





ence of elements around it similar to its own, and with more or less force, according to circumstances and conditions. Abstracts these as to bring together bodies containing either one or a few simple elements. A perception of this character extends through all phases of matter: in the crystal it leads, not only to a combination of similar elements, but to their arrangement in definite and beautiful order. In the vegetable kingdom it manifests still higher power in the selection of elements and compounds, which are brought together and arranged in the structure of the body of the plant. There is sometimes a dim foreshadowing of consciousness which is manifested in the animal kingdom, in which, in addition to the power of arranging the elements and compounds, and combining them in the bodily organism, there is consciousness of the existence of other beings and objects around them that are neither injurious nor adapted to nourish them, but so self-consciousness which alone belongs to man, who, of all living beings, is the only one that can say "I am." This consciousness of his own existence, and of the nature of his internal and external forms, although crude and imperfect, is the basis of man's immortality, or rather springs from and is the result of that immortality; and though it may be very indistinct, it is capable of infinite expansion in the future.

The perception in the mineral results from nice and delicate shades of difference in the law of attraction, by which certain particles are influenced in a similar manner at the same time, and thus come together and form simple bodies. This is the law of perception everywhere. Far back in the dim and shadowy ages of the past, millions of years before the footprints of man marked the earth, matter in its gaseous condition seemed all one wild, chaotic mass, without form, law or order; but even then every atom and each particle had perception, and by this power knowing the presence of other elements and particles like unto themselves, they used the language of a very modern writer, when compared with their era: "It is not good to dwell alone," and thus, inviting each other into a closer embrace, bodies both simple and compound were formed. Thus was the granitic rock, and every other body, brought into existence. Even in that early and primitive period, glimpses of heaven's first law—order—were manifested. Hereafter the perception was clear enough, it not only called the elements together, but also to them, arrange yourselves in regular order and form crystals.

An illustration of the law of perception is the mineral kingdom in the case of magnetic iron ore, which attracts so wonderfully iron, nickel and cobalt, and says to all other substances in Nature, "We know you not! Perception is the basis of attraction and repulsion. It is the law of chemical affinity. By it all things are made, and without it nothing could exist, except isolated atoms of matter.

In the domain of the vegetable kingdom we have simple perception in its highest manifestation. The plant, under the elevating influence of the life force, perceives the presence of those elements which are adapted to form for it an external body, and if favoring conditions exist, draws these to its embrace and binds them up in its own physical form. The splendid tints of the bright-eyed flowers are the result of very finely developed perceptions of the different primary colors of light, which enable the plant and flower to feed upon those colors which are adapted to their existence and growth, while the kindly and benevolent smile of the Divine Father shines forth in all the rich and varied hues of the many tinted rays of beauty, that, being unneeded by the flower, are sent forth to feast the eye and gladden the heart of the higher order of creation.

Some plants are so tenacious of life, that, though deprived of the food which light furnishes, they will make the effort to grow, but how pitifully and imploringly do their etiolated forms, so frail and tender, speak of a condition approaching starvation, and their efforts, feeble though they may be to reach the light, give unmistakable evidence of their need.

Without this power of separating the rays of light, by all objects in Nature, how vain would have been that glorious old day, "Let there be light," but with it how sublime and beautiful does all Nature become. This grand fact was not only let there be light for food for man and animal and plant, but let there be light for all matter, all that it can use and all that it can reflect, or give away, for here, as everywhere else, it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Through the departments of inanimate matter, inorganic and vegetable, perception alone reigns; with the animal comes that higher form of perception which we call consciousness. A perception of the existence and form of other objects around the being independent of and beyond the mere wants of the physical nature. This consciousness comes through the medium of the five senses, and gives a perception of the external objects which surround the individual within a certain distance. It does not reach to self-consciousness or any very correct ideas concerning the physical body or existence of the individual. Plants and animals are divine ideas, and as such are immortal and indestructible, but being without self-consciousness they are subject to alternations of consciousness and unconsciousness without a connecting line.

Thus the Divine ideal animal finding the elements out of which it can form a physical body; comes into conscious existence, lives for a time subject to the laws of life, which are growth, maturity, decline and dissolution. This ideal then passes into an unconscious condition, where it remains until it shall again find the elements and conditions out of which it can build a new body. Now although unconscious of its previous condition, because there is no connecting link between them, the peculiar form of its body and the force of habit, lead it to perform similar actions in its new life, to those which had marked its character in the former states of action. Thus is explained the wonderful phenomena of instinct in plants and animals. It is in reality not a new plant, or animal, but an old one, repeating the drama of a former life, all unconscious however that such a life had ever been experienced by it.

Consciousness in the animal establishes the law of self-preservation. It renders them susceptible to a certain amount of education, but to no moral responsibility.

The Divine ideal animal has all the faculties which are found in the external animal, in a more perfect degree than has ever yet been expressed in the outward, because the material elements are not yet in the highest and most favorable condition for these to build up the best physical structures; hence there will continue to be an improvement in the animal race, but there is a nearer approximation to a perfect standard in animals and plants than there is in man, because the elements require a still higher and more perfect elimination for man's highest and best physical development than they do for any of the lower animals.

This elevation and perfection of matter is through the vegetable, the animal, and the human kingdoms; all matter passes through these, and there is a beautiful interchange, a blending and linking together of all living beings, and though the highest Divine ideal plant can never become an animal, nor the most perfect ideal animal a man, yet each and all are laboring to carry matter upward and onward, so as to supply the wants of the entire domain of living beings, and thus do we perceive the grand panorama of life moving forward as a beautiful and harmonious whole, under the united and co-operating labors of the infinitely diversified forms of life; and while this grand whole is thus moving onward and upward, the Divine Father thus so arranged it that each and all the endless varieties of life shall, at the same time, back in the sunshine of happiness in the enjoyment of their own ex-

istence, however small and insignificant it may appear when compared with the great sum total of life, of which it forms an important integral part.

We have seen that perception is a universal attribute of matter, and that consciousness belongs to animal life. An impassable barrier lies between this and self-consciousness, which belongs alone to and is the characteristic trait of humanity. All the perception and consciousness that had existed before man, continued with him. Self-consciousness was added.

The opportunity of man's consciousness in regard to his own physical system, has become almost proverbial. The nature and character of diseases which exist in the system, are seldom accurately comprehended by the individual affected; but the consciousness of his existence, the feeling of "I am" is among the most positive realities to man disease. May torture the body, it may be so mutilated and disfigured that the nearest and most intimate friends cannot recognize it; still man's self-consciousness stands prominent over all this sad wreck of the physical, and exclaims with unwavering certainty, I am the same identical human being that first woke to consciousness in this physical form, and this feeling springing from man's immortality, is the strongest guarantee of endless life that man can have.

Sleep, which is common to the physical nature of all living beings, makes but a temporary interruption to consciousness, and a return to the waking state makes the thread of life continuous and unbroken. The involubility of human life depends upon self-consciousness; without this, man's accountability and responsibility for his acts would be an empty shadow—"the baseless fabric of a vision." Death would be the final account of all things, and life itself but a bubble on the ocean of Time.

One other lesson on this plane. For some time I was asking the question, What is Thought? At length the answer came as follows:

We have referred to the atoms which emanate from all bodies, and also to certain currents which flow out from them; these are always peculiar and distinct; each atom and current is a representation of the substance from which it originated. Floating everywhere through the regions of Space are these atoms—representatives of all the substances in the Universe. These are imperceptible to your ordinary vision, but influencing the mental organism of man, and in turn being subject to influences from it. One of the grandest attributes of mind is a power which exists within it, enabling it to control these invisible atoms and principles, and bring certain of them into combination so as to form thought and ideas.

The nature of the thought will depend upon the action of the will-power, and the character of the atoms brought together. Many of these combinations are imperfect, and transitory in their character, and the thought is so similar, some minds have not the power to do anything more than this, and hence their thoughts are of but little value, either to themselves or to others. Many minds whose general tone of thought is of this character, occasionally rise up to a plane on which they are able to combine the elements of grand and beautiful thoughts. Few minds occupy such a plane that all their thoughts are valuable and important to themselves and to mankind. All the combinations of thought which are above a certain plane, are immortal in their nature; these we call ideas, and this is the distinction between thoughts and ideas, the former being evanescent, very often do not work themselves out into tangible matter, and when they do, they make results that are only temporary in their character, mere footprints on the sands of Time.

Ideas are immortal, and may be very slow in working themselves out into tangible form. Both thoughts and ideas have a tendency, thus to make tangible and material expressions; but few thoughts obtain any footing on this plane. Ideas may remain a long time in the interior realm, be operated upon by mind after mind for centuries, until they reach a degree of perfection which enables them to manifest themselves in the outward, and then they are still capable of further progression and improvement.

A few only of the Divine Ideas have been wrought out into the visible, tangible universe, and present what is called matter in the form of the countless worlds that roll through Space. Many others are now moving in the same direction, and thus new worlds are continually evolved.

Human ideas are miniature types of the Divine, and all the wonderful constructions of art and genius which have marked the career of man are but the external forms and expressions of ideas which were originated and combined in the human mind.

Such have been the lessons given here, and I might extend them much further, but it is not necessary here. You will perceive that the field of mental vision is almost unlimited. I have met with minds here who have been drinking from these fountains for ages, and the uniform testimony of these, is, that the field is infinite and unbounded, save alone by the capacity of the exploring mind, and as this is continually unfolding, so there is always an open career before it sufficient to fill the loftiest aspiration and satisfy every longing desire.

#### CHAPTER VI. Moral Training and Culture in the Spiritual Sphere.

I was not reputed as a very wicked man by those who received me on my entrance into this sphere. They tell me, and I know it is so, that my moral nature was dormant—almost dead; that not a single faculty of it had been exercised upon earth, and during all those long years of suffering that I have referred to, those around me were bringing all the influences they could to bear upon those withered germs of an immortal nature which I had brought up with me, so ignorant into this sphere. Slowly and by almost imperceptible degrees was I awakened to a perception of the moral faculties of veneration, benevolence, consciousness, &c.

As soon as I became conscious of my condition and surroundings here, I found such an entire change from those to which I had been accustomed on earth, that there was but little inclination to pursue a similar course. I soon discovered that there were two methods of cultivating the faculties: the first, by direct appeals to them, and second by presenting the effects of their action. The former will be readily understood, the latter I can illustrate as follows: You desire to develop the organ of veneration; for instance, the proper and legitimate function of which is worship, obedience and respect for the Supreme Being, and for those beings who occupy positions between ourselves and Him. (This faculty is often perverted into a respect for ancient customs and objects, and for persons whom we falsely suppose to occupy a position between ourselves and the Supreme Being. This is not true veneration, but superstition.)

To draw out and develop veneration without a direct appeal to it, there is presented to the view of the mind the character of Deity as displayed in the beauty and wisdom of his works in the various departments of nature; and while contemplating these, there comes over the mind a feeling of desire to imitate him, and thus the faculty is strengthened. The same is true of the other faculties.

My experience differs from that of many others in this, that I was not here thrown among a class of spirits of similar plane to that which I had occupied on earth. I am told that the reason of this was that it was not voluntary on my part to be in such company as I was; that at no time, during my earth-life were there strong inducements offered to me to change my course, and of course there was no refusal on my part to accept them and make the effort to escape. I

do not understand this exactly, but the spirit who was here the other day, and said he would give you a plan of a bell that would throw mine in the shade, says he knows all about it. He says his name is Ferdinand De Soto, and he will soon be ready to give you his narrative.

I am now about to bring mine to a close. I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to my story. A few words as to my intercourse with my mother, and I am done. I have already spoken of seeing and hearing her. Soon afterwards, I was permitted to visit her. I found that she occupied a very different plane from that which I did. Many of her faculties were still in a very bad condition, and it was not deemed proper that I should spend much time with her. I am certain she felt no desire to follow me, or lead me back to paths of error, but her influence was like that of a very badly diseased person upon one who is weak and sensitive. It was to her and to my children that I was most strongly attracted, to repeat from time to time the simple lessons which I was learning. We grow nearer and dearer to each other as we pass along, and the reminiscences of the past, though often sad and gloomy, tend to bind us more closely together, and each unfolding vision of the inner life brings with it new joy, brighter and more exalted hopes and a more perfect and glorious realization of that happiness which here as everywhere else is measured only by the capacity of the individual. We now realize that in the Father's house are "many mansions," and that each soul has its own, and that these are made more bright and beautiful by the labors of love in which while seeking to elevate the weak and fallen we are really blessing ourselves more than them.

Permit me to say in conclusion that you have brought me under lasting obligations by your kindness in receiving and transmitting this to the children of earth. A friend who has been with us during its recital, and to whom I am indebted for much valuable assistance in presenting it, will give you a concluding chapter.

#### CHAPTER VII. By Edward W. Southwick, late of Yonkers, N. Y.

A new era in literature has dawned upon the world, in which spirits from almost all conditions in the inner-life may come and give a connected account of their peculiar experiences to mankind. However varied and apparently contradictory these experiences may seem, they are all parts of one great whole, and are essential to a clear and satisfactory comprehension of life in the spheres. When all these are presented to the thinking minds of the present age, there will be not only a better and more rational perception of the nature of life in the spheres, but also a nobler and truer appreciation of the duties and destinies of life on earth.

The unfolding of the spiritual nature of man on earth will remove a difficulty which has long existed, and from which much suffering has arisen, namely, the very imperfect consciousness of spirits on their entrance into this life.

The foregoing narrative was selected by us mainly to illustrate some prominent points, and we have succeeded so well in giving it, that it requires but little further comment.

First, the condition of total unconsciousness succeeding death may not seem of much importance to the individual, as under these circumstances one hour is the same as a thousand years; but we perceive that it is not only an indication of a bad condition of spirit, but that it actually produces a positively injurious effect upon one whose animation is thus suspended. The cause of this was the fact that the spiritual nature had never been awakened or called into action on earth.

The next point is the long period, to the victim himself apparently of endless duration, and hence a most terrible reality, of very limited and partial consciousness. This was exceedingly trying to those who were attracted to him by his condition, and who, like physicians around a patient, perceived this feeling; but they knew there was a philosophy underlying all this, and that while they were thus gazing his frail bark across a stormy and tempestuous sea, which threatened every where to swallow it up, this was the safest and best way for him to reach the haven of rest into which he was ultimately landed. The gradual unfolding of the spiritual senses is but a single instance of a very common occurrence here.

In the brief account given of the physical condition and development in this sphere, we have passed over many important points hastily, because a better opportunity will be furnished to illustrate these in other narratives. It may not be amiss to call attention to the comparison made of the physical body to the scaffold, folding around a building, both internally and externally, upon which the workmen must find their support while laboring for its construction and elaboration. There is a deep lesson in this, and every one would do well to inquire whether they are devoting their highest and best energies to the building of a mere scaffold, which at best is temporary and is always an incumbrance, though an essential one, to the progress of construction, and without which of course the building could not be erected; and hence a proper amount of care should be bestowed upon it, while we should never lose sight of that to which belongs "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"—the spiritual and interior.

In finishing the most perfect and beautiful physical mold which can be made, always keep prominently in view that which must be cast from that mold and shall retain its form when that shall have returned to its native dust.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. SOUL SYMPATHY.

Why do the lips so often fail to speak  
The richest words the longing heart would say?  
Why are imprisoned noble thoughts, which seek  
To shed their sunlight o'er our shadowy way?

God knows that few indeed e'er find below  
That sympathy their thirsting spirits crave;  
Our purest yearnings briefly live and glow,  
But to be sent unanswered to the grave.

Deep, earnest thoughts, which should find interchange,  
Are left unspoken, till the souls which need  
Both to receive and give the rich exchange,  
Are weary of the dumb, cold life they lead.

And so this earth, which might be almost heaven,  
Sees only transient glimpses, far apart,  
Of that divinest light to mortals given,  
The beaming sunshine of a loving heart.

But oh, there is a home which will be ours,  
Where falls no shade of loneliness or gloom;  
And there the spirit's long-neglected powers  
Will be awakened into beauteous bloom.

The pure emotions which are fettered here,  
Chained, and denied the use of human speech,  
Will find, in that untainted atmosphere,  
Expression in the language angels teach.

There full companionship will satisfy  
The holy aspirations of the soul,  
And from existence joy will never fly,  
While God's eternal ages onward roll.

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure admiration.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. THE DRAGON'S RETREAT.

BY KENIA TUTTLE.

Out of the way of the fighters, here to the shady wood,  
Bloody, and faint, and aching, I have crawled as best  
I could!  
I hate this way of retreating, now while my fiery heart  
Thumps to be helping my comrades, till my wounds  
Gape wide apart  
To let the great streams of blood out—I hate to see it  
flow!

It is free, and strong, and loyal, and should not be  
wasted so!

It hurts me to fly from battle, to join in this still retreat  
With the rest of the shot and dying, to join the spirit  
retreat.

Into the land of Silence, into the land of Peace!  
I'd rather stay in the battle till all the soldiers cease;  
But I'm going further off than the wildwood here—  
I can hardly raise my canteen, I can scarcely see or hear.

Oh home! oh love! lost heaven! I know how the sun-  
len word  
"Shot!" will moan round the fireside, and a deep regret  
be stirred.

That they ever gave their Percy to fight for the tram-  
pled Right!  
I wish their dear eyes could see me, here in the yanking  
lights!

Each tender grass-leaf trying to pillow my dirty head,  
This mound here is just as easy as the downiest dyng  
bed.

I am tired—this seems like resting—four days in a  
raging fight.

For a boy like me, a novice; but I see I shall sleep to-  
night.

So deep that the cannon's thunder, nor a shout of vic-  
tory,  
Could wake my body to shooting—but then 't will not  
be so.

Dumb tongue—still heart—I've a spirit which burns  
like the northern star,  
And will, then, even then, be pulsing for Right and the  
Union war!

Retreating! how faint comes the tumult which croaks  
o'er the gory field;  
The forms of yon blue-mailed warriors are only half re-  
vealed.

But oh! a rout! they are coming! well, it is spared  
from me.

To ride with the hunted soldiers in the crazy cavalry;  
I'm passed to another army, where men like Eliaworth  
stand.

And we all shall serve our country yet, in the spirit-  
land.

Walnut Grove Farm, 1863.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. TRUE HAPPINESS.

Having been subjected, one day, to more than an ordi-  
nary share of the disappointments, perplexities and  
 vexations which await us at almost every turn in life's  
 path, I, in a paroxysm of anger, condemning the whole  
 human race as mercenary and unfeeling beings, threw  
 myself upon a sofa and strove to find peace and rest in  
 the gentle embrace of "Morpheus." Ere I had long  
 been an inhabitant of the land of Nod, imagination,  
 whose wandering propensities not even the chains of  
 sleep can hold in subjection, began to picture the most  
 delightful scenery.

I had exchanged my sofa and cushion for a grassy  
 spot and little mound. Instead of resting beneath a  
 lofty ceiling, I reclined under a wide-spreading oak,  
 whose friendly branches excluded the too intense rays  
 of the sun. On the right were spread out verdant  
 fields, whose slightly undulating surface, covered with  
 a velvet-like carpet of rich green grass, diversified by  
 many hued flowers, seemed to lose itself in the fleecy  
 clouds. On the left a grove of various trees, straight  
 and majestic; no mark of deformity was there to pain  
 the sight; on the contrary, Nature seemed robed in her  
 perfect garb of symmetry. Before me a rippling stream  
 wended its way to some distant region, ever and anon  
 breathing forth more strongly its gushing melody, to  
 whisper, as it were, a word of comfort to some sorrow-  
 stricken soul, or while away the time of some dejected  
 one. It seemed to sing of the far off happiness of some  
 fairy land. Birds of varied and brilliant plumage  
 flitted from tree to tree, or soared away through the  
 boundless ether.

"Was this, I thought, to repose by the brook's gentle  
 murmuring and music's strain from a thousand war-  
 bling throats, that I lay contemplating the beautiful  
 and shifting tints of the azure sky, and watching the  
 glorious orb of day in his onward march. He tips the  
 tree-tops and greenward with golden hue, pearls the  
 water, and imparts to the sky a ruby glow. Now,  
 from myriads of tiny throats bursts forth a song. The  
 zephyrs rustle gently through the trees, and all Nature  
 sends up her evening hymn of praise to "God," the  
 Creator. The sun is setting. I turn to gaze upon his  
 splendor, when lo! a shadow intervenes. Bending  
 over me is a being of exquisite loveliness. Her eth-  
 eral robe of spotless white is as a snowflake; upon her  
 head rests a light wreath, in which are twined the pure-  
 st and choicest of Flora's treasures. She seems in-  
 deed one formed to float upon the breeze.

"Fair being! I come from the realms celest-  
 tial? Or, hast thou less genial climes thy birth? Hast  
 some propitious God sent thee to my aid?"

"Whence I come thou need not know. I am sent to  
 lead thee where thou mayst obtain a jewel which thou  
 fain wouldst possess. What wouldst thou?"

"Above fame, honor, power or wealth, I seek hap-  
 piness. Canst thou point out the way to obtain it?"

"Yes. Follow me. I will give thee the secret of  
 true happiness."

Arising, I follow, and seem at once transported to  
 more genial regions. The song of birds is uttered in  
 a sweeter cadence, and the breeze which fans my cheek  
 becomes more laden with aromatic perfumes. At length  
 we approach a cave. Entering, my breath  
 seems lost in the fragrance of the flowers enamelling  
 the green tapestry covering the entrance, and my eyes  
 blinded by the profusion of light which bursts upon them.

The cave far exceeds in beauty anything I had ever  
 dreamed of. The walls and pyramidal top are hung  
 with beautifully wrought stalactites, which reflect  
 back with tenfold brilliancy the rays proceeding from  
 some magic light, making the cave appear as if illu-  
 minated by a thousand lights. In the centre plays a  
 fountain, whose jets ascend nearly to the top, then de-  
 scending, wash the floor with their crystal spray. A  
 gentle breeze pervades the cave, and unseen Zephyrs  
 harp the air with sweetest melody. At the remote  
 end is an opening leading into a floral yard. Here are  
 flowers of every specie, cool, refreshing fountains,  
 shady bowers and melodious songsters. All betokens  
 bliss.

At our approach a number of little fairies flee from  
 the cave. One alone remains, she, holding in her  
 hand a sceptre, symbol of her regal authority, ad-  
 vances.

"Mortal, why hast thou come hither into my do-  
 main?"

"Gracious fairy, I have not, but have come in search  
 of happiness at the suggestion of one who made me  
 of thy race. In the world all are swayed by mercen-  
 ary or speculative motives, studying self-aggrandize-  
 ment alone, regardless of the feelings and condition of

others. All happiness, I this world possess unal-  
 lered happiness. Surely in this realm naught else  
 can I desire. Could I but dwell here, I would be con-  
 tent."

"That cannot be. Thou art too corporeal to par-  
 take of our enjoyments, which in the heat of excite-  
 ment thou hast pronounced the same of bliss, as thou  
 hast unjustly condemned the creatures of earth. Here,  
 though flowers, fountains, birds and sweet music  
 would delight thee for a time, yet they would eventu-  
 ally cease to please. The charm of novelty would wear  
 away, and thou wouldst pine for a companion. No,  
 Earth's only happiness for mortals is that experienced  
 while smiling among angels. Go, now, mingle with thy  
 fellowmen, remembering that earth is full of beauty  
 when the heart is full of love." Go: love thy neighbor  
 as thyself, and while enjoying the happiness emanat-  
 ing from this source, thou shalt see upon the thought  
 that thou shalt wear a brilliantly adorned diadem when  
 thou shalt stand amidst the throng of the "just  
 made perfect," and wearing this crown, thou shalt  
 dwell in the presence of the great I AM forever, where  
 all is love—all is bliss."

With these words ringing in my ears, I awoke to find  
 it all a dream, but a dream in which a new light had  
 dawned upon my mind. I had scorned the precious  
 and fruitful sources of happiness which God had given  
 me, condemned unjustly my fellowmen, and rendered  
 myself miserable. It made a deep impression, and I  
 determined to adopt this as the motto of my life, viz:  
 Never to let a day pass without making, as far as in  
 my power, some one happier; without endeavoring to  
 ameliorate the condition, alleviate the sufferings of  
 some poor fellow-being. Oh, if mankind would throw  
 off the mantle of selfishness, and adopt this senti-  
 ment, how bright this world would be!

Say, you to whom shall we act thus? To your  
 neighbor. And who is my neighbor? It is he who is  
 suffering and indigent. It is that poor brother be-  
 lighted in the wilderness of error—into whose soul  
 the light of the glorious gospel of truth has not yet  
 shone. It is that needy fellow creature whom we  
 meet, or of whom we hear, or know. Ah! it is all the  
 world!

From brother's hearts be blighted,  
 The cry for strength and aid  
 Comes to us sadly freighted  
 With death and agony.  
 Behold! you true believers  
 In the "Lamb for sinners slain,"  
 He calls us to deliver  
 His soul from Error's chain.  
 Philadelphia, Pa., 1863. ADDIE.

#### A Chapter from Arabian History.

During the absence of Hassan II, his throne was  
 usurped by Dushawater, who began his odious reign  
 by cutting off all who might claim the throne by her-  
 editary right. Like a viper he altered the sons of  
 the nobility to his palace, and then had them seized,  
 and after the most brutal treatment, and refused cru-  
 elty, he had them hurled from the upper windows.

Zerash, the only remaining prince of the royal line,  
 resolved to be avenged, or at least not to die without  
 an effort. When seized and carried before the tyrant,  
 he managed to have a poison in readiness con-  
 cealed under the sole of his foot, and stabbed the  
 monster to the heart. Severing the head from the  
 body, he showed it at the window, from which he was  
 to have been thrown to the guard who awaited him  
 below, eager to satiate their brutal cruelty by witness-  
 ing his death agonies. The eunuchs of the court  
 gazed in silence for a moment, but seeing that Zerash  
 was master, they hailed him as their deliverer with  
 great applause.

He proved equal, if he did not surpass the tyrant he  
 supplanted in barbarity. The brilliant name he had  
 acquired, was eclipsed by his dark deeds of cruelty.  
 His bigotry to the Jewish creed allowed of no contradic-  
 tion. The Christians were particular objects of his  
 hatred. At one time he thrust twenty thousand of  
 these helpless people into a trench filled with combust-  
 ibles, and ordered them on the altar of his diabolical  
 real. By this act he acquired the name of the Lord of  
 the Burning Pit, and those who perished in this ter-  
 rible manner, are called the "Martyrs of the Pit." The  
 Koran extols their fidelity, and anathematizes their  
 persecutors.

Abysinia was already a Christian country, and one  
 of the Christians fled thither and entreated the King  
 Nayah to invade Yemen. Under the command of his  
 son Argot, he despatched an army of seventy thousand  
 men, enjoining him not to spare a single Jew; to de-  
 vastate one-third of the country, and capture one-third  
 of the women and children.

Weakened by their intestine wars, and taken un-  
 awares, the Arabs made feeble resistance. They were  
 routed in a great battle, and Zerash, to escape,  
 plunged from a high precipice into the sea, preferring  
 death to the chains of the Ethiopian victor.

The sceptre of Yemen passed forever from the hands  
 of his house, and an Abyssinian line ruled, perma-  
 nent, with more Christianity.—Historical Studies, H. Tuttle.

#### Colloidum and Gum Cotton.

Colloidum is a viscous and transparent fluid formed  
 by dissolving pyroxylene (gun cotton) in a mixture of  
 ether and alcohol. Pyroxylene is prepared by im-  
 mersing cotton, flax, unisized paper, or any substance  
 composed of lignine in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric  
 acid. In 1858 M. Braconnot discovered that, when  
 starch was submitted to the action of nitric acid it be-  
 came converted into a substance called dextrine, which dis-  
 solved in the acid, and was precipitated upon the addi-  
 tion of water. This substance, which was named  
 xyloidine, was found to explode when dry, at a tem-  
 perature of 356°. The subsequent researches of M.  
 Pelouze proved this substance to be starch, in which  
 one equivalent of hydrogen was replaced by one of  
 peroxide of nitrogen. In 1846 M. Schönbein discov-  
 ered gun cotton or pyroxylene, an explosive material;  
 soluble in ether and alcohol. His method of making  
 it was by immersing cotton in a mixture consisting of  
 one part of nitric acid added to three of sulphuric  
 acid. After being immersed for five minutes, the cot-  
 ton was washed repeatedly in water and dried. The  
 sulphuric acid contained in the mixture, was simply to  
 absorb the water formed in the process, which would  
 otherwise weaken the nitric acid, and cause it to re-  
 solve the pyroxylene. Chemists soon recognized the  
 analogy of these two compounds, starch and dextrine  
 being similar in composition, and cotton being be-  
 lieved to be pure lignine. Further research proved that  
 there were three principal varieties of pyroxylene, de-  
 pending on the strength of the nitric and sulphuric acid  
 used. By employing the strongest mixed acids the  
 most explosive gun cotton was produced; it contained  
 the largest amount of peroxide of nitrogen, and was  
 only soluble in acetic ether. This was the quality  
 most adapted for blasting operations. The second  
 kind, made with a slightly weaker acid than the last,  
 contained less peroxide of nitrogen, was not so ex-  
 plosive, dissolved readily in ether and alcohol, and it  
 was used for making colloidum. The third form, made  
 from still weaker acids, contained still less peroxide of  
 nitrogen and was only combustible.—Scientific Ameri-  
 can.

"Gone, Harry—gone! gentleman gave a little boy a  
 gold dollar." "Now you must keep that," said the  
 gentleman. "Oh, no!" said the little boy. "I shall  
 give it first. Maybe I shall keep my half." "You  
 half?" said the gentleman. "Why, it is all yours!"  
 "No," answered the child, "with an earnest shake of  
 the head; "no, it is not all mine; I always go halves  
 with God. Half I shall keep, and half I shall give  
 him." "God owns the world, he does not want it,"  
 said the gentleman. "The silver and the gold and the  
 cattle on a thousand hills belong to Him." "The little  
 boy looked puzzled for a moment. "Could he answer  
 the gentleman? "Promptly he said, "God gave silver  
 with out silver, and he gave gold with out gold." "The  
 child's paper."

"Rolling folks are constantly talking about their  
 "rolling stock." It is some time since "rolling stock"  
 long before rolling was ever thought of. When Ma-  
 bacco was first rolled in Virginia, it was the custom  
 to roll it over one's shoulder, and to roll it in the  
 hands, and the producers made a large profit, it is  
 said, by doing business in that novel way.



# Written for the Banner of Light. I'LL PRAY FOR THEE.

TO MRS. M. W. S.—I'LL PRAY FOR THEE BY REQUEST.  
THEY PRAY FOR THEE BY REQUEST.  
THEY PRAY FOR THEE BY REQUEST.  
THEY PRAY FOR THEE BY REQUEST.

Why pray for thee? are not thy prayers ascending,  
Like holy incense, to the Father's ear?  
And loving ones—now angels—hourly bending,  
To catch each word, each wish, and tell it there?

What glory now around thy head is breaking  
When thou art made a medium for the just  
Love's messages from them to earth-life taking,  
How holy is the work! how sweet the trust!

Through them they lift the veil, that fainting mortal,  
Whose path is dark, and thorns obstruct the way.  
May glimpse catch of life beyond the portal—  
Of joys to come when dawns that brighter day.

Thou seest spirit-forms around thee bending,  
To soothe the earth's sorrow, lighten every care;  
With them thy heart, thy life, should e'er be blending,  
In love and duty—they will lead thee where.

Could I but see them pointing me to duty,  
But know my feeble, faltering steps they guide;  
Could I be shown by them the wealth, the beauty,  
Of calmly bearing life's e'er varying tide!

But oh! my way is cloudy; stormy oft and gale,  
And swelling waves, they rudely toss my bark;  
Or fog so dense surrounds me oft, that whither  
I'm gliding—oh! I cannot tell—it is dark.

I'm weary of the struggle, oft am weary,  
And faint would rest me on the other shore,  
Where mortals chide not, and the way's not dreary,  
And earthly fetters bind the soul no more.

Enough of work before me ever viewing,  
Burdens so heavy that I faint would share,  
But oh! this lack of wisdom, strength for doing,  
The errors to correct that blind them there.

Would I could see the All-Father on me smiling,  
And saying, "Cheer thee, child, thou dost well."  
With patience labor, cease thy sad repining,  
Thy life on other hearts for good shall tell."

Then pray for me, that steps though faltering weakly,  
May yet be sure, by love and wisdom led;  
May spirits pure and noble help me meekly,  
The path of duty cheerfully to tread.

And I will pray for thee! that onward, upward,  
Thy course may be by guardian-angels led,  
Till thou this form outgrow that holds thee backward,  
And with those guardians, spirit-wings shall spread.

And may I meet thee, then, where clouds no longer  
Obscure my sky; above the waves we'll soar,  
To cheer the fainting, and the weak make stronger,  
And pilot dark ones to the Elysian shore.

How many loved ones we will then be greeting,  
Who've stemmed the tide, rock-riven and tempest-tossed,  
Now safely moored; how glad will be the meeting,  
The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed."

MARY.

## Correspondence.

### New York Spiritualism, and Mr. Chas. H. Foster.

MR. EDITOR.—Amongst so many explosions of skepticism, and carplings and cavillings at mediumistic doings, permit me to offer my testimony to the good faith and triumphant labors of one at least of our best public mediums of the test order, namely, Mr. Charles Foster, of Salem. This wonderful instrument of the spirits is here on a visit to the city of New York, with his fair young bride; herself not unlike the mortal personification of the medium's guardian angel. His rooms, at 39 Bond street, are thronged with eager inquirers after news from the bright immortals, bearing ample testimony to the undiminished zeal of the New York public in spiritual manifestations.

I have myself had a recent seance with Mr. Foster, and am bound to own all former experiences in my own and other's mediumship as communicants for spirits, paled before the indubitable facts afforded by Mr. Foster of spirit presence. No mere description of the ordinary routine of pellet and arm-writing tests can do justice to the readiness and ingenuity exercised by the spirits in manifesting through Mr. Foster, and as in addition to this much desired boon of mediumship, Mr. Foster adds the gentleman, like an honorable but somewhat rare habit (amongst mediums), of punctuality and fidelity to his appointments. I am happy to comply with the wishes of some of his grateful sitters, and bear this testimony of his good service amongst us, as well as to advise the many strangers who are daily the interested readers of your columns, that New York is fortunate in securing the aid of this famous clerk to the Spiritual Post Office.

At Dodworth's Hall, the labors of Mr. A. J. Davis and his estimable lady are highly appreciated, as the crowded Sunday meeting, and deeply interesting movement of "the Children's Lyceum" bear ample testimony.

In this day of universal disintegration and particularly selfish, though highly lauded individuality, we owe Mr. Davis a new obligation in addition to the many which his wonderful seances has conferred on humanity, for attempting so successfully a movement which tends to bring the dispersed, and consequently wasted rays of spiritual illumination into something like a focus of strength and usefulness. Spiritualists, with a revelation of the most complete, and scientific system of religion, are little or nothing as a power to the world, owing to their total lack of unity of purpose, and fraternal associativeness, and generally speaking, the least attempt to inaugurate any of those movements amongst Spiritualists which Nature so emphatically points to as the harmonious order of creation in every department of the universe, from the abiding republic of solar systems, to the microcosmic harmonies of the human structure, when the least hint is even breathed of any such design and order obtaining amongst the illogicalities, fanaticisms, and dogmatism of Spiritualists, forthwith goes up a wall of anathemas against the presuming authoritarians, who are seeking again to enchain the enfranchised soul of man in the cramping fetters of "order," and "torments of eloquence on 'the right of the individual' to life free of all restraints, or laws, or obligations but his own sovereign pleasure, at once drowns the plea of Nature and her advocates, for the strength which grows out of union; no less in social, religious, and intellectual, than in national institutions. I know, too, we are very apt to attribute this spirit of disintegration to the spirits," urging that "they read us our first lesson in individuality by compelling us all to 'live at loose ends,' in the 'conventional,' inexpensive and, particularly unrestricted, obedience to no law or order but our own will."

Without thinking how much freedom we enjoy from human restraint; so long as we profess ourselves more machines of "the spirit," than men, much this spirit of disintegration arises from the fact that we all come together less for the purpose of carrying out some common aim than of forcing upon each other some special aim of our own. We can only say the New York Spiritualists whom I have conversed on Spiritualism, seemed thoroughly weary of this long struggle against the nat-

ural spirit of individuality, and the vain attempt to maintain a selfish individuality in the weakness of selfish isolation, that after straying off to all manner of half way reformatory churches, anywhere, in fact, to supply the famishing soul with half a loaf rather than starve; now that Mr. A. J. Davis, without counsel asked of any one, or leave granted, that I can learn, from the spirits, has actually inaugurated at Dodworth's Hall regular Sunday meetings, and week by week seems to be tending onward in the yet more formidable direction of order in the establishment of a good choir and children's meeting, styled, I believe, "The Progressive Lyceum," etc. The consistent attendance, glad faces, and marked approbation with which these efforts are met, is evidence enough that it is not the principle of order and association that is obnoxious to the growth of the spirit, but merely the form of dogmatism which associates efforts too often assume. Bidding Mr. Davis's efforts heartily God-speed, and commending a similar movement to all persons who feel the value of these reformatory meetings in individual growth and the diffusion of progressive ideas amongst the community, I take leave of New York to enter upon a seven weeks' engagement at the good city of Philadelphia. And here I am aware that the length of my engagement seems altogether too like associative opinion, to say the least of it. There certainly must be danger of Spiritualists becoming too united, when they can agree upon listening to the same speaker for the unheard-of period of seven weeks. So long, however, as brave old Sansom Street Hall continues to display such close masses of kind, upturned faces as greet me on each succeeding Sabbath, and many a week evening beside, I have no fear that seven weeks' unity of feeling is going to kill Spiritualism.

I must not forget to add to my brief chronicle of York and its spiritual harvest, that the rejoicing numbers of sick made whole through the valuable ministry of Dr. James A. Neal, prove that the nobility of the gifts is with us still. And thus the brilliant tests of Charles H. Foster, the noble philosophy of A. J. Davis, and the yet more blessed gift of healing in the hands of Dr. Neal, may, I trust, be permitted to enter one plea, at least, in the name of New York, at the bar of that indefatigable detective of spiritual defalcations, Mrs. Grundy, and her jury of impostor hunters. "Seek and ye shall find," may still be our motto, and falsehood or truth, charlatanism or Spiritualism, will inevitably answer the spirit in which we seek.

My present address is care of M. B. Dyott, Esq., 114 South Second street, Philadelphia, where my friends will now, as ever, find me the devoted friend of humanity and the spirits. EMMA HARDINGS.

### Physical Manifestations.

IN No. 22 of the BANNER is an article from the pen of Mrs. Libbie Lowe Watson, entitled "Humbags," pronouncing physical manifestations unreliable evidence of spirit presence and power, and denouncing the Fay and Davenport mediums as tricksters and unprincipled men. Now if your columns are open for investigating the subject, please allow me to state a few facts which came under my own observation, in relation to the Davenport boys.

Last summer they, accompanied by their father, came to La Crosse, Wis., my former place of residence, and made our house their home. They gave their public sittings in Barron's Hall, the father always opening the circles with a short lecture upon ancient and modern spiritual manifestations, showing that spirits had operated upon ponderable bodies in centuries past, and that God's laws are unchangeable and eternally the same. The committee were always chosen by the audience, and usually the most skeptical minds, but honest, candid men, in whom the audience had perfect confidence. Their box, which I should judge is some eight feet high by eight wide and four deep, was placed upon the rostrum fronting the audience. The inside is a plain box, with a seat across each end and the back side, the front consisting of three doors, which, when opened, exposed the whole interior of the box. At the top of the middle door is a small aperture, ten by twelve inches, I should think, covered by a black cloth fastened at the top. The boys are always seated, one at each end of the box, and secured first by tying their hands tightly together behind them, then passing the ropes down through holes in the seats and securely tying them there; then their arms are bound down to their bodies, their feet bound together, the rope wound around their limbs, and the ends tied out of their reach.

They are thus bound so tightly that the only motion they can make is to bend their bodies forward a little, the cords which bind their hands often being drawn so tight as to stop circulation, and also to leave an indentation in the wrist the size of the cord. After being thus secured, and the instruments, which consisted of a violin, tambourine, bell and trumpet, were placed on the bench between them, or hung against the back of the box. The doors, which were fastened on the inside by wooden bolts without springs, were closed by the father, who always closed the side ones first and bolted them, then closing the middle one it would be instantly bolted by some power inside, and at the same instant hands would appear at the aperture at the top of the middle door, sometimes one, again four or five, and even more, of different sizes; also a lady's hand and arm, with a white undersleeve and embroidered cuff, would be protruded to the elbow. Then the doors would be unbolted from within, and the committee, after a careful examination, declare that the boys were still tied just as they left them.

Then, the doors being closed again, the instruments would be tuned and played upon, blitting the sides and top of the box, the bell sometimes ringing violently, and the trumpet thrust out through the aperture, and shook and thrown out upon the floor.

Again, persons would go up and shake hands with the hands presented at the opening, often feeling many hands at a time upon theirs. One man asserted that he held a hand firmly in his until it seemed to evaporate. Another covered his hand with printer's ink, and shook hands with those presented; but upon examination, none could be found on the hands of the mediums.

They were subjected to many tests, such as filling their hands with flour, and leaving them to be untied, which was invariably done with the flour remaining in their hands, and not a grain to be found upon the ropes, the seats, or their clothes.

At many of the circles one of the Committee was requested to sit in the box with the boys. He would be seated between them; with a hand tied upon the lap of each, and the instruments placed on his lap; then, the doors being again closed, the spirits would proceed to raise the instruments to the top and other parts of the box, thumping the strings at the time, and doing various things which he or the boys requested. When he came out he would declare that the boys did not move a muscle, but that he felt a hand stroke his hair and whiskers, pat him on the cheek, &c. And he was occasionally discovered with the tambourine balanced upon his head on opening the door. On one occasion in one of the dark circles, when one of the committee was thus seated with them, the door being left open, the instruments were brought out into the hall and played upon, floating around the room.

But to me the most beautiful manifestations and conclusive evidence of the truthfulness of their pretensions were given in private circles, because in many of these I had tangible evidence of various characters. During their stay in our city the eldest brother was called away to transact business, and the youngest occupied the time by giving private entertainments to the friends and others who desired to witness the phenomena. At those circles we were seated in rows across one side of the father, with the medium

at the opposite side near a table on which the violin, guitar, bell, and trumpet were placed. The medium would then be tied to his chair by some one in the circle, and the ends of the rope tied out of his reach, so that by no possible means he could untie himself, or by any twist in feeling, extricate either of his hands. . . .

These are only a few of the manifestations I have witnessed in the presence of these mediums, and all the facts herein given can be vouched for if necessary.

Now if the Rev. Mr. Dobbins can produce this phenomenon upon any other hypothesis than the spiritual, it is but justice to humanity that he expose the deception, but until it can be exposed and demonstrated as such, would it not be well for "friends of truth" to be a little more charitable, and not condemn as wholly unreliable, any phase of mediumship with which the kind Father has endowed his children? To me, as to our sister, the "Spiritual Philosophy" teaches all that is ennobling, beautiful and true. It endows me also with the spirit of Charity, Justice and Love. I have no right to be my brother's judge, and as far as my observation has extended, if any one phase of manifestation more than another is awakening the mind and calling out investigation, it is the physical manifestations, for they meet the demands of the masses.

Therefore, let us clothe ourselves with Charity, and while we drink from the pure fountain of Inspiration, let us not poison the waters which we offer to others.

Yours for the Truth,  
MRS. SARAH O. DENISON.  
Tully, Oneonta Co., N. Y., March 7, 1868.

### Adapt.

ADAPT on the sea of life with the billows of a great national tempest beating around me, and each officer and seaman struggling to save his ship, or some political party. Some truly and earnestly devoted to the ship, and some caring little what becomes of the ship if some spar, or bunk, or sail, or oar, or oarlock, or party-politics, or city commerce, or banking, or speculation in currency can be saved and left for their selfish ends. "Out away the spar, then, and let Slavery go hold, hold in the rebel districts," cries the captain. "Go, hold, hold!" cries a thousand voices from all sections of the ship; "we must save Slavery if the ship goes to pieces;" and the "copperhead" rattle and hiss of the snake, so well known to us of the West, backs up the cry with attempts to frighten the captain and his loyal crew, and in the terrible storm to compel a delay, or countermand of order at the risk of destruction. Oh, take their guns, take their horses, take their cotton, take their lands, take their lives, but do not take their slaves, for that would break the Constitution, where it is already broken by the rebellion; and beside, without their slaves they could not hold out in this rebellion, nor maintain an army for three months, for they will not work—nay, cannot work for support, as northerners do.

For two weeks before the late election, I was up in New Hampshire, feeling the pulses of the people. Most of them mean to be loyal, and not from good motives; but many are terribly deceived and imposed upon by the copperhead snakes, who play on the honest-hearted people, and awaken fears and weaken the confidence in the Government, while it is the only power that can save our noble ship, and the glorious principles we have started and partially adopted in the National and State Government of the loyal States. The contest is over among the stern old bills of my native State, and the right has once more triumphed, and I, though no longer a citizen of the Granite State, rejoice at the success of the loyal and true.

Our ship is still afloat, and I trust safe. The order has gone forth, shrill and clear, "Out away the spar, and let Slavery go hold, hold on the lee, near the bow of the ship; put helm hard up and luff a little, and we'll weather Hatteras." The men are after the axes; the order will be executed; and the ship will be saved; the "copperheads" will disappear, as did the emblem from the rebel flag of South Carolina, or as their namesakes do from the prairies and lead mines of the West, when we turn a hard of swine out to feed on them. Where could they have found a more appropriate emblem for treason than this rattlesnake, or for those who cooperate with traitors? The animal has some peculiar traits; there is but a short season of each year that it is sufficiently awake to bite; it carries the rattle and the poison, but uses them only at a particular season; is very sleepy most of the year. So of the political prototypes—their time is just before and at elections—they will sleep now in New Hampshire till near another election, then you may hear the rattle again, if not fed up by some hungry tribes before that time. But of all inconsistencies I have ever met, none is more glaring than for the traitors to their country, to the principles and names of Jefferson, Jackson, and Douglas, to call themselves Democrats—sacred names and principles to which my life is consecrated, and I trust will ever be true while the rights of man are sacred to me as life and country.

From New Hampshire I drifted eastward, and now find myself near the middle of Maine, the middle of March, and the middle of Winter, apparently, for it is good sleighing, with fine, fair, clear, cold weather, with good prospects of six or more weeks sledding in March, (if they can all get sledds.)

All is quiet down here; the "copperheads" are torpid, and even the theological hunkers are mum; but here and there is to be found some rattling revivalist, or prayerless Spiritualist, trying to arouse the quiet elements that can, and no doubt will be, lashed again into foam before long, by an election or a great revival, or some speculative enterprise. Some one has started a project of seceding Maine, and attaching her by the Grand Trunk Railroad to Canada and New Brunswick, and with a water-path from Portland and Halifax to Liverpool, as if Liverpool was nearer than New York, (or less corrupt,) and as if the noble and pure-hearted people of this fine timber, potato, and hay State were nearer to a monarchy or Queen-dom, than to the principles of Washington, Madison, Adams, and Jackson; but this posser could not awaken the guard, and so his scheme gave him no glory. This would be a good region and good time to cool off some of the sympathizers with our enemies. Pity the Woods could not be quartered in the hemlock woods of Maine for a while, with Valldingham for a waiter, and some commissioned off-duty, or disgraced officers to shovel snow-paths for them.

I shall be back to the Bay State before you read this; so do not be alarmed for me.

Leicester, Me., March 18, 1868. WARREN CHASE.

### Important Suggestions about Negro Soldiers.

SOME months ago I communicated my impressions to a prominent gentleman in New York relative to the necessity of encouraging a strong desire on the part of the colored people to enlist as soldiers in the cause of Unity and Freedom, especially in this region, where they are so well accommodated. I endeavored to awaken the importance of this subject also, for other very essential reasons: Perceiving that the probability of a season of great sickness—the visitation of the yellow fever, in all likelihood the present year—I presented the importance of preparing these colored men for the work, the unaccompanied were less able and less desirous to meet in such contingency. I felt, then, and so expressed it, as I do now, that these people, who, with but few exceptions, are so full of hope of freedom, and so desirous to go into the field in behalf of their "natural rights," inherited with all, and the preservation of the Union, to the end that they may be better and more speedily achieve their independence and liberty, as a whole, with sufficient generosity and patriotic pride from the regular ranks, would be the proper men to call into service to guard this field

adjacent localities during a season of epidemic yellow fever, which may be upon us the coming summer.

I also urged, as above, the importance of drawing the attention of the Government to a matter at once so important; and I would here ask, Mr. Editor, that you call the attention of our President to the subject—as the intimations given, as I have referred to, of several months ago, were but indifferently heeded—perhaps never made public, as I had hoped it would, and so desired. It should be borne in mind that the colored people of this region, especially the natives, are seldom victims of the yellow fever—at least, they are by no means so subject to its ravages as those not born in this latitude.

Yours, truly,  
New Orleans, La., Feb. 14, 1868. FREEDOM.

### An Interesting Letter from the Army.

MR. EDITOR.—At a Spiritual Convention held in this city one week ago, the following letter, written by Major A. B. Smalley, of the 32nd Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers, was read, and on motion, ordered to be sent to the Spiritual papers, with a request that it be published. Please give it a place in your columns, and oblige those interested.

Yours, truly,  
Berlin, Wisconsin, March 8, 1868. E. WARNER.

ARMY IN THE FIELD, CAMP ON TALLA-MATCHER RIVER, 15 miles from Holley Springs, Miss., Dec. 6th, 1867.

To the President and Friends composing the Northern Convention of Spiritualists, Wisconsin:

From away down in the "Land of Dixie," in the land where secession, slavery, whiskey, and moral corruption abound, I send you these words of greeting, with the hope that this may reach you in time for your Quarterly Convention, and find you in the midst of all the blessings the Father can bestow.

Often while sitting at my campfire, my spirit goes back to the State in which is my home, and to the friends I have left behind. If anything more were needed to make me in love with the Harmonical Philosophy, my observation and experience since I have been in this army, have supplied that need. I have learned the fact: Sectarian religion does not stand by a man—does not build up the spirit—does not build up the moral nature in this place, where, more than in all others, is needed high moral power. If I meet an officer, who amid all the temptations of camp life keeps himself in the path of integrity, I am almost sure that man at home was called an *infidel*.

I have been much surprised at the instances of this kind which are continually coming under my observation. Some of the worst cases of moral delinquency I have met here, are where the individuals at home were members of some church, and whose daily walk at home was exemplary. I conclude from these instances that the human soul that can take in the principles and truths contained in our glorious system of morals, has, in most cases, strength of character and integrity of purpose sufficient to sustain him amid temptations.

It seems to me, however, that Reformers must take one step more in advance. The truth of the communion of spirits can no longer be doubted; the evidence is plain. But this is not all of reform; and I would that some of the calling themselves Reformers, who have been liberated from old creeds and superstitions, could come up to the high standard of moral excellence and earnest Christian lives which is demanded of them. I would have every one live the highest truth. I would have all who profess the Harmonical faith live out that faith with high-minded, uncompromising integrity; with bold and earnest devotion to the truth. Unless there is advancement in this direction, all we have gained heretofore will be lost. We have come to the point where the acknowledgment of the immortality of the soul, the sacredness of human reason, the inherent divinity of our common humanity, are fundamental principles, and shall we stop here? Shall we say by our acts we have attained all there is for us? Shall we not rather carry all these principles into every relation of life—into all our intercourse with our fellows—into every duty and every obligation?

I fear that too many Reformers feel that when they have acknowledged the fundamental principles of Reform, all has been done that is necessary. But this is not so. It is only the beginning, only the flowering season in our experience. The fruit must come, and come in beauty and perfection, or all these advantages sought to be obtained are lost.

A mighty obligation rests upon all who have the truth revealed to them. The day has come when it can be asked of every human soul, "What art thou doing with the talents given thee?" Shall the answer be from any, "I have buried them?" God forbid! Rather let us gain five other talents, that our own souls, as well as all about us, may be strengthened and purified.

If in the providence of the Father I am permitted to meet you again, my friends, I shall endeavor to do my share of the work which is to be done. And may the Universal Spirit, and the angels of the bright spheres, aid us all, endow us with wisdom, strengthen us in purpose, and enable us to do our whole work with purity of heart and earnestness of life.

For the highest good and truth, believe me, thine truly,  
A. B. SMALLEY.

### From San Francisco, Cal.

MR. EDITOR.—Since my last communication I have witnessed several delightful reunions between spirit friends and those still in earth form. One lady was made unexpectably happy by a communication, rapped out, from her spirit child, whom she was also enabled to see. Other friends have spoken through mediums, and our circle for development, and to fit us for a higher life, has been thronged by our spirit friends, who assure us of their great interest in our welfare, and will give us great aid.

I read with great interest the "Original Essays" published in the BANNER. We need earnest and deep thinkers to present us their thoughts, that they may help us to gain a high spiritual state. Spiritualists should take a high stand. To them is revealed the true philosophy and meaning of Christ's teachings, and to whom much is given much is also required. Let us search after the good and the true, and retire into the innermost recesses of our hearts and commune with ourselves, and thus be prepared to receive spiritual communications and lay them before all.

I do not think Spiritualists realize the importance of a mental as well as physical preparation. Let each one strive for a "higher life." Then we shall see grand developments and grand results. The mission of Spiritualism is to teach us truth in regard to our future state, to give us a correct theology. Our future existence can no longer be called "that bourne from whence no traveler returns," as many have returned and described to us, as well as they could through the medium, what we are to expect when we leave the form. The next stage of existence is no longer the myth of old theologians would have us believe it. The mysteries of the future are being one by one laid aside, and the "next world," as it has been called, stands before us a living reality. Shall we who receive this great truth, and receiving believe it, live for to-day? Shall we not rather live for the future, and put on a higher life here, that we may take a high and pure position in the land we are hastening to? Shall we not lay aside self and put on purity, that we may see God? When we are all purity, then will "God dwell in us."

Did skeptics understand what Spiritualism really is, its teachings and its mission, all would believe. Let the earnest thinkers come forth and show what are its teachings; that modern Spiritualism is simply teaching what Christ taught, and explaining by what laws miracles are wrought, and that all of us, may, provided our normal conditions are right, have the same intercourse with departed friends that Saul had with Samuel, or Jean had, on the Mount, or John in Patmos, thus reading the veil of the temple in twain, and seeing our friends as if still in the earth form. This is the blessed privilege of the Spiritualist, the seer after a higher life.

Where are the teachers that will show us the way, that will guide us to that higher life? The spirits are willing. Where is the deep, earnest medium who devotes his life to the same, leaving friends and family for necessary teaching all for truth's sake, and to the spreading of this truth?

This State is a great field for lecturers; much good

can be done. The minds of the people are ready to receive truth. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

We expected to have a depot in our city for spiritual books, but as yet there is none, and consequently no books to be had. Perhaps, however, the demand is too small. Still I think were an agent sent here, or were books sent to some friend of the cause here, it would remunerate those who were engaged in it.

I remain yours truly,  
San Francisco, Cal. O. T. SEWALL.

### Letter from Miss Cora Wilburn.

DEAR BANNER AND READERS.—I greet you from the far-off State of Iowa, from the county town of Marion, five miles from the railroad station, and thriving little city of Cedar Rapids. Two weeks ago I left Peru, Ill., and my kind and most congenial friends there. The iron horse conveyed me to Dixon, some four hours' travel from Peru; there changed cars, and found in the car I entered, an excursion party from Chicago, bound upon a pleasure trip to a celebration in Marshalltown, Iowa. The gaily attired "birds of one feather," the ladies, having exclusive possession of the car, politely hinted at that fact to your correspondent, so I went into the next car. We should be able to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; but why do men, especially soldiers, all of whom could be gentlemen if they chose, persist in chewing tobacco, and in making their company so hopelessly disagreeable, the places around them so irredeemably filthy? I went through a series of tortures, produced by sight, sound, and smell, during that long ride from Dixon to Clinton. At Fulton, the one car with passengers for across the river was put on board a sort of bridge-boat, and ferried across.

At Clinton, I put up at the Iowa Central House, as there was no opportunity for proceeding until the next day. Of course, the "fine birds of a feather all flocked together," in aristocratic exclusiveness. I sat by in a corner, and was much amused by their evolutions. At last I obtained a room, and weary and out, sought forgetfulness of the world's foolish distinctions. But there was much noise in the house; some little children in an adjoining room set up a most unbecoming, loud and continuous squalling, that was kept up with other intermissions, until past "the witching time" of night. Next morning at four o'clock I was aroused by the pounding of doors, and getting myself in readiness, I took an early breakfast, and at eight o'clock continued my journey per railroad.

Arrived at Cedar Rapids about noon; there got into some sort of a wagon, with a lady companion, a sick soldier, and the driver. The day was bleak, and our vehicle was minus a top or cover. I came somewhat near never reaching Marion; or ever again dipping pen in ink for the dear old BANNER; for the horses took fright in view of the puffing locomotive, and reared and plunged fearfully. We passengers jumped out twice; the second time just as one horse broke from his harness in his violent efforts to capsize us; but there was no screaming or fainting done, although I, for one, was terribly scared. I walked about the pretty village—I beg pardon—city of Cedar Rapids, and waited in a store until the damage was repaired. Unable to obtain another conveyance, I was compelled to go with the obnoxious one; but once started, and out of sight of the cars, the poor horses behaved well, and at three o'clock we reached Marion safely.

Here again with kind friends unseen before that day, I was cordially received, and entertained with true Western hospitality. Here, as everywhere, I met with a few congenial souls, on whom the heaven-light of a better faith is dawning. I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Downing for the utmost kindness to one known only from afar. They would have kept me as an inmate of their home for a year, had I felt like remaining; but I have other kind friends to visit, to whom my promise has been given. I go hence in independence, to visit our worthy co-laborer, Mrs. Daniel, the editor of the Rising Tide.

Marion is a pretty town, like all places in this wide expanse of fertile country, streched over land enough for three towns. In summer it must be finely shaded with the numerous trees; but now all Nature wears a forlorn transition look; and Winter lingers in the lap of Spring. Last Friday we had an ice-storm—a terrific visitation of wind, hail, sleet, and snow. March is acting out its boisterous nature as befits its reputation. I live in hopes of the coming of the genial Spring, that will delight the eye and heart.

With greetings of sisterly regard to all who remember me, I am, dear BANNER and readers, your ever faithful contributor and friend,  
CORA WILBURN.  
Marion, Linn Co., Iowa, March 21, 1868.

### William M. Laning, of Baltimore.

On the morning of the 19th inst., in the last year of his age, William M. Laning, of Baltimore, closed his earthly career.

Mr. Laning was one of the earliest and most earnest investigators of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism in our city. Having rejected the current theologies because of his inability to reconcile their dogmas with the revelations of natural science, he eagerly embraced that Divine Philosophy, which offers its votaries demonstrated facts, instead of theoretical fancies; the living inspirations of to-day, in place of the imperfect record of bygone ages.

For a season he edited the "Principle," and gave freely of his time, money, and more than ordinary intellectual powers to the propagation of a rational religion. In his character were blended elements of strength and beauty.

He was industrious, honest and truthful. Scorning debt, as he did falsehood, he lived above pecuniary obligations, and fearlessly spoke out his thoughts when the occasion demanded. He was a gifted artist, as many exquisite productions of his pencil declare. His memory was remarkable for its power, and I have many times listened with delight to his recitations of the more sublime creations of Poetry.

It was my privilege to sit at his bedside a few hours previous to his departure, and witness the serene joy that pervaded his being as the portals of the interior world unfolded before his vision.

Leaving a beloved wife and two little ones, he assured them of his earnest love and constant watchfulness, and directed them, when encountering the difficulties of life, to look up to him for counsel and guidance.

Through the mediumship of Mrs. Wilcoxon, who has been lecturing in Baltimore during the present month, an appropriate and beautiful discourse was pronounced over the material form, followed by an address from the spirit of Mr. Laning, expressing his great joy at the transition from the rudimentary sphere to realms of light and glory.

Thus was exemplified one of the practical uses of that Divine Philosophy, now known as Modern Spiritualism.  
WASH. A. DANSEIN.  
Baltimore, March 20, 1868.

"Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old of a venerable lady, who sat on the garden seat, knitting. "No, my dear. Why is it?" said grandma, bending her ear, eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the little pet. "Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical search, and grandma her knitting.

A printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."



## INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Lecture by Mr. H. B. Storer, before the  
Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in  
Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday,  
March 29, 1863.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

On this occasion Mr. H. B. Storer closed his course of lectures before the Society of Spiritualists in this city. In the afternoon he gave a very excellent treatise on the influence of the spirit-world on the dwellers in earth life. He gave, as a starting point, the idea that it was the province of the seer or medium to pass from the outer world into the inner, and there to observe and take note of the life and conditions of those who once occupied a place in the earth sphere. Those who are thus gifted, and are able, by their clairvoyant powers, to become our teachers in things beyond the material world, should possess those noble and sympathetic qualities of nature which will enable them to convey or transmit the knowledge thus gleaned to individual minds in such manner as will insure its receptivity, and be of lasting benefit to souls untroubled from earthly duties.

The spiritual world lies all open to the investigation of man. There is a door open by which you can communicate with its inhabitants. Will you avail yourself of the opportunity?—or will you wait till you have arrived at the last moments of your earthly existence before you think of so important a subject?

The geography of the spirit world should be studied; man should take advantage of the opportunity now being offered him when seers or mediums have, as it were, left the gates of heaven ajar, and endeavor to learn something of that world, to which the whole human family are so rapidly hastening. Why does the soul, or spirit of man, naturally seek to know of the existence of the spiritual world? Because it is not contented with the material world. When he perceives that there is nothing to satisfy the appetite of the soul, then he goes out of it to find something better; he seeks for more light.

After dwelling upon several points, he alluded to the pleasure we feel when in the presence of those we love, the happy, soothing influence which pervades us at such times, and then proceeded to explain how a similar soothing, magnetic influence surrounded us when spirits were in rapport with us. This influence would be more easily understood or perceived by many if they would divest themselves of the idea that they must touch something or see something, before they can feel assured that their spirit friends are endeavoring to make them realize their presence.

How often has it been the case that you have turned around to see who was behind you, and saw no one, although you felt sure some one touched you or spoke to you. You have heretofore been taught that all such sensations were imagination, or were caused by a derangement of the nervous system. But you should not thus believe everything of this kind to be mere imagination, but note the time when, and the circumstances under which these influences come upon you, and see if you were not in a condition of receptivity to the unseen influences, and whether by voluntarily placing yourself in similar conditions, they may not be repeated.

It is not always necessary for one to be in a quiet, passive condition, but only to be passive to the spirits, for some can be reached when most active in the busy scenes of life.

He here gave several instances to more fully illustrate the idea of spirit presence. If at such times you see the long lines of your life portrayed before you like a panorama, vividly recalling long-forgotten scenes of the past, or peer into the future, or feel the more tender emotions, (all you are bathed in tears, you may then have reason to recognize the presence of the "loved and lost."

The spirit-land is not far off. You need not look to the far East or West, or to the Continents, to find it, for it is in your midst. You need not leave the path of your everyday life to find it, for it is so near, its inhabitants are constantly with and around you.

It is not necessary that you should visit the medium or seer, or listen to the lecture, in order to receive spirit influence, but simply pay attention to the experiences and influences on your own person. Never fear that they will lead you astray, or make you inane. Friends who loved you in earth-life surely would not come from the spirit-world to injure you; but, on the contrary, they come to aid and bless you.

Individual experiences are to become the methods by which the science of spirit communion is to be evolved. It is the method by which the spiritual world is seeking to arouse thought and action to the importance of heeding the influence which the spirit-world is endeavoring to exert over the natural world.

It is well to sit in a harmonious circle, or listen to the inspirational lecture, for you thus are bathed in a magnetic bath, which enables the invisibles to approach nearer and exert a more positive influence on you.

The healthy person, possessing good blood, and an emotional nature, is nearest to the influence of spirits. The sensitive person is the most skeptical, and the least susceptible. Immoral mediums can give you but messages from the lower spiritual world. The purer the medium, the more exalted the communication. But all medium powers are given by God for a use, and to be used temperately. No one should go through the world without noting the effect of these influences upon his system. By studying their effect, you can develop your own physical constitution, and thus develop your own medium powers. The spirits will aid you in endeavoring to get into a condition to commune with the higher spirits. Be not afraid of any suggestions that may come to you from the spirit-world, so long as you are able to criticize them; and thus the doors of the spirit-world will be opened wide to you.

This brief sketch will enable the reader to perceive that the discourse was one of great practical benefit. We wish all our friends could have listened to it. Much profit is to be gained from such lectures.

The evening lecture, in continuation of the same general subject, comprised an argument concerning the nature of the spirit's life and methods of education in the spirit-world, drawn from analogies in its earthly experience. It was a thorough analysis of the nature of spirit, its organic tendencies, and the influence of circumstances upon it—and a very clear demonstration of the fact that unless there be miraculous interference with the methods of education best adapted to develop the spirit's capacities, the nature of the life after death must be essentially similar to the life on earth.

Our reporter being absent in the evening, we are unable to give a synopsis of the arguments and illustrations presented, which comprised, in the opinion of many hearers, one of the ablest and most interesting discourses ever given by Mr. H. B. in this city.

### Announcements.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. This closes her engagement.

Mr. Amanda M. Spence speaks in City Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday, and the three following.

Supporting our Free Pressmen.—In the Rebel Congress Mr. Clay has introduced an act repealing the naturalization laws. The Confederates claim that this measure will destroy the tone of Southern society.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLLET, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

Wade through slaughter to a throne  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;  
But I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north to one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific, and I see one people and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

### Emancipation.

Now that it has become the fashion to talk of this pregnant topic, we may hope to present it in every aspect it is capable of; in the belief that its discussion can now be unexceptionable, and that it may have some share of profit. By the term EMANCIPATION, however, we do not mean simply the forcible and hasty rupture of those ties, such as they are, between master and slave in the Southern States—the freeing of the blacks from all the restraints to which they have been subjected since their existence began, or the mere exchange of one set of masters for another. Our view is a wider one than that, and we believe, of a larger and profounder significance: It is the spiritual, rather than the merely material view, and embraces every relation of life it is possible to imagine or understand.

President Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation, as a war measure, on the first of January, for such slaves as might at that time be within the limits of rebellious States and parts of States; how many of us, on the same day, or on any special day since, have issued silent and serious proclamations, as measures of profound and permanent peace, to the forces and faculties of our own souls which have long been pent in prison, or enslaved by passion, or blind with prejudice and ignorance? Few of us, we fear, lay the need of such a measure so much at heart as we should. One of two things is plain and certain for us all: either we must emancipate ourselves, daily and continually, or we must remain slaves; either we must "go up higher," or descend into the pit where so many wrecked spirits are groping about in darkness; we must leave off vice of all kinds, even the habit of entertaining vicious thoughts, or surrender to their control, ever growing more and more tyrannical, both in soul and body.

Thus does emancipation come to mean something more than talk only, when we agree to apply it in the personal sense. Who that does not respect and admire, even if he have neither will nor inclination to copy, the man who has subjected his lower faculties to the rational control of the higher, who walks erect and free, the slave of no lust or desire, at one with God's highest purposes, using even the vicissitudes of social life to the furtherance of his spiritual growth, and making every accident and incident of life, every relative success and failure contribute its portion toward the work of building up the beautiful character which he rightly esteems the great end and object of human existence?—Such a character is a silent force in Nature: it cannot be get rid of; it must needs work with its own peculiar power everywhere. Is not such a possession worth a thousand fold what life has to show in the line of bribes, and position and flattery honors, and short-living wealth? Who that has eyes to perceive these things spiritually, and just as they are, but understands at a glance how much a solid possession of this kind is to be desired?

As men, in ordinary intercourse, after talking up a subject of special interest for a while, finally turn to one another and inquire when it is best to begin the new work of emancipation. At some time or another it must begin, that is certain; either in this sphere, or some other; the work is at some time to be accomplished, and the longer we delay about it the surer we shall finally be over the time which is lost forever by the procrastination.

We would not sermonize at all, though to speak of the necessities and law of spiritual growth seems only that to many. As a man really is, that will he really pass for. None can deceive themselves, however they may keep the hideous secrets of a foul character from others. Unless we are free, wholly emancipated, we may not hope to possess and enjoy the life which has been generously given us for an inheritance. We must subject the lower range of our instincts and passions, and hold them where they may be of the service originally intended—or they will subject us. Which mode would seem to be the more noble and glorious?

### Satisfied.

We receive letters almost daily from our subscribers, who say it is right that we have increased the price of our paper, and they are perfectly willing to pay the small advance, as they get their money's worth in good intellectual food. Some intimate they would pay five dollars per year for the BANNER, if they could not have it without. Thank you all, patrons. Induce those who do not take this Journal, to do so at once, if possible. We need much "material aid," you must be aware, in order to cancel our increased and increasing liabilities.

We have received from the friends, from time to time of late, various amounts in aid of our Public Free Circles; but not near enough to cover expenses. Yet we feel grateful for their favors. We shall endeavor to continue these Circles, for the benefit of earth's children everywhere, as long as our invisible friends and our earth friends aid us in so doing. Without such aid we are powerless to do the work efficiently.

### Condemnation.

It seems as though the people, of all sects and conditions—that is, a large majority of them—were more prone to condemn their fellows (women of course included) at this time than ever before. The duties of editors are becoming more onerous than ever, in consequence of this state of things. How shall the evil be remedied? Is a question for wiser heads than ours to solve? The very atmosphere is pregnant with condemnation. People become vexed with each other on the most trivial matters. Forbearance is said to be a great virtue, but "very little is practiced just now. If we would only forgive those who err, and strive to make them better, instead of so often trying to make them appear as bad as possible by magnifying their shortcomings, we should not only elevate them, but ourselves also. Remember, 'If ye are human, to forgive, divine.'"

### Music Hall Congregation.

During the repairs on Music Hall, which will last for several months, this congregation will worship at the Malodon.

### The True Reformer.

The "ideal is the real," has been, and is, the verdict of great minds; the actualization of an admired and exalted character is not beyond the reach of the earnest, striving spirit, the prayerful and watchful heart. High standards are not impossibilities of attainment; life is not destined to be a battle-ground of defeat; with true aims and steady purposes, it is the vantage ground of certain victory. The conquests of the spirit denote eternal gain, and the fortress of Truth, once duly manned and guarded by faithful sentinels, is invulnerable to the attacks of the combined legions of the universe. The human heart, frail, trembling, weak, amenable to temptation, can be so strengthened, purified and exalted by experience and trial, that it becomes impregnable to the assaults of wrong, now and forever. He who has lived and suffered, toiled and wrestled with adversity, overcome the inherited and acquired evils, admitted the angel visitants of teaching wisdom that came in the garb of sorrow, he is fitting for the place of teacher; he, a self-reformer, is worthy of reforming the wrongs that distract the world.

The true and tried man or woman, stepping out of the beaten track of old theology and conventional morality, must be brave in heart, unflinching in purpose, as were the Spartans of old renown. For against them bigotry and fashionable sin will howl their furious anathemas; their steps will be dogged by suspicion, treachery and worldly hatred of all things pure and new. Their hearts will be transfixed by darts and arrows of slander, misrepresentation, cruelty and vindictive terror. The unmasked vices will accuse them of unheard-of atrocities; the unveiled churchy and social wrongs will attack them with poisoned stings; the hired priests of the world's Mammon-worship will come from the altar and the mart of trade; former friends will pass them with averted eyes, and scorn will point at them the finger, and malign aspersion seek to stain the purity of the white robes the angels gave them. Above the Reformer's head will gather darkness, clouds and storm; thorns shall pierce his feet, and the heart-blood of martyrdom issue from his tortured heart. Poverty shall be awhile his portion, loneliness and desolation the soul-companions of his dreary way.

But no matter for all this ordeal: it is but the transient self-purification of a chosen soul, and out of the long-encumbering darkness comes the glorious dawn of Truth's eternal day. Life is beautified by the approving smiles of the heavenly messengers, and the martyr-crown is transformed to a diadem of celestial glory! And for all their sacrifices of self unto the common weal, there is a return of goodly gifts. Little children cling instinctively to these loving men and women; the outcast and oppressed behold in them the promised redemption; the sorrow-stricken weep upon their sympathizing breasts, and are comforted forevermore. Sweet, smiling charity attends them in the highways and the byways of the world. Purely and holy love awards to such the appreciation of earth's loftiest minds and most angelic hearts. The true Reformer is beloved by all who aspire to a higher life, a holier insight, a better social state, a more just government, a nobler equality of sex and race, a closer and a wider application of the law of love.

Be up, then, all ye engaged in the glorious work of self and world-reformation! Heed not the idle scoffs and sneers of the worldling and the sensualist. Though hosts oppose you, God and his myriad teaching angels are forever with you. Amid the battle-storm and the desolation, amid public wrongs and private grief, be ye ever calm and trustful, patient and expectant of that better time which shall bring to earth the hallowed and visible companionship of loftier intelligences. Be ye true to the holy inner laws, the standard of righteousness and truth.

### Geology.

Prof. Denton closes his course of Lectures at the Meloson, in this city, on Monday evening, April 6th. His subject on that occasion will be, "The Future of the American Continent," drawn from a scientific analysis of the past, and no doubt it will be an exceedingly interesting lecture. The whole course thus far has given great satisfaction to the audience, from the thoroughly scientific, clear and lucid manner in which the general subject of Geology has been handled. We hope Mr. Denton will take an early opportunity to furnish our citizens with another series of these instructive lectures.

There are a great many people in the world who know comparatively little or nothing of the interesting developments of Geology. They have inherited the erroneous idea that the world was made in six days, and they believe it. Some are astonished, while others are indignant, when they learn that the science of Geology teaches and demonstrates the fact, that the earth commenced its formation ages upon ages before the Book of Genesis was written, or its compilers saw the light of day; that it grew and improved continually through all the ages, till it became a fit home for man; and in its onward and progressive march may yet become the abode of angels.

### Straw Paper.

There is something in it that is to say, there is real paper to be got out of straw. The experiment has been tried on various principles, in this country, for some years, and found to be anything but a failure, and it has likewise worked well in England. The necessities of the case are likely to beget a larger and more permanent success in the manufacture of paper from straw. The high duty on foreign paper with us, and the unreachably limits of foreign exchange, combined with the conspiracy of the manufacturers, have put the ingenuity of the inventive ones and the experimenters to the test; and we hear now of schemes to furnish us all with printing paper, such as the combination of manufacturers will be surprised at when they once get into operation. One inventor, Mr. L. W. Wright, who has been a resident of England for a number of years, claims to have arrived at a stage in the progress of paper manufacture out of straw, which he far eclipses all that has been done heretofore. If he does half what it is believed by many that he can already perform, we have seen the end of high prices for paper, and, above all, the downfall of a monopoly which would have bound our faculties hand and foot.

### From Utah.

We have just received a late number of the Deseret News, published at Great Salt Lake City. It seems that the Mormons are greatly exercised at the arrest of Brigham Young for polygamy. Mass meetings have been held in various parts of the State, speeches made and resolutions passed expressing "disapproval of the course which the Governor and the two Judges had pursued in attempting to deprive the people of Utah of their inherent rights"—that is, having a plurality of wives, which the late act of Congress prohibits. The News concludes an article on the subject as follows:

"The resolutions adopted at each of these meetings were to the point, clearly indicating that the presence and services of such men as rulers and judges were undesirable, and the sooner they were superseded by good men, the better it would be for the government and the people."

### A Wounded Bird Flutters.

The London Critic, in its comments upon Dr. Child's A B C of Life, appears to have been hard hit on a sensitive point. Dr. Child's picture of the true character of a critic ill-comports with the objects of that journal.

### New Publications.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for April, offers some excellent essays on a variety of topics, the war and its associate themes engendering a fair share. But it is something to say for it, that this particular topic is always shyly handled, the commentators being men of practical political experience as well as thought. Such public men as Hon. F. P. Stanton and Hon. H. J. Walker could hardly pen uninteresting or unimportant articles on political matters, let them write even at random. Leland, the literary editor of the Continental, is certainly one of the hardest working men we know in his profession; like Southey, he dignifies the calling of a *literateur* by the quality of his performances. He has some readable essays, short and long, in the present number. The Continental keeps up its former reputation for ability and freshness, skillfully avoiding the disagreeable imputation of scholastic cant and mole-eyed pedantry. It has got—as Artemus Ward would say—good, solid human nature into it; and that includes all the grades of honest common sense.

THE AGRICULTURE OF MASSACHUSETTS FOR 1862, is the title of Mr. Charles L. Flint's last compendium of the doings of the different Agricultural Societies, as well as of the farmers at large, in their most useful walk; a more interesting volume we rarely sit ourselves down to, though we are no further farmers than to harbor most earnestly Cowley's wish, "to be owner of a small house and a large garden." The present Report contains, in addition to its customary matter, an illustrated story of the insects which are "injurious to vegetation" with us, compiled from the very elegant volume on that subject by the late Dr. Harris, which the Legislature of Massachusetts ordered published under Mr. Flint's tasteful care. This portion of the Report is alone of great value, as well as interest. The volume is stout and handsome, and does credit to the State printers.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE. By W. S. G. Smith, Esq. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

China is a comparatively new topic for the tourist and traveler, albeit M. Hue and one or two others have latterly brought us into more familiar relations with the Flowery Kingdom than we ever were in before. The author of this pleasant little book was Consul to Shanghai under the last administration, and faithfully describes what he saw and himself became acquainted with. His style is graphic and pictorial, setting down the scenes that came under his eyes before the reader just as they appeared to himself. The chapters on the Government, religion, private life, and commerce of the Chinese are especially interesting and suggestive. He sketches their marriage ceremonies, with other matters, and the reader will be attracted to his descriptions of their social habits and practices generally. Mr. Smith dedicates his little book to Hon. Lewis Cass, in a few grateful and graceful words.

WANDERINGS OF A BEAUTY. By Mrs. Edwin James. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

This pretty paper-covered book will attract regard, first, because the authoress is the wife of a celebrated English criminal lawyer, Edwin James; and, secondly, because a suit has been instituted by her in the courts of New York for a divorce from her husband. There are plenty of rich and racy descriptions of persons all along her vivacious pages. The story opens in London and Paris, and the amount of territory gone over by the heroine is satisfactory to the most restless-minded reader. It is a sort of autobiographical record, and comes to its conclusion in America. The "Beauty" is the authoress, of course, and you can see how handsome she is by getting her book and looking at the frontispiece.

MR. HOWE'S BOOK.—"The great Spiritualist book," (as its publisher in this country calls it in its advertisement), "Incidents of My Life," by D. D. Home, the medium, is now in the press of Carleton, New York, and will be printed soon from the author's early sheets, with an introduction by Judge Edmonds. The readers of the BANNER will form a slight idea of this work on referring to the lengthy quotations from it which they will find upon the eighth page of our last issue. We shall notice it fully when received.

CARLETON, of New York, has a number of very striking new books in press, among which may be mentioned a novel, entitled Frank Warrington, by the popular author of *Kathleen and The Sutherlands*. My Southern Friends, by Edmund Kirke, author of *Among the Pines*. Marian Gray, a charming novel from the pen that gave us *Lena Rivers*. Stephen Massett's rollicking autobiography, *Drifting About*, profusely illustrated by Muller; and Vincenzo by Baffini, whose Doctor Antonio is the most delightful love-story in the language.

### Rev. M. D. Conway at Music Hall.

"We pray for truth and peace."

We select a few sentences from Mr. Conway's discourse, delivered March 29, at Music Hall.

No element of power ever leaves or is added to this world. Water held as much latent steam in the year one as it does now. Nature is forever the same.

All that Christ was to Paul he may now be to any one.

All worship of the outward Christ is so much spent force. The Christ that counts for us is only Interior. Christ lived an idea, reckless of outside consequences, whereby he moved the world.

The mandates of reason are superior to physical effects.

He who counts the birthplace of Christ as being more sacred than any other place, receives Christ in weakness.

Every age and place is consecrated with the living voice of Christ.

Christ improves us not by superseding, but by strengthening us with the interior elements of his nature.

Christianity brought no new elements into the world, but it did bring new principles—new rules of action. The coming of Christ was to the religious world what the discovery of the use of steam is to the naval world.

Before Christ, laws were written on tablets of stone; with Christ, they are written on the tablets of the heart.

How few have as much faith in the value of justice as in the value of gold.

Belief is not faith. Belief only admires truth, while faith gives all it has to truth, and cleaves unto it.

For an idea Christ gave up all earthly things, and that idea was transformed into a power that made him a God.

In a deep conviction men find a power beyond what was deemed a power.

All the great forces of the world are invisible.

When a conviction has conquered your own heart, it is competent for the accomplishment of its purpose. There is no element of failure more common than measuring our purpose with its success.

The man that puts his heart into a deed puts his immortal soul into it.

Nothing in the history of Christ is more remarkable than his seeming departure from all prospects of worldly success.

That man is always weak who depends upon seeing the result of what he does.

Let men do the duty that God has given them to do, and they can do all things.

Our thinkers think too much—the thoughts of this

age are too much simple opinions. Let there be feeling, purpose and action with every thought, then men will come into the Christ-power that can do all things.

The greatest and the best sign in our national affairs, is, that we have reached a state of chaos. But there shall be a new building, not built on the crumbling ruins of the past, directed by that spirit of wisdom that is brooding over our country.

Our faith shall look up for the Prince of Peace. Oh for the warrior that can fight for duty, not for victory.

Let us work, though all seems to fail. Let us wait patiently, through all discouragement. Though the crowning reward shall only shine on our graves, let us toil on.

### Correspondence in Brief.

MR. EDITOR.—I cannot do without the BANNER, if its price were double what it is now. May it wave until all creeds shall crumble, and all sectarian intolerance cease.

A word about the sealed letter I had answered: The questions were all correctly answered, and it gave me more satisfaction than I can express on paper. I know the letter had never been opened.

The envelope enclosing the letter lacked the gum to enclose it firmly, and I applied a mangle to supply the lack, merely, as I supposed; but, on trying to open it, I tore both letter and envelope badly.

The medium had opened and read the letter. It could not have been answered by any other than those to whom it was addressed. I never invested a dollar where it paid one hundredth part as well.

Yours for truth, MRS. E. D. SCOTTL.

Chester, Ohio, March 22, 1863.

THE CIRCLE FUND.—God bless that dear circle—that contribution to the Message Department of the BANNER, last week. Ay, continued blessings upon it for the room it made in my heart for sympathy.

Whose offering was it? was my soul's interrogation as my vision rested upon it. Did it come from the toll-worn slaver who is earnestly hopeful of some tidings from the dear departed? or was it from the mother whose heart, like the magnetic needle, is trembling toward its attraction, and who in silence wears the God-made garment over the soul, because for want of means she could not command the external emblems of her grief at the departure of her only child with the "pale boatman?"

Well, from whatever source it came, God bless that dear ten cents to the soul-satisfaction of the giver, is the prayer of your earnest, hopeful

NORTHERN FROWNS.

P. S.—I, too, dear BANNER, have in my heart a contribution to the Message Department, and as soon as I can possibly sift it through my pocket, it shall be laid upon the altar.

N. P.

Toronto, Canada West, March 23, 1863.

DEAR BANNER OF LIGHT.—I herewith send you five dollars for the support of the Message Department. I love to read the messages given by the uneducated as well as the educated. I think some of the uneducated spirits are as good as some of the educated ones. I think it does such good to permit them to communicate. I hope to be able to communicate through that source for the BANNER at the proper time, simple as I am. Let us not despise the day of small things.

BERT HINSHAW, Senior.

Grenboro', Ind., March 25, 1863.

MR. EDITOR.—Enclosed find fifty cents in aid of the Message Department. At all events I desire to aid in sustaining the BANNER and the Spirit Messages, if possible. Please accept my thanks for yourself, and also the medium, for the answer to a sealed letter I sent you last December for spirits to answer. The letter was secured past the power of human art to open without I should have known it. It had not been tampered with. The letter was directed to one person (spirit) on the outside envelope; two persons (spirits) were addressed in the letter. Each person (spirit) was written to answer definitely each one her and his name, and the answers were satisfactory and comforting to the weary one who has deeply mourned the departure of his beloved. I will here state that I had equally satisfactory answers through Mr. Mansfield, and am fully satisfied that he did not open or tamper with my letters, and that in each and every case above named the answers were from the minds they purported to be.

Yours sincerely,

LEWIS STRANGE.

Oak Creek, Wis., March 25th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR.—I send a small contribution from the Golden State to show you that gold is not the idol of all her inhabitants. God is good, and good to be found here the same as in more favored lands, where the means of gaining knowledge are more abundant. In the mountains of California your BANNER is welcomed, as no other literary production. May the banner of peace soon wave over our distracted land, is the prayer of all good Spiritualists. Until then, it may be a struggle to sustain your journal; but such an institution can and must be sustained, and those having large souls and pure purposes cannot extend their influence to better advantage, in my opinion, than to make large donations to the "Message Department," and many a spirit, now in prison, will bless the donors. Long may the BANNER of Love wave, bowed and broken hearts to save. May the HEALING OF PROGRESS also continue to prosper.

JOHN TAYLOR.

Mount Pleasant, Chinese Camp P. O.,

Toulonville Co., Cal., Feb. 25, 1863.

### New Music.

We are in receipt of the following named pretty musical compositions, from the publishing house of Horace Waters, New York: "Oh, could I recall the hours!" "Sweet Erelina!" Song of "The Thirty-Fifth" New York Regiment; "The New Sparkling Polka;" "Continental Guard Grand March;" "President Lincoln's Grand March;" by Helmsmeider; "Home is home," being No. 3 of a series of songs and ballads; "There's no such girl as mine," making the thirteenth number of Foster's Melodies. All the above pieces are arranged for the pianoforte, and are for sale by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston.

### Message Tested.

The message of Jane Van Buren, given at our circle Dec. 29th, 1862, and published in the BANNER Jan. 17, 1863, was duly copied by the Weekly Star, printed at Hudson, N. Y., with the unaltered endorsement:

"The following communication was received at the Boston Circle, coming from the 'Spirit of Jane Van Buren.' We have made diligent inquiry at Kinderhook, N. Y., her place of residence, and where she died, and find the facts as given below correct in every particular, name, age, time of death, &c."

—HAROLD BAKER.



and facilities for packing and forwarding everything is a  
line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptness  
and dispatch. Orders solicited.



John forgotten it. [Can't you mention some incident that happened when you were back in your childhood, that you don't know of?] Yes, well, I had the measles when I was nine years old. Do you know anything about that? I was six or eight years old when I had the measles, but you know Mr. MUMFORD at Northridge? I didn't know him, but I've heard of him. [He's a kind of crazy, you think?] Yes, he was abandoned to by some people. Well, I heard that he was crazy, though I didn't believe it. [He was a little normal. Some of the maddest people I ever saw.] [I don't hear him] He probably is in the hills now. [Yes, I heard about that.] And I heard about somebody in Washington who called crazy too. [Can't think of his name.] [You







## Pearls.

And golden shells, and pearls are words  
That on the universal shore of all time  
Sparkle forever.

### AN INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Come quickly, O thou Spring!  
Write love's fair alphabet upon the sod  
In many colored flowers--to preach of God,  
Our everlasting King!

Come from the rosy South,  
In chariot of incense and of light,  
Disperse the lingering snows that glisten white,  
Beneath thy fragrant mouth.

Walk softly o'er the earth,  
Thou blessed spirit of the Eden-time;  
Thy breath is like an incense laden clime,  
Clasping rich bowers of mirth.

Thy virgin herald's here--  
The snow-drop bears her bosom to the gale,  
While down her cheek, as delicately pale,  
Trickles a crystal tear.

The lark now soars above,  
As if he felt thy freedom on his wings,  
While from his heaven-stained throat there rings  
A charming peal of love.

The red unbarred wheat  
Now timidly puts forth its tender leaf,  
To drink sweet dew, for Winter, ancient chief,  
Crawls off with tottering feet.

Your sorrows now inter,  
To dwellers in dark cities; Spring in sigh:  
She bathes her garments in a sunset sky--  
And treads the halls of myth.

To God an anthem sing,  
When forth he hurries to the fields of bloom;  
He lights the flowers, and lifts us from the tomb  
To everlasting Spring!

—[Chamber's Journal.]

All virtue lies in individual action, in inward  
energy, in self-determination. The best books have  
most beauty.

### THERE ARE BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

There are beautiful dreams of the spirit-life,  
That come to the stricken heart,  
Like spheres that sit or the waters of strife  
To bid the wild tumult depart.

There is a beautiful hour like the hour of the sun,  
As it dies on its wavelike shore,  
When the tempest of earth has ceased to be,  
And life's little time-vortex is o'er.

There is a beautiful thought as vast as life,  
As it sweeps o'er ages to come;  
It gathers the flowers of infinite worlds  
To garland the spirit home.

There is a meek, as heaven alone can know,  
Though its key-note is learned on the earth;  
And myriad worlds its echo shall throw  
Still back to the place of its birth.

There is a love and a power, a grasp of mind,  
That spirit alone may know;  
That throw all the riddles of schools behind,  
Whence the ideas of eternity flow.

Physical labor relieves us from mental pain; this  
constitutes the happiness of the poor.

### FAREWELL.

Farewell, my son! O, blessed thought,  
He cannot go where God is not--  
And where He is there goodness reigns,  
And Love fulfills what Love ordains.  
On northern hills, on southern plains,  
In wintry hills, in summer rains,  
In deadly conflict--blessed thought,  
He cannot be where God is not.

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

### WINDS.

Wind the clock--it striketh ten;  
Heed the alarm--fools and rages!  
Clicking out the lives of men--  
Marching down the road of ages.  
Soon the "eternal hour" will chime,  
Billowing all the wheels of men--  
Lay low hold of Life and Time--  
Wind the clock--it striketh ten!

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our pas-  
sions, not by obeying them.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM--NO. 6.

BY O. B. P.

In the beginning of this century there appeared in England a medium or prophetess known as Joanna Southcott; but as revelations had been about in with astrological John of Patmos, it was not known how to receive the advent of Joanna. Was she the Lord, or of the Devil, or engineered by a soul out of the flesh as "thy fellow servant and of thy brethren the prophets"? The church, with its Lord and Devil fossilized in the old formulae, is often grieved with the resurrection outside of itself, and as it can no longer destroy the witches and wizards out of the land, and knowing comparatively nothing of the metaphoric or spiritual interplay of the two worlds, it remains in the status of the children of Israel when they exclaimed, "Is the Lord among us or not?" for "as to this Moses, we wot not what has become of him." The old Lord, however, in a later day was born into the Porcelain doll in company with the Serpent or Satan, and thus the Lord becomes half and half, creating a ludicrous boisterous in our churches. The church Lord and Devil present a classification of very little worth in the larger spiritual chemistry. In "revivals" some say the outpouring of the spirit is of the Lord, and some say it is of the Devil. This also was the judgment on the late Irish revival, and a like judgment is meted to the American revivals--no, too, in Spiritualism judged in the narrow vision of the churches. The Lord and the Devil fighting for the crown, as Michael and the Dragon in horoscope John, is from the personified Sun, planets and constellations, from which have been created the Lord and the Devil who dominate our churchdom.

In the progress out of the dark theologian, Joanna was not burnt as a witch, though the glorious Joan of Arc was in earlier time, and so were thousands of others out of these Biblical judgments of separating the goats from the sheep according to the two horns of the Lord and the Devil, as if there could be no inter-bleeding of colors.

"The good shall merit God's peculiar care,  
Though who he God can tell as who they are?"  
Not so were to be baffled the saints in Biblical civiliza-  
tion. Had not the Lord spoken by their lips by  
Moses though often the judgments would be reversed by  
the same ecclesiastical tribunals, and many who had  
been adjudged to the Lord were transferred to Satan,  
It was so with the Maid of Orleans, a most noble and  
chosen vessel for the manifestation of the spirit, and  
as regarded as a glorious medium of the Lord for the  
redemption of her country; yet the darkness of the  
church supervening, she was burnt as a witch.

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," says the  
Bible; yet Du Chastell would have the Bible offered  
in Africa as the means of putting a stop to the killing  
of witches. What a confusion and twisting of civilization  
in this. Here in present Africa, spontaneously living the  
same status as old Jerry, and of Christendom, almost to  
this day, it destroys the witches out of the land, unless  
they can pass unharmed the ordeal of "jealous  
waters," such as Moses instituted to "decide the party  
to swell and the light to cast," and though the African  
victim, in countless instances, manifestly innocent,  
is put to death, it is to "drive away evil," and  
close the witch detecting potion from the Doctor of the

Law prove too much for them, and the belly swell,  
and the thigh rot according to the word of the Lord  
unto Moses. Alas for Hebraic Africa! If it is only  
to be cured of the witch-killing propensities in the  
light of Biblical civilization, which is God's Word de-  
clared, you shall not suffer a witch to live, and  
which Parian New England, as the sainted of the  
Lord, put in practice in the fullest light of Biblical  
righteousness.

Joanna Southcott, in a much narrower sphere than  
Joan of Arc, is mediocrity, but neither understands  
the metaphoric or psychological laws of her being, nor  
are these understood to her day in the broader intelli-  
gence of her surroundings by those who regarded her  
as inspired; and yet, not knowing the sources or the  
grades of inspiration, fall prone to as before the Lord,  
and, as in all time, receive such oracles as infallible,  
though the oracles are simply from unfused souls,  
whether we designate them as the Lord or the Devil,  
or if mundane and not transcendental, are simply me-  
meric oracles from the collected spirit batteries. Jo-  
anna had many followers, who "followed on to know  
the Lord." Among them "a regular London phys-  
ician, a Dr. Richard Rance, a member of the College of  
Physicians and Surgeons. Joanna, like Jesus, "was  
tempted of the Devil, and maintained seven days a  
dispute with the Prince of Darkness." "The confer-  
ence," says Southey, "terminated like most theologi-  
cal disputes. Both parties grew warm. Apollyon in-  
terfered, and endeavored to accommodate matters, but  
without effect. Joanna talked Satan out of all pa-  
tience. She gave him, as he truly complained, ten  
words for one, and allowed him no time to speak. All  
men, he said, were tired of her tongue already, and  
now she had tired the Devil. This was not unreason-  
able; but he proceeded to abuse the whole sex, which  
would have been ungracious in any one, and in him it  
was ungrateful. He said no man could tame a wo-  
man's tongue--the sands in an hour-glass did not run  
faster--it were better to dispute with a thousand men  
than with one woman."

After this dispute, she fasted forty days. She was  
then overshadowed by the Spirit, and in this Spirit  
she became the woman of St. John's horse, and in  
this conception though sixty-five years old, "she,  
being with child, cried, travelling in birth, and  
pained to be delivered." And to bring "forth a man  
who was to rule the nations with a rod of iron." But  
also though an unfused prophet had cast the horo-  
scope in "the Revelation of St. John the Divine,"  
and though a London physician of the College of Bur-  
geons had also testified to the immaculate conception  
of Joanna--though the stam stood over where the  
young child was, yet both stars and surgery failed to  
find the child according to the Word. Poor Joanna,  
saying, "When the communications were made to  
me, I did not in the least doubt. On reviving in a  
little time, she observed that it was extraordinary  
that after spending all her life in investigating the  
Bible, it should please the Lord to inflict that heavy  
burden upon her. She wept bitterly."

This is another of those lessons which warn against  
any so-called Word of the Lord, ancient or modern, as  
being necessarily infallible, even though the source be  
transcendental. Daniel was both a Spirit-medium and  
Astrologer, and so, too, Ezekiel, as well as John of Pat-  
mos. Daniel says that the "Heaven do rule." Very  
well--we grant it; but let us be very careful to get the  
true bearings of the heavens, that we may navigate  
aright among the many shoals of the Lord. The  
churches are built upon the old heavens and the old  
earth, but they have lost the keys, and do not know  
how to enter into the Holy of Holies. These keys are  
passing into the hands of the Modern Spiritualists,  
and in casting the Modern Horoscope, they find with  
the old Astrologers and Prophets, that the "Heaven  
do rule." But we must learn to read them aright,  
both in their ghostly and other relations, if we  
would not have the Son refuse to give us light, and the  
Moon turned into blood. The old church is built upon  
a plane of no broader disk than that of Joanna South-  
cott. We grant the spiritual principle underlying it,  
the same running through the older prophecies, the  
apostles, and the fathers, but may we not require a  
more common sense and larger unfeeling for today?  
and may we not lay aside the old swaddling clothes  
which are proper enough in the time when milk is for  
babes, and seek the Lord in larger interpretations  
by the growth of stronger meat?

Why is not Joanna as Orthodox as the Christian  
fathers who built upon the same foundations? If she  
was mediocrity, would she not be liable to the sail-  
ing in of the Devil, as well as the Holy Ghost? Did  
not Jesus encounter the Spirit--dispute with him--fast  
forty days, and be then as hungered? Was not Peter  
possessed, and Paul buffeted? True, the fathers some-  
times labor to confine Satan wholly within the Hea-  
then domain, but he would persist in walking to and  
fro, and up and down the earth on Christian as  
on Heathen ground. The days of the Fathers dealt  
with the Legion than with the one or more mod-  
ern Orthodox Devil. Of course, opposing sects charged  
each other with being under the dominion of evil spir-  
its, though good and less good enter in all the mani-  
festations of the spirit. The zealous Father Justin,  
in the second century, says that "these impure  
spirits, under various appellations, went into the  
daughters of men." This was the doctrine of the  
late New England fathers, Cotton Mather and others;  
and even to this day, Biblical civilization appears an-  
gels, or spirits, to have been separate creations from  
spirits once incarnated. Such were they of the old  
Word called "the Sons of God" or the Gods (Elohim),  
and "that they saw the daughters of men to be fair,  
and took of them wives, whence were born the giants.  
All this is susceptible of an astrological interpreta-  
tion in the old Astrologues, but Justin confines him-  
self to the more familiar Spiritualism, and says that  
the Gentiles "stood aghast at these spectres, and never  
imagining them to be Devils, called them Gods, and  
invoked them by such titles as every Devil was pleased  
to nickname himself"--but Justin was a come-onter  
from the grosser Gentile mysticism, and converted to  
the purer, aspiring goodness of a higher spirituality,  
and claims Jesus as "likewise acquainting us with  
another host of good and godlike ministering spirits."  
The early Christians were so intent upon joining this  
heavenly host of spirits, that they thanked the judges  
who condemned them for reviling and blaspheming  
the Gods, and rushed exultingly to execution.

The Son, planets, and constellated host of heaven,  
have a mystery in connection with the giant-begotting  
of old time. On each unclouded night these sons of  
God may be seen walking to and fro and up and down  
the heavens in company with the Serpent-Bearer, Old  
Baba, and the Chimeric Perseus, the last-guarding  
Eden now, as in old time, with "a flaming sword."  
Justin's familiar evil spirits, which, as apparitions, no  
take captive this world as Gods, appear very much  
akin to the Elohim and Jehovim of old Jerry.  
The evil spirits of the Gentiles, and the Lords of the  
Hebrews appear to be alike fond of blood and fat in  
the sacrifices, so that it would be difficult to decide  
whether the Jew or Gentile God did upon the more  
spiritual means.

The conservatism of old Heathenism the Chris-  
tians charged to, the agency of "diabolical spirits,"  
and to get rid of them with their Prince of this world,  
they rushed headlong to the new Jerusalem. Says the  
translator of Justin: "The primitive Christians so  
warmed with the supposition of a kingdom in the  
heavens, that they did not, like us, but prepare to  
die, and took the first opportunity they could of get-  
ting out of the world." They did not quite under-  
stand that the fullest Christianity in this world is the  
best preparation for that which is to come. However,  
having outgrown the old conservatism, they rushed to

go ahead, and were very persuaded that the old order  
of things "upon the suggestions of evil spirits" who get  
their sacrifices and worship by exacting upon the fol-  
lies of wicked men." "So our saint continues: "It is  
certain we cannot justly be branded for Atheists; we  
who worship the Greater not with blood, libations and  
incense." But how can the Lord of the Bible escape  
this thrust, who in camp, in the ark, and in the tem-  
ple, enjoined all these, and was propitiated thereby?  
If the Gentiles sacrificed to evil spirits, why are the  
same sacrifices so palatable to the true God?

Let us judge righteous judgment, and with the same  
measure by which we square the Trojan, let us mete  
unto Tyrian.

Justin received necromancy, "inspection of entrails,  
and the calling out the souls of dead men," as proofs of  
immortality, but still clinging, like our modern fossils,  
to the old bodies as again to be resuscitated for the  
spirits which have left, though the old covering has  
been transmuted into corn, potatoes and turnips,  
and through the chemical metamorphosis, have been  
eaten over and over again. Alas! that modern days  
have not entirely outgrown this theological conception  
of the old shell.

One author admits that the Heathen poets spoke as  
the spirit gave them utterance in language often analo-  
gous to the true Word; "for is not God styled by your  
own writers, Father of Gods and men, your Mercury  
under the title of the Word and messenger of God? As  
to his (Jesus) being born of a Virgin, you have your  
Perseus to balance that; as to his curing the lame  
and the paralytic, and such as were apoplectic, this is  
but little more than what you say of your Resuscita-  
tion."

This was bridging the way for the Heathen, who  
were told that their Word was of "evil spirits" by their  
instrumentalists, the poets.

Poor Justin saw but little else than evil spirits out-  
side his own sect. Our own day, so far as demented  
by the Church, can show many proofs to like imbecility  
of plane. They do not yet behold the two worlds  
corresponding in light and shade, according to the mul-  
titude degrees of development, marching on, like John  
Brown's soul. Yet the translator, who is very Ortho-  
dox, admits "that God never delivered himself more  
plainly by his prophets, than when he transacted with  
the Gentiles, and not with the Jews."

Says Justin, "The Logos sometimes appeared in the  
form of fire, and sometimes in the likeness of angels."  
This would appear to be the Word of the Son of Ghost-  
worship of all ages, though the early Christians were  
constantly charged with being Atheists; but it appears  
even from Justin, that most of the Christian mystics  
had all along been in use in the Heathen mystic-  
isms. Even the Lord's Supper was in the old mystic-  
isms of Mithra, or the Sun, but then "evil spirits in-  
troduced them." Here, too, was Sunday, an old  
"evil spirit" day, adopted by the Christians as the  
Lord's day, because, says Justin, "that being the  
first day in which God set himself to work on the  
dark void." So, then, God did not rest and hallow  
the Christian Sabbath, but commenced traveling the  
Jordan on that very day, and "set himself to work on  
the dark void," by "off with the coat and roll up  
the sleeve."

Tertullian, about the year 200, defends the Chris-  
tian reform as something better than Heathen con-  
servatism. He shows how groundless were the charges  
of the Heathen Church against the new uprising, the  
outgrowth of Christianity from the grosser estate of  
Old Jerry and Heathenism; and well replies to the  
shameless and incredible slanders of the conservators  
of the old order of things, thus: "If you feel these  
things impossible in nature, you ought to give no  
credit to such reports against Christians, because Chris-  
tians and Heathen have the same humanity." True,  
the Heathen are not spared for their shortcomings by  
the defender of a reforming faith. But it is far more  
easily credible that the old order of things was cor-  
rupt than the new, for hoary errors are almost ever  
consecrated, and would submerge the light that shines  
unto their darkness. Like our Adventists, the early  
Christians were immediately expecting the consumma-  
tion of all things, and when the day of the Lord was  
not at hand, eagerly sought heaven through the ordeal  
of martyrdom. We should hardly expect such a peo-  
ple to be grossly immoral who were seeking to join  
their brethren in a more spiritual heaven--or in the  
language of Tertullian, "We are no way concerned  
with what details us here, because, in the first place,  
our great concern is to get out of the world as fast as  
we can." So that "when a Pro-consul of Asia saw  
the Christians voluntarily come thronging to execution,  
he ordered some few only to be executed, crying out,  
"O, unhappy people! If you have such a mind to die,  
have yet not batlers and precipices enough to end  
your lives with, but you must come here for execu-  
tion!"

It is hardly to be supposed of each a people that  
they would be grossly immoral, unless they built very  
much upon the atoning blood of Jesus. The grossness  
would be supposed to adhere rather to those of the  
earth-plane than to those of the more spiritual aspira-  
tions, hence, in these times, we are inclined to think  
that there was a balance against the spiritual status of  
the Heathen. True, this was not of very long con-  
tinuance, for as the Christians came to power, there  
was a descent along the declivity of the earth-plane,  
like the snow that was washed to bed wallowing in  
the mire. Nor are we yet free, for our churches still bind  
with the bandages of Old Jerry, and hold us to the  
stature of the old Heathen in many a rite and for-  
mula.

True, we do not now immolate victims on Church  
altars to propitiate the Lord, except figuratively hav-  
ing adopted the atoning blood of Jesus for all coming  
time--no less true, however, we hang a man that his  
life may atone in blood, and we have not been very  
sparingly of the blood of some millions of Africans,  
nor have our cruelties to these fallen very short of the  
early Heathen cruelties to the Christians in our Lord-  
theology of "curse to Canaan." Tertullian gives  
the Heathen for their bloody sacrifices, as if the Lord  
of Old Jerry, on whom he rests as the foundation of  
his Christendom, was not propitiated by sacrifices  
equally bloody, and as if this blood theology, Jerry,  
and Heathen, had not always dominated in the Hea-  
then and Christian Church as well as in the Gentile.  
It can hardly be said, when we offer a criminal to Jeho-  
vah by swinging him on the gallows, that we offer "a  
lamb without blemish," though it may be equivalent  
to a "goat for sin." But one Tertullian is abun-  
dant in gifts of ralphing, and made the Heathen  
in keener sarcasm for offering criminals in sacrifices,  
and exclaims, "Are not your Gods wonderfully be-  
holden to you for offering to them such vile fellows?  
However that be, this is certain: It is human blood."  
But Biblical civilization up to this latter half of the  
nineteenth century has hardly carried us so far above  
the Heathen plane of Tertullian's day as to enable  
the Christian to call the Heathen kettle black.  
John Brown, whose soul is now marching on, was a  
noble offering to the Jehovah of Slavery; and Bishop  
Cotterel well asks, how we can quote the Bible against  
Slavery when we read, "Jehovah's tribute, thirty  
slaves." Need we wonder at civil war, when our  
Christian civilization is not above the plane of a  
pharmaceutical Bibliology and a superficial churchdom so  
destitute of the higher life, as to find the Rock of Ba-  
lathion in the "Curse to Canaan" of the Lord-  
theology?

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