

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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LYONEL HARRINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Cora Wilbur, expressly for the Banner of Light.

CHAPTER XIII. The Chain.

Tobias Thork accompanied his young friend through the forest, and when they emerged from it he stood still, catching his spent breath, and said, as he put his hand upon his panting breast:

"It will not do any more. The wretched bones are willing yet, but there is a lack here. The lungs are like the purse—have this in common: both are poorly lined, though the world is rich in air and in gold. Adieu, young man; hope that we shall meet again; that is settled. At meeting and at parting, the shortest word is the best in the matter. Therefore, enough. God be with you!"

He turned around and pursued his homeward way.

Lyonel called out his farewell and thanks to the old sergeant, and followed cheerfully elated the high road that between broad and fertile fields led to Castle Lichtenheim. The little stream rushed murmuring by and kept him company, seeming to whisper of its source in St. Catharine's hall, of Tobias Thork and his beautiful and mysterious niece. It was no wonder that the young man was compelled to think so much of those strange inhabitants of the forest. The thought of the genial and intellectual Baron Von Urming also presented itself, as he neared his dwelling-place. He resolved to pass a few days with him, and on his arrival, to notify his faithful Arnold Jackson of his whereabouts, and request him as soon as their baggage was received to sell the horses, purchase a convenient traveling carriage, and meet him without delay at Lichtenheim. But in the midst of all this and other resolves, continually intruded itself the image of the philosophical invalid, and the radiant one of Cecilia, that native princess in the beggar's garb. During his stay at the castle, it would be easy for him to return to them more than once.

"Why is it," he thought, "that these in mind superior beings, must live in the lower dust? Had they been the heirs of the wealthy, the children of the nobility, what parts would they not have played in the active spheres of life! The old man with a better education and school culture, at the head of an army, with his staff of command, might have caused the destruction of hostile thrones, or upon the pulpit might have enkindled a new light for the spirit-world. The shepherdess in the royal mantle might have proved equal to Elizabeth of England, or Catharine of Russia. How many a Leibnitz and Kant walk behind the plough; how many a Napoleon, Bernadotte, or Moreau walks humbly with the drum, while common-place people with the milre and the marshal's badge, decide upon the destinies of great nations. But it is God's wise law of fate, that the largest portion of his spiritual gifts shall be found amid the majority of the people; that humanity may through itself, and not through its supposed earthly Gods, be ripened, and led towards perfection."

Thus musing, the philosophical dreamer was interrupted in his train of ideas by the appearance of a castle at no great distance. It was Lichtenheim, which at a turn of the road presented itself, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. Lyonel felt inclined to call upon his friend at once beneath his parental roof, but as he neared the palatial mansion he lost the courage and the resolve to do so, for the great house seemed to frown upon him in lofty, conscious superiority, from the height of the gently rising ground on which it met the eye. The green background of sycamore and other choice trees that framed it in, as a waving mantle, enhanced the lustre of its marble whiteness. In front, a row of Ionian pillars, with broad, high windows glistening between, formed a shady retreat. To the right and left were smaller buildings in the same good taste and style, that seemed to stand there as modest servants in the retinue of their lord. The beautifully decorated garden before the house was protected by an iron fence, and to the right of it was a spacious park, filled with towering beeches, elms and oaks.

The traveler cast a fleeting glance upon the stately home and its surroundings; then upon his dust-covered boots and the rest of his attire, and he passed quickly on.

"One is in this manner compelled," he reasoned, "to do violence to one's best wishes in this life, to render homage to a senseless custom, in order not to sin against the usages of fashionable life. And the persons who display their riches, imagine most honestly, in their self-conceit, that they are in a degree superior beings to their fellow-men; they believe the merit of their mansions, carriages, architects, hair-dressers, or tailors, is a reflection of their own consequence, and therefore, they exact the homage they deem their due. Empty noting! children in soldier's coat, with a tin sword, timid as they may be, deem themselves great and terrible, though others do not believe it. Oh thou beautiful in soul, thou simple Cecilia, how the wealth of thy spirit gleams through thy miserable garb. The mind poverty of many a lady of rank is concealed by the wealthy resources of art, for which she is indebted to her dress-maker and the appliances of the toilet."

In rather a gloomy mood, as might be inferred from his thoughts, he spoke to a passing farmer to inquire of him where he could find an inn.

"There is a good one on the carriage-road, as soon as you reach the end of the park," replied the man; or, you can take the nearer footpath through the park."

Lyonel chose the nearest way, and had not gone many steps in the green twilight of the beeches, through whose branches yet played the departing gleams of sunlight, before he found a costly arête. It was a heavy neck-chain of gold, to which was attached a diamond cross. As he stooped to pick it up, he heard the voices and laughter of unseen young girls, as he judged from the silvery tones.

As he stepped upon a wide circular grass plot, environed by the beech trees, he saw two well-dressed young ladies chasing a swarm of butterflies with gauze nets, laughing and running with all the unchecked merriment of youth.

"Without doubt," he thought, "one of them has lost the chain in her romping haste."

They were not aware of his presence till he stood between them, and respectfully doffing his hat, he said, with a somewhat mischievous smile:

"Will the ladies pardon a stranger for interrupting them in their favorite pastime of ensnaring frivolous butterflies, to set them again at liberty? It is said, however, to be a dangerous avocation for young maidens; and I believe I have the proof in my hands."

The ladies, rather embarrassed, looked at the intruder, and seemed to regard his evident presumption with a certain degree of haughty astonishment.

"What is it you wish, sir?" said one.

"Only the fulfillment of a duty, if I am not mistaken," said Lyonel, and his eyes rested on the white neck of the fair beings, one of whom wore a delicate crozier of pearls.

"And in what consists this duty, sir?" was the further inquiry.

"To fetter the one who has cast aside her chains, and is so eager to rob the poor butterflies of their freedom."

At these words the young ladies looked again in visible surprise at the bold young man; then they looked at each other, and a mocking, yet arch smile played upon their lips.

"Which of us do you think the chains are for?" said the liveliest, most mischievous of the two, who, with cheeks crimsoned by exercise, with unbound hair, accosted him.

"For yourself, gracious lady! Surrender yourself!" said Lyonel, as he held the chain toward her.

"Indeed countess, it is your chain!" cried her companion.

The young countess hastily put her hand to her neck, and became aware of her loss; then as quickly she took the recovered treasure from the hand of the lucky finder, and said, with a graceful inclination of the head:

"You are very kind, indeed, sir. How shall I thank you, sufficiently?"

"It is not usual to return thanks for chains," he responded gaily. "You must know that, who undoubtedly have doomed many a one to wear them. But I love freedom, therefore permit me, to take flight."

This said, he bowed, and pursued his way through the park. He had scarcely taken a few steps beneath the arching foliage, when he heard the two girls, deeming him out of hearing as well as out of sight, burst into a merry peal of laughter. He remained standing and listened.

"Put the chain around my neck again, dear Leonie," entreated the countess. "He was, despite of all, a pleasant, witty, I might say, a really handsome man. Is it not so? But such dare not fetter us!"

"Has he not perhaps involuntarily given Countess Gabriella another besides the golden chain—an invisible one?" replied Leonie. "It is certain he has a fine and manly presence."

"Who can he be?" said the countess. "We have not even asked his name. He must think we are very foolish, ill-bred girls."

The listener mid the trees heard no more, for the voices of the lovely chatterers were lost in the distance. He was not displeased with the praise, awarded him by the two nightingale voices; and soon he reached the large and commodious inn, which skirted the main road, and in the immediate vicinity of a village, half-imbedded in fruit trees, received him with a friendly welcome.

CHAPTER XIV. Mene, Mene, Tekel.

He received unpleasant news the next morning, to the effect that his friend, the counsellor, for whom his visit was intended, was absent from home, and not expected to return for some days. If he had not written to his faithful Arnold Jackson that he awaited him at Lichtenheim, he would have continued his wanderings in search of adventure. As it was, he felt compelled to stay, as he knew that his fellow-traveler would obey orders promptly, and would leave Baarlingen at once.

The first day, being a rainy one, Lyonel spent mostly at his writing desk and in reading; but on the second day he lost patience, and knew not what to begin to while away the time. Should he return to the charming valley of St. Catharine? It seemed too early yet, and would give occasion for the gossiping remarks of former Trolle and the females of his family. He honored the poor Cecilia and the

honest old soldier too much to cause them a moment's grief by an act of thoughtlessness.

He wandered about the neighborhood of Lichtenheim, and without deriving any great pleasure from these excursions, returned wearily to his quarters. He walked through the park in the evening time, in the hope of again meeting with the fair butterfly huntresses, but he met them not again.

On the third morning he sent to request an interview with the Minister, and was desired to present himself in the afternoon. He went, not too well satisfied with the delay and coldly accorded permission. He found the Minister pacing up and down the pillared hall before the villa. He was a gentleman advanced in years, of a broad, strong build, and with a commanding air. Although simply clad in his blue overcoat, Lyonel would have recognized "his Excellency," even without the distinguishing star that glittered on his breast. The face, with its finely cut features and proud Roman nose, betokened a high intellect, as well as a sense of conscious pride. The piercing glance of his projecting eyes evinced a powerfully retentive memory, and a mingling of cold distrust—the latter, as it seemed, the result of manifold unpleasant experiences of human life.

The young American, who was not at all disconcerted by the aristocratic bearing of the great man, apologized politely for appearing in his travelling garb; he spoke of his promise to the Baron Von Urming that he would pay him a farewell visit, and expressed his regret at his absence. He was told in return that his arrival was hourly expected, and that he had spoken of Mr. Harrington in terms of the highest praise.

"My son Rainer has told us," said the Minister, who was rather prepossessed with the respectful, dignified manners of the stranger, "but shall we not take seats?"—he has related to us your travels. You have seen the most interesting portions of our globe, of our hemisphere, which, in contrast with the conditions of America, must have struck you as remarkable. Have you formed the acquaintance of any European Courts?"

Lyonel named those at which he had been presented by the American Ministers or Consuls; and the conversation was continued for some time on the different modes of life and on the various Capitals. They commented upon the private life and characteristics of several princes; on the views and political bias of a number of prominent statesmen. The Minister felt perfectly at home in this field, and displayed an extensive knowledge by his well-directed inquiries, instructive remarks, pleasant replies and observations. In the meantime, refreshments upon silver and porcelain plates were brought in by liveried servants, and placed upon the mahogany table that stood before the velvet-covered sofa.

"But now please tell me," continued the old gentleman, "if you can tell, what complete impression the aspect of European life and effort has produced upon you? Are you satisfied with the gleanings of your traveled experience?"

"Why should I not? But I saw also in cultivated lands the distressing sight of a silent war of the people against their existing, often antagonistic institutions; I saw a secret surging of pressing needs, wishes, fears and contradictions, even in the States of the worthiest rulers."

"You are not quite in the wrong; unfortunately it is so, Mr. Harrington. There is, here and there, a sort of discontent; but the reasons for this are known, and are not all caused by the administrations of the land. But I will acknowledge we are living in a transition period."

"It seems to me, your Excellency, that every part of a nation's life is a transition period toward a better or a worse state, as is the case with the daily experience of every individual. Nothing stands still; but the present time seems to me, in this portion of the world, to be more unquiet, to be imbued with agitation far more so than any period of the past, hardly excepting the days of the Reformation, or the war pilgrimages of the people. If I mistake not, events are approaching for Europe that will react upon America."

"You are yet a young man," responded the aged statesman, whose earnest manner was for a moment replaced by a strange smile. "I should not have deemed it possible that you would take so anxious, so dark a view of existing conditions."

"I crave pardon, your Excellency; neither anxious nor gloomy; I only view it all with eager expectation of the inevitable things to come."

"You do not mean repeated revolutions, the fall of thrones, and such things as the political refugees and poetical dreamers dream of?—Utopian Constitutions, philosophical religions, community regulations, and all the imaginings that are to-day the battle-cry of the world-bettering writers, who desire to create a *furor* with their ideals? Do not allow yourself to be deluded by phantasms and *ignis fatuus*, that are so plentiful in our time."

"No, your Excellency, I thought not of all those, although even they are evident expressions of the conditions of the people, and will not vanish without leaving some traces of their passing. I bear in mind the *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, which the finger of the past ages has prophetically inscribed on the palace walls of the present, where every man can see and clearly read it; and yet it is understood only by the few, and scarcely noticed by the many."

"You express yourself too Biblically, Mr. Harrington. I presume I am half a Babelian." "If you will become my Daniel, you will show me the inscription and denote to me its significance." "Your Excellency knows the inscription, doubtless, far better than I do myself. It demonstrates itself in dazzling light, when we take the conditions of

Europe a century ago, and place them face to face with the present. May I venture to explain myself further? Old Gutenberg threatens to lift the world once again from its angle. The men of to-day do not gather their wisdom from proverbs and traditions; but, your Excellency, they are commencing to read, and insight and knowledge are becoming more universal. A flood of strange, new thoughts agitates the spiritual life. Peasants, mechanics, manufacturers, speak upon and make use of discoveries, inventions and truths, of which, fifty years ago, even scientific men dreamed not. The Princes have, almost voluntarily, I believe, permitted their former halo of divinity to take flight. Uniforms and gold tinsel do not dazzle as they used to. The printing press, the railroad and steamships unite the Nations with each other. Boundary lines, streams, mountains and seas no longer divide the hemispheres. In former times, they knew of one another only through the geographies of the schools, or, by their commerce, and mostly by robberies and warfare on both sides. But to-day they hold intercourse in unlimited correspondence, through numerous flying journals, and printed matter of all kinds. They deal with each other in a friendly spirit, caring nought for the diplomatic quarrels. And science and art widen their domains each year; new discoveries are unceasingly revealed by the researches of chemistry and natural philosophy. On and ever on! The genius of mankind is ever opening new gates and paths; the once silent Nations gain voices of energy and command. Everything presses eagerly forward; and, at last, whither will it lead? In a century hence, where will Europe stand?—where in fifty years, my lord Minister?"

The old gentleman thoughtfully regarded the speaker, and said:

"That is your *Mene, Mene, Tekel*! It is true the rapid progress of our time is surprising. One might almost believe in the nearness of a great world-transformation. But, while all becomes new, things remain as of old. Knowledge is increased ten fold, and the conveniences of life wonderfully enhanced; and with it all cares and anxieties are augmented, so one is limited by the other."

"I do not deny it. But the spirit lives in boundless realms, your Excellency, and it advances there; the limits to its progress are caused by earthly conditions alone. But as continued discoveries render subservient to it the powers of Nature, the earthly bonds are broken, one by one, and the aspects of the world's circumstances appear in a new form; the surface of the earth is transformed, and so also is the climate, manners, the religions, and the political status of the people. Only take a glance at the past centuries, or cast a look upon the days of your own youth, on the conditions of the Government and the laws, the nations and their blindness, and compare them with the present."

The Minister, although no change passed over his features, could not refrain from harboring a quiet suspicion, that gleamed from the look fastened on the bold and earnest speaker. He was about to put a question to the American, but was interrupted.

CHAPTER XV. The Chocotaws.

Two young ladies entered from the door of the summer-house into the ante hall. Lyonel sprang from his seat as he recognized the huntresses of the park. The Minister arose, likewise, and said, as he bowed:

"The Countess Gabriella of Feldler, who is honoring us with the pleasure of a visit. This is my daughter, Leonie." Then to the ladies: "Mr. Harrington, from the State of Alabama, in North America."

Gabriella's fine eyes lighted up with delighted surprise, and a fleeting blush passed over her beautiful face. She bowed in silence. Leonie spoke:

"This is indeed pleasant. Mr. Harrington is no stranger to us, dear father. Brother Rainer has told us so much about this gentleman, of the manner in which he formed his acquaintance at the post-inn; and we two had the pleasure of meeting him in the park, or rather he found us, and the lost chain of the countess."

"For which," said the countess, with an animated smile, "I repeat my best thanks. If we had known your name, we would yesterday, or the day before, have expected or invited you to call. Have you been from America a long time?"

"Three years, my lady."

"Three years?" said Leonie. "Then you are pleased with Europe, better, perhaps, than with your own country?"

"Perhaps you will remain forever?" inquired the lovely, vivacious countess.

"If Lichtenheim could be my Europe, you need not doubt it, most gracious lady."

"I am deeply flattered, Mr. Harrington," replied Gabriella. "At the court of which I was to learn these happy compliments? It would appear as if your copper-colored savages almost excelled us in polish and in civilization."

"In polish, your ladyship, our Indians have not attained to an equality with Europeans; but on the other hand, I have found much that is savage in the most celebrated nations of Europe, and a purer civilization amid the savage tribes of my native land."

"That is charming!" cried the countess, as she laughed outright.

The Minister smiled ironically, and said:

"I presume it is so with the Cherokees." "By all means, your Excellency," replied our traveler. "The Cherokees have not only printing offices, newspapers, handsome villages, but in many

places, good schools, which is not yet the case in many parts of Europe. Still another thing. Last year the great chief of the Cherokees made a law that all spirituous drink found within the boundaries of the nation should be poured out upon the ground as poison, destructive to the soul and body. It was done, and the United States have forbidden the traffic in brandy in that portion of the land. In civilized Europe, not one State, to my knowledge, has taken so much precaution for the health and morals of its inhabitants. Philanthropists have sought to introduce temperance societies, but the Government rendered vain their efforts, from financial reasons. On the contrary, they patented and favored the increase of distilleries, taverns, liquor manufactories; and have prepared for the use of the so poisoned, a host of physicians, apothecaries and counsellors of medicine; or they have enlarged the prisons, penitentiaries and fortresses for the criminals whom prohibition has led only too often into crime."

"You are relating wonders!" said the old statesman, whose aim was to take notice of all the thoughts so boldly expressed of the young stranger. "We ignorant ones here, have heard only of your Washington, Baltimore, Boston and New York, and of the increase of their prosperity and culture."

"A culture, alas, much too European. It is better to live with my neighbors, the Chocotaw Indians, where creditors can rest rely upon the honesty of their debtors, so that no laws have been found necessary of enactment for that purpose. That mode of trust would be impossible in our great Europeanized cities."

"Pure children of Nature yet?" inquired the Minister.

"I should call them *civilized children of Nature* in contrast to our *civilized barbarians*; for they have their chosen district and other authorities; their courts of justice, churches, schools, their council of forty representatives, their democratic institutions, their laws printed in the Chocotaw language—in short, a fine specimen of a citizen-like community."

"Without doubt, they are in possession, also, of some branches of industry?" pursued the minister coolly, but with an accent of doubt.

"Trades of all kinds, your Excellency. Grain and saw mills, salt works, merchants, mechanics, and machines for the preparation of cotton and other materials."

"Have you been yourself in the region of these Chocotaws?"

"They are my neighbors. I have visited them several times. I found with them not only a handsome spacious building for the assembling of their council, but also a number of fine country-seats, and even a well arranged Chocotaw academy, upon which the United States, in 1830, had spent the sum of eighteen thousand dollars."

"With your permission, dear father," said Leonie, "we would like to know something of the lot of the wives and daughters of these civilized child of Nature. Is it not so, Mr. Harrington?—our poor, weak sex cannot be viewed, in accordance with ancient Indian usage, as somewhat between a human being and a domestic animal? And they surely do not, like ourselves, furnish youthful goddesses to make slaves of them in maturer years!"

"Do not allow yourself to enter into discussion with my daughter upon that point," said the Minister, with a rough smile; "she is an enthusiastic disciple of the famous George Sand, in Paris, and would venture her life for the emancipation of woman. She would, if she were Queen, have female academies and tribunals; even in the army, regiments of female cavalry with painted moustaches. I fear each day that she will introduce the latest Parisian fashion in smoking cigarettes."

"Oh father, why so sarcastic?" said the daughter, as she fondly caressed him. "Mr. Harrington will be afraid of me if you make such a caricature of my ideas. I only wanted to know whether woman stood higher or lower with the Indians than with us."

"Or whether, and you must tell us sincerely, Mr. Harrington," interrupted the young countess, "your copper-colored beauties are in possession of education; whether they are socially agreeable, and know the art of pleasing. I think I should run away for fright at their first appearance."

"Like the negroes in Africa, who like to flight at the first sight of a European," replied Lyonel. "You see the judgment of beauty lies not outside of the powerful circle of custom. The ladies on the banks of the Chocotaw are not as copper-colored as you, my gracious lady, imagine; but are possessed of a mild, light cinnamon hue, that becomes them as well as the sun-browned complexion does the peasant maiden of Europe. And I may add that I have found more cruel treatment of your sex, and far more unhappy marriages in Europe, than by the Chocotaw stream. The differences of rank, position, fortune, and churchly creeds, have no influence on the marriage state. Education and its extremes, luxury, the pursuit of novels and romances have not their injurious effects upon the female character. The simple laws of nature are followed in the household life, and they are the laws of sound common sense. They choose one another, marry, and live happily together. The husband is the protector and guardian of the wife; she is his consolation and his joy. The civil laws of the nation punish the abuse of manly strength and that of woman's attractions. The husband provides the food, the wife prepares it; he is master of all outside cares, she is the mistress of the household realm."

"Please stop!" cried Leonie, laughing. "I will not believe another word! You want us to think that your cinnamon-colored Arcadians have chosen in this world the better part, and have already at

tained a step beyond ourselves on the Jacob's ladder that reaches to heaven, despite of all the trouble and efforts of our philosophers, poets, pastors, legislators, professors, State and cabinet counsellors, police, consistories, and the manifold necessary aids of our civilization."

Then commenced, amid merry laughter and jest, a pleasant discussion. Poor Lyonel was scarcely allowed to speak. Who knows what would have been the end, had not the Minister at length taken part in the debate with sarcastic utterance, in favor of the cinnamon-hued race, and by that method driven the light-hearted girls from the room. But they left like conquerors, skipping gracefully down the shady avenues of the garden.

"Do you not think, dear countess," said Leonie, in a low tone, "that the young American is a very agreeable person, with all his extravagant ideas? I am pleased with him."

"Only an agreeable person?" replied Gabriella, as she stood suddenly still, and taking both of Leonie's hands, she continued with fervor: "Say rather that he is a handsome man, full of winning manners, such as are seldom met with! Oh, dearest Leonie, if he were—yes, you are in the right—an agreeable gentleman!"

Leonie gazed archly into the sparkling eyes of her friend; but Gabriella, turning quickly away, sped as if with winged feet through the leafy shades, followed by the ringing laughter of her companion.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Prophet.

"I am glad the young disturbers of the peace have left us; with their stormy interruptions they broke the thread of our discourse," said the Minister, with a polite suavity that diminished naught of the customary dignity he assumed. "Let us continue. Will you have the goodness to be seated? Your views of European affairs interest me. You seem to expect from the civilization of to-day, if I understand you correctly, great and universal changes of all our existing conditions, even the political; is it not so?"

"As far as study, experiences of travel, and personal observation of this part of the world have taught me I believe I am justified in thinking so. Perhaps God will ordain it otherwise. But your Excellency will not deny that peace is lacking in this peaceful time, everywhere; think of Portugal, Spain, Ireland, Britain, France, Italy—must I name all lands?—there is a sultry atmosphere, there, prognosticating storm. And when the hurricane bursts forth, the political buildings must be firm and well founded, or in a hundred years what to-day is marble will have become dust."

"That may apply to some countries, but in the rest there is lawful order, and, I think, their institutions will long continue."

"They will remain as long as these regulations accord with the awakening spirit and progressive needs of the nations, or as they are modified to suit their condition. But this, your Excellency, seems to me the most difficult task in politics, and here lies the most dangerous self-deception of cabinets; in which many influential men feel certain of understanding the wants and thoughts of the people better than the people themselves. Beneath the contradictions of the customary and existing circumstances and the developing life and spirit of a nation, there is always discovered a silent or turbulent fermentation."

"What you say of the most difficult task in politics is correct, Mr. Harrington. But as there is no universal panacea for physical suffering, so the existing deficiencies of the government cannot be helped with universally applied principles—with theories of the home taught student, or handsome phrases of liberty and human freedom. Before all things, it is necessary to know the reason and the seat of the special evil; then to try the remedies, and to weigh well their advantages and opposing qualities, in order not to substitute a greater evil for the one we seek to put aside."

"I acknowledge all this, your Excellency, and I would not think of prescribing a universal remedy. But we cannot avoid beholding these diseased bodies politic, and they all vary in their sufferings, according to their interior and external conditions. And, of course, each of these patients must be treated differently, as their necessities require. Portugal and Spain, writhing in convulsions, need other treatment than sighing Ireland demands. But I spoke not of that, but of the political epidemic that has spread over one-half of Europe, of which, formerly, nothing was known. The people, I said, have learned to think, by means of the rapid advancement of art and science, and they have learned their strength through revolutions and the devastating march of Napoleon. They give their opinions to day in low and in loud tones; the diplomatists alone have not the word. And these opinions that ring out the deeds of the people, announce, I fear it, the coming of a vast and complete future change."

"Sir prophet, you almost alarm me," said, with an ironical smile, the old, experienced statesman. "But we will console ourselves in the mean time with the thought that it is a long way from the expression to the act. With us Germans, it leads at the most to goblets of honor, eulogies, torch-light processions, and such like marks of homage, which are tendered to the political or poetical opposition party."

"It has come to that, already, but for Germany there may be the least to fear. Here live an ancient people, with differing interests, and peaceful modes of thought; their princes are mostly men of cultivated understanding, insight and benevolence; their state officers, most of them, men of good parts, who know how to keep pace with the march of the times. It is probable that Germany will only take a passive share in the tranquil or stormy world-transformations; perhaps, in the glow of the war fervor, dissolve her many states into a few."

The Minister made a motion with his head that at first denoted displeasure, but that suddenly went over into an approving nod; the expression of haughty mockery upon his lips was lost in a sort of friendly admiration of the foreigner's wisdom.

"I know, I know," he replied. "Why should not Germany at last be united in one great empire? That is to-day the watch-word and fashionable motto of our radicals and liberals."

"In one or two, no matter," responded Lyonel. "The great powers have made the beginning of consuming the lesser ones, or, at least, they watch them carefully. They will, in all probability, continue that course, and then there will be—"

"A democratic republic; is it not so?" interrupted the old nobleman, with a searching glance.

"I doubt it," said Lyonel. "I would sooner think of a stronger Federal concentration, with a more vigorous leading power, with greater freedom and self-

government of single provinces, according to their peculiar needs."

"I understand," said the minister, smiling; "some what like the American form of Government, or the political confusion of the Swiss."

"Or the forms of the Middle Ages, your Excellency. They are, or were, at least, the most natural. The want of liberty in many lands has grown out of the generalizing mania of the Cabinets, who desire to govern a nation with the same laws and regulations, though it be unequally developed physically, religiously and politically, in its many divisions. Where will you find a father who would give a like law unto all his children, making no difference between the babe and the adolescent—the child and the matured being? who would exact the same of all? I am certain the peace of Spain would soon be restored, if self-government were granted to every province; as, in the olden time, the King, surrounded by his counsellors, granted that which was conducive to the protection of all from without, to the maintenance of peace within the realm; for the advancement of the morals, the prosperity of the nation, and the universal good."

"Easily said," observed the Herr von Urming, with a half-suppressed smile still lingering around his mouth. "And by the same means, no doubt, you would provide for the tranquillity of the restless French?"

"I am satisfied in my own mind, my lord, that the equalizing of the administrative power and the system that has grown out of it antagonistic to liberty, is the source of the continued political troubles of France. The soldier Napoleon membered and ruled his people like a warrior, and his laws were army orders. Louis Philippe hopes in vain to tame the evil spirit of revolution, by imprisoning his Paris in a widely extended Bastille. Perhaps we may live to behold the bloody day that shall bring about the destruction of this work of art. The nations grow into the love of a larger freedom with advancing culture, and national liberty is only possible beneath a monarchical form, where the crown enfolding all is the gathering point of the people. The whole of Europe will and must become a great Confederate State, made so through compacts with itself; with a standing European State Congress, as already Henry the Fourth desired."

"In which England or Russia would be dictator?" ironically remarked the Minister.

"These great empires," replied the American; "will fall sooner or later, through their own inherent pressure. England, it seems to me, carries to the public view the seeds of death she bears, that appear in the forms of enormous wealth, most abject poverty, and great debts. An uprising in India, with a man of heart and mind at the head, and the part of North America would be repeated. Russia's Colossus will fall broken beneath its own weight, and every fragment then will live for itself, like a divided polypus, and this will be as soon as with increasing population, the civilization of the varied people of the Czar realm attains more growth."

"According to that, it would be necessary to place limits to the so-called culture of the people, to prevent Revolution?"

"Perhaps, if it were possible for human hearts to limit the power of divine ordination! The sunrise has come; we can make shadows here and there, but we cannot invoke night again. Those governments seem to me most foolish, who, in direct contradiction to themselves, wish and strive for greater state incomes, for the display of their courts, armies, officers of the law, churches, and church princes, desiring thereby a greater prosperity of their subjects, and then, again, labor against themselves through censureships, priests, cloisters, and other means, while zealously promoting a higher culture and insight."

"And, for instance, what would you advise those governments?"

"I would say, destroy the aspiring mind of humanity; or, if you cannot effect that, march with it onward! There is no other choice. No matter what our statesmen artists may present, some unexpected discovery puts an end to all their endeavors, as did Gutenberg with his printing-press, toward Kings and Popes, or Berthold Schwarz with the gunpowder, astonished the old knights and feudal lords. Perhaps, in the present rapid advance of knowledge, we are on the eve of some great discovery that is more powerful than any gone before, that shall change the aspect of all things."

"That, I think, would be somewhat difficult."

"Not so very difficult, your Excellency. If the air can be navigated as now the sea is, there will be a transformation in which almost nothing will remain as it was. Then, good night to the existing laws, police, warfare, to the levying of duties! All boundary lines, forts, streams, even fleets, will no more bar the way. Then nations and hemispheres will blend together, and the secrets and natural treasures of Africa, South India, Asia, and the poles, will be revealed to the eyes of the world."

"Indeed, Mr. Harrington, that is a poetical range, at the aspect of which I am almost giddy, prosaic as I am."

"It is no better with me," said Lyonel, laughing. "And such must have been the feelings of our forefathers, if, wise as they were, we had told them that a time would come when we would chain the lightning, and paint with the sun rays; by the aid of steam fly over land and sea; with polished glass behold the order of the distant heavens, and find an insect realm invisible to the naked eye; with galvanism—"

He was interrupted by the return of the young ladies; the strange conversation could not then be continued; but was changed to livelier, less serious themes, and only ended when the young man took his leave for the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LANDER.—One day a staff officer caught him with a Bible in his hand, and said:

"General, do you ever search the Scriptures?"

General Lander replied:

"My mother gave me a Bible, which I have always carried with me. Once, in the Rocky Mountains, I had only fifteen pounds of flour. We used to collect grasshoppers at four o'clock in the day, to catch trout for supper at night. It was during the Mormon War, and my men desired to turn back. I was then searching for a route for the wagon road. I will turn back, if the Bible says so," said I, "and we will take it as an inspiration." I opened the book at the following passage:

"Go on, and search the mountain, and the gates of the city shall not be shut against you."

All concurred in the definite statement of the passage, and the swearing explorer once more led his men into the wild country of the Indians.

THE REDEEMED YOUTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER, FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

A beautiful, manly soul to find is a prize!
A more noble triumph to keep it is so.
But the most noble and difficult after it has fallen
To be able to restore it!

Saint John, returning from the Desert Patmos,
Became, as he had been before, the shepherd
Of the sheep—ever instructing them over their
Innermost life most carefully to watch.

Amongst the multitude
He saw a beautiful youth—cheerful, health
Gleamed from his countenance, and his eyes
Spoke the loving fire of his soul.
Of this young man thus spoke he to the Bishop:

"Take him to thy abode, with thy truth stand
Thou to me for him. Here witness we both
To the Church for him, to Christ!"
And the Bishop took the youth to himself,
Carefully instructed him, and saw within him
Bloom the fairest fruits; and confiding in him
He let him wander from his watchful care.

And the freedom was to the youth
A snare. Seduced by flatteries, he became idle;
Tasted of all the pleasures of sense, the charm
Of gay deceits and the joy of a sovereign will;
So he gathered boon companions around him,
And drew them into the woods, their Bandit Captain!

When Saint John to the region again returned,
The first question demanded of the Bishop, was,
"Where is my son?" "Dead," answered the old man,
With his eyes cast down to the ground, "dead to
God!"

With tears I say it—he is a robber!"
"This young man's soul committed I to thee!
But—however—where, where is he?"
"On the mountains yonder."

"I must see him."
And as John drew near the forest he was seized—
(Even so had he willed it.) "Carry me," spake he
To the bandits, "to your master."

He stood before him,
And the beautiful youth could not endure the gaze
Of that countenance. "Flee not, oh youth,
From the weaponless Father, the grey old man!
I have promised thee to my Lord, and must
For thee answer; willingly give I for thee my life
If thou so commandest—but from henceforth
I forsake thee not. I have pledged my own soul
For thee to God!"

Weeping threw the young man
His arms around the grey headed, covering his face
On his bosom, standing numb and mute—
Only for answer from his eyes fell a stream
Of tears. From thenceforth lived they
Inseparable from each other. In the fair youth
Regained, John possessed a more perfect
And beautiful soul.

Say, what was it
That the heart of the young man so deeply
Recognized and so inwardly held fast, that by its
Strength he again found himself and was
Eternally saved? A Saint John's Faith,
Confidence, Firmness, Love and Truth!

ESTHER MARLOWE.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SPRING.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

"The winter is over and gone, and the time of the
singing of birds is at hand."

Already the first robin has piped his tuneful notes,
and the blue-bird has given her opening concert,
welcome and loudly encoored, to many listening and
delighted ears.

The white mantle which has so long shrouded
earth in its pure drapery, yet remains, as if old winter
were loth to take away this last token of his
power, fearing, it may be, that we should lapse into
forgetfulness without some memento of his former
sway. But its shining folds are loosed, and soon
the warm breath of Spring will blow over them, and
they will roll themselves together, and vanish in the
mist which rises feathery and graceful to the cerulean
heights.

The winds of March have already trumpeted forth
the advance of Spring. The jewels of Winter have
dropped glittering and wasted from the trees, and
the tender buds are beginning to swell. Soon the
mild breezes and the bright sunshine of April will
bring out the green leaves, and the soft-falling rains
will nurture the germs of the grass, and in its appointed
time the earth will grow young and green and fair
again; as though no Wintry shroud had ever en-
veloped its beauty and glory; and ere long, the ice-
fields will crackle and melt away, and the silver flow
of the streams will be heard, and the rushing of the
waterfall over the rocks in the sunny glen where
the willows are putting forth their fleecy buds, and
the hazel is bright with its golden blossoms, all get-
ting ready for the festival of the year—fair, queenly,
and well-beloved Spring. And then the farmer will
bring out his plow, and the cheerful sounds of labor
will be heard, for his resting-time will be over; and
he must prepare the fallow ground, and drop in the
seed which is to give the future harvest. And we
shall hear his monotonous, and yet not unmusical,
because well satisfied hum as he walks up and down
between the rows of trees in the orchard, pausing
now and then to see how the buds have gained on
the "early sweetings," or if the "grafted" "pippin"
will bear this year, calculating, meanwhile, on the
fruitfulness of the season, and the consequent prices
of the market.

But there are sad as well as joyful notes to mingle
in our strains as we thus welcome the advent of
the fairest member of nature's quartette. There are
some whom last year we greeted with glad words as
the Spring drew nigh, and whose sweet strains gave
back an answering response of joy, who, to-day, are
not with us as we sound our peans, as we trill our
songs, or watch for the bright unfolding of which
the returning season gives promise. We look back
upon the scenes of yesterday, and see their faces ra-
diant with life and health and beauty; we hear their
voices, sweet with the melodies of love and earnest
with truth and purity and devotion; but to-day, we
may search for them, but we shall not find them—
we may listen for them but their voices will answer
not to our bidding.

Their forms, once graceful with youth, and rosy
with health, now lie beneath those budding willows;
the robin sings a requiem over their resting-place,
and the snow of the retiring Winter shines pale and
cold above their pulseless hearts.

There are others, whom we have called our broth-
ers and our sisters, "in the happy days, gone by,"
whose lips uttered tender greetings, whose fingers
penned messages of love and heart-reaching sym-
pathy, but, to-day, they are silent. We hear no echo
from their sunny homes save the harsh howlings of
discord and hatred; we see naught but the smoke of
the cannon, the wide spread desolation, which the

swift-striding scourge has borne wherever it has
passed.

The cloud has lowered over once happy homes,
the avalanche has descended and crushed fond hopes,
tender friendships, and still more sacred memories.
And throughout all the length and breadth of our
once glorious and happy land is heard (the voice of
mourning; the anguished wails of those who, like
Rachel "refuse to be comforted;" the groans of the
suffering, and the sad soul-touching requiem for the
dying. Alas, that it should be so!

Alas, that the good, the noble and the gifted—they
whose praise was on every tongue, whom kindred
and strangers alike "delighted to honor," should
have fallen in bloody, fratricidal strife! Over many
a nameless grave the April winds are sighing, and
the April rain will shed the only tears which fall
upon it, while by the fireside hearth sits many a
mother, whose aged eyes looked through gathering
heart-drops the "God-speed" which their lips could
not utter to those who went out from them, but
alas, have not returned to their embrace; and, gasp-
ing out upon the snow-robed earth to-day, are those
who still hope that tidings may come of the lives
which hold their own in the same silver clasp, woven
in the same shining warp. Oh, for the childless
mothers, the lonely orphans, the bereaved wives
upon whom this "shadow of great darkness" has
fallen since the last April song, the last May bloom!
God help them!

Yes, God help them, earnestly say we, and for
them, as well as ourselves, let us have faith and
trust; faith in the good yet to come, which shall
overbalance even these great sacrifices; trust in
Him whose loving kindness cannot fail, and whose
sure protection is vouchsafed to all who ask.

Let us still be faithful. If called upon to give up
our treasure, our ease, or even our earthly life, let
us do it bravely, unshrinkingly, remembering that
who so stoutly the cost shall win, but he who
lendeth freely unto the Lord "shall receive his own
with usury."

And we, who have little part in this great strug-
gle, may yet have duties to perform, duties as re-
sponsible, as sacred, as binding, as those which ani-
mate the soldier on the battle-field, or strengthen
the heroic endurance of those who give up their
dear ones for the love of right, of truth, and their
country's sacred honor.

There are follies to repent of and escape from,
there are evils inclinations to resist, there are heights to
gain in the mental race which shall lead us on
"from conquering to conquer," until, meet for an
inheritance among the children of light, a dwelling
in that "continuing city" whose foundations are
laid in honor and truth, and through whose gates
naught defiling shall pass, we enter the higher
sphere of the glorious and beautiful immortal life.

Let us then, be up and doing.
With a heart for a foe!
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

And laboring in the vineyard, wherever the Mas-
ter shall place us, let us not be over anxious for the
end of our toil, nor over watchful for the sunlight
of rest and peace. It will come in his own good time;
for so surely as he giveth the seasons their bound,
and when Winter has fulfilled its stern mission, and
causeth the Spring to return and delight our hearts
with its freshness and beauty, so surely when he
shall see our hearts purged from the dross of sin,
our tempers assimilating to our perfect pattern, our
will blending with his own, whatever its require-
ment, our feet ready to walk in the ways of his ap-
pointment, even though it be over thorns and among
rugged places, not turning aside for the flowers of
worldly ease, the glare of wealth, the plaudits of
fame, or even the conqueror's triumphal meed, shall
his blessing, as it descends from the heavens, sweep
away the clouds which envelop our moral horizon, so
surely shall his voice, rich in tones of sweet and lov-
ing approbation, bid the discordance cease, and our
until now bright and happy land, rejoice in the
sunshine of prosperity, the dew of peace, and the
songs of joy.

We know not whether it shall be before another
Spring-time shall dawn, (God grant that it may,) but
the time shall surely come, when our country,
one in the future, as she has been one in the past,
shall "arise and shine, her light being come," and
her glory and praise a watchword to the nations of
the earth.

Her white sails shall blossom on every sea, her
scholars shall visit every clime, her influence shall
be felt from the rock-bound shores of the wild At-
lantic, to the sunny slopes washed by the peace-
bearing waves of the Pacific; the stars of her glo-
rious banner shall lighten the land "sitting in the
shadow" of moral death, and her people, all free,
happy and prosperous, rejoice in equal and inalien-
able rights, children of him whose loving-kindness
never wavereth, and whose "mercy endureth for-
ever."

Till then, let us labor, and wait, and pray. And
God help us all amid the sorrow which the past has
brought us, through the darkness of the present, and
prepare those of us who shall see it, for "the good
time coming"

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING DON JUAN.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

'Tis said that love grows cold with years;
That all its rosiest dreams depart,
If sorrow grieve the cheek with tears,
Or love's young artist learns his arts,
I hate the life that makes such years,
And clouds the promises of fate.

Two hearts are pledged in holy trust,
Like rivers blending to the sea—
Pledged till the mountains fall in dust,
To glide on through eternity.
There is a sincere, angel trust,
As near to heaven, as far from lust.

Thou mocker of the human heart,
Thy heart was what thou judgedst all;
Thy know who from the way depart,
Too sadly how mankind may fall.
They read thy knavery and art,
And call the world a sinful mart.

Thou rail'st at woman—ah, for shame!
To her thou thy existence owe'st;
What, but for her would be thy name?
Ah, fool, thou very little know'st.
Is virtue's worth more slight than fame?
And holy love an empty name?

I can believe the earth will tumble
Out of its place into the air,
But not this rhetorical jumble
Which such laurel boughs have won!

Let those who never loved, white, stand
And say, Don Juan is all right!

Original Essays.

RENUNCIATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

SOME THAT OUGHT TO BE, AND SOME THAT OUGHT NOT TO BE.

BY D. J. MANDRELL.

The world, just now, is waking up to the idea that
"Spiritualism is dead and buried," and the impression
seems justified, to casual observers, by the fact that
some who have been prominent either in its confes-
sion or advocacy, have avowedly renounced it. But
my own individual opinion is, that this "ism" is
about as much "dead and buried," as every proceed-
ing "ism" has been a dozen times over; and I would
suggest that many "isms" of years and generations
standing, have passed through a great many such
deaths as has now, apparently, befallen short-lived
Spiritualism, and might undergo a far more effective
"burial," with some advantage to themselves and
the world. An old man over ninety years of age
has recently passed away in Athol, who had been,
for the greater portion of his life, a Baptist clergy-
man. He was ordained on a rock in the early days of
the Baptist denomination; an extreme necessity, I
judge, to which even the Spiritual movement has as
yet scarcely been driven, and one to which, they will
hardly be called in their extreme prostration, so
that it is not exactly becoming in those of many
classes—who have passed through exigencies even
worse than the above, and yet are large and influ-
ential—to taunt Spiritualists with death and decay
simply because they are passing through experiences
similar to those which they have themselves sur-
vived.

Let it be distinctly understood that any trial to
which any advance movement is subjected—any
change from its first order conditions—is its out-
growth, not its "death"; its majestic resurrection, not
its "burial." And if the leaders, friends or investi-
gators of the Spiritual cause have associated with it
on principles which have not been competent to take
it away from its crudities, but have multiplied
its worst experiences around themselves and upon
society, why, then, it is true that they had backed
themselves off from the "ism" into which they had
been thrusting the matter, and given heed to the
higher methods which will effectually cleanse the
people from established and on-coming impurities,
and build up truth and all other human interests ef-
fectually.

But it is no way to renounce Spiritualism, and
then co-work exclusively with any other "ism," for
the same radical faults are found elsewhere, which
exist in connection with Spiritualism. I know this;
for in the various ranks and classes among whom I
have labored, I have seen all I want to of short-
sighted worldliness and its manifest incongruities
and manifold outrages on the truest principles of
human life and prosperity. Hence, however much
others may topple from the shaky foundation they
have been raising for themselves, I shall remain
true to the great principle by which I have been
actuated from early life, to stand, as much as pos-
sible, in connection with all classes, to bring them to
the truer elements of human (and angelic and di-
vine) unity of which the present age is specially
pregnant, and to which the existing changes and
improvements in Spiritualism and other "isms" are
designed as conductors.

Let, therefore, those who wish to renounce the
"ism" of spirits, do so by all means; but, likewise,
let it be understood that every and any other "ism"
is as well worth repudiating. The time, in fact, has
come, when the advanced classes of society, the more
liberal of all sects and parties, can see that the chaff
must be stripped from off every living truth, and the
Taurus itself brought forward and planted on
the basis of vital and helpful principles for its fur-
ther promotion and ultimate triumph in all its legiti-
mate forms or development. Even those who de-
spise Spiritualism the worst, have most need to bear
this in mind, as, if they fall in this point, they have
little advantage over the most neglectful.

And, as Spiritualists themselves have greatly come
short in this thing, and are, in many cases, now hid-
ding themselves together in close corners, like a
flock of sheep scared by their own shadows, it be-
hooves them to consider well and faithfully exactly
what they have to "renounce" before they can wise-
ly and widely stand in their appropriate place to aid
the world in the grand renunciations to which it will
ere long be brought.

First, the worldly wise methods of securing atten-
tion to inspirational facts, &c.; methods which have
been so generally adopted that most of the phenom-
ena have been scarcely above the mere worldly plane
of merit and reliability, some even sinking to the
level of the veriest dregs. These partial and ineffic-
acious methods must be "renounced" for higher ones;
must give way to that better *modus operandi* which
can bring the brightest luminosity to even the con-
solidated darkness and lowest depths of human so-
lidity. I have a legitimate complaint against Spirit-
ualists, that they have, to a great extent, shut off the
facts and philosophy which tend to indicate and es-
tablish accuracy and reliability in spirit relations;
and have labored rather to retain and monopolize
the field for mediums or lecturers who would "wing
in with the masses without reference to those qual-
ifications and principles which can alone secure ef-
fective improvement and substantial truth and right.
Managing in such a style, according to the accepted
mode of the world itself, can Spiritualists marvel that
the world overrules them? When they "renounce"
this grand folly of theirs; when they take hold of,
rather than run from, the illustration of principles
which make reliable relations, they will be likely to
be less frequently disappointed, than they now are,
in the character of communications; and their pub-
lic men, when an inquirer asks for information, will
not have so much occasion to say that they cannot
explain wherein the vital elements of spiritual ac-
curacy, &c., are actually found.

Another thing to be "renounced" among Spirit-
ualists is the habit of uttering things from the nega-
tive pole of the brain, as though the subject treated of
were completely understood and analyzed. The logic
of an inverted or undeveloped perception is often giv-
en off as though it were an outright truth, instead of
a downright contrariety. And brother Win-
STON CHAMBERLAIN can very profitably reflect on this point in
one or two particulars; especially when he under-
takes to write or discourse on the subject of Prayer.
A somewhat low and case-hardened organ of "Re-
verence" is apt to see such things as obscurely and
unreliably as the dull scholar (with the faculty of
"number" poorly developed) does mathematics. And
hence, when friends of prayer "speak of their
"crutch"—as in a recent article of his—

gentle sister, accepting what was the Judge's decision, solved some perplexing problem; and kind and lovely she felt! How gently would she check our wayward faults, help us through all our difficulties, and give our confidence and love by a thousand little acts of kindness. How often have I looked back to the ample seat by my oldest sister, and wished that every family had just such an example. There she was the household pet, a little, blue-eyed, dancing cherub in everybody's way, shaking her light curls with merry glee, skipping here and there, now perching upon a load of now-mown hay, shouting to the oxen, now wandering in the fragrant meadow, gathering her apron full of the blue violets, which grew in great abundance there; now wreathing a garland of clove blossoms for the neck of the large Newfoundland dog. She was the life of that old farm-house and when, one bright morning in May, we laid her in the silent churchyard, and scattered the flowers of which she had loved to gather upon her grave, although we knew that she had gone to dwell in a farler land than ours, our tears fell thick and fast as we returned to our now silent home. Memories of these clinging around the old homestead, to me it is ever a sacred spot.

SPIRITUAL THINGS ARE SPIRITUALLY DISCERNED.

An Address by H. B. Storrs, at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Evening, April 6th, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The external man must become acquainted with the things of the external world, through the medium of the bodily senses; and the spiritual must be discerned through the medium of the spiritual senses, and the power of the spiritual world. These two natures are interblended in man, even as the two worlds are interblended in the universe. We are in spirit very little more than in mortal, having the same characteristics, faults, and merits as of earth, only tempered by the advent into the spiritual realm, and the experiences which that advent carries with it. In our earthly pilgrimage we are accessible only to the things of the external life, except as far as our natures are clarified and rendered susceptible to the angels' truth. Through the senses of the external, you are enabled to take hold upon the sciences of life; to understand the phenomena and unfold the mysteries of the water depths, of geology and of chemistry. If I desire to impress upon you my thoughts upon the nature of any object, I must appeal to your earth-inherited senses, and through them hope to convince your spirits. It is hard to teach a blind man to analyze colors, or a deaf one to appreciate harmonious sounds; so if a man does not possess the full quota of senses, a certain amount of the elements of his physical existence must remain to him a mystery. So if the development of his soul-faculties is incomplete or neglected, he must, to a corresponding degree, be ignorant of the being said to have created him. He cannot have a full consciousness of the existence and character of spiritual beings, till he has come consciously into communion with them.

They who have turned their attention to the subject of spiritual things, have found their spiritual needs unanswered by old theology. There is in theology no satisfaction to the soul yearning for things spiritual, for it has not a ground in spirituality. Is there any evidence of authority for the idea of eternal torment by the Deity of beings he has thrust into existence without their choice, will or acquiescence? Yet this idea has been taught for ages, that mankind were ruled by two beings, as it were—God the good and God the bad; that God the good was well-meaning and good-intentioned, but that God the bad, or Satan, was all-powerful for mischief, able to grasp the children of God the good, and plunge them into eternal pain. This idea has been taught for ages, and men have been compelled to believe it—If belief can be forced—that while the evil God was all-potent, there were none good enough to go into heaven, unless a special work is performed, and he becomes a new creature, through the intervention and death of a certain lover of his kind, some few hundreds of years ago.

We have to do with the facts of life, study the laws of Nature, using the faculties God has given us. We must come into rapport with the spirit-world, and commune with its inhabitants, ere we can fully discipline our mind to the truth of the future life. Men are learning, now a-days, to trust their senses; and seeing is, according to the popular proverb, believing. What a man hears, sees, tastes, or smells, are evidences to him when applied to the things of external nature; but yet there is a higher sense of intuition by and through which men come into the realization of and sympathy with things internal and spiritual. But men have been asked to believe that which had no foundation in either the one nor the other, and those whose nobility of manhood was larger than their organ of credulity, have received the term of Infidels—strange word that, to apply to those who have been the only true souls—to those who have never been false to their highest convictions of experience, judgment and instinct.

It has been a great fault with humanity, that they have depended too much upon their leaders and teachers, even while they were far from the assurance that their leaders and teachers were wise or more able to guide than themselves. The same fault is yours, even now. Your mediums have stood between you and the spirit-world, and you have depended upon them. You have set them up as your oracles, and their words have been your implicit guides. There is, you should know, as much danger in one extreme as another—in credulity as in disbelief. When these phenomena first attracted your attention, you asked if they might not be accounted for under the hypothesis of clairvoyance, mind reading, or some occult science, which the human mind was not yet fully able to recognize. The faculty of either of these alleged causes was shown to you, and the true cause and purpose of these manifestations was demonstrated alike to your heads and your hearts; but let not the truth make you mad.

You were asked to know if the good and great have ceased to exist; if patriots, statesmen, philosophers and lovers of their kind have no more interest in the things of earth. You have asked, and their names have been given to you. Have not the lights of the world come at your call, and given you their advice? When your mind would fain doubt, has not conviction been forced home upon you? You have perhaps become satisfied that spirits do communicate, and yet have doubted, because their individuality is not demonstrated. But the spirit-world is as ready to demonstrate itself to earth as ever it was. God was always competent to teach all that needed to be taught; and if God is always ready to answer the demands of his children, they have but to make the advance step, and the spirit world will advance and meet them.

The faith of some has been weakened and rotted away by doubt, and they have fallen off and walk no more with you. But when you have felt in this new religion the deep love of an angel mother, the friendly grasp of fraternal souls, reaching down to you from the spirit-world, you will have reached the point where there is no going back. You can, in your earthly state, never be taught save through experience. You can know nothing of the love of Christ till you take his spirit upon you—till you in reality become him. How beautiful is justice! We can appreciate it in others, but only can know what justice is or what love is, till they are a concomitant of our experiences—of our nature and our soul. Nature never intended her children should be deprived of a knowledge of what justice and love are. Only as a man endures, does he know what strength is. In the spirit world, strength is one of the elements of the soul.

If spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and if no material things can occupy the place that is not theirs, then is it not better men should seek the unfoldment of their spiritual natures? Does not the appeal come to each one of us for reform in our affections, in our tastes, desires, and the surroundings of our daily lives? To-day the great fault of society is its hypocrisy. We only judge people by their actions, and society by its effects, and the conditions it throws around those who create it. Too often its tendency is to close up the interior perceptions of men so they cannot be relied on. You should let your impressions regulate your actions, and you cannot be led very wrong. If your impressions tell you the character of men, though all the world praise or condemn, follow your instinctive knowledge, and all will be well.

The characteristic mark of Spiritualism is the circle. You gather around the family table, where you receive your bodily food. What if you should sit down to the same table three times a day to receive the food for the spirit, at which table the angel purveyors are earnest

to satisfy every pang of spiritual hunger and thirst? Think you at these spiritual feasts any of the family will be absent, because they do not come in the garments of flesh? No; they will be with you in spirit. Though miles away, still their thought will be yours; and though the elements of their bodies have crumbled off and left their spirits free, the impalpable essence of their spirits is with you, impressing you with their presence and guardianship. Let, then, the circle be your favorite institution; let it be consecrated as your family altar.

Many seem prone to believe that, after all, Spiritualism is but a dream—that there is no reality in such communion. But if there is any value in the associations, companionships and friendships of earth, who would not desire their continuance? And if these relations are mutually agreeable and desirable on earth, who shall say when conditions of the spirit-world that they are not worth an effort to perpetuate and continue? The power of their love is never weakened, and they have still the desire of earth to bestow their blessings upon those they love. When any member of your family circle goes from you into the spirit-life, do not give him or her up. Set the chair in the vacant place if you will; it will be filled, though the occupant be not sensible to your material vision. Draw the departed to you with affectionate thought and retrospective remembrance. Thus you will weld the magnetic chains, which, not dragging them down, lifts you up into the presence of the angels. Keep the vacant place in your heart for them, and they will nestle in it, and breathe over your soul being the consciousness of their presence. Let them never knock in vain for admission, but let your heart ever be the home of the angels.

The halls of science are losing their greatest lights, yet they do not vanish quite away. No spirit is permitted to leave his place unoccupied, nor his work undone, in the halls of learning. Though they may have studied only the known sciences, yet the arcana of the universe is unfolded to them now, for immortality has placed the key in their hands. There is no less attention to the sciences upon the part of the disembodied, because the fact of freedom from earthly drawbacks is evidence enough of the continued use of their faculties as was their wont in earthly life.

The astronomer need no longer look through the glass darkly at the heavenly orbs, but on the wings of his spirit can soar through all the ether realms—the geologist can dive down into the bowels of the earth, and the chemist has even powers of a broader scope to analyze and grasp at the hidden forces of Nature. You need not lose heart because deprived of earthly things, but let your experience be founded upon spiritual things, and that which has been blind to your external perception, will become clear as the sunlight. Use the organs and functions of the external life as a stepping stone to the higher, scoring not the day of little things. Man was not called into existence to live for a day, but to live on for all time, and become, like a God, the conscious possessor of all knowledge, love and wisdom. You are here to create a new world, each for himself; around you other souls will rotate as the planets around the sun, made glorious forever. Each soul will become the centre for other souls to revolve around, and souls, as the countless systems of worlds and plants, revolve around the grand central sun, which even the wisest fail to locate. So do all souls rotate around the yet undiscovered and undefinable, but eternal God.

Bostonian Impressions.

DEAR BANNER—It is very pleasant to be "agreeably disappointed," and as "disappointment is the lot of mortals," I have a partiality for the agreeable kind. One of the most pleasant of these experiences is to find a home where you only expected a boarding-house. Such was my happy lot during my recent stay in Boston, and for the benefit of my spiritual friends who may visit this city, I will just whisper in their ears that, if they are fortunate enough to gain admittance to the family circle at Miss H. S. Denham's, No. 75 Beach street, they will be likely to find a very pleasant social atmosphere, and the society of congenial spirits. Usually, there are mediums stopping at the house, among whom have been Mr. Foster and Mr. Colchester, the widely known physical test mediums, and at present, Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, the celebrated clairvoyant and letter-answering medium.

I am glad to state that Dr. Farnsworth has recovered from his protracted illness, and has renewed his mediatorial duties. Those who have regretted the departure of Mr. Mansfield, will be pleased to hear that Dr. Farnsworth proposes to remain for the present in Boston, and that his medium powers, which are in no respect inferior, and in some even more remarkable than those of Mr. M., will be devoted both to the answering of sealed letters and the clairvoyant examination and treatment of the sick.

Familiar as I have long been with these phases of mediumship, yet every new experience of them fills me with the deepest gratitude to the infinite Father for these priceless "spiritual gifts." Yesterday I wrote a letter to my angel mother and other spirit guides, and placing it in two envelopes, with a fine hair arranged between them, so that if tampered with at all I could infallibly detect it, I sealed it up and left the letter upon Dr. F.'s table. But a pleasant surprise awaited me. Instead of writing out an answer through his hand, as is usually done, the spirits entranced the medium, and while I sat with him, spoke directly to me, taking up every question in the order in which I had written them, and generally repeating the very language in which they were expressed, and giving appropriate, and so far as I can judge, most truthful answers. The spiritual eye seems to pierce the very thoughts of the mind, the intents of the heart, as well as the condition of the body.

I find Dr. F. a very modest, unassuming gentleman, with no disposition to blow his own trumpet, but one whose mediatorial powers make upon all who test them a permanent impression of reliability, and are their own best witness.

Another most agreeable surprise was the apparent increase of interest in the general subject of Spiritualism among the citizens of Boston, since my last visit here. The beautiful Lyceum Hall, cozy and inviting, in such marked contrast to the old Melodeon in which I spoke before, was filled at both services, with a most intelligent and wholesome looking audience, whose interest in "the things of the spirit" I felt to be sincere and active. Spiritualism has never before been placed publicly before the people, I think, under as favorable auspices as at present.

Calling at the BANNER Office to attend the circles of Mrs. Conant, I found the rooms thronged with an eager company, all anxious to gather round the portals through which the inhabitants of the spirit-world press forward to communicate with their friends on earth, and to testify that they "still live." The proprietors of the BANNER have fitted up a pleasant room—comfortably seated, and have thrown it open free to the public, that on three days of the week those who choose may come in and satisfy themselves of the genuineness of spirit-control. In the case of Mrs. Conant, without money and without price. I feel like saying that I think it a very noble and generous thing on their part. Fraternally thine, H. B. STORRS.

Wednesday, April 9.

Bro. F. W. CHEEVER, writing from Walden, Vt., says Mrs. Thompson recently lectured there to a crowded house. The speaker was eloquent, and those who went to confound her, acknowledged themselves confounded by the teachings they had listened to.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

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Making Haste.

There is as much to be deplored in seeing a person, or a class of persons, make haste to push along reformatory ideas, as to make money and be rich. If this business of reformation and advancement was but an abstract business, not at all dependent on the nourishment it gets out of the good and bad soil of human nature, then we might talk about it rather after a mathematical and precise method, insisting and expecting that certain things shall be performed at certain times—no sooner and no later—and that all our fine plans on paper should be developed at precisely the time we have set down for them, and in precisely the shape we have arranged.

The fact is, when we undertake to set agoing ideas that we have individually found to be substantial and real, we are to remember that they do service only as they operate upon human nature, upon the mass of men and women who compose the social arrangement. Trees could not be made to grow alone, without the needed support and nutriment which they get from the soil; holes must be dug first, to set them out in; dirt must be enriched with which to surround their roots; they must be fed; they must meet with reverses and trials; the winds must wrestle with them, and the rains and snows descend upon them; for in this way alone can they be expected to become strong and vigorous, and put forth healthy growth.

Just so with reforms, and reformatory ideas. All persons may accept them for their whole value, while yet upon paper, giving their assent without hesitation or even qualification; it is another matter, however, when we come to make personal and daily application of them: some will not receive them into their daily conduct, who perceived their force very clearly in the abstract, and who yet stated merely for their apprehension; others object to the medium of communication alone, and thus imbibe a baseless prejudice against an idea because of the dislike conceived toward the person advancing it; and so on, to the end of the chapter.

Hence, we argue that we who preach and profess progress to the world, are not to be impatient because others do not move as fast as we would like to have them. We must needs make allowance for the quality of human character at large. It is to be remembered that we are working on actual existences, driving at solid and substantial material, laboring to work up real stock, and not merely beating the air with abstractions. When the sower deposits his seed in the ground, he expects to wait for the earth to do her part; he has not the vanity to think that he can do it all himself. And while he waits, with his soul filled with patience and faith, the seed sprouts and appears to his sight, and he sees that the time has arrived when he is to take his next step in the process of growth. He works with Nature, not in spite of her. They are mutually dependent. Were he in ever so much haste, he could not hurry forward the steps of germination and growth by a single hour or day. He can do no more than belongs to him to do; as to the rest, he must wait.

The poet tells us that we must learn to "labor and to wait." One is as necessary as the other. Unless we labor, of course there is nothing to wait for; and if we do not wait, all our labor is in vain. The two work together, however, beautifully. In the waiting-time occurs the silent germination. Then it is the process of growth takes a start. Then the warmth of the earth performs its work, and the influences not ordinarily reckoned in are doing silent and effective duty. Haste then would be woefully out of time and tune. It would be childish and silly to the last degree. Instead of "waiting upon Providence," it would be but chiding Providence for getting in our way. We are, in such a case, complaining because things are not arranged as we would have them; when we know that if we were asked how we would have them, we could not make answer.

It is often, if not always the case, that when we make the most haste—that is, progress—we do it slowly. In the nature of things, it must be so. For, as we have said already, time is to be allowed for outside influences to work. We give room, too, for the play of character. Nature, upon whom we operate, brings her forces to bear, and so helps us on by steady stages. What is gained thus, is gained permanently. We do not feel obliged to perform our work all over again. That is the exact order of nature, too; she does not get on faster than she can; her processes are slow, gradual, and not revolutionary; she works by waiting, oftentimes, as much as by action and movement.

There is that reserved power in patience which draws more power yet to it, as to a centre. The capacity to wait silently argues the existence of a faith in something to wait for. A person with a poor cause is certain to be in a hurry; he has not the perception to see that all nature is at his back to help him through. Disappointment hardly comes to him who can wait, either. Let what may befall, it is exactly as nature, operated upon by circumstance, would have it. There is no deceit, and no cheating. The results are just what they ever must be, based upon ascertained premises.

Henry Ward Beecher contributes weekly to the New York Ledger.

There is much legendry in Mr. Beecher's *Ledger* arrangements. He wanted two thousand dollars a year of us for the right to publish his sermons, after we had gone to great expense to get them properly before the public. We paid at the rate of six hundred dollars a year for reporting them—and that amount was all they were worth. His agent informed us that the reason Mr. B. assigned for requiring pay, was poverty!

Renunciations of Spiritualism.

Adversity tries the faith while it measures the strength of men. When the heavens are overcast and the way is hedged up and beset with dangers, the weak and irresolute are liable to falter or fall. Only the clear-sighted and strong see through the clouds, and are enabled to keep the even tenor of their way when earthly prospects are blotted out, and fidelity to one's highest convictions brings with it poverty of circumstances and the alienation of friends. It is hard for the disciple to forfeit his chances of possessing houses and lands, and to relinquish his hold on the public confidence; and a bitter thing it is to resign our place in the hearts of those we love. When the storm madly sweeps over the troubled sea of human life, the faithful apostle begins to sink, and fears that he may perish. When the despoiled truth is before the tribunal, and judgment is impending, he conceals himself, perchance, in the crowd; or, fearing that he may be summoned as a witness for the defence, resorts to extra-judicial swearing that he has no knowledge of the case.

But we would speak with becoming forbearance of those who throw down the heavy cross. They may have good intentions—may not be wanting in fidelity of purpose, but rather in executive capacity. They may shrink from the crown of thorns, as the sensitive mortal instinctively recoils from the agents and instruments that accompany the cruel sacrifice. For these reasons we would speak tenderly of such as have little faith. Let no man mock when their fear cometh and they cry out for some strong arm to save, or commanding voice to rebuke the waves that break over them. If they deny the Christ of their own souls, and even swear that they know him not, it is not for us to denounce them. The moral sense may be obscured, or there may be some obliquity of reason, not open to our inspection, and over which they have no control. But if the offence admits of no such extenuation, we need not assume the high prerogative of judging another. Surely, the self-condemnation of the perjured soul is a fearful and sufficient retribution.

It is the common error of feeble and illogical minds to confound the incidental evils that accompany the development of every great truth with the essential elements of the truth itself. The man of clear discernment readily perceives that such evils exist in society, and are only thrown to the surface by the agitation which the truth occasions; or they are exposed to observation because the light is permitted to shine upon them. The morning traveler is startled by the snares and pitfalls in his path which the darkness of the night alone concealed. He is no philosopher who ascribes the evil itself to the beneficent agent that enables him to make the discovery. As daylight is never the source of the hideous forms it discloses, so Spiritualism never generated the evils that have been thrown up by the agitation among the social elements. These are born of the depraved appetites and perverted passions of men. Rather is Spiritualism a crystal stream—a river of God—but the evils that terrify the weak disciples and drive them away from its living waters, are but phantom shapes.

"That hover round the surface,

While the current glides in light,

And takes no shadow from them."

We are informed that certain brethren who were but recently associated in loving fellowship with Spiritualism—who left the Universalist denomination to become its public advocates, have returned to their former sectarian relations. We have not forgotten that on taking leave of the Church they professed to have discovered many errors of faith and practice, and the prevalence of an intolerant spirit that restrained the reason and shackled the conscience; and they claimed to have achieved their spiritual independence in the act of withdrawing from its special fellowship. We well remember the severity that characterized the assaults on the dissenters, and we shall rejoice to know that those who abandon our cause and our company with so little apparent regret, find a justification of their course in the reformation of the Church. If the errors of which they once complained have been removed, it is well. If the sect has grown in the knowledge of the truth and in the practice of righteousness, and been warmed and beautified by the grace of charity, we are glad; the church may still indulge the hope that Satan will be bound, and the world anticipate the reign of millennial glory on earth.

But our departed friends represent that Spiritualism has been the cause of much evil to themselves, and immeasurable mischief to others. Are we to infer that their own spiritual experience has been on the whole unprofitable? If through its agency beautiful principles and ideas have come to them, like messengers of light and "heralds of eternity," to exalt and illuminate their minds; and an intense desire has been awakened in their hearts to return to the Church that they may communicate the same, to the end that other minds may thereby be quickened and exalted, where shall we find a rational reason for a renunciation of Spiritualism? How has it injured those who have never perverted it? Has it either impaired their morals, enfeebled their minds, or corrupted their hearts? If their experience justifies an affirmative answer, how can they now be better qualified for the work of the Christian ministry than ever before? If the sublime faith and philosophy of the Spiritual life and world are likely to subvert our highest interests, the fact justifies the paradox, and it must indeed be "dangerous to be safe." If, however, any have abused the large liberty of Spiritualism, they are doubtless wise in subjecting themselves to all necessary restraints, and we can only admire the prudence and commend the virtue that prompt this cheerful renunciation of their freedom.

S. B. B.

Better Understanding.

A cotemporary says that a liberal English statesman writes to a correspondent in Boston, that he entertains a strong belief that, when our present troubles are ended, we shall have more true friends in England than ever before. This excitement and discussion and increased information, will have done much good; and he thinks the future of the two nations will be much more friendly than the past has been. Not much doubt of it ourselves. Our trouble has all along lain with the mercenary press of England, backed as it has been by a few of the leading statesmen of the realm—though perhaps but cautiously. As fast as we clear our own way into the woods of the new times, however, they will be able to see our courses and bearings as well as we do ourselves; and, with enlarged vision, they will be more apt to see that our international interests are coordinate, if not absolutely identical. It is time the jealousies and nonenses of the ignorant feudal times were put away forever. Nations cannot remain insular and isolated now; all are bound up in one common family, and have heavy drafts to make upon the same future.

Bogus Advertisements.

We continue to receive, occasionally, through the mail, advertisements which have a direct tendency to impose upon the public. We have guarded against giving currency to such advertisements to the best of our ability, although we have not entirely escaped imposition. Now, we have to say, once for all, to the knaves who advertise "quack medicines," got up by "retired clergymen whose sands of life have nearly run out," and the fools who wish to become acquainted with "reform ladies, under thirty, with dark eyes, vital temperament, and some musical talent," not to send any more such trash to this office. We understand their motives thoroughly. The daily press may continue to do this kind of business. We will not.

Mean Business.

We still continue to receive private letters, and letters intended for publication, dealing out blame and bitterness to others; also words of caution in regard to the danger of the influence of such persons. In answer to our correspondents who write thus, we would say that we have the least possible interest in hearing the faults of any one related. This is an "old-fashioned" business, running out as self-reformation runs in.

Repeating and recording the faults of others, is the meanest business of human life. As to the fear of any danger from those who are held up to us as bad men and bad women, we frankly say, that we have none; but if we were afraid at all, we should sooner fear the man who judges, than the man who is judged.

All about War.

We give a few rumors; everybody loves to read them.—The necessity for exercising a censorship over press news will very soon be at an end.—Gen. Scott thinks that before mid-summer the Confederate government will wind up its affairs, and be entirely cleaned out.—Gov. Johnson, of Tennessee, has been putting his military hand heavily on the rebels of that State.—Three regiments of Union men from East Tennessee have been formed near Cumberland Gap.—Tayburne, the assistant editor of the Richmond Enquirer, has cut and run away from the South, having become completely disgusted with the rebels and their operations.—Relics and rubbish are removing from Manassas by the railroad. Probably the sale of sacred "relics" from that now famous place will continue for many years.—The Richmond Baptist church has voted to take down its bell and cast it into cannon for Jeff. Davis. By what canon of the church organization can they do such a thing, we would like to know?—Each flag officer is obliged to order a Court of Inquiry for every case of evasion of the blockade.—It does look as if the forts of the Southern States were going to be taken back, one by one, just as President Lincoln proclaimed they should be.—About fifty towns and cities have been captured from the Southern leaders, since the war began.—Stages run regularly from Washington to Manassas, and carry pleasure-seekers in plenty.

A New Sunday School Book.

We shall publish in a few weeks a new Sunday school book adapted to the use of Spiritual and Liberal Church Sunday Schools, and to the use of the tender minds of all children whose expanding intelligence is growing over the narrow limits of single creeds. It will be the aim of this little book to aid and direct the little buds of immortality in the every-day walks of life, so that, thereby they may be made more charitable, more kind, more obedient, more useful and more happy than any Sunday school books, now extant, tends to make them. We do not design to make this book radical, or repulsive to any belief; but rather to temper it with liberality and generosity to all beliefs. We shall avoid the extravagant dogmas of fanatics, and hold on to Conservatism, cherishing the pure, the holy, the beautiful, endeavoring thereby to direct the thoughts of little children to the free world of Spiritual beauties that do not fade and perish.

The contents of the book will consist of chapters on various subjects in the form of questions and answers. We are desirous that all Spiritualists should consider this subject, for there is certainly at the present time, a great want of entiable instruction to meet the capacities of free thinking children. Let not our children be neglected. Let us bring them up in the way they should go. If new light shines from the heavenly world upon us, let our children know and feel its blessedness.

Single copies will be sent post paid for twenty-five cents; five copies for one dollar.

A Rebellious Religion.

Parson Brownlow lets us into many secrets concerning the state of the church at the South, which we might not otherwise get at. He made a sort of an address in Cincinnati before some thirty Methodist ministers at the Methodist Book Concern, in which he stated that he knew only three Methodist preachers at the South who were loyal. Old Bishop Soule, he said, condemned the rebellion; he did not dare to do more, because he would be hung, old as he is. And still Jeff Davis tells the world, in his last message, that freedom of speech and the press is enjoyed nowhere with so few restrictions as in the States styled Confederate! Parson Brownlow gave it as his opinion that the Southern churches were ruined for good. Union people will not listen to secession preachers, and secessionists will not listen to those who are loyal. The worst men in the Southern Confederacy are Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal preachers. He avers that they drink and swear week days, and preach Sundays! When they become secess, they bid farewell to honesty, decency and truth. He gave illustrations of the style of their talk. One minister said that he had rather use a Bible printed and bound in hell, than one from the North; also, that Jesus Christ was born on Southern soil, and that all his apostles were Southern men, except Judas Iscariot, who was a Northern man. This was said openly, on a Sunday, from his pulpit. Brownlow further stated that, in his opinion, (does he know?) there are better men in the place where the blasphemous parson looked for the next edition of his Bible, than the Southern leaders are!

Lecturers.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, April 20th—afternoon and evening. Our citizens will gladly greet her again.
Miss Emma Houston addresses the Spiritualists of Charlestown next Sunday.
Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in Taunton the two next Sundays.
Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier will speak in Lowell, April 20th and 27th.
Mrs. M. M. Wood is announced to speak in Foxboro' next Sunday.
Leo Miller, Esq., speaks in Chicopee the next two Sabbaths.
Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Willimantic, Conn., Sunday, 20th inst.
Miss Emma Harding will speak in Portland, Me., next Sunday, April 20th; and the following Sunday.
Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is announced to speak in Providence, R. I., next Sabbath.
Mr. W. K. Ripley will lecture in Bangor, Me., next Sunday, and in Kennebunk, on the 27th.

George Peabody.

The donation, by this gentleman, of £160,000, for the benefit of the London poor, is one of the noblest acts of beneficence ever made by a single individual. Mr. Peabody, it is well known, is an American citizen, though he has resided in England for the past twenty-five years, and his gift naturally draws forth eulogistic comment from the English journals. He intends to return soon to the United States, and spend the closing years of his life in his native land. In a recent speech which he made in London, he said with emphasis, "Whatever is, is right." If such generous results as this magnificent donation of Mr. Peabody be the fruit of the all right doctrine—and we are to judge of the doctrine by its fruits—it should be weighed, rather than ridiculed and scorned.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun; and the two are never far apart.

New Publications.

A PLAN FOR FARMING. By Dr. A. B. CHILD.—Our good friend, the author of the above little book in paper covers, comes before the public in a new character—that of an advocate, and a most practical, sensible and eloquent one, too, of the occupation of farming. He says it is just what we believe it is, the sweetest, noblest, purest, and most truly exalting occupation, if carried on according to true and wise principles, known to man. In his little book, or handsome pamphlet, he deliberately goes to work and demonstrates the clear superiority of farming—in the long and short run—over trade; he shows people, in especial, what are the advantages of corporations and companies and copartnerships in the business of agriculture; and he does not omit, either, all the way along his pleasant and very instructive pages, to set forth the moral beauty and benefit of agriculture, as well as the profit and advantage which well agree to call the pecuniary.

The pages are crowded with pertinent facts, from which valuable inferences readily result to any thoughtful mind; and as for the useful and timely suggestions he throws out, they are as thick as blackberries in the pastures in the month of August. The immediate purpose he has in this publication, after awakening the popular mind to the advantages, in every view, of farming over trade and mechanical enterprise, is to show that, for the object set before him, there is a fine tract of productive country in Missouri, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph's Railway, which can be had for a mere song per acre, and is also finely situated for exactly the project on foot. The characteristics of this section of country, are so well set forth by his own pen, that we shall not think of stealing from him, for our own columns, and thus forestalling and spoiling his story.

It is past time for the public mind to be stirred up on the subject of agricultural operations. Our square-toed farmers, most of them, absolutely refuse to have anything to do with these enthusiasts and book farmers, as they call them, and by that very means, succeed in driving away many and many a young man of energy and means from our cities, who would otherwise be very likely to go out and establish himself in farming in the country. In this way, too, they keep down the tone of agricultural society to the low condition where it ought never to be, and seem to think they are possessed of some "divine right" of laughing and hooting at every one who does not see in the country just what they see, and who do so, sometimes, a great deal more.

These men will grumble at Dr. Child's eloquent and effective plan, urging citizens to go out in companies and engage—socially, too—in the healthiest and noblest business known to the race; but we care nothing for that, nor do we guess Dr. Child will, either. We commend the book to the widest perusal, and hope to make editorial extracts from the same, in future, ourselves.

A STRANGE STORY. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Illustrated. Boston: Gardner A. Fuller. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

This strange story of the great novelist, Bulwer, is being very widely read, as it deserves to be. The plot is based on facts of a purely Spiritualist nature, such as have come within the close and patient investigation of Bulwer himself, and will therefore be many times more acceptable to the tens of thousands of Spiritual readers than if it were an old-fashioned, wire-drawn love story only. Bulwer's masterly treatment of his materials are well known to readers of every grade and persuasion, and, on a subject of this momentous interest, could not be improved upon. He has shown himself to be just the man for the skillful and elaborate and impressive elaboration of the new faith, in the form of a popular tale. We hope the BANNER readers will not pass by so powerful a manifestation in our own department of literature. For sale at this office.

How Strong was Manassas?

A portion of the press and people have had their laugh over the capture of Manassas, with its reported no works and wooden guns, and now the other side is being heard. It appears that the "Quaker guns" were nothing more than a self; some of the Massachusetts boys, who got in early, and found logs of wood lying around loose, thought they would just set them up on the earth-works, smear them over with tar, and see what the "civilians" would say to them. The success of the ruse showed what they thought about having been so scared last summer, and likewise what they felt toward General McClellan, whom they are ready at any time to reflect upon or laugh at. As for the strength of the position itself, a reliable writer in the New York Journal of Commerce avers that it is "one of the strongest military positions in the world." He declares that if a hundred thousand men had advanced from Washington upon those entrenchments, he does not believe that as many as twenty thousand would have reached the fortifications on the summit of the slope. The cannon of the rebels commanded every inch of the approach, within a mile and a half, and there was neither tree, nor shrub, nor hill, nor hollow, to protect an attacking column from the deadly fire of a hundred guns. Only in the rear was it at all possible to dislodge them. Now let this be the last said about the courage and ability of McClellan; he has taken this strong position without firing a gun.

Ottawa, Ill.

This town is in rather a benighted condition, according to a note from a friend recently moved there. He says: "The town of Ottawa is a very fine place, situated between the Fox and Illinois rivers. The country round about is very productive, and the people generally in tolerable good circumstances; but they are extremely illiberal in religious matters. There is but one Spiritualist besides myself in the place. He told me that if a person professed to be a Spiritualist here, he was shunned by everybody. I was astonished at such a remark. It was only then that I was fully aware I was among a benighted class of people, who seem to be living still in a dark age—in comparison to other parts of the world which I have visited—and would not hesitate a moment to persecute a man for opinion's sake. This is rather hard, at a time when progress and enlightenment march on with gigantic strides in all parts of the civilized world. We need the BANNER and the HERALD here to wake up the drowsy minds, that Truth and Justice may prevail, to the exclusion of Bigotry and Intolerance." We hope our hosts of friends in Illinois will see to it that this town is spiritually cared for. Send some lecturer there to enlighten its inhabitants.

For Heresy.

Our readers will be likely to remember that for having written certain Essays of an inquiring nature, a handful of the leading men of the Church of England clergy were put in ecclesiastical pillory, not long ago. They are not out of their troubles yet, it seems. The London Morning Star says that a third prosecution—such proceedings are allowable in England, where the people are blessed with an Established Church—has been commenced against the writers of the "Essays and Reviews," and the articles will be filed immediately after the commencement of the Easter term. So the charges of heresy are to be made the most of in ecclesiastical courts, and the guilty writers of sentiments are to be deprived of their preferments. It all works well enough, however. The very opposition that is bred of such treatment, is what does most to overthrow the system that tolerates it. But for these

trials and tests, there would be little enough inducement presented to the people for firing up and pushing ahead to the next station on the road of progress.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our valued cotemporary, the Boston Banner of Light, has entered upon a new volume, with new life, in a new location, with a new firm in its management, and renewed prospects of abundant success.—Herald of Progress.

Thank you, brother. Our modesty prevents us copying more than one paragraph of your very complimentary notice. We hope we shall continue to deserve the good opinion you entertain of us.

SIGNIFICANT.—The Boston Herald is authority for stating that at a recent meeting of the New North Society, it was voted to accept the act authorizing a sale of their property, and a committee was appointed to take the matter into consideration and report at a future meeting. Some of the members are adverse to selling the church.

A union has been agreed upon between the Bowdoin and the Salem street Orthodox churches, to take effect as soon as the necessary arrangements for the transfer of property can be effected. The former sell to the latter their estate, which originally cost over \$40,000, for \$20,000, subject to existing incumbrances of \$18,000. The latter sells their property for \$12,000, which originally cost \$30,000. It is understood that the Rev. George W. Field is to have charge of the united congregations.

It is quite likely that a similar arrangement of some of the Baptist societies will soon take place.

The great battle of the West has been fought, and "victory" is emblazoned upon our banners. Another victory for freedom has been won. Federal loss over 4000 killed and 8000 wounded. Rebel loss much larger. Rebel commander-in-chief Johnson was killed, and Gen. Breckinridge taken prisoner.

Dr. Johnson's card will be found in another column. He is a good dentist, and deserving of patronage.

NOBILITY.—One of our cotemporaries advises a correspondent to breathe as much as possible through his nose. Very sound advice. Pray do n't advise him to snore.

SIGNIFICANT.—It is said arrangements have been made to consolidate the Trumpet and Christian Freeman, the two Universalist papers printed in this city.

What is the difference between a clergyman and a conjurer? One is a divine, and the other a diviner.

A poem by Gen. Lander is announced to appear in the May number of the Atlantic Monthly.

Col. Webster, the chief of Gen. Grant's staff, whose desperate artillery line of battle held the enemy on Sunday night, and saved the army, is, we believe, a brother of Rev. Mr. Webster, of Hopkinton, Mass.

AID FOR THE GLOUCESTER SUFFERERS.—A liberal collection was taken up in the Rev. Dr. Chapin's church, New York, on Sunday evening, April 6th, in aid of the Gloucester sufferers. Dr. Chapin preached an eloquent sermon on "Sailors," on the occasion. Contributions were taken up in many of the churches in this vicinity for the same object, on Sunday last.

In referring to the death of his grandmother, who had been fatally injured by a butt from a pet ram, a Yankee farmer gave vent to his feelings as follows: "I never felt so bad in all my life as I did when grandmother died. She had got so old, and we had kept her so long, we wanted to see how long we could keep her."

Prentiss says the Charleston Mercury thinks that the Southern Confederacy will soon be delivered. We wonder what sort of a little monster the brat will be.

THE SEA FAIRY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's spell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear.
When the winds and the waves lie watching the sleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispenses her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite.
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore!
Hark! the notes, on my ear they play,
Are set to words: as they float they say,
"Passing away, passing away!"—Pierpont.

The French Government has prohibited the officers of the army of occupation at Rome from wearing the decorations, which Francis II. distributed to them at Gaeta. This is a natural consequence of the recognition of the Italian Kingdom by the Emperor.

The fact cannot be denied that the man who is not fond of children is a bad man. We have never known an exception to this sweeping rule.

THE WORTH OF TIME.—"What is time worth?" asks Dr. Young; and then adds, "Ask death-beds, they can tell." Yes, "they can tell." "Millions of money for an inch of time," was the exclamation of Elizabeth, England's vain and ambitious Queen, as she lay on her dying bed.

Digby is sometimes industrious, and anon quite indolent. When one of these latter "spells" came over him, we set him at work on nearly a bushel of communications, instructing him to sift the "wheat from the chaff." He had not waded far into the matter, when an idea struck him, (doing, we are happy to say, not the slightest damage,) that if some genius would invent a patent copier for the use of a certain class of correspondents, the inventor would receive the thanks of the whole editorial fraternity. We heard Digby's remarks patiently, but, without vouching any reply, left him to pass final judgment on the hieroglyphs before him.

SPRING.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wind strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.
(Mrs. Hemans.)

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THEM.—A fox, just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

A SARCASTIC WIFE.—A husband, who arrived home at a late hour of the night, said to his wife: "Don't look so cross, love; I have been detained on a committee." Wife: "I don't like those committees; I suspect that." Husband (interrupting her): "Just hear that infernal caterwauling!" Wife (sarcastically): "Oh, that is our tom-cat; he's out on a committee, I guess." The husband remained silent the rest of the night.

SUPPLIES WANTED FOR THE WESTERN ARMY.—A dispatch from James E. Yeatman, President of the Western Sanitary Commission, received in this city, makes an urgent call for supplies for the wounded soldiers who fought so nobly at Pittsburg.

NEO-RECRUITMENTS.—The following is from a Washington letter in the New York Post:

"A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun intimates that the War Department have in contemplation the formation of a few negro regiments to garrison the Southern forts when the sickly season approaches. I have reason to believe that Mr. Stanton is now entertaining this proposition. It is evident to all that if the rebels hold out in the summer, it will be necessary to make use of the acculturated native population. Mr. Stanton will not hesitate to make use of this class of people the moment the necessity becomes apparent."

Habits are the Hessians of our moral warfare; the good or the ill they do depends on the side they fight on.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A. P., EAGLE HARBOR, N. Y.—The reason why we require four numbers of the BANNER sent in one package, is simply because we cannot afford to send the paper in single seals, to different post-offices, at club rates. There should, in fact, be no club rates at all. We are, however, compelled by custom to adopt the same plan in this respect our cotemporaries do. The profit at club rates is merely nominal. The BANNER is cheap reading at \$2.00.

We have received an obituary notice post-marked Williamsburg, N. Y., bearing no endorsement whatever as to its truthfulness. We, in consequence, decline publishing it.

E. O., PHILADELPHIA.—We duly received the communication, and replied to it, too. Do n't desire to hear anything further upon that subject.

L. J. P., NEW YORK.—Your "matter" is in safe hands. Will return, if not used. Do be patient awhile longer, brother.

W. O.—Please make the change as advertised.

Convention at East Randolph, N. Y.

The undersigned Committee hereby extend a cordial invitation to Spiritual Lecturers, Mediums, Believers, reformers, and inquirers after truth, to assemble in conference, at East Randolph, N. Y., on Friday, April 25, 1862, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue a series of meetings on Saturday and Sunday, the 26th and 27th. Accommodations will be provided for all speakers, mediums, and as many others as possible. A small fee will be taken at the door, at one of the sessions each day, to help needy speakers who may in any way be inconvenienced. The platform will be open for free discussion by all classes of persons in harmony with such rules as the Convention may adopt.

ASHLEY HUSHELL, AMY MORGAN,
MARY I. HUNTINGTON, ISABEAD TUTTLE,
J. E. WRENCH.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYONS HALL, TREMONT STREET. (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the season, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, on Sunday, April 20th and 21st. Miss Emma Harding, April 20th and 21st; Miss Emma Harding, April 20th and 21st; Miss Emma Harding, April 20th and 21st.

CONVENTION HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock. The subject for next evening is: "The Evil Attributed to Spiritualism."

Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday; trances speaking at 10:15 A. M.; Conference meeting at 12:15 P. M.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 10:15 A. M. and 7:15 P. M. Speakers engaged: Miss Emma Harding, April 20th; Mrs. M. B. Kinney, May 4th and 11th.

MALDEN, MASS.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall. Speakers engaged: F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

FOXBORO.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood, April 20th and 21st.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. M. B. Kinney, April 20th and 21st; Frank L. Wadsworth, June 1st and 2nd; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 15th; Miss Emma Harding, June 15th and 16th; Mrs. Annie Davis Smith, June 15th and 16th; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged: Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, April 20th, 27th; Mrs. Annie B. Felton, May 1st; Mrs. Annie Davis Smith, during October.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Leo Miller for April; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 1st and 8th; Mrs. Anne M. Middlebrook, June 15th and 16th, and July 8th; Miss Emma Harding, July 15th and 16th, and before, during August; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood, June 1st and 2nd; Miss Emma Harding, during July; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 21st and 28th.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 1:15 and 7:15 o'clock. Speakers engaged: Miss Emma Harding, April 20th and 27th; Mrs. Annie Davis Smith for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged: Mrs. Annie Davis Smith, during April; Frank L. Wadsworth in May; Mrs. M. B. Kinney, June 1st and 8th.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M. and 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Lectures every Sunday at Bowman's Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing at 2:15 and 7:15 P. M. Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton, St. Louis, Mo.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 7:15 P. M.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

BULWER'S STRANGE STORY.

It is a Volume of 386 pages, ELEGANTLY PRINTED, AND ILLUSTRATED With Steel Engravings.

All Spiritualists should have this interesting work. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 35 cents; postage 5 cents. Ap. 18.

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LECTURES

ON
Science, Politics, Morals & Society.
BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

CONTENTS: Natural Philosophy; Philosophy of Language; Varieties of Races; Public Morals; Political Economy; Spiritualism; Slavery and Rebellion; Education, Friendship, and Marriage.

This volume is designed by the author as an appeal to the good sense of the American people, to take a step forward in the education of their children, especially in the Political, Moral, and Social spheres of life, and to promote in the youth of the country a taste for a higher degree of literary excellence, and a more extended moral and political education, than has heretofore characterized the scholars of our schools and academies. It appeared to me that this would be most readily accomplished by thoroughly investigating and compendiously arranging the most useful and interesting knowledge pertaining to these subjects, and exhibiting it in the most attractive form possible for the study and perusal of old and young. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, and at A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston. Price thirty eight cents, post-paid. Ap. 19.

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HISTORY OF THE

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A WORLD'S CHRISTIAN CONVENTION, A. D. 325.
By Dean Dudley, Attorney at Law and Member of various Historical Societies.

Contents:—Preliminary Objects and Results; The Date, and Sources of the History; The Causes which led Constantine to convoke the universal Synod, commonly called the General Council of Nice; Increase of the Opposition to Arius and his Heresy; Letter of Arius to his friends, Eusebius of Nicomedia, describing his Doctrine which occasioned the Opposition and Severities of Alexander, and Letter of Eusebius of Nicomedia, to Paulinus of Tyre, on the same subject, etc.; The General Council of Nice; The Emperor conveys the Bishops from all Christendom; The Countries which were represented at the Universal Synod; Interesting Characters, Confessors etc., present; Preliminary Disputations; Three Distinct Parties; Arius summoned; Athanasius appears; Another Account of the same transactions, with some additional circumstances; Meeting of the Council in the Imperial Palace; Presence of Constantine; His Splendid Appearance, and Speeches; The Final Deliberations and Decisions of the Council upon the important questions of Doctrine; Constantine's participation in the Debates; The Arians Groined and Relieved; The Homousian established forever; Letters of the Council and Constantine, describing the unanimous decisions respecting the "Consubstantial" Creed; Arius Anathematized and his Thalia Condemned; The Emperor's Edict of Edictum; Letter of the Emperor; The Patriarch Letter of Eusebius Pamphilus, of Caesarea, concerning the same things, with other circumstances; Accounts from Eusebius concerning the same things; also from Athanasius, of Alexandria, as quoted in Theodore's History of the Church; Disciplinary Laws discussed; The Celibacy of the Clergy proposed; This question settled in favor of Honorable Marriage; Certain Canons Decreed and Enforced; The Letter of the Council to the Council of the Church of Alexandria; Statement of what had been decreed against the Innovations of Meletius, as well as the Council's opinion of Arius and his particular Heresy; The Emperor's Edict of Edictum; The Council's Edict of Edictum; His Munificence; He settles their Personal Difficulties in a Peculiar Way; His admonitions to them; Conclusion; Epilogue.

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Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit who gave it, through Mrs. J. H. GOWAN, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not given on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 133 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 5, (up stairs,) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Tuesday, March 25.—Invocation: "The Philosophy of Life's memories and experiences—where and how are they retained?" Ann Shibles, of Newcastle, Eng., to Dr. Benj. Rolides, of London; Jane McDermott to her mother in Glasgow, Scotland; Daniel Thomas, brother of New York.

Thursday, March 27.—Invocation: Explanation of the Lord's Prayer; Ruth thrown to her mother in Wabash, Ill.; Philip Greig, Louisville, Ky.; Josephine Bright, to her father, in Washington, D. C.

Friday, April 5.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Mary Augusta Rollins to her parents in Buffalo, N. Y.; Benjamin Quigley, Wis.; Walter Goodwin, to his father, Danversville, Georgia.

Monday, April 7.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Mary Lucille Taylor to her mother in Augusta, Mo.; Oliver Tymison, Co. G, (7th Regt.), to his wife, in Hydeville, Mo.; Henry T. Walchert to Dr. Kinley, St. Louis, Mo.

Tuesday, April 8.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Alex. Zollinger, a rebel General; Mary Louise, Hawkins to her children, in New York City; Helen O'Neil, to her father, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Invocation.

God of the beautiful, the holy and the true, be with us in the passing hour, and unto thee we will give all the glory forever. Amen. March 17.

The Story of Samson.

The following question was given and answered by the spirits:

Ques.—Was the Biblical story of Samson true, and if so, why did he lose his power with the loss of his hair?

We believe, yes, more, we know, that the story, or record, is true in substance, but its passage down the ages, it has received much coloring and elaboration; yet in essence it is true. Such a man as Samson, we believe, did once live upon the earth, and under the circumstances stated in the Old Testament.

Modern Spiritualists will perceive that the man Samson was gifted with spiritual strength; he being obliged to be thrown into an abnormal state of existence, in order to wield this excessive faculty of strength to great advantage. Modern Spiritualism throws much light upon this, as all other Biblical records. Therefore, Spiritualists will read the Bible far more understanding than skeptics and non-believers, their more delicate perceptions enabling them to analyze and interpret at a glance the most complicated and mysterious passages contained in that book of holy writ.

Why did Samson lose his strength or power with the loss of his hair? Simply because he lost a mighty mediumistic channel, through which the power was given to him, the hair being a perfect conductor of electricity. Much power comes through the hair of your head. Yes, you will say, even our mediums lose their hair, but not their power. To this we would reply, that the same power which takes away these natural channels for the flow of electricity sometimes opens others equally useful. Samson having lost his seven locks of hair, consequently lost the seven channels through which his invisible guides threw down their electric force upon him. The ancient or modern seer will perceive a certain light, or halo, surrounding the heads of some people, such a light as we generally see enveloping the head in pictures of our Saviour. How to account for this satisfactorily, they know not, because they know not the philosophy of hair. Nonsense! cries the skeptic. Wisdom in the profoundest sense! cries the believer, and the skeptic, too, when they both stand upon the immortal shore; for when the veil shall be rent in twain that hides the spiritual world from human vision, man shall behold things more grand and beautiful than even his powerful imagination conceived of while an inhabitant of earth.

When you study the human form, it would be well to study, not one part alone, but all that go to constitute the body; for there is not the least particle used in the mechanism of the body that is not necessary to your spiritual happiness hereafter.

Woman, in all ages, has been more gifted in perceptive faculties than man, and why? Because of the natural growth and length of her hair. If this be the case, you may ask, and justly, too, why the wise Law-Giver does not impress it upon the sterner sex to increase their power by wearing the hair long? We reply, because man has not so much need of it, being well supplied with strength in other ways; though nature, through her countless sources, tells man not to shave the hair.

The Bible is a most beautiful record of God's manifestations to the people of the earth, now in existence. It would be well, then, for you all to faithfully study and peruse that record, for it shall be a grand key to the mysteries of modern Spiritualism. Read it, then, and thank God that you have it. March 17.

Levi Hawkins.

I promised to come, and as soon as I could after death. I found it easy to promise, but not so easy to redeem the promise; because when we find ourselves without those bodies that are so necessary to approach similar bodies, upon earth, we hardly know which way to turn to possess ourselves of one, even for a short time. I have been in Montpelier, Vermont. I know I have many friends there who believe in the ancient idea of a resurrection, and I think they'll hardly look for Levi Hawkins back in this way. No matter, I say now, as I did before death, I hope I shall be obliged to take my old body again. I can go further still, and say I know I shall have to.

I was between twenty-six and twenty-seven years of age, and died with that worst of all diseases—consumption. They said, if you come back, tell what stood upon the little table beside your bed, and we'll believe you. It was an hour-glass belonging to my great-grandfather, and was said to have been given him by an English nobleman. If any one present could speak of this, it would carry more mystery than it does with me now. I am ready for communication with friends, enemies, skeptics, believers, and all hands. Good-by. March 17.

Michael Collins.

I got two arms, I see, and that's what I had not when I took passage for the other side. My name was Michael Collins. I belonged to Owen's regiment, Philadelphia. I was shot in the arm, at the battle of Fall's Church. I thought it got well by taking it off, but somehow my system got such a severe shock that I went over to the other side in about two months. I made America my home for nineteen years, and I think I can say with truth, that I thought as much of her honor as any one American born, and I'd as soon fight for her honor as to stay home and have all the money I wanted. Thank God, I lost my life in fighting for the honor of my adopted country; and if I live forever, as they say I will, I'll always thank God for it.

I'm sorry I left my friends, and I'd like to do all I can for them. I got a wife in Philadelphia, two boys and four girls in all. Two of 'em, and two of 'em on the earth, one's gone with her husband to California. I managed while on earth to take care of all things, and although I had to work hard sometimes, yet I always contrived to keep things square. Now, some one has to take care of my wife;

it comes hard on the children, I know, for they have all others to look after besides themselves.

I know very well the Catholic Church will say this coming back is all nonsense. Now I'm prepared to overthrow quite as much of their Catholic nonsense, as they are of mine. It's two ways everything has, and if you can't get at one, you can the other.

I should like to inform my wife that I can come; that I'm satisfied that I'm pretty well off in the other world, and that through a good medium I can help her out of a good many troubles, and tell her about things here, which is better than all. I've been told before I came here, that I could go to a medium and talk with my friends; now I'll go. I do n't care whether it be in Boston, New York, California, England or Ireland. I'll not try more than three times; it's fair to try three times, and if I don't make myself known beyond a doubt to my friends, it's not my fault. You'll not forget to say how I lost my arm, and that I'm just as happy in the other world as if I had died upon a good bed, with all my friends around me. March 17.

Susie Dawson.

My mother lives in Saratoga, New York, and I used to live there. My name used to be Susie Dawson. I was eight years old, and died of diphtheria, a year ago. I have two sisters, and a brother. Their names are Helen, Maria and Joseph. Maria was younger than I am; the rest are older. My father is in the army. [Is he an officer?] I don't know, but I know he won't come home again. If my mother will let me talk at home, I'll tell her all about it, and about where I live, and who I live with. I can't here. I don't like to.

I have got two grandfathers, and a grandmother here. My grandmother Joyoo is here, and my mother will be glad to hear from her; she's with me most of the time. [Do you remember your mother's name?] Yes, it is Maria, like one of my sisters. My father's name is Benjamin. March 17.

Edith Dennett.

Written: "Dear mother, when all the world is still, then I come to you, with flowers and blessings from my spirit-home. Do n't think I am far off, for I am not, but often so near you that I can touch you, but you cannot see, or feel me. Edith Dennett, Belmont, Mass. March 17.

Invocation.

Our Father God, from the midst of the wild waves of humanity we would lift our desires unto thee. Everywhere around us we hear the cry of mortality, and it is because thou hast implanted in the hearts of all thy children such desires and soul-longings as can only find expression in earnest prayer to thee. Oh Lord, our Father and Mother, notwithstanding we are in the midst of the wilderness of life human, we hear continually thy still small voice, speaking unto our spirits, even as thou didst centuries ago call unto thy servant Samuel; and oh God, our Father, we have a something to ask of thee, and it is to bless each of thy struggling children, tolling steadily through life's tangled mazes. Make them to feel, oh Lord, that even while the ocean of despair rolls at their feet, and black clouds gather about their horizon, that thou art with them in the darkness, as in the sunshine. Through a thousand times ten thousand sources thou art beckoning them homeward and heavenward; thy hand sustaining and upholding thy children in all the trials of life, with a patience and unvarying affection such as no earthly father could manifest toward his children. And we know, oh Lord, that thou wilt wipe away the widow's tear and fold in thy paternal arms such of thy children as are orphaned upon earth. Oh God, our Father, unto thee we commend this small portion of human life here assembled to-day. Give them, we beseech thee, oh Divine One, those flowers of truth that are found blooming in thy garden beyond the tomb. And, oh Father, may these thy children ever render unto thee eternal thanks, and bring unto thy holy court all the homage due unto thee as Creation's King, forever and ever, amen. March 18.

To a Clergyman.

Have the friends a question for discussion this afternoon? If so, we are ready for such. As there appear to be none, we will proceed to speak with one already with us.

A fair expounder of the Christian religion, dwelling in the western part of the State of New York, makes the following inquiry. Before stating the question in the words of the honest inquirer, we would say that we shall simply answer the question, without discussing it at length, that he may know beyond doubt that we heard him, and have the power to answer him, and that we can help him to overcome those obstacles, which have been to him mountains in the highway of life.

While communing with his own thoughts, in the solitude of his closet, he asked himself this question: "If this modern Spiritualism is true, if it is not a myth, why may not I and other earnest seekers after truth, receive something by which we may know that we are in rapport with the spirit-world?"

The angels heard and came to answer him. Finding him physically impossible, and easy of spiritual access at the time, the friends sowed seed in his heart, that should spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God, hereafter. Still pursuing his reflections, he framed and put upon paper, the following question, which he afterwards, folded, enclosed in five envelopes, and put away in a safe place.

"If you spirits can come across the River Jordan with your communications, tell me, I beseech you, shall we, or all those who come after us, ever rest in perfect confidence with God? Will there ever be a new earth, and a new heaven, wherein shall dwell harmony, righteousness and peace?"

Ans.—Everywhere in the outward world, you perceive a constant agitation; life and death alternating continually; no state of rest, or perfect harmony, but eternal agitation. The same spirit of unrest which is the grand genius of creation, is with us, as with you. There is no rest for the soul of man, because he is destined to receive forever around the great central heart—Deity, and in revolving, he meets with others dissimilar to himself, whose very natures are antagonistic to his own. You wish all this apparent inharmonious and strife, does he fall? No; he rises slowly but steadily, day by day, by the process of soul-expansion, until he finds himself in a more elevated sphere, and in the society of beings who are congenial to himself. Think not that man can fall, never to rise again, for there never was a joy that was not preceded by sorrow, for joy is the child of sorrow. In the spirit-world, the soul of man cannot retrograde; it must progress. Without this continual turmoil of the elements, where is your individuality, your immortality, your God? God works through the law of nature, which is ever one of motion, and begets war. Therefore, cease to look forward to the time when any soul shall enjoy perpetual rest. Therefore, good man, return to God, and thank him that he hath opened the windows of heaven to you. March 18.

Marietta F. Johnston.

They say you are enemies to us. [You don't think so; who says so? we are friends to all.] Our friends! I guess not. Why do you take up arms against us of the South? [We do not wage war against you as a people, but against your misguided leaders.] Can I send a letter to my brothers, sisters and father? [Yes, if they are where we can reach them.] I have been a spirit only since August last, and never tried to come before. [Believe us, we here are your friends.] I am from Montgomery, Alabama. I have two sisters and a step-mother living there, and a father and two brothers in the army. My father's name is Richard Johnston. I have one brother named Richard, and another one called Josiah. I am very anxious to find some way by which I can communicate with my sisters and step-mother.

[What are your sisters' names?] Susan and Lucille. My own name is Marietta F. Johnston. I was seventeen, and in my eighteenth year, at the time of my death. I suppose I died of a fever, or rather from a relapse, after the fever. [Do you remember the name of your attendant physician?] Yes, it was Gorman. I can't give his Christian name. [Do you wish, then, to speak to your friends?] Yes, I do; I want them first to be kind to Aunt Etta; she's a slave; next, I want them to be kind to old John, and give him that light he asks for so often; and lastly I want them to be kind to all, for they do n't forget kindness or injury; and those whom I was kind to, that are with me, are my best friends, though I do not dwell with them. To my father and brothers, I wish to say, "make your peace with God and the world, for soon you die!" I cannot bear to have them come to me with all the horrors that surround their condition. I've tried hard to give them light. I cannot think but that you here at the North are enemies to us, else you would send us kind teachers to tell us we are wrong, instead of those fiery-mouthed abolitionists. You'll send my letter? [Certainly.] I have a thousand things I'd like to say, but this is no place. [Come again another time.] March 18.

Calvin Burke.

I have very little to say, from the fact that I am conscious of having very little power. I wish to open, if possible, direct communication with one Hiram Burke, of Ohio. He's my brother, and is now in the Federal army. I died while fighting against you and him. No matter. There are many things of a private nature, of which I wish to speak to him personally, not here. That I regret the loss of my body, I'll not deny. That I still feel that you at the North are just as much in the wrong as those of the other side, I'll not deny. That we, too, at the South are, in some degree, in the wrong, I'll not deny. There's a terrible day of reckoning to come to us both!

I wish to be put in communication with my brother. [We can only help you to do so by letter.] I can position myself so as to be understood by him—will that do? [We can only give your letter a place in the columns of our paper.] That's all I ask you to do.

My name is Calvin Burke. Four years ago I resided in New Orleans; since then, I removed to Galveston, Texas, and since moving there, I located myself temporarily in Fernandina, Florida. By trade I was a comb-maker. [What was your object in joining the rebels?] To gain my rights. [What rights?] To sustain, to defend, to uphold our Southern institutions. [Which means slavery.] You have your rights; allow us to have ours. These individual rights don't take in a very large range. You are aware of that, I suppose? [Yes, on both sides.] True, true!

My age was forty-one. [Have you a family?] I have a family, but I've no desire to open communication with them—that is, not at present. March 18.

Invocation.

Almighty beginner and finisher of all things, we would return thee thanks this hour for the manifold blessings that the past has brought us, as well as for those that are born this hour. Oh, our Father, we thank thee for all the prosperity, all the sunshine in which we, as a people, have so long basked; for the peace so calm and holy that pervaded our heaven-favored land, and led us, thy poor and blind children, to fear no evil, no strife, among children of the same Father. Oh God, for the darkness we thank thee; and though our beloved nation seems wrapt round with a cloud of deepest gloom, and death—death with all its physical agonies is around us, yet have we still strength to murmur, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" "not our will, Father, but thine be done, here as in heaven." Oh, our Father, accept, we beseech thee, the thoughts and petitions of these thy children, and as they go forth upon the broad ocean of infinity, send unto each one of them ministering spirits and guardian angels, that in their best companionship they may fear no evil, as they walk through the valley of the shadow of death, unto thy heavenly kingdom. Oh God, who art the Divine Author of all things, whether shadows or sunbeams, and in whose great being all things created have birth, we thank thee, most Holy One, now and forevermore. March 24.

Happiness after Death.

From the depths of many souls there comes to us an inquiry respecting the soldier; but the feeble condition of our medium to-day must be our excuse for brevity of speech.

Ques.—Is the soldier who dies upon the battlefield happy immediately after death?

Ans.—There are as many states of happiness as there are states of life and mortality; therefore what would be happiness to one might be the opposite to the other; and again, what would be misery to one might be productive of happiness to another. Each and all future states of happiness depend much upon the state and condition of individuals at the time of their death.

The soldier lets himself to the general government for murder!—nothing more, nothing less. But he does so from conscientious motives—to promote the good of the masses, and to overthrow the usurped power of the enemy. Nevertheless, he is as much of a murderer as the assassin, who, taking his knife, goes out into the street at night, and deliberately slays the innocent wayfarer.

It depends upon the mental and spiritual condition of the mortal previous to death, as to the length of time he will remain unconscious after death. Some are so but a few minutes; others are unconscious for weeks, months and even years.

The law holds within its hands variety. Every conceivable degree of time and condition belongs to the law of Nature, which, like all other of God's laws, is eternal. But when the spirit of the soldier is aroused to consciousness, it feels sensibly its true position; it begins to live, as it were, consciously outside of materiality, and, therefore, at once recognizes its true position. It perceives instantly that it has been the direct agent used by the power of circumstances to produce sorrow. There are widows and orphans' walls rising from the earth to distress and reproach him for the crimes committed by his hands. Their sorrow goes direct to the author of it, and is of that chain which is appendable to human reason. Although this murder was committed by the soldier under conscientious motives, yet the penalty for the crime is the same as though committed under different circumstances, and cannot be escaped by him.

The child reaches out its hand and grasps the fire; it burns. The child suffers. It did it because it was pleased with the bright flame, and desired to appropriate the fire to itself. So it is with the soulful spirit of the soldier; he feels the weight of the sorrow of those he has bereaved upon earth; or, in other words, the sorrow he has so cruelly inflicted upon the innocent.

The soldier is not happy after death on the one hand; on the other he is. He perceives through eyes no longer morally blinded, that there is stretched out before his vision an open highway, which he can traverse at his pleasure, overcoming step by step, as he walks along, the numerous obstacles which have thus far stood between him and spiritual happiness. Hard experience, which is the child and handmaid of sorrow, must be his before he can attain happiness.

So it is with all mankind. You commit, every day of your lives, acts which wound and pain the hearts of others, and although you may not always be conscious that such is the fact, yet God recognizes them, and draws a portion of the suffering to yourself. You must all drink of the bitter cup of sorrow, and bear your part of life's ills; and though you strive for years to cast off the cross I own your shoulders, you cannot do so until God's own hand removes it. Then, freed from care and suffering, you shall know happiness forevermore.

So, then, the soldier must bear a portion of the sorrow he has been instrumental in bringing upon

poor mortality. This is our opinion, friends, and will be yours, too, when you shall enter upon spirit-life. March 24.

Nathaniel Call.

Years have passed since I occupied a mortal body and was recognized by my kindred; but the subject just considered has induced me, for the first time, now, to send out a few of my own thoughts to the people of earth.

I served my country in Revolutionary times. I did the best I was able to toward conquering the foe, silencing our enemies, and legating to you, the American people, the precious boon of independence.

My friends and the people eulogized me, because of my efforts to shake off the yoke of British slavery, and to establish freedom in America. My enemies cursed me because I assisted in robbing them of their fathers, husbands, brothers. Death came at every turn, to persons in all conditions of life—because of the firm determination upon the part of the English Colonies in America, to resist British oppression, and to give to their children the blessed boon of individual liberty. They were right in nurturing those ambitious desires, but in nurturing them, some must suffer. There was joy in the thought of my being a servant of public good; there is sorrow in my heart at the thought of my having been a servant of public evil.

I have experienced all the pangs of an Orthodox hell in consequence of taking up arms against mortality. My spirit has writhed in hell; again, it has drunk in living waters of happiness, because of my consciousness of having acted from a sense duty while upon earth. From the right hand of life I received heaven; from the left—hell. There is no such thing as escaping the penalty of murder. Try in what way you may to avoid it, somebody must suffer for the crime committed while upon earth, and God has decreed that the author of the crime should bear the largest portion of the sorrow his own hands have entailed upon humanity.

I have lived years in the spirit world, and I still drink my cup of sorrow, anon with my cup of happiness, and I thank God for it! When we ascend to the mountain-tops of wisdom, and behold mortality from a spiritual point of view, then we know that God is just, and that "He doeth all things well."

My name was Nathaniel Call. I was a resident of Boston, Mass., and formerly lived in what you now call Goodhue Street. I was well known at that time as the friend and aide of the Father of his Country. Ask George Washington if what I have said is not true. He knows me well, and will tell you the same story I have. Farewell, farewell. March 24.

Adelaide Devereux.

Bright blossoms of immortal truth may be gathered even on the darkest sides of life. Truths never die, and though found in the lowest hell, are destined, at some period of time to exist in the highest heaven.

Seventeen years since, I was condemned in one of your Courts of Justice, and sentenced to one of your institutions erected for the purpose of defending the public against delinquent members of society, like myself. The laws governing previous to my birth, made me a thief, but civil law did not recognize the truth of my condition, and so stretched out her right arm against me, instead of ministering to my spiritual necessities. But when once free from the laws of my material life I was no longer a thief, I was no longer looked upon as an evil to society, but was considered a child of God and an heir of heaven, with a mission to perform; and, though I know it can be performed only through great sorrow and suffering, yet I know that God will help me to discharge my work faithfully.

I have a brother still living upon the earth, holding an honorable position in society, and that brother, at times, doubts the existence of the soul after death; and even if such a thing be possible, he cannot believe that spirits ever return to earth after death. Oh brother mine! I am not dead, and to prove the truth of this you call modern delusion, I come to you to-day.

My brother will remember I was but twenty years of age when death claimed me. He will remember that fever, followed by quick consumption, caused my death a few weeks after leaving the public institution. He will remember, also, that he did all in his power to break me up of my propensity for stealing. But oh, he understood not the under-current of my nature, the irresistible power that was urging me on in the embryo physician, to thieve.

But oh, I come to-day, thanking him for his care, his love and sympathy; asking him to investigate that which he considers a delusion, and through which I am allowed to visit you to-day. Come meet us who people the spirit world, face to face! We will shake hands with you, and give you whatever information you may require about the spirit-land. And then, perchance, if you meet in the highway of life some like myself, you will know how to treat them, spiritually, as well as physically.

My name was Adelaide Devereux. I was born in the small town—but a short distance from here—called Marshfield. I died in this, the city of Boston. [Would you like to give your brother's name?] As far as I am concerned I would; but he still lives among you, and is subject to the conditions of society—therefore I deem it prudent to withhold it, fearing it might result in temporary sorrow to him. March 24.

Written for Banner of Light.

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

It is standing there 'mid the dust and gloom,
In the undertaker's coffin room;
There's a silver plate, and a silver hinge,
There's a little pillow, and silken fringe,
And a satin robe with sleeves of lace,
In this little rosewood burial case.

And every time I pass it by,
A tear comes out and dims my eye,
For I know somewhere 'mid the joy and mirth
Around some happy fireside hearth,
There's a little hand and a pretty face
To be laid away in this rosewood case!

There's a little Nat, and a little Tim,
There's a little Frank, and a little Jim;
There's a little Ruth that loves to play
With little Jane, and little May;
But I cannot tell what name they'll trace
On the tablet of this little case!

I only know some mother's heart
With its little idol soon must part;
That bitter tears will fall and stain
This satin robe, like an urn rain;
And the form she loves now to embrace,
Will sleep in this little rosewood case!

And I know, (but where I cannot tell,)
There's a land where the little angels dwell;
Where the cherished hopes that faded here,
Will grow and expand in a brighter sphere,
And some little cherub there may trace
Its birth from this little rosewood case!
Thatchwood Cottage, 1862.

THE PURE HEART.—The springs of everlasting life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, which flow out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Shiloah, they "go swiftly." You must listen to catch mountain home; you must not witness its silent march through the green vale, the opening flowers; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty which gather around it. It is over thus with the pure. You may not hear the "still, small voice," or heed the silent aspiration, but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile, flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish, while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the atmosphere.

Correspondence.

Further Notes of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller.

Our few weeks stay in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, was characterized with a continued and increasing interest on the part of all who attended our meetings, which shadows forth bright prospects for the future there. We held meetings every night, and two or three each Sunday we were there, (with but one or two exceptions,) which were largely attended. And a united feeling has sprung out from the interest in Centerville, and the friends have subscribed liberally toward getting a speaker located with them. They realize that "union is strength," and by a united effort will accomplish whatever they undertake.

If our friends would feel thus in many other places we think of, it would be much more productive of present happiness to themselves and to mankind. But while we, as a whole, are linked to the old Mosala dispensation, it will be "an eye for an eye," thrust for thrust, or, as I heard a clergyman say recently, "If you rasp me, I will rasp you."

Let us struggle hard to get above this plane, where we may, when our fellows cast stones at us, return an apple or an orange for the same. In this way we shall win them to a sense of their injustice toward us, and we shall all feel that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Our next stop was with a family in Smithboro', N. Y., of the old school Baptist faith, where several good demonstrations of clairvoyance were given; also manifestations of several spirit-friends, who were identified, recognized by their earth friends, who opened wide their wondering eyes, and trembled as they realized there was a power and an agency in spirit manifestations they had not even dreamed of from the reports they had listened to from gossippers and slanderers. Thus we left them, (looking toward the newly discovered light,) with a promise to revisit them, if possible.

At Tioga one evening meeting, full house, good time, enjoyed the genial hospitality of the self-sacrificing, who have long kept their fires brightly burning as beacon lights for the weary traveler. We left our blessings with them, as we planned our wings to speed on our way to Owego, to re-visit old friends, and again assist in building up the cause of reformation, where the public work had for some time been neglected. An interest was instituted, which opened the way for others, who closely followed up the work. Considering our very short notice, and the severity of the weather, our lectures were well attended in Owego. There are quite a number of the most prominent men and women of the town who are exerting a steady influence in that community, which is already telling with power in the right direction.

The friends in Binghamton had been without meetings for many long months, and the avidity with which our lectures were devoured, betrayed their deep soul-yearnings for spiritual food. The largest hall in town was nearly filled, notwithstanding the day and evening were both quite disagreeable with sleet and rain. By our several meetings, the way was paved for the Speakers' Convention, recently held there, arrangements for which, were made before we left to fill previous engagements. We found them quite faithful in regard to getting up an interest, for the present, on account of the war excitement, but left them in a very different opinion. We can never regret our first visit or new friends there.

The best results attended our efforts in Afton; two Sabbaths and several evenings were beneficially spent.

Thence to Bennettsville, where the Baptist church had become divided, the one part adhering tenaciously to old stereotyped notions, the other to new notions or conditions of heresy. The seceded clique have built a new and elegant church, surpassing, as far as their means would allow, the old mother church. This made a liberal opening for us. We occupied the oldest church, a good house. This was the first effort of the kind made there. The church was packed full. Mrs. M. made one of her best efforts, almost outdoing herself. It gave the best of satisfaction. Almost a unanimous voice of approbation was voted; also a very large vote of invitation for further visits.

For "Light and Truth" still we are there. The BANNER is doing a great work. Keep its bright folds upon the breezes of heaven.

For our address, see notice of speakers, &c.

H. M. MILLER.

The Two Phases of Spiritualism.

I noticed in a recent number of the BANNER a paragraph, Mr. Editor, in which you say you are constantly receiving letters in regard to the mediumship of Mr. Fay. Now there are two F.ys, mediums; and in justice to Mr. William M. Fay, it is but fair that the public should be informed that he is not a relative of H. Melville Fay, the subject of so much controversy through the papers; neither is he concerned with him in any way before the public as a medium for physical manifestations of spirit-power, or any other power.

William M. Fay's mediumistic powers, I believe, have never been questioned, at least through the columns of the Spiritual papers. He stands to-day, probably, equal to any known medium in the exercise of power for physical manifestations. And as to his character for truth and veracity—after quite an extended acquaintance with him—I have yet to discover anything untruthful or dishonest, either in regard to his mediumship or private life; and can conscientiously recommend him to the public as a reliable medium for the class of manifestations he sits for.

Those who are looking for the manifestation of a high order of spirit-talent, through the mediumship of the Davenportes, Wm. M. Fay, and others of similar powers only, are doomed to disappointment; and when sincere and honest investigators begin to closely scrutinize these spirit-manifestations, with a fixed determination of knowing the true source from whence they come, regardless of whether they emanate from low, immoral, unde

that class of evidence is demanded by some—I for one say, let them come, and by that means perhaps many persons here may be enabled to steer their frail bark clear of the shoals upon which they were stranded.

While I as fully deprecate vulgarly and immorally as any one, I cannot think of losing sight of a mighty principle, in which is involved the happiness of the whole human family, by the fear that I shall become contaminated by investigating spirit-physics phenomena through the powers of (so-called) low, immoral media. Do spirits of any grade, high or low, as many call them, accomplish the wonderful things ascribed to them, or not, is the question.

Yours, truly, O. H. CONNOR.

Whitewater, Wis., March 29, 1892.

More Evidence of Dr. Newton's Healing Powers.

Mr. Editor—Having been a subscriber to the BANNER, between two and three years, and hoping to be while this side the bridge that spans the two spheres of existence, I have obtained more pleasure in that short time than in forty years' reading of the popular Orthodox literature. My object in writing this note is a request to insert the following certificate in the BANNER for the benefit of suffering humanity.

"I hereby certify that my wife has been afflicted about eight years with a complication of diseases, viz., an internal and external inflammation, a heavy pressure of the chest after a meal, so that she could scarcely breathe, which so affected her head, she had great difficulty in lying down in bed. She was also afflicted with lookjaw, and she could only with great difficulty open her mouth at all to take food. I called in medical aid from various quarters, but she did not improve by their treatment. I accordingly gave her up as hopeless; but hearing of Dr. Newton, of New York, as a last resource I concluded to take her to him. I did so; and in two applications at his hands, she was perfectly restored. Language would be inadequate to express my thanks to him who sendeth every good and perfect gift to humanity. If any one wishes verbal testimony of the above, by calling on my wife, she will be proud to endorse the statement."

Yours,

JOHN B. MAYO.

Elizabethport, N. J., April 5, 1892.

Dr. L. K. Conoley's Labors in the West.

Dear Editor—Bro. Conoley having seen the call for lecturers you kindly published in the BANNER some time ago, paid us a visit, and has just concluded a course of seven very interesting lectures. We consider the Doctor a very able exponent of the truths of Spiritualism. He has made many friends here. This city is small, and contains but few believers, yet the truths given through him have produced much good, and many will thank God for his visit. Sister Conoley gave recitations, which were well received. May God bless and guide them, is the prayer of many friends here.

We expect to meet together once a week, at least, in future, and hope to be able to do better in a pecuniary way toward lecturers who may visit us.

Respectfully, WM. BRINKWORTH.

Madison, Ind., April 3, 1892.

A Subscriber's Views.

Dear Editor—Enclosed find two dollars, which you will place to my credit for the BANNER another year. May it continue to wave for many a year to come, to assist the glorious onward march over the final ruins of old systems. I hail the pioneers in the BANNER that are actively engaged in demolishing the rotten walls of old bigotry, and the industrious workmen clearing away the rubbish of worn-out tradition. And I see already the materials gathering necessary for the erection of the future spiritual temple, in which the multitudes will congregate in glorious harmony.

Respectfully yours, OTTO KUNZ.

Not the man who is all memory, and reasoning power, and science, and acuteness, not he is of most good as a companion or a citizen; but he who is a man of heart as well as of head—a man of feelings—a man of reverence, awe, fear, devotion, trust and faith—a man that feels himself circled about by infinity—who is sensible of a million dangers about him, God's invisible shield kept off—who is tender with the feeling of his being mortal—lowly, as though with his pride abashed by the watchful eye of God—fearful of sin, as knowing of the secret ways it steals upon the soul—who is affectionate in word and look and service, cheering men's souls with the very look of him, and strengthening for them unconsciously their belief in the goodness of the world—a man that walks the earth in the faith of heaven, moving among things that are seen, mindful of the things unseen and eternal. God's great purposes that compass him about even here and that reach away into eternity.—Mountford.

Cross-Bearing.—When a man is under the influence of honor, of truth, of rectitude, he compels all his inharmonious and subordinate appetites that rise up and oppose these higher feelings, to bear the cross. A man in his better moments says to all his untamed and barbarous passions, "That which is right and manly I am determined to follow, and you shall submit." Every one of them has to bear its cross.

Americana Steel Pens.

We have been using these pens for some time, and find they are not only better, but cheaper than foreign manufactures. We also learn that the Steel Pens have been adopted by the Board of Education of the City of New York. All persons who want good pens at low prices, will consult their own interest by addressing a line to J. P. Snow, Hartford, Conn., or 335 Broadway, New York, and getting terms, prices, &c. By enclosing \$1, you will get one hundred and forty-four samples, by return of mail.

A Child's Book.

Scripture Illustrated by Moral and Religious Stories for Little Children. By Mrs. L. M. Willis. Mrs. Willis's pen has frequently added attractions to our columns, and she is well known to the little ones. This volume of 64 pages, contains twelve stories and poems, and is a beautiful little gift book for the young. It is especially adapted for the use of Spiritual and Liberal Sunday Schools. For sale at the Banner of Light office. Price 10 cents. Postage 4c.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a German scholar well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland, is, in many respects, a remarkable work. The author illustrates several chapters of the teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, on Family in Heaven and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Consulting God, Progression, Selfish Love and Appetites, Prophecy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at the Banner of Light office. Price thirty-seven cents. When sent by mail, 10 cents additional for postage.

LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

Parties notified under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf. Lecturers are informed that we make no charge for their notices. Those named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

W. M. M. WOOD (formerly Mrs. Macomber), will lecture in Newburyport, April 20 and 27; in Stamford, Conn., July 8 and 15; in Somerville, Conn., July 27; in Putnam, Conn., during August; in Portland, Me., during September. Mrs. M. will make no engagements for the designated Sundays of April, May and June. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

L. WADSWORTH will lecture in Providence, R. I., four Sundays of May; in Hartford, Conn., two Sundays of June; at Marlborough last three Sundays of June; in New Bedford, four Sundays in July; in Quincy, four Sundays in Sept. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in the east.

MISS EMMA HUNTER will speak in Charleston, April 20; in Manchester, N. H., April 27; in Bangor, Me., through the months of May, June and July; in Sutton, N. H., Aug. 21, 28, and Sept. 7 and 14; in New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 21 and 28. Address, East Stoughton, Mass.

W. K. RIPLEY will lecture in Bangor, Me., April 30; Kennebunk, April 27; New Gloucester, May 4; Minot, May 11; Norway, May 18; Bangor, May 25; Old Town, June 1; Lincoln, June 8 and 15; Bangor, June 22. Address, as above or Bangor, Me.

MISS EMMA HARDING will lecture in Portland April 20 and 27; in Boston, during May in Quincy and Taunton, during June. Address, care of Bala Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

ISAAC P. GREENE will speak in Camden, Me., May 4; Upper Stillwater, May 11; Old Town, May 18; Bradley, May 25; Belfast, June 1. Will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity during the summer.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 20; Grand Rapids, Mich., April 27; in Battle Creek, Mich., four Sundays in May. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE has returned permanently to the lecturing field, and will answer calls from friends eastward. Applications should be made immediately. Address, Seymour, Conn.

SAMUEL D. PAGE (trance speaking and healing medium), answers calls to lecture in the Middle and Western States, wherever he may be called. Address, Fort Huron, Mich.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON's engagements at North Haven, Conn., and Bath, N. H., and Danville, Vt., having closed for the present, she is at liberty to accept of engagements to lecture elsewhere. Address, North Haven, Conn.

MISS LIZZIE DOTY will lecture in Boston, April 30 and 27; Springfield in May; in New Bedford, June 1 and 8. Address, care of Banner of Light.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CUMBER will speak in Lowell, April 30 and 27; in Philadelphia, four Sundays of May; in Chicago, Mass., the two first Sundays in June. Address box 513, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. M. B. TOWNSEND will speak in Willimantic, Conn., April 20 and 27; West Randolph, Mass., May 4 and 10; Providence, R. I., during June.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will lecture in Quincy, Mass., April 30 and 27. Will answer calls to lecture during May and June. Address, Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER may be addressed at Alton, N. Y., for the present, or Connecticut, care of Asa Hickox, permanently. They will also attend funerals.

H. L. BOWKER will answer calls to lecture on the new developments of the Spiritual Movement. Address, No. 9 Hudson street, Boston.

FANNY CORNELL FALCON will lecture in Lowell, May 18. Address 35 Kneeland street, Boston.

Mrs. M. B. KENNETT will speak in Taunton, April 20 and 27; in Northampton, May 4 and 11. Address, Lawrence, Mass.

Wm. F. WHITMAN, trance speaker, and healing medium, Atlat Depot, Mass.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 55 Tremont street, Boston. Dr. O. H. WASHINGTON, No. 194 W. Springfield st., Boston. Mrs. FRANKLIN F. FOSTER, 107 Spring street, Boston.

Mrs. A. H. SWAN, care of Clerk, 14 Bromfield st., Boston. Dr. L. U. BROWN, Address care of Banner of Light, Boston. Miss LIZZIE M. CARMY, care of Dr. A. Child, Boston.

Dr. JUDITH PARRIS, Boston, care of Bala Marsh. Mrs. B. L. FOSTER, 107 Spring street, Boston. Mrs. L. B. MOORE, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

CHARLES H. CROWLEY, Boston, Mass. Mrs. DARTMOUTH, Boston, Mass. Mrs. D. O. YORK, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Mary A. BROWN, Boston, Mass. Mrs. J. H. CURRIER, Cambridgeport, Mass. Mrs. SARAH A. BRYAN, 38 Winter st., Cambridge, Mass.

W. ELBERT CORNELL, Roxbury, Mass. Mrs. E. RICH, Roxbury, Mass. Mrs. L. A. BELMONT, Roxbury, Mass.

CHARLES T. LANE, Taunton, Mass., care of Staples & Phillips. Mrs. B. ANNA BYRON, Plymouth, Mass. E. L. YOUNG, box 85, Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. JENNIE B. RUBY, Taunton, Mass. Mrs. W. W. WATSON, Fall River, Mass. A. O. ROBINSON, Fall River, Mass.

N. B. GREENE, Lowell, Mass. Mrs. ABEL H. LOWE, Essex, Mass. Mrs. J. FOSTER, Hingham, Plymouth Co., Mass.

Mrs. E. B. BROWN, Boston, Mass. Mrs. J. B. BROWN, Boston, Mass. Mrs. J. B. BROWN, Boston, Mass.

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Advertisements.

JUST PUBLISHED.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND THRILLING WORK!

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD!

THE HUMAN SOUL: ITS MIGRATIONS AND ITS TRANSFORMATIONS!

BY P. B. RANDOLPH.

SYNOPSIS:

A dying woman makes a promise that, if possible, she will come back after death, and reveal the mystery of the land beyond the grave. She keeps her promise. The second part of the work relates the experiences of a man, who for a time, was completely disincarnated of his body. An interesting phenomenon of two souls in one body. How a man can live, and where? The Blending! How a living person can see a dead one's thought. Inevitable legends, with human characteristics, who never lived on earth! The mysterious prophecy of a disembodied soul. What the dead lady discovered in regard to spirit, soul, and spirit, after death. A curious thing regarding light and darkness. She discovers two phantoms from behind a mystic veil. Difficulty of going between the three worlds! Souls existed from all past time. Phantoms of the dead were seen in garments. Do they feel? The dead lady's story. Her discovery of the dead lady's experiences in getting out of the door; a terrible alternative: "I must wait till the house doors are closed, or I must wait till the house doors are closed."

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