston, without, as usual, extending an invitation to her favorite. Olive, who was impatient to see the kind Mrs. Bliss, and inform her of her good fortune, was greatly annoyed at this. But Mrs. Holmes got off almost slyly, as she thought; and the young pet, in her childish disappointment, actually cried, as the carriage drove off:

"I am really ashamed of myself for this," said Olive, as she sauntered down the avenue, and finally turned into a beautiful little enclosure, which she had named Willow Bank. "I am mortified at my own weakness," she continued, as she threw herself on the mossy slope, and looked into the clear and rapid stream. "If I do not make a vigorous effort to recover my womanhood, mamma will really make a baby of me."

As she said this she heard some one approaching; when, looking up, she saw a stout boy with very red cheeks, and who was, in his way, a kind of "Giles," standing before her, with his honest face dilated into a broad grin.

"Why, what has brought you here? and what pleases you so much, Jefferson?" she asked kindly; for, like many other native Americans, though in an humble situation, he had a great name.

"How der you like the looks o' this 'ere?" he answered, drawing a letter from his pocket, and wickedly holding it up with the blank side up.

"Dunno's you can tell who writ this 'ere! Dunno's you can read writin'!" he continued, mischievously withholding the letter.

"Come, now, Jefferson!" she entreated; "if it is for me, let me have it! That's a good fellow."

If she had said good boy, the probation would, doubtless, have been much longer; but that word fellow had something big in its very sound; and it proved to be a settler. He threw the letter into her lap; and turning a somersault down the hill, regained his feet, and ran off whistling Yankee Doodle.

Olive was left alone—if a young and love-dreaming girl could be left alone with the first letter of the beloved one, yet unopened, in her grasp. O, what a world of unexplored joy—what an Eden of rare beauty—is thus unfolded!

The letter, as may be surmised, was from Wil-

fred. It was at once respectful, delicate, and loving; and it had that most exquisite of all charms in such compositions—that of being neither over-colored nor too literal—but charmingly suggestive. Let any young lady who has ever been, or who hopes to be, for one short hour in her life, mistress of this ambrosial Eden of the heart, imagine for herself all the interesting details of the case—even to how many times it was read—before evening came and brought Mrs. Holmes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lightning Train.

BY W. A. CROCKETT.

With lungs of iron and wings of flame,
With nerves and sinews of quivering steel,
With ribs of brass and giant's frame,
He spurns the earth with an angry heel.
Through the midnight black
His eyeballs glare,
With a ghastly stare,
On the startled track,
And he lifts his voice with a scream of pain:
O, a monster grim is the Lightning Train!

The legend tells us of a milk-white steed
That carried Mohammed from earth to heaven;
As swift as a flash of light her speed,
And jeweled wings to her feet were given.
Each leap was as far
As the eye hath sight,
And each hoof as bright
As a blazing star;
And a gleam like a train of comet yields,
As Borak left in the rosy fields.

A wonderful arrow was that of old
That bore St. Albans through the land;
It was feathered with light and barbed with gold,
And sped by the touch of Apollo's hand.
With a sibilant song
It cleft the cloud,
That shouted aloud
As it passed along;
And the sea never saw, from its throbbing tide,
A vision so rare as the Prophet's ride!

The Sultan's cap and magical wand
Bore Fortunatus to isles remote;
The talisman took him to every land,
And to every sky in its airy boat;
But the gleaming shaft
From the archer's arm,
Aladdin's charm,
And the phantom craft,
And the steed that skimmed the azure plain,
Are all combined in the flying train.

It devours the forest and drinks the lake,
Then plunges down the wide ravines,
With the wealth of the world on its burdened back.
A sooty man from the saddle leans,
And a murky wraith
Its jaws emit,
As he tightens the bit
In the dragon's teeth;
And his cheek is swept by his fiery mane;
O, a monster grim is the Lightning Train!

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Banner of Progress.

"STAND ASIDE."

EDITORS BANNER OF PROGRESS:—It is to be regretted that those who profess the greatest liberality and Christian charity should follow so closely in the wake of those whom they call conservatives. It is quite too common among sectarians, and Spiritualists are by no means exempt from the same weakness, to attribute insanity and crime to the peculiar religious belief of the unfortunate victim, if that belief does not accord with their own. "Stand aside, I am more holy than thou," seems to be the motto of sectarians. The sensational papers tell us an awful crime has been committed in Norwich, Connecticut, by Charles Williams, a Spiritualist; and your correspondent "S" says, "He evidently was not a Spiritualist, or he would not have done as he did." The crime does not prove or disprove his religious belief. I know Mr. Williams to be a believer in the harmonious philosophy as taught by A. J. Davis and others, but that this beautiful faith led him to starve his only child is most absurd. Mr. Williams possesses an unbalanced mind, which is almost sure to ultimate in insanity, let his belief be what it may. That he is insane, I have no doubt; for since the death of his wife, six years ago, to whom he was tenderly attached, he has secluded himself from the world, and devoted himself to his little girl, of whom he was passionately fond. If the story is true, (and it is quite improbable that a child could subsist on gruel three weeks, then abstain from food and drink forty days, and still have strength to let herself down from the third story of a house,) I can only grieve that his devotion has resulted in insanity, and that little Eunice is motherless and worse than fatherless.

Again, we are told that Mr. Earle's converts are filling the Insane Asylum, and the orthodox tell us that Spiritualists will keep them company. Both may be true—why not? Does it prove that Mr. Earle's doctrine is true or false, or that Spiritualism is a delusion? By no means. There is a higher standard to judge of truth than the mental condition of sectarians. Misfortunes, that ought to excite our sympathy, are pointed out to prove that one is true and another false.

Spiritualists sometimes become insane and commit crimes—so do Methodists, Baptists, Universalists, and all other classes of sectarians—yet either may be right, or all wrong. Mrs. C. buried her son, a promising boy—she brooded over her troubles, became insane, and committed suicide. The papers said she was a Spiritualist, and laid it down in italics—and so she was. Yet spirits may communicate with earth-friends, though the poor heart-broken woman took her life. Mrs. F. buried her husband and refused to be comforted; so took the lives of her three children, then her own. A liberal paper said Mrs. F. was a Baptist, which was

also true; but the desperate act detracts not a whit from the truths taught by Calvin.

Thirty or forty years ago, a young man in New Hampshire attempted to frame a building by square rule—a new idea then, which his mind failed to grasp, and he became a maniac; and now no light of reason cheers his old age. Yet who will say that the square rule must be discarded by the carpenter because it drove one man to the mad-house?

We, who profess more liberality than the churches, should exercise that charity towards them that we demand for ourselves. Let us prove to them that we can love most and forgive most—outdoing the Christian in imitating their worthy model, Jesus of Nazareth. K.

For the Banner of Progress.

MARRYING FOR A HOME.

"There is very little love in the world now-a-days. Women only marry for homes, and to have some one to take care of them, pay their bills, and keep them in idleness."

A writer in the last issue of the BANNER takes umbrage at the above words, and seeks to defend woman from the charges contained therein. Let us see, however, if there is not some truth in the remarks. So far as our observation has extended, there is very little *real love* in the world—that which bears all the ups and downs, twists and turns of life. Take the friendships that exist in society, and how many of them are pure coin? How many of the wealthy remember their unfortunate friend, when, by an unlucky misstep, he has fallen to the foot of the ladder of fortune? How many of the virtuous adhere to and strive to raise again the victim of seduction and misplaced confidence and love? Are not women proverbially severe on their own sex as regards this matter?

We do not maintain that woman has more to answer for than man in the matter of selfishness. From the nature of things the two sexes must be equal. Elevate or degrade the one, and you raise or cast down the other.

But women marry for money! And why should they not? Are they not taught from infancy the power of wealth? and is not the love of power as great or greater in woman than it is in man? As society is now constituted, it is a question which woman is the most sensible—the one who marries for wealth or she who marries for love.

Are not the majority of our girls reared to be taken care of, to have their bills paid, and to live in idleness? Does not society almost force them to thus live? How many opportunities have they, for supporting themselves? Compare, if you will, the number of professions and employments open to men and those open to women. They must marry or starve, and naturally they choose to marry those who possess the most means to keep them from starving. "Suppose, for example, that a woman could be so foolish as to marry for money," says the writer. Now we maintain that women not only can, but generally do, marry for money, instead of love.

We cannot blame them. Most of our American girls are educated to fill a position far above that in which they were born. The only possible chance there is of their ever attaining such a position is to marry some wealthy man. That this is an evil we will not deny. And it is not the only evil connected with this subject. Women cannot live and be happy without love. They marry for money, and expect, with it, love. If there is no love between husband and wife, is it a wonder that sometimes love is bestowed on some one who has no right to such a blessing? for most assuredly is the man blessed who possesses the love of a true woman. This subject of marriage is a delicate one, that our modern philosophers and divines are not to touch.

"Whoever wants a true, earnest, loving wife, must begin by being a true, earnest, loving husband."

Very good. But suppose the man is not a husband, but one who hopes at some time to occupy that enviable position. Shall he seek for a true, earnest, loving girl? Undoubtedly; but alas! true, earnest, sensible, loving girls are much like angel visits; at least such is the opinion of PAUL ODELLON.

For the Banner of Progress.

HOW ARE WE LIVING?

Are we living as God designed, or as He taught? Do we properly understand His teachings? If so, why are we so afraid to commune with our own thoughts, or listen to that small voice which whispers to us, unheeded? Why do we fear to be tender and sympathetic, when we feel so, to our friend, and cultivate an indifference and repulsive-ness, to hide our better feelings, for fear of derision, or of being misunderstood by them, as seeking to win their good-will for some interest of our own? It is an error of wrong education. We have been taught to hide ourselves, and appear as somebody else, or rather to deny sympathy as a weakness; to look upon the world with a cold, apathetic indifference, as though we did not partake of its interest or happiness, but merely wished to pass on through the world as an indifferent spectator.

Why do we wonder, then, at the hollow forms of society, and even of the religion of to-day? We feel that there is a hollowiness which the multitude does not hide; that there is a want of real goodness beneath the polished surface. The soul's wants are not supplied, because you feel no response to your own interior being, though the manner may be faultless. O, the soul has language of its own, and understands the communication which expressed! Therefore it cannot be deceived by the appearance of goodness when the reality does not exist. The society of to-day is labeled, and every order not belonging to the popular side receives a formal bow, or a cold sneer, or a look of pity, as they are recognized by their labels. Could you see the true feelings which lie at the bottom of this worldly education, you would often find kindly sympathetic hearts beating to be friendly and familiar with those around them. But not having the key of knowledge wherewith to unlock the door of formality and read the contents of the heart in its natural impulses, as it beats under that coat of mail, you must remain in ignorance of the true being who lives beneath the surface; and whom the owner himself scarcely knows, because so sadly deformed. Why can we not be true to ourselves, and cultivate the good

and beautiful, rather than the deformities of a false life, which render us hideous. To know and feel that we are acting a false part on the surface of life, is enough to deface all the goodness and beauty of our natures. We feel the vacancy, and often long for rest from this tragedy of life, to become like little children, whose happy, joyous natures are yet untarnished by the false teachings of pride and ambition. Let us hope that there is a better time in store for us; that a new light is breaking through the darkness, and Truth and Knowledge shall open a pathway for weary mortals to walk in the beautiful fields of wisdom, to gather those lasting joys which shall bloom through all time, and open afresh in eternity, as pleasant memories, to welcome us as we reach that home where sorrow never comes and partings are no more. M. J. UPHAM.

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PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Any person sending us his or her name before the first of May, accompanied by three dollars in coin or four dollars in greenbacks, and two three-cent postage stamps, shall receive a copy of the BANNER OF PROGRESS for one year, and the "Bonquet" and "Exposition of Three Points of Popular Theology," advertised in our columns.

Will not all of our subscribers, who have delayed sending the money for their paper until now, send it immediately. The sum of three dollars is a small item to you; but these small sums multiplied enable us to send you the BANNER from week to week. Neglect not until to-morrow what you ought in justice to do to-day.

The Sunday Question.

Before we proceed to discuss this matter from a legal point of view, let us investigate it from the Bible standpoint somewhat farther than we have in any of our previous articles. In our first article, we took the ground that the fourth commandment was false, and hence not binding. But, for the sake of the argument, admitting that it is binding upon us at the present day, then all the Sabbaths of olden time are just as imperative, and the dereliction of duty, so far as disobedience is concerned, is chargeable against all Christians; for they have broken commands of God that are just as positive concerning other Sabbaths as for the seventh day. But, concerning the seventh-day Sabbath, the religious world are entirely unmindful of the commands of God. And, if they break God's law in one point, are they not, according to their own dogmatical teaching, as guilty as though they had broken all? The third verse of the thirty-fifth chapter of Exodus reads as follows: "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations on the Sabbath day." Where is the Christian habitation in the wide world, in which no fire is made on the Sabbath day? If it is right for them to set God's law at defiance in this respect, why may not children play on that day? Again, in the twenty-ninth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Exodus, we read: "Abide ye every man in his place; let no man go out of his place on the seventh day." Yet, in spite of this positive command of God, to stay "in their place, and to go not out of their place on their Sabbath," the Christian world would fain oblige all people, even by law, to "go out of their place" to attend church, and listen to the enunciation of their bigoted religious ideas. And again, in the fourth commandment, we are positively forbidden to do any work, or even to allow the cattle to do so. Yet, if a Christian happens to live far away from the house of God (as they call it), or feels too lazy to walk to church, or if he has a nice turn-out which he would exhibit, he hesitates not to require animals to labor. And, in a section of country where snow and severe wintry weather prevails, these Christians often expose their animals to the inclemency of the weather until they nearly perish with cold. Yet, while guilty of such inhumanity to dumb brutes, and transgressing the positive commands of God, they continue to call themselves Christians. Is it not strange that clergymen, who are such great sticklers for the sacred observance of the Sabbath, should on that day perform services for the people, in return for which they demand enough of filthy lucre to support themselves and families? But if a poor man, who has several children depending upon his labor to keep them from starvation, should go out and saw a load of wood on Sunday, to obtain money to buy bread for those hungry children, he, in the eyes of these saintly priests, would be a terrible sinner, deserving of eternal damnation for having broken God's holy Sabbath. Again, if the true God of heaven and earth gave such commands, and attached such penalties to a disobedience of them, why does he not put them in execution? In the twenty-first chapter of Exodus, fourth verse, we read: "Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you. Every

one that defileth it shall surely be put to death; for whosoever doeth any work therein, that soul shall be cut off from among his people." Now, has God power to execute His threats? Most assuredly he has, if He is an omnipotent Being. If He ever made any such threats, and possesses ample power to execute them, is He not bound to do so? One question more: Are the threats executed? Most unhesitatingly we answer, No! What, then, is the conclusion to which we are irresistibly led in the matter? No rational being can consistently arrive at any other conclusion than this, namely: that the threats were never made by the God of the universe. From whence did they come? or, in other words, who was the author of them? We answer, Moses; and we have good authority for saying so, if the New Testament be true. Jesus Christ said, when speaking of the Levitical or ceremonial laws, "Moses gave you these laws on account of the hardness of your hearts." Nor did he hold the ten commandments in the highest esteem, by any means; for, on one occasion, a young man came to him and claimed that he had "kept all the commandments from his youth up." Jesus did not dispute that the young man had been faithful to their requirements; still, with all that faithfulness, he lacked an important and essential thing in order to be a follower of him. In no case does Jesus lay any stress on the subject, either by example or precept. He traveled from town to town and city to city, over the hills and dales of Judea and Jerusalem, on the Sabbath day the same as on any other day of the week. He cured the sick, lame, halt, and blind on the Sabbath, the same as on any other day. He hesitated not to go into the corn-field with his disciples, and pluck the ears of corn to supply Nature's ever recurring wants. In fact, he made himself particularly obnoxious to the sticklers for a perfect observance of all the Jewish rites and ceremonies, by his apparent indifference with regard to an observance of that institution. We will continue the discussion of this question next week.

We quote the above for the purpose of making a few comments thereon. The editor of the *Mercury* has shown his good sense in rejecting such an idea of God. Let us notice some of its absurdities: "The hidden boundary between God's patience and His wrath." Just think a moment: how absurd the idea, that the patience of an Infinite Being should be exhausted, or that such a Being could become angry! We suppose that theologians would appeal immediately to the Bible, to substantiate their position, where it says that God is angry with the wicked every day. We reply: Solomon says that anger resteth in the bosom of fools; consequently, if God does get angry every day, then, according to Bible testimony, we have only an angry fool for a God! Again, "To pass that limit is to die—To die as if by stealth." Just think a moment: how absurd the idea, that the patience of an Infinite Being should be exhausted, or that such a Being could become angry! We suppose that theologians would appeal immediately to the Bible, to substantiate their position, where it says that God is angry with the wicked every day. We reply: Solomon says that anger resteth in the bosom of fools; consequently, if God does get angry every day, then, according to Bible testimony, we have only an angry fool for a God! Again, "To pass that limit is to die—To die as if by stealth."

How contemptible these two lines represent the character of God to be! All unknown by us, and without our being made aware of the reason for it, He determines to damn us to all eternity! What a horrid fiend He is represented by them to be! That He could look upon "the beaming eye," "the glow of health," "the spirits light and gay," and all the time gloating over the untold agony, disappointment, and despair that should wring our souls with indescribable torture through the ages of a never ending eternity! But it is on a par with the teaching of Jonathan Edwards, that "the sufferings of the damned in hell would enhance the glory of the righteous in heaven." We could excuse Jonathan Edwards for preaching such horrible articles of faith in his day; but that a man can be found in the light of the latter half of the nineteenth century, who seeks by such means to frighten people into his own religious belief, is ridiculous in the extreme. We thank God for Earle's sake that there is no hell; for if any individual deserves such a punishment, it is such a base slanderer of the character of our kind heavenly Father. We see by exchanges that the reverend Earle is in Stockton, stirring up the people. He ought to be obliged to go into the Asylum every day, and take a look at his victims; and, if he has any of the milk of human kindness left in his breast, he will quit his nefarious business, and become an honest man. T.

"We clip the above item from the issue of January 21st, and call it by the mild name of error, but for the term *falsehood* would be more appropriately applied to it."

We love to see these Christians lock horns with each other, for good will assuredly come out of it. The agitation of thought is said to be the beginning of wisdom. And whenever any of the cardinal doctrines of theology are up for consideration, we always feel an itching desire to have a *hand in*. So here we go! Let us say to both of these Christian editors, that they are quarreling over something that has no foundation in the New Testament, namely: water baptism as a Christian rite. Jesus Christ did not teach or practice it, and only submitted to it in the commencement of his ministry that he might close up John's dispensation of water baptism previous to the introduction of his own greater spiritual life. We hear John declaring on one occasion, in the following language: "I do indeed baptize you with water, but there standeth one among you the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose. He it is that shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." In Matthew 28: 19, we read: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This is not in water, most assuredly. But you ask, What does it mean? It means simply this and nothing more: "In the name of the Father"—the word "Father" is a representative word, and means wisdom. The word "Son" is likewise representative, and means love. With the words "Holy Ghost" it is the same, "Ghost" meaning spirit, or spirits. "Spirit" and "Spirits" were the original words. "Holy Ghost" was never found in any of the copies of the New Testament writings until after the second Ecclesiastical Council, held in the sixth century. Hence we have a command from Jesus Christ to his disciples to go and teach all nations, baptizing them in wisdom, love, and communion of holy spirits—just such a baptism, for all the world, as mankind need at the present day. T.

Can You Fill the Bill?

"The Apostles did not weep and pray over sinners for weeks and months that God would pardon their sins. They had received another commission from Christ. It reads as follows: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.'"

We quote the above for the purpose of asking Brother Craycroft if the same commission is given to the preachers of the gospel at the present day. We suppose that Craycroft claims to be a believer in that gospel, and we are anxious to know if he can fill the bill completely. In the verses immediately following the one quoted above, we read: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Say, Brother Craycroft, can you fill the bill? If not, by what authority do you claim to be a believer or follower of Christ? T.

Jo KERR wishes it distinctly understood that he is not a relation of Orpheus C. Kerr's, or of any family of office-seekers; but if some one will get him a Post-Office, he will agree that the clerks shall not steal the BANNER OF PROGRESS, and deprive our subscribers of the pleasure of its perusal. And he says the Post-Office he wants is not a thousand miles from either San Francisco or San Jose. M.

BROTHER EARLE is running a very successful revival in Marysville. The church is crowded and overflowing.—*Dramatic Chronicle*. Make room up at Stockton! The Asylum will soon be like the church in Marysville.

AN Earldom in California is worth twenty-five thousand dollars—just the amount our Earle will carry from our shores.

We don't see where the radicalism of the *Daily Times* comes in, unless it is considered to be radically conservative.

"The Unpardonable Sin."

[During the recent ministrations of Rev. Mr. Earle in this city, he preached a sermon on the above subject, in the course of which he recited the following hymn by Dr. Alexander. At the request of several admirers of the piece, we give it a place in our columns; although it presents an idea of our All-wise, All-loving Father widely at variance with our conceptions of that Divine Being.—*San Jose Mercury*.]

There is a line by us unseen
That crosses every path—
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

Indeed, the doomed one's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed;
He does not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He feels, perchance, that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell—
Not only doomed, but damned.

O, where is that mysterious bourse
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which, God himself has sworn
That he who goes is lost.

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Man and the Monkey.

Professor Humphrey, at the British Association, said that "between the lowest of the human species and the highest of the monkey there was a gap, the width of which would be differently estimated by different persons, but so wide that there never had yet been any doubt for which side any specimen should be referred. Now, if the one had been transmitted from the other, how came it that the series had been broken, and that the connecting links ceased to exist? The conditions were still favorable to the existence of the man and the existence of the monkey. Why were they not still favorable to the existence of the species that had connected the one with the other? We might wonder not only that the traces of such species in past time were not forthcoming, but that the species were not now living."

We make the above extract for the purpose of saying that, although scientific egotists may flatter themselves and try to convince us that so very wide a gap exists, still we have seen specimens of the genus *called* man, whose development, both physical and mental, was not so far removed from that of the monkey but that the peculiar instincts and characteristics of that interesting tribe were strongly marked in everything they said and did. And the same could be said of other animal developments in our race. The pig, the bear, the fox, the wolf, the tiger, may be seen cropping out in the "human form divine," at least in the face thereof, any day, on Montgomery street, "rain or shine." Believing—for we cannot help it—in the Darwinian theory, we can only respond to what Professor Humphrey has said about "connecting links" being wanted between man and the monkey by an expressive shrug of the shoulders, and an explanatory use of the Professor's name—Humph! M.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ says that the mule and the mulatto are evidences that radical distinctions exist between races of men as well as of animals. He omits to state the fact that the mulatto is still a man in all particulars except color, while the mule cannot be considered a horse, no matter what color he may be. The mulatto can continue his race by propagation, but the mule cannot. This latter fact is significant enough, and damages the statement of Agassiz badly. Again, the Professor says that the offspring of two different races of men—as, for instance, the white and the negro—are invariably unlike either parent. How comes it, then, that children "as black as your hat" have been born to white mothers even in the Northern States? Yes, and others, "white as a lily," to black mothers in the Southern section? We fear that the tropical sun of Brazil has given Agassiz a "stroke," and that this "stroke" of policy on his part—for it is nothing else—is exercised in the interest of the Brazilian emigration of Southern malcontents. M.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Physical Manifestations.

We continue our account of the wonderful demonstrations of spirit power, exhibited during four years, at the house of Col. Manrow, on Russian Hill, and referred to in our last number.

On one occasion, there were present some half-dozen persons, when the spirits were requested to call the medium (a colored servant) into the house, he being at the time in another building on the premises. He soon came rushing in, crying out, "Massa Manrow, de spirits say you want me!" As soon as he entered, the Colonel commenced calling on the spirits to perform various feats as tests of their power and presence. Among other things, he asked them to dash a plate from a pile which stood on a table. One of the plates was instantly hurled across the room from the top of the pile, and broken in pieces. They were requested to repeat the act, and another plate was thrown and broken in the same way. A glass globe to a chandelier shared the same fate. In fact, as often as they were dared to perform any act of mischief which would be an evidence of their presence and power, it was done in a twinkling. Some person present desired to be touched in some way by them, and immediately a short, sharp blow was heard, and the same person declared that his face had been slapped. This was by request repeated upon others of the circle. The medium was frequently attacked by blows upon all parts of his person, and would be noticed remonstrating with the spirits against their rudeness; for, being clairvoyant on these occasions, he was enabled to see those who were striking him. He once exclaimed that they were hammering his toes.

Col. Manrow, who is a large, heavy man, got upon the table one evening, and defied any and all spirits out of the body to move him from his position. He was instantly and violently thrown from the table, and fell upon a sofa near it, as helpless as a child.

Another remarkable manifestation frequently took place, of a most decided and convincing character. One of two atlas globes, on castors, which stood in a corner of the room, would be rolled out and forced quickly against a pane of glass in the French window, breaking it in pieces. This the Colonel one day undertook to prevent by placing a large table against the window. Shortly after, he heard a noise in the room, and, on going to see what was the cause of it, discovered that the table was being moved away, and the globe was breaking the pane of glass as before. On each occasion, the globe would be rolled back to its place in the corner, as quickly as it came. It was not until several panes of glass had been thus broken, that this manifestation ceased.

On Friday evening, September 19th, 1865, a circle was formed of ladies and gentlemen in the usual way, by placing the palms of the hands flatly upon the table. After a few moments of silence, the room being lighted with a large solar lamp, the table commenced moving, and all the customary phenomena, such as rapping, thumping, and lifting, took place in rapid succession.

The table was frequently suspended in the air, being lifted about eighteen inches off the floor, whilst their hands were lightly resting upon the top, as before mentioned. The power of gravitation was completely overcome, and the immense table floated in the air as light and buoyant as a cork upon water. It must be remembered, that, throughout the continuance of the experiments, raps were heard in almost uninterrupted succession upon and under the table, and in every part of the room. The room was then darkened by removing the lamp; but as there were two large windows in it, one of them opening east, and as the moon was just rising, it was still light enough to distinguish every object with certainty and precision.

The phenomena now became intensely interesting. Every object in the room seemed to be in commotion; sofa and chair cushions were thrown violently about; books flew in every direction; the door-bell was rung with great violence, and, to crown the whole, each person was struck, at the same moment, on almost every part of the body. Some were slapped with the palm of the hand; others were pulled by the hair; some kicked; others pinched or poked with the fingers of the invisible personages present. During the whole of this very singular performance, Mr. B. was seated in a distant corner of the room, far beyond the reach of any person at the table, and the circle took each other tightly by the hand, so as to preclude the possibility of collusion or deception.

Next a guitar was placed on the table, the circle joining hands. In a few seconds vibrations commenced, and then, almost immediately, the bass strings were struck with great force, and pulled so violently as almost to snap them asunder.

Conversation was kept up incessantly with the visitors and with each other, and many of the acts done were performed at the special request, either audible or mental, of some member of the circle. Mr. B. having convinced himself, by constantly moving his arms, that the blows he received were not given by any material object, now took a seat at the table and joined hands with the ladies near him. This was a signal for a renewal of the pranks of the spirits. A book was thrown across the room from the library, and struck one of the ladies on the breast. Mr. B. picked it up and placed it by his side. It was immediately opened; he closed it; it was opened a second time, and he turned down a leaf at the place. On producing a light, the following passage was indicated: "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" The volume was entitled, "Historical Travels in Central America," and the above sentence was the only quotation from Scripture in the book.

THE WRONG "OLE."—A man inquired at the post office in Erie, New York, the other day, for a letter for "Emery Hogen." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied, a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haick! It begins with a ho! Look in the ole that's got the ho's."

Here's pronunciation for you, Mr. News-Letter! Jo KERR says he can say the sharpest things in the dullest weather.

"We'll pray for you," say the clergy; and they prey.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

(COMMUNICATED.)

IN WHAT CONSISTS THE DIFFERENCE?

NUMBER EIGHT.

The accumulation of, and love for, these sacred books, afford the best possible evidence of the strength of the religious element as it existed in those remote periods of man's history; and also how much it influenced and controlled all their actions, both public and private, national and domestic. In perusing the account of the wars conducted by Cyrus, one is continually reminded of the close relation maintained between the soldier and his religion in the oft-repeated sacrifices, the severe scrutiny of entrails, the flight of birds, the movements of hares, and the never ending petitions to the gods for favorable results on all occasions, whether in camp, on the march, or engaged on the field of battle amid the crash of arms. Plato tells us of a conversation of Socrates, held with the noted citizen Alcibiades, respecting prayers and their efficacy; the latter contending that these petitions were quite indispensable, and that, if put up with earnestness, they were almost sure to be answered. Socrates shows him the folly of his position, by making it clear to his mind that through ignorance prayers might be made and answered, which answers might injure and overwhelm the petitioner with great evils, being yet true to the offered prayer. He then directs the attention of Alcibiades to the prayer of the Lacedaemonians, which, he said, runs thus:

"Sovereign of Nature! grant us what is good, Be it not the subject of our prayers; And from thy suppliant whatever is ill, Though supplicating for it, still avert."

It is obviously true, that with all the profound and energetic research of liberally scientific minds into the antiquated forms and practices of the then religion, we have been able to gather up but a fragment here and there of the whole and complete superstructure of any one religious system. The monuments of the ancient Brahmins and fire-worshippers throughout India have for the most part perished in the lapse of time, owing to the peculiar atmosphere of the climate. Their vast and gorgeous temples of worship, endowed with amazing wealth and architectural beauty, the pride and glory of the ages through which they stood, have crumbled to decay and gone from the sight of man. Our knowledge of the Hebrew character and ancient religion might be enhanced, could we find even the ruins of any structure of importance, the work of their hands; but they built no kind of monuments worthy of the name, leaving us with no other record of their history than the so-called sacred books, which, from their puerility and discrepancy, are wholly unreliable, and, for chronological sequence, worthless to the world. It was the practice in former ages to destroy sacred books belonging to an old form of worship, by those bigoted souls who became desirous of establishing a new system upon the ruins; and that explains the reason why ancient records are difficult to obtain, there being but few copies extant of a reliable character. The religious books of the Hindus are admitted to be very ancient, and thought to be alphabetical in their formation or composition. But the most ancient of all the alphabetical writings, it is conceded on all hands, was that of the Phoenicians; which was the parentage of the Greek, Latin, and English. The symbolical language, however, lies very far back of all written alphabets, preceding them by scores of centuries, the origin of which is lost in its very remoteness of antiquity. During the whole period of the Christian form of worship, there has prevailed a studious and systematic effort in the work of destruction of all phases and forms of other and older systems, wherever these were met with, in order that each and every vestige of the ancient symbolical worship might be entirely hid from view, and consequent recognition, by the disciples of the new faith. In all places of learning since the first inauguration of a seminary or a college, baptized and under the Christian seal, a knowledge of the ancient forms and types of religious worship has been most carefully and steadfastly excluded; or if perchance an inkling of any part of it should find its way to the minds of any learner, it has been purposely misunderstood, or misrepresented, and knowingly perverted from its true significance, so as to render it non-essential and inoperative in its bearing. There are many good and honest minds, who, on perusing writings of the same or similar character to these, ask the question, why persons run so directly against the current of popular belief, and thus place themselves in opposition to all the teachings of the age in religious matters? The only proper answer that can be given to such inquiry, is this: that above all things else in this world, truth is most desirable and profitable for mental and spiritual growth, and harmonious human development of the whole being and entire life. Truth is greater, and consequently of more real value than all systems, forms, rituals, and ceremonies, that ever have or will exist of a religious character, except such be purely truthful. There is another good and sufficient reason for analyzing and ventilating the pretensions of religious supremacy; and that is to be found in the fact that it is becoming well known to many positive enemies to all religions of every kind and character, that evidence is rapidly accumulating that all religions and religious forms of worship have and can be traced to one identical point of convergence, and that point or starting place not by any means from a Deific enunciation or dictum. Therefore, taking advantage of this knowledge, and in the absence of all moral culture and wholesome restraint, they use their efforts to subvert and demoralize society in every possible manner. Few, if any, who read these lines, but can point to one or more individuals of this class, who, if they had the power, would break up the best order of society, and that without the remotest idea of substituting any other, except perhaps the most vile and licentious imaginable. There is one form of religion which, though claiming to be religious, is yet, as a whole, in its infancy, and as such perhaps not free from some admixture of error; yet a religion of rich promise, because its basic principle rests upon a firm and indestructible foundation, as solid as the matter composing the Universe itself, and as eternal in its duration. This form is modern Spiritualism, so called; which I for one feel bound, by every tie which binds me to humanity, to defend and support, with all the limited capacity belonging to my nature, against every assault of bigotry or licentiousness, come in what shape or garments they may. Were the mind of man the loftiest seat in the sanctuary of his being, doubtless there would be a sameness of sentiment running through the race, as we see emotion and volition manifested in the lower races of animals; but there are two higher and nobler grades in man, that lift him at least two degrees above the highest of the race next below him, in the scale of existence; and these are the invisible—the immortal attributes of the inner and upper sanctuaries of his earthly temple, where he may enter in and shut the door, holding sweet communion with the Divine presence of all there is of pure holiness on this plane. The mind of man is necessarily earthly in its characteristics, and is fitted to grapple with the things of earth exclusively. J. D. PIERSON.

OUR FATHER THE FORMER; AND GOD THE CREATOR.

It is rather humiliating that the popular prejudice should be so strong on a scientific question as to induce a *swain* to make the remark that "we are the children of God, and not the children of monkeys." Probably the same blind prejudice induced the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" to withhold his name from the public. But after nearly a generation, that work is fast gaining that appreciation which it deserved at first. But history abundantly shows that scientific men are often blinded by prejudice and traditional error, as well as those who have not devoted their lives to special scientific pursuits.

Although the question of the origin of living species is purely a question of fact, and therefore scientific, it is so often mixed with theology by those who would, for lack of argument, throw a sneer at progressionists, that it may be well to examine its religious bearing. Progressionists think that men are the children of God; and also that all animate beings are his creatures. The mode of this coming into being is a legitimate subject of investigation, and not of sneering dogmatism. It is generally estimated that there are ten millions of living and extinct species, both animal and vegetable. Now, if each of these are the work of special creation, it would imply a frequent interference of creative power. This idea strongly implies that God performs the special creations, while nature (the not-God) does the remainder. Now here are two conceptions of Divine character as connected with our world; one, that God is immanent in matter, and that the visible universe is the result of the growth and progression of all substance by the refinement, progression, combination, and recombination of the ultimate particles of substance in accordance with inherent and fixed laws. The other is, that while a portion is done by orderly sequence of the fixed laws of nature, the most important and difficult part is done by a frequent interference of creative power by God from an outside standpoint. Although it may be said that both these conceptions are purely subjective, existing in the minds of those holding them, it still may be worth while to inquire which is the more exalted and noble conception of Deity. Which is the greatest mechanical feat of skill—to make a clock that measures time correctly by being wound once a day, one that requires to be wound once a week, one that would run a month, one that would run a year, or one that would measure time correctly in perpetuity, without requiring to be wound at all? Without claiming that there is an exact parallel between a mechanical perpetual motion and the visible universe, it is sufficient that these comparisons serve to illustrate the obvious truth, that the progressionist's conception of Deity is more exalted than that of the advocate of special creation. Without theologizing farther on this purely scientific question, I wish to introduce the opinions of some English scientific writers of acknowledged ability. The English mind, as a national characteristic, is noted for its solidity and tenacious hold on conservative ideas, and not one of the writers hereafter quoted have ever been accused of Spiritualism, to the writer's knowledge. I pass the entire treatises of the "Vestiges of Creation" attributed to Chambers; and Darwin's "Origin of Species," which were written expressly to advocate the progressive theory.

John Stuart Mill, in his "System of Logic" (p. 116, Vol. II), says: "We are fully warranted in considering that law, as applied to all the phenomena within the range of human observation, including mental acts, to stand on an equal footing in respect to evidence with the axioms of geometry itself; that we know it to be true; by far the greater number of phenomena, that there are none of which we know it not to be true; while phenomena after phenomena, as they become better known, are constantly passing from the latter class into the former. I do not believe that there is now one object or event in all our experience of nature, within the bounds of the solar system at least, which has not either been ascertained by direct observation to follow laws of its own, or been proved to be exactly similar to objects and events, which, in more familiar manifestations, or on a more limited scale, follow strict laws."

Sir R. Murchison, in his large geological treatise entitled "Siluria," says that "fossil fishes have everywhere proved the most exact chronometers of the age of rocks" (p. 417). This is merely a scientific straw to indicate the general drift.

It is quite unnecessary to make quotations from Buckle's "History of Civilization," since it is the object of that elaborate and profound work to show that the progress of civilization is subservient to primordial laws.

Herbert Spencer is a living English philosopher of profound intellect, who is rapidly gaining in popular favor. So eagerly are his works sought, that they are subscribed for in advance of publication by the most eminent political, scientific, and literary men of our country. The critic of the *Alta California*, in a notice of his works, says he is a writer after the true genius and heart of the American people. He says in "First Principles" (p. 38): "Alike in the rudest creeds, and in the cosmogony, long current among ourselves, it is assumed that the genesis of the heavens and the earth is effected somewhat after the manner in which a workman shapes a piece of furniture. Now, in the first place, not only is this conception one that cannot, by any cumulative process of thought, or the fulfillment of predictions based on it, be shown to thither to anything actual; and not only is it, that, in the absence of all evidence respecting the process of creation, we have no proof of correspondence even between this limited conception and some limited portion of the fact." Again, he says: "Wherever there exist phenomena of which the dependence is not yet ascertained, the most cultivated intellects, impelled by the conviction that here, too, there is some invariable connection, proceed to observe, to compare, and experiment; and when they discover the law to which the phenomena conforms, as they eventually do, their general belief in the universality of law is farther strengthened. So overwhelming is the evidence, and such the effect of the effect of this discipline, that the advanced student of nature, the proposition that there are lawless phenomena has become not only incredible, but almost inconceivable."

Hugh Miller, in "Foot-Prints of the Creator," though no progressionist, says: "It is of itself an extraordinary fact that the order adopted by Cuvier, in his 'Animal Kingdom,' as that in which the four great classes of vertebrate animals, when marshaled according to their rank and standing, naturally range, should be also that in which they occur in the order of time. The brain which bears an average proportion to the spinal cord of not more than two to one comes first—it is the brain of the fish; that which bears an average to the spinal cord of two and a half to one succeeds it—it is the brain of the reptile; then comes the brain averaging as three to one—it is that of the bird. Next, in succession, comes the brain that averages as four to one—it is that of the mind; and last of all there appeared a

brain that averages as twenty-three to one—reasoning, calculating Man had come upon the scene." So much is the self-educated, orthodox Miller constrained to record of the facts which every philosophical mind must perceive clearly point in the direction of progressive evolution.

The great astronomer, Sir John Herschel, says: "I cannot but think it an inadequate conception of the Creator to assume it as granted that his combinations are exhausted upon any one of the theaters of their former exercise, though in this, as in all his other works, we are led, by all analogy, to suppose that he operates through a series of intermediate causes, and that, in consequence, the origination of fresh species, could it ever come under our cognizance, would be found to be a natural, in contradistinction to a miraculous process, although we perceive no indications of any process actually in progress, which is likely to issue in such a result."

Rev. John P. Smith says: "Our most deeply investigated views of the Divine government lead to the conviction that it is exercised in the way of order, or what we usually call law. God reigns according to immutable principles, that is, by law, in every part of his kingdom—the mechanical, the intellectual, and the moral; and it appears to be most clearly a position arising out of that fact, that a comprehensive germ, which shall necessarily evade all future developments, down to the minutest atomic movements, is a more suitable attribution to the Deity than the idea of a necessity for irregular interferences."

The one fundamental distinction between popular theology and Spiritualism is, that the one divides the facts of the world in which we dwell between natural and supernatural, and attributes the one to general, the other to special acts of the Creator. Spiritualism sees no such distinction, but considers all as natural, general, orderly, and resulting from our Deific Father's power.

"That, changed through all, and yet in all the same; Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame; Warm in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees; Lives through all life, extends through all extent; Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

A subsidiary distinction between Spiritualism and other religions is, that Spiritualists claim that there is not only a theoretical, but a natural, a scientific, and a practical connection between the spirit and the mundane world. It would be the height of presumption to claim that this highest and most occult of all sciences is fully learned in the brief space of eighteen years. It is only claimed that it is worthy of our serious attention, and that it has important bearings upon existing society. These bearings and relations must be wrought out, perceived and adjusted by human intelligence and effort, the same as the complicated relations of civilized society have been.

If cumulative testimony were needed, it might be found in the remark of Dr. Buckland: "If the properties adopted by the elements at the moment of their creation adapted them beforehand to the infinity of complicated useful purposes which they have already answered, and may have still farther to answer, under many dispensations of the material world, such an aboriginal constitution, so far from superseding an intelligent agent, would only exalt our conception of the consummate skill and power that could comprehend such an infinity of future uses under future systems, in the original groundwork of his creation." JOHN ALLYN.

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CIRCULAR

OF THE State Central Committee,

APPOINTED BY THE California State Convention of Spiritualists,

HELD AT SAN JOSE, MAY 25, 26, & 27, 1866.

Sir:—Your name is presented to us as one interested in the advancement of Humanity. As such, you are addressed by the State Central Committee, appointed by the late Convention at San Jose, soliciting your active co-operation.

We, as Rational Spiritualists, interpret the writing upon the wall as significant of the transition period through which we are passing, and that the hour has come for a clear expression of our honest and truthful convictions before the world, and wish to make ourselves more efficient in the great work before us, of building up the Kingdom of Righteousness in the human heart. The evidences are incontrovertible that old religious opinions and ideas are passing away, and that new and higher revelations speak to us in language more potent, more significant, than the world has before heard, by reason of its coming from realms where clearer views and holier truths are attainable. Therefore we should not forget the great facts already developed in the brief history of our beautiful faith, that upon us, as Spiritualists, devolves the labor of shaping the future sentiment of the body politic, and will rest the glory or the shame of the near future of the race. To us is presented the golden opportunity of supplanting error with truth, darkness with light, and superstition with reason and natural law. For this purpose, some systematic effort and concert of action are necessary.

In our present isolation from each other, we are but marks at which theological fire is directed with impunity, and even malignity. We would therefore invite to our ranks all who have true respect for the freedom of the human race, all who can yield obedience to Reason, and are devoted to Truth for its own sake, and believe in Universal Progress. Within a year, another Convention will be held. It is desirable that you should participate in it. Open a correspondence with the Secretary, and suggest time and place. Give the names of prominent Spiritualists and liberal persons in your vicinity, and state what are the opportunities and encouragements for meetings, if good speakers are desired, and what remuneration will be given them; also, how many copies of the BANNER OF PROGRESS will be subscribed for, and what spiritual or liberal books are called for and can be sold in your neighborhood; and, further, whether a Children's Progressive Lyceum can be organized in your town, and how many children can be induced to join the same.

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The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1867.

LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

Two Little Pairs of Boots.

BY MRS. S. S. PERRY.

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet,
In the trundle-bed are lying.
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They ran the liveliest day,
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away.
So tired am I to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new-ploughed ground,
Where mud is plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
And take it into pies.
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day I was disposed to scold;
But when I looked to-night,
At those small boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be,
To put them out of sight.

For, in truth, up stairs, I've laid
Two coats of red and blue,
To call to put those boots away,
Or God, what should I do?
I mourn that they should be to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn, because I thought how nice
My neighbor "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray.
Yet, well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day!

We mothers weary get and worn,
Over our load of care,
But how we speak of those dear ones,
Let each of us beware!
What would our friends be to-night,
If no small boots were there?

Address to the Lyceum.

DEAR CHILDREN, ONE AND ALL:—In reading the BANNER OF PROGRESS, I notice one column headed "Lyceum Department," and I find myself wondering if I cannot write you a letter, which the good editors will print, and then it will reach you all. I need not tell you, first, that I love you, for I never write letters except to those I love. Writing to such, is one of the joys of my life. I look upon children as gifts from God, not only to their parents, brothers, and sisters, but to all humanity. Now, dear ones, the gift is greater than that; even a part of the Divine individualized in your form; an eternal life for you; a beautiful casket, containing gems which you are to care for. Did you ever think of this, and reflect that every time you speak a hearty word to your playmates, or in the family circle, those gems of your being are marred and thrown out of their true position? When the casket is in order, they give you clear light, and joy is about your pathway all the time. Then nature, even, is like a playground; for the little birds sing their happy songs the faster, and the flowers look brighter, when all within you is still. If, then, by hasty words or acts, you throw every one in disorder, nothing is restful about you, and even God's beautiful world seems sad. I think sometimes, when I see the little child yield to such weakness, if he or she could know that every unkind word or look leaves its picture in the gallery of memory, and that when we lay aside this outer form, we shall see how we have tarnished the gems God gave us, instead of beautifying them with our care, that they would be stronger, and always endeavor to speak gently, and be joyous; in that way assisting to make the world beautiful too. Little children, from the babe in its mother's arms up to the oldest, you little know how large a place in this old world belongs to you—just as large as you can fill, and every good thought is a living thing which floats out, taking position according to its truth, helping make up the space you fill. Never mind if, at times, everything seems to go wrong, and when you were just going to play ball, dress the doll, or roll the hoop, mother would like something done; never tell her that is always the way, but do cheerfully for her, and methinks mother will then see 'tis time for you to play. Remember, the days which have flown by in our lives have done their work for us according as we have improved the time. Now let me explain what I feel is improvement. Play, to me, is improving the time as much as the hours in which you work or fuss with your books. I do not see it improving time to play always, and thus forget that you should gather elements of knowledge; neither do I call it true improvement, where you spend all your time at work or books. What we all need, is harmonious development, and that we only can get by earnest work at whatever we do, and as earnest play or relaxation. We never have but the moment and the hour to live; for if we live fully that hour, we are thereby fitted for the next, and all the days of our life, finding us at twilight restful and happy in spirit, that the family circle has been blessed by our presence. If little children would only learn this lesson, to be true to the hour, letting the day care for itself, they would be less fretting and teasing at home; and as they grew older they would find there was the same need for them in the great family circle. Our nation, which is composed of the lesser ones, for many are therein, need to learn from little children the definition of such a home. When I see you march, bearing the "flags," those stars and stripes have a language to me—much more does the boy or girl who carries the "flag," proudly marching with a firm step, ere long, marks your principle as the man or woman, the living out of which, will truly show America to be the Home of the Free—one great family circle, where we are all children, with aims high, purposes true, our prayers in action, our trust in self and God. In this great family circle I stand with you.

THE LITTLE ONE.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet in Congress Hall next Sunday, at their usual hour—1 o'clock, p. m. All are invited to attend and witness the exercises.

A boy died suddenly in this city in the past week, after over-exertion in playing on Sunday last; and a pious lady told the children that God killed him because he played on Sunday! We wonder if God thanked her for telling such a lie.

ANSWER TO WORD PUZZLE.—The Children's Voice.

ANSWER TO QUAZ STORY.—108 feet 10 1/2 inches.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—"I look," says Dr. Chanelling, "with scorn on the selfish greatness of this world, and with pity on the most gifted and prosperous, in a struggle for office and power; but I look with reverence on the obscurest man who suffers for the right, who is true to a good but persecuted cause."

BORN.

In Sacramento, Feb. 19th, to the wife of H. Marks, a daughter.
In Sacramento, Feb. 25th, to the wife of J. H. Gates, a son.
In Marin county, Feb. 15th, to the wife of S. Laird, a daughter.
In Petaluma, Feb. 6th, to the wife of Vincent Liberty, a daughter.
In Colusa county, Feb. 19th, to the wife of J. F. Bowman, a daughter.
In Colusa county, Feb. 15th, to the wife of J. F. Bowman, a daughter.
In Vacaville, Feb. 13th, to the wife of M. Blum, a daughter.
In Rio Vista, Jan. 24th, to the wife of James Cochran, a son.
In Santa Cruz, Feb. 13th, to the wife of O. M. Button, a son.
In Santa Cruz, Feb. 18th, to the wife of A. B. Brew, a daughter.
In Mariposa, Feb. 18th, to the wife of A. M. Swancy, a daughter.
In Mariposa, Feb. 10th, to the wife of J. F. Myers, a daughter.
In Mariposa, Feb. 22d, to the wife of A. Reynolds, a son.
In Mariposa, Feb. 3d, to the wife of A. P. Matthews, a daughter.

MARRIED.

"O married love!—each heart shall own,
When two congenial souls unite,
The golden chains laid with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright."

In Redwood City, Feb. 17th, H. Ward to Adelle L. Howland.
In San Francisco, Feb. 20th, M. Margaret Dye, mother of Wm. M. Dye, of this city, to Samuel D. Mayer, of this city, to Ellen La Tourrette Graves, of New York.
In Monterey, Feb. 12th, Charles Gibson to Louisa Smith.
In Pescadero, Feb. 19th, Manuel R. Machado to Geroma A. Rios.
In New York, Jan. 24th, Samuel D. Mayer, of this city, to Ellen La Tourrette Graves, of New York.
In Suisun, Feb. 13th, Wm. McCann to Katharina Evans.
In Orville, Feb. 20th, Charles Gibson to Louisa Smith.
In Jacksonville, Feb. 14th, James M. Sutter to Mary J. Shook.
At Copperopolis, Feb. 17th, J. E. O'Donnell to Mary A. M. Gomer.
At Copperopolis, Feb. 17th, Charles Kohler to Eva Hoover.

DEPARTED.

"Death is not dreadful; to a mind resolved,
It seems as natural as to be born!"
"Man makes a death, which Nature never made."

In this city, Feb. 25th, Cyrus S. Shirley, aged 7 years and 8 months.
In this city, Feb. 25th, William Bickle, aged 33 years and 6 months.
In Watsonville, Feb. 12th, Farrington White, aged 8 years.
In Grass Valley, Feb. 21st, Mrs. Dorletha Avery, aged 43 years.
In Rough and Ready, Feb. 16th, Emma M. Melbourne, aged 8 months.
At Thatcher's Station, Carson road, infant daughter of Mr. Thatcher.

In Placerville, Feb. 18th, Emma A. Celio, aged 23 months.
At Antelope Station, Feb. 20th, Mrs. Margaret Dye, mother of Wm. M. Dye, of this city, aged 50 years and 3 months.
In Atlix, Ind., Dec. 13th, of chronic bronchitis, Rev. Abijah L. Baker, late pastor of the First Baptist Church of Oakland, aged 73 years.
In Sacramento, Feb. 25th, Col. Louis van Hagan, a native of Germany, aged 68 years, 9 months and 22 days.
In San Pablo, Feb. 24th, H. Christina Wilson, aged 24 years.
In Stockton, Feb. 25th, David Blackstone, aged 13 years and 8 months.
Near Visalia, Feb. 17th, Andrew, infant son of A. C. and Kate E. Russell.
In Sacramento, Feb. 25th, John W. Miller, aged 40 years.
In Coloma, Feb. 24th, Mrs. Lizzie Kennedy, aged 38 years.
At Moraga Island, Feb. 20th, Mrs. Mary Ann, aged 46 years.
At Rocklin, Feb. 24th, Daniel Van Trees, aged 46 years, 11 months and 27 days.
In Calaveras county, Feb. 18th, Andrew McGinnis, aged 48 years.
In Marysville, Feb. 23d, Margaret Boyce, aged 2 months.

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ON AND AFTER NOVEMBER 29, 1866, until further notice, the trains of the Central Pacific Railroad will run as follows:

Going East.
Passenger trains will leave Sacramento at 6:30 A. M., and arrive at Cisco at 12 M.; also at 2 P. M., arriving at Cisco at 7:30 P. M.

Going West.
Passenger train leaves Cisco at 6:30 A. M., and arrives at Sacramento at 12:30 P. M.; also, at 1 P. M., arriving at Sacramento at 6:30 P. M.

The morning passenger trains connect at Auburn with stages for Yankee Jim, Forest Hill, Michigan Bluffs and Georgetown, and at Colusa with Stages for Grass Valley, Nevada and San Juan; and at Cisco with Stages for Summit City, Austin, Virginia City, and all points in the State of Nevada.

The 6:30 A. M. train connects at the Junction with the cars of the California Central Railroad for Lincoln and Marysville, and all points north.

All trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

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FROM VALLEJO AND DAVIS STREETS.

THE FAVORITE STEAMER
CONTRA COSTA.

CAPTAIN.....JOHN T. MCKENZIE.

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8 A. M.....2 1/2 P. M.....2 1/2 P. M.

Connecting with Stages for San Rafael, Olinda, Tomales, and Bolinas, in Marin county; and also with San Pablo. For further particulars, apply to the Captain on board, or to CHARLES MINTURN, Agent.

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LEAVES FOLSOM STREET WHARF AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M. of the following dates for PANAMA, connecting via PANAMA RAILROAD with one of the Company's splendid Steamers for ASPINWALL for NEW YORK: On the 10th, 18th and 26th of each month that has 31 days. On the 10th, 18th and 30th of all months on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Cabin passengers for San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

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