



Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE FATHER'S MISTAKE.

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CHAPTER I.

In a wild, picturesque valley of New England nestles the little village of Ashton. Travelers who toll over the rugged mountainous roads of that region, pause with mingled wonder and admiration, when this spot, smiling with plenty and framed by the grandly beautiful, bursts upon their enraptured gaze, like some enchanted scene pictured forth in the weird legends of ancient times.

A calm, pleasant look sits enthroned upon the fair brow of Nature, on this balmy June morning. The air is redolent with the sweet aroma of a thousand flowers, distilled by the tears of the preceding night, while the sun has just arisen from his sequestered couch and quaffing his morning nectar from the hill tops, is now sending his bright messengers of light to city and town, but it seems as if his rays rested more resplendent in the quiet valley.

Small white cottages peep out from amid green shrubbery, while here and there a more imposing mansion rears its stately head. Yonder stands the church, with its glittering spire and bright, smooth shaven lawn. On the right we behold the Academy, which is the pride and admiration of the villagers. On the left a large building, with a creaking sign, proclaims that dry goods and groceries can be obtained within. A silver stream trickles forth from a distant hill, and wandering on with silent footsteps for a while, it suddenly dashes over a ledge of rocks, and as it convulsed and foaming with rage at its fall, it turns the great wheel of the mill, setting in motion the bustling machinery and the fingers of industry, and then rushing on, by many a devious path, it reaches the sea.

A little out of the village stands an old brown farmhouse. Honeyuckles and wild roses have clasped hands, and clambered up upon the roof. A bush of lilacs and syringas on either side the front door, proffer to turn their lacinated to the passers. A stately elm shows its protecting branches with a graceful, caressing motion, as if to lull the time-honored, cherished spot, by promises of security.

In the rear, rich fertile lands gladden the sight, while an orchard of fruit trees proclaims a bounteous harvest, if the rain and sunshine are alike propitious. Yonder comes the owner of the place—Farmer Hale—one of the wealthiest men in Ashton. He is tall and stout, apparently about forty-five years of age. The ruddy hue of health rests upon his cheek, his face is bronzed by exposure to the sun and air, while the thin lips and curves of the mouth speak of a stern, inflexible will. Suddenly a light flashes from his eye, as he rests upon a child, seated by the door, and he calls softly:

"Beatie!"

She hears the voice and raises her head, and we behold a face such as we deem the angels might wear. Locks of pale gold fall in rich profusion over neck and shoulders, violet eyes, clear and deep as a crystal lake, long, dark lashes, in vivid contrast to the transparent whiteness of the skin, and lips like moist coral, revealing the pearls within.

As her father lifts her tenderly in his arms and gathers her close to his broad breast, we perceive that she is a hunchback. Ah! that explains the look of haunting sadness that shadows ever and anon the perfect countenance.

"Would you like to ride out this pleasant morning?" said the farmer. "I am going to Meadow Brook."

"Oh, I should enjoy it very much," was the eager reply. "I was so lonesome in the house that I came out here. I felt very languid when Mark started for school, so mother decided that I had better stay at home; but I seem to be entirely out of place, as Aunt Deborah says she don't want children in the kitchen, and Reuben is as bilious as a beetle to everything but his books."

Her companion's face clouded.

"I thought I set him to weeding the garden. I don't suppose it's more than half done. He does plague me to death. If I can't find anything else for him to do, I'll make him pick up stones in the street, but I won't have him sneaking off to his books every chance that he can get," and he opened the door and stalked into the house.

A tall, spare woman stood at a table, rolling out pastry. She turned hastily as she heard the footsteps, exclaiming:

"Massy on us, Joseph! if you ain't tramping right over my clean floor in them muddy boots. Hush! I don't slam the door. Mary, poor critter, has got one of her awful headaches, and Reuben's just been bathing his head in camelline."

Her brother took no notice of her words, but strode into the next room, where a pale, sickly-looking woman raised herself from the lounge at his approach.

"Come, wife," he said kindly, "I am going to Meadow Brook, and I want you to go too. It will do you a vast deal more good than being hived up here. All you want is a little fresh air. I'll warrant you'll feel quite smart when you get back."

Then turning to the lad, who sat at a table with a pile of books before him, he exclaimed:

"There, boy, put those up, every one of them, and don't let me see them around again, unless you want me to take them to kindle the fire. You've got to toe the mark now, and go to work in earnest to learn to be a farmer. I took you out of school for good last week. I can't afford to send any boy to college, and that's Mark, whether he wants to go or not. Things is coming to a pretty pass, when boys of fit, teen and seventeen undertake to dabble in their elders' wits. I don't want any grumbling because you can't have your own way. I'm master here, remember."

Just then the door opened, and a tall, handsome youth entered, with a smile on his face.

"See, mother," he cried, holding them up. "I've caught enough for dinner; and, Beatie, here's some ripe, red strawberries that I found hiding themselves in the meadow; there will be a sight there in a few days," and he laid a green leaf filled with the luscious fruit in her hand.

"Thank you; how kind you are," she replied, kissing him on either cheek. "I am glad you brought them, for I know mother will relish them."

"Eat them yourself, my dear," rejoined the latter, smiling. "I know of a girl who did not want any breakfast this morning, and I am very sure she needs them more than I do."

"Well, Mark," said his father, in anything but a pleasant voice, "I should like to know what business you have to be out of school to-day."

"Because I could n't stand it any longer," was the plaintive response. "I'm tired to death of study; so I thought I'd take a half-holiday. Anybody must love books a great deal better than I do to be content to be cooped up in the house such beautiful weather. I do wish that you'd taken me out of school, instead of Reuben. I shan't ever be one of the glib-tongued gentry, so it's no use trying. I like farming, and I'd a great deal rather see and haw! to the oxen than conjugate verbs in the school-room."

"Did anybody ever see two such contrary boys?" was the despairing ejaculation. "I'm sick of so much nonsense about what you like and dislike, and I'll tell you one thing: don't let me hear of your being out of school again, unless you've a better excuse than the one just given. I'm determined that you shall go to college, and your brother is to be a farmer, as I've told you a hundred times before. I now repeat it, once for all, and do n't let me hear the subject mentioned again."

"But, father," expostulated the son, "the teacher says you don't realize what you are doing in taking Reuben from his studies. Why, he's the best scholar in the Academy. Squire Gordon wanted to know, the other day, if you did n't intend to educate him for a lawyer, and when I told him that you had taken him out of school, he stared with astonishment, and then he laughed and said he supposed it was one of your queer notions, but he guessed you'd find it would n't work."

"I believe I ain't a fool yet," rejoined the farmer, now thoroughly angry, "and when I want Squire Gordon or the teacher's advice, I'll ask for it; until then they'll say their breath if they keep their tongues between their teeth, and not meddle with my affairs. Now, Reuben, if you've put them books away, you may harness the horse and bring him to the door; and do n't let the grass grow under your feet, nor fall asleep while you're about it, either. Mary and Beatie put on your things; I must be off in five minutes. Debby," turning to his sister, "is there anything wanting at Meadow Brook?"

"Well, not as I know on," was the laconic response; "but perhaps you'd better stop and tell Deacon Blaster's wife's sister that Polly Grimes has her quill pen Friday, and she wants her to be sure and come. She's such a powerful hand to sew, that with her help they'll have it out of the flames in little less than no time. Come to think on't, I guess I'll send Patience Tompkins a piece of that last cheese that I cut. She's master fond of my cheeses, you know. Then there's that 'intment that I promised to let Dorcas Miller have for her rheumatism."

"Father, I guess I won't go with you," said Beatie, laying her hand upon his arm. "I want to go to school this afternoon, and you won't be back in time."

"Well, well, child; just as you like," was the reply; "though I think the ride would be better for those pale cheeks than study. Come, wife; there comes Reuben, at last, with the horse."

Mrs. Hale immediately made her appearance, and was assisted by her husband into the carriage, he, in the meantime, giving numerous directions to his son as to the work which he expected him to perform ere he returned, and then seating himself by his wife, he drove away.

Mark had already sauntered off into the woods to amuse himself until noon, while Aunt Deborah went back to the kitchen, and Reuben, taking his horse, passed into the garden.

"Dear me," he soliloquized, "father gave me so many orders that I'm all confused, and I'll warrant I shall make some great blunder. How I wish I was at school. I suppose the Latin class is reciting now; it's just about time. How under the sun Mark could be so late to play truant, I don't see. I should be the last one to do that."

"What are you dreaming about?" said a clear, musical voice at his elbow, and turning he beheld his sister.

"Oh, a great many things," he replied, smiling, "and I wish I was anywhere but here."

"Oh, shocking!" she archely rejoined; "this is the dearest, sweetest spot in the world to me. If you never find a worse place than this, you'll be fortunate, I'm thinking."

"I don't see as I shall ever have an opportunity to try the experiment, if I'm to be tied down here all my life," was the gloomy response.

"Don't look so down-hearted. Have you forgotten that it's always darkest just before the dawn? Something may happen to cause father to relent."

"Nothing short of a miracle, and we don't expect those now days, you know," he replied, almost smiling; but quickly relapsing again into his sad mood, he resumed his work.

"I see that I shall be obliged to quote my favorite motto, 'Hope on, hope ever,'" she rejoined laughing. "The hope in my heart died long ago, and father preached the funeral discourse this morning. I'm afraid that it will never be resurrected."

"Nonsense! a boy like you to give up in that way! I thought you had more perseverance. Think of the many who have struggled with adverse circumstances and then triumphed over every obstacle. I am almost inclined to think that it is best that father is so set upon your being a farmer."

"Why, Beatie! how can you talk so?" exclaimed her brother, gazing at her in astonishment. "I thought you sympathized with me."

She laughed lightly.

"Well, so I do. Let me explain myself. You are not as strong as most boys of your age, and if you had your way you would apply yourself with such devo-

tion to your books, that in a short time it would be an injury to you; but if you are obliged to work on the farm for a few years, it will benefit you very much, as far as your health is concerned."

"I know that; and I would n't say a word if I thought that I could be released then; but I know it's impossible; when once father makes up his mind, nothing in heaven or earth can change him. How angry he was when Mark told him what Squire Gordon and Mr. Granville said."

"But that was not a suitable time to inform him of their remarks. It only served to irritate him, and make him more decided in his course. I was sorry that it happened."

"I don't know as it makes much difference. He is sufficient unto himself, and what anybody might say for or against, would not add a feather's weight in his opinion. I suppose I might as well give up the idea of ever knowing anything aside from farming."

"I don't understand why you need to confine your thoughts wholly to that occupation, if you did follow it," she gravely rejoined. "If you would only learn to adapt yourself to circumstances, and behold good in everything, you would be happier."

He smiled.

"Do you know, I think you would make quite a preacher."

"Oh, now you are laughing at me," she replied, her pale cheek flushing. "I know it is much easier to theorize than to practice, but we are obliged to talk sometimes before we can realize the importance of actions. You seemed to be faithful to everything but your books, and that led me to speak in the manner that I did."

"Which was all right. You are the dearest sister that a brother ever had; if I could talk with you every day, I might in time become reconciled to my lot."

"Oh, Reuben! there are a great many better comforts than I am," was the earnest reply. "When you come out to your work, almost despairing, listen to Nature's thousand voices proclaiming of that Infinite Power who rules the world, and who bringeth forth good from what to our mortal eyes, seemeth but evil."

At that instant, Aunt Deborah's shrill voice was heard summoning them to dinner.

CHAPTER II.

Farmer Hale was very proud and fond of his first-born, and before he was emancipated from orphanhood, he had decided that he was a prodigy. The father's heart became fired with ambition for his boy, and he determined to send him away to the world, and shining in brilliant light in the firmament of great men.

When his second son was placed in his arms he sighed that it was not a daughter. His hopes were all centered upon his bright, handsome Mark, and he desired so rival for him; at last he concluded that this child should travel in the path that he had trod, and settle down in the old homestead, a happy and contented farmer.

Then came the beautiful Beatie, and his heart was full. When nearly two years of age, she received a fall which produced a spinal affection. Thus, for thirteen summers had the sunshine rippled over her head, adding new beauties to the lovely face, while the form grew more and more misshapen. Unable to join with the children of the village in their boisterous sports, and occasionally hearing a taunt from some rude lip, she had been accustomed from her earliest infancy to withdraw within herself; thus, like all those upon whom sorrow lays its chastening hand, she was mature and old beyond her years. She was the idol of the family circle, and they cherished the fanciful illusion—if such it was—that the angels were a little nearer the gentle deformed child than to other mortals.

Ab! people never knew how much of love and kindness were hidden beneath the farmer's rough exterior, until they saw him guarding so tenderly the fragile flower that had been transplanted from the garden of God to bloom awhile amid the bleakness of earth.

Mrs. Hale had been an invalid for a number of years, still she was always cheerful, and no murmur or complaint ever passed her lips.

The management of the household devolved upon her husband's sister, Deborah, and well fitted was she to attend to all their temporal wants; although some years older than her brother, he was her oracle, and her remarks were generally an echo of his. Possessing a strong constitution, and scarcely ever sick in her life, she had no sympathy for the ailments of others, but rather felt a sort of contempt for those whose physical endurance was not equal to her, and it must be confessed that she secretly lamented that her sister-in-law was so delicate; regretting that Joseph's choice had not fallen upon one who enjoyed the robust health and vigor that Nature had so kindly bestowed upon her.

In proportion as Reuben was neglected and disliked by his father, he found consolation in the love of his mother. He had not the handsome face or strength of his brother, yet there was that in the high, broad brow, deep, grey eyes, and thoughtful, serious air that was better than beauty. He had tasted of the rill of knowledge, and it had filled his soul with a great passionate longing; but to all the signs of mental superiority which he exhibited, his father resolutely shut his eyes. He had made his decision, and in his foolish short-sightedness, he deemed that at his command, this mind, that was panting to soar amid the stars, and whose eagle eye was gazing up the dazzling heights of Fame, would curb its proud ambition, and bury itself among the clouds of the valley, with no thoughts, no aspirations above the holding of the plow.

Mark, the mischievous, fun-loving boy, who detested the very sight of a book, must enter college. This was the farmer's decree, and it was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Therefore the mother's gentle pleadings, Beatie's fond caressings, Mark's expostulations, and Reuben's entreaties were alike in vain.

At the time our story opens, Mr. Hale had taken his youngest son from school, much to the regret of the teacher, who understood the child better than his father.

One morning as they sat at breakfast Beatie ex-

claimed: "So, Mr. Granville has offered a prize in the Algebra class. Why did n't you tell me of it, Mark? I did n't find it out until yesterday."

"Oh, I forgot all about it. I did n't suppose you would try for it, for your attendance at school is so irregular that you would n't stand much chance."

"No, I know I should n't; but I like to hear about it, nevertheless. Shant' you contest it? Ada Gordon says that her father has promised Robert a handsome present if he wins, but I do n't believe he will, for he sits and catches flies most all the time. I do n't think there is another such an idle boy in school."

"He is n't very studious that's a fact, but then he's got great mechanical genius, and he carves out splendid things with nothing but his knife. I heard the Squire say, that after this term he might do as he chose about a profession. Take my word for it, he'll get out some wonderful invention yet, that will make him famous. But, Reuben, what makes your eyes sparkle so? You're thinking about that prize, I'll warrant."

"Yes, I was, and wishing that you might gain it. I suppose it will spur some of those laggards up, but I do n't believe you'll have any very formidable rival in the race."

"I do n't know about that; if you were there I should n't stand a shadow of a chance; as it is, I doubt whether I shall be successful."

"Nonsense," exclaimed his father; "just determine that you'll win, and you will. Never stand by and let anybody else bear off anything that any effort of yours could obtain. I hope you'll do your best."

"So do I," chimed in Aunt Deborah. "You know you've got a pretty good head-piece, Mark. If you are only a mind to think so, and do n't you let it be said that there's a boy or a girl in Ashton that can beat you in 'rithmetic'."

"Well, that would be a sad affair," replied her nephew laughing. "I'll try, if it's only to satisfy your curiosity. But do n't you get your hopes excited too high, or there may be a tremendous fall."

"Why, if there isn't the teacher now coming toward the house," cried Beatie, gazing out of the window.

The farmer started from the table, exclaiming:

"There, Reuben, you may go into the meadow to raking up that hay. I should n't think there was anything to be done to-day by your loitering here; and wife, if Mr. Granville inquires for me, tell him I'm out in the garden," and a few minutes after, when the visitor appeared, he was busily engaged in pruning some bushes.

"A pleasant morning, Mr. Hale."

"Yes, very," was the short reply.

"I've called to see if you are really in earnest in taking your son from school," said the teacher after an awkward pause.

"I ain't anything else," was the curt rejoinder.

"I am very sorry to hear it. I hoped that there was some mistake. I thought perhaps that a press of work obliged you to withdraw him for a while, and that you intended to send him again soon."

"Well, you did n't guess right," was the sharp retort. "I calculate that I know what I'm about, and I do n't mean that the boy shall ever darken a school-room again, or study, either, if I can help it."

"Do you know that he is the best scholar in the Academy?"

"I can't help it if he is. It's no use talking, my mind's made up. I wish I'd kept him at home long ago. So much learning do n't do a farmer any good."

"But do n't you see that all his thoughts are centered in his books? Farming is not congenial to one of his temperament, and the Creator never gave him such a brain as that without intending that all its powers and capabilities should be cultivated to the utmost. You are endeavoring to thwart Nature's plan in sending your oldest son to college and keeping the youngest chained to the farm."

"Fiddlesticks! I do n't believe one word of such stuff," was the contemptuous response. "A boy can be one thing as well as another if you take them young. That tree yonder wanted to grow in one direction, but I meant it should grow in another, and I made it."

"Children are very different," rejoined his companion, "and the same methods are not successful with all. You are unfortunate in your choice of an illustration, however. That tree that you refer to is very crooked, and I should like to inquire if it has ever borne any fruit. I fear it will not sustain you, if you intended to uphold your position by it."

"I believe I have got a little common sense left, enough, any way, to mind my own business," was the pointed reply.

"Excuse me if I have offended by my warmth," said Mr. Granville, gently. "I am sorry to lose my favorite pupil. It is more pleasant to teach a mind that craves knowledge, than those that come driven to their task."

"I suppose you mean well enough," replied his listener, a little mollified, "but your arguments do n't convince me. I can't see it in the light that you do. I know just how it will be. Reuben will get over his feeling when he sees that it is n't of any use, and settle down and make a first rate farmer. You can't tell by children's talk what they'll be; they ain't of the same mind long at a time. Mark thinks that he's abused because I want him to go to college, but one of these days he'll be glad that I made him go."

"For the sake of both of your boys, I earnestly hope that it may prove so, but I fear that the result will be entirely different from what you expect. I will bid you good morning now, as I have several matters to attend to before school hours," and, bowing to the farmer, he walked away, while the latter, turning to his work, muttered:

"I do wish folks would mind their own concerns, and not be meddling with their neighbors' affairs. I declare, things is coming to a pretty pass if I can't do as I'm a mind to with my own children without having the whole village around my ears. I do n't want any of their advice, and I won't yield an inch—no, not one inch. Reuben has got to be a farmer, that's that," and he sent a stone spinning with great velocity from his path, as if to give emphasis to his decision.

"Oh mother!" exclaimed Beatie when she saw her teacher pass out into the garden in quest of her father. "I do believe Mr. Granville has come to see about Reuben's going to school."

"Much good will it do," rejoined Mark. "It's no use for anybody to say anything. I wish he had n't come, for it will only make things worse."

"Oh, how faithless you are," retorted his sister. "What do you think, mother? Will his pleading prove as unsuccessful as ours?"

"Alas! I fear so," was the sad response, "although he may bring up arguments that we have never thought of. All we can do is to trust and wait."

"Which we shall have plenty of time to do," replied her son with a laugh. "Somewhat, father has got it into his head that I am the genius of the family, when, instead of monopolizing all the brains but a very small portion fell to my share. I believe he imagines that I am to be a second Webster. He'll be woefully disappointed some time. A sorry, poor figure I shall cut in college, if I am ever so lucky as to get there. I do wish I could do as I pleased. I'd throw all of my books into the stream, and never look inside of one again. Other boys ain't tormented so."

"For shame!" exclaimed Aunt Deborah, now coming to the rescue of her brother's favorite hobby. "A boy like you to think he knows better than his father. 'Twas n't so in my day. Then children were taught to know their place, but times is changed since then, and I can't say that it's for the better. I'm astonished at your running out again your father. If 'twas Reuben, now, I should n't wonder at it, for he ain't was a rebellious child."

Mrs. Hale's cheek flushed.

"He was always very easily managed," she said gently. "You never understood his disposition."

The splinter tossed her head and retreated into the kitchen, muttering:

"Well, I never! How much she does not by that boy, when anybody with half an eye can see that Mark's the smartest. Strange how blind some folks be."

The next instant she called out triumphantly:

"There, I guess Joseph is reading that meddling schoolmaster away with a flea in his ear. Anyway, he looks a mauling gump. I hope it will learn him a lesson to mind his own business another time. Land! I should like to see anybody undertake to put their finger into my affairs! I reckon they'd get more than they bargained for."

Mark glanced from the window exclaiming:

"Yes, it is just as I expected. Mr. Granville is disappointed, and father is very angry. I can see by his motions. Oh dear! To college I must go, but I am inclined to think that I shall come out faster than I went in."

His mother regarded him anxiously.

"Do nothing rash, my dear boy," she said. "Remember all your father's hopes are centered in you."

He kissed her tenderly for a reply, and turning to his sister, said:

"Come, Beatie, put on your bonnet; it is nearly school-time."

CHAPTER III.

It was a chilly, rainy day in September. Dark clouds curtained the sky with here and there a rift that soon closed together again. There was no heavy shower, exciting and exhilarating, but only the monotonous patter of the dashing drops, which is so wearing to the nerves, causing the heart to despair that the sounds will ever cease.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Beatie Hale gazing disconsolately from the window. "It has done nothing but drizzle, drizzle, all day. I'm so tired. It's dreadful dull here. I shall be glad when vacation is over. I've hemmed father's handkerchiefs, and I should like to go into the kitchen and help Aunt Debby, only she says I'm 'more plague than profit.' I do n't want to read because my head aches. What shall I do, mother?"

"Why do n't you go up into the open chamber and see Reuben?" was the reply. "He's shelling beans, I believe. Perhaps he'll be glad to have your assistance."

"Well, I will. I never thought of that," and she ran from the room.

According to the stairs, the next instant she stood beside her brother, who lay extended upon the floor, apparently oblivious of everything but the Latin grammar before him. He started quickly at her touch, and looked up with a half-terrified air.

"Oh, it is you, Beatie?" he said drawing a sigh of relief. "I almost expected to see Aunt Deborah's grim face; then what a lecture I should have got. She would only have stopped with just enough breath left to report me to father."

"Oh, I'm so glad it was only me," she replied. "But you've got your work all done. How you must have hurried. I should n't think you'd dare to leave that book, though. How angry father would be if he should see it."

"I can't help it," was the almost passionate response. "I should die if I could n't study. Dear me, I wish I'd never been born, or that this longing could be taken away and I not care for anything but farming. My heart is not in my work, and I forget, and keep making mistakes, and then I get such an awful scolding. I do wish I was dead."

"Hush, Reuben. I know it's dreadful, but then you must not speak so. It is n't right."

He turned upon her almost fiercely.

"It's very well for you to talk, that never had a wish crossed in your life. You can't begin to know the misery I suffer. Until you've had some experience of such things, refrain from passing judgment upon me."

She drew his hand down into her lap, and laid her cool, soft hand upon his throbbing brow.

Presently, he said:

"Forgive me, Beatie. I did not mean to be harsh, just now; but I am so unhappy, every little thing chafes me. I am positively getting to be very ill-humored."

"I did not mind it, dear Reuben, for I know you did not intend to hurt my feelings." After a pause, she continued: "I think your case is similar to a bird's that Ada Gordon had. Her brother William brought it from some beautiful lake across the sea. They put it in a cage, but it was not contented in its foreign home, and it died. I don't know if it's true, but I've heard it was so. I hope you'll be free; so it kept beating its wings against its prison bars, until their hearts were moved with pity, and they opened the door that it might come away, but the mad effort had crippled it. It vainly essayed to fly, and then, as if its heart was broken, it uttered one wild, despairing note, and fell back dead. That is with you—you are waiting your strength."

and enfeebling your energies by unceasingly struggling against an ignis. Then be patient, keep the lamp of hope forever filled and burning, and believe that deliverance must come in God's own good time."

"That is placing the subject in an entirely new light," he thoughtfully replied, "and yet I don't know but you are right."

"Of course I am," she laughingly rejoined, "we please to keep up your spirits, and do the best you can, and when you least expect it the precious moment that gives you freedom may flash upon you."

He laughed.

"You begin to inspire me with a little of your cheerfulness. I'll try not to get so morbid again. Perhaps if I did not think about myself so much I should not be so downcast. There's Mark, now, he feels about as bad as the idea of going to college as I do at staying at home. He is brimming over with fun and frolic, and it will be hard for him to settle down to a student's life."

"Yes," responded the girl, a film of sadness gathering over the violet eyes, "for he will be surrounded with temptations, and he is so yielding. Vice will present itself in its most enticing array, and he will follow like a pleased child. If there is any mischief to be done, he will be first and foremost. I fear that all the honors that are bestowed upon him will not be given by the grave, wise Faculty, but by rash students, like himself."

"It is you that are depending now," retorted her brother. "I shall be obliged to chide, if you indulge in such gloomy fancies. However," and his voice grew stern—"if we are both ruined, father will have only himself to blame."

"Please do not," she said, pressing her hand to his lips. He means all for the best, only his eyes are blinded."

The boy gazed admiringly into her face, and then exclaimed, with a burst of feeling:

"Oh how good you are, sis. I wish I were like you; but I do get so provoked sometimes, that I'm almost frightened at myself. Things did not use to cross me so when I went to school. Then I did not know what a temper I've got."

She did not appear to hear his voice, but was looking in a half-absorbed manner at the floor. Suddenly she raised her head, and said, with a smile:

"Do you think that you should miss me very much if I should go away and never return?"

"Why, yes, indeed. What put that into your head? Of course such a thing would never happen. I expect you'll always live here. I do not suppose you'll ever get married."

She shrank a little at his words, and the bitter thought awoke in her mind, that there was no love but that of kindred for the poor hunchback.

It was but momentary, however, and she replied gently:

"You do not understand me. I mean that I shall go as Ella Graves went last summer."

A greyish pallor settled over the lad's face, and he exclaimed with an effort:

"Of course we all expect to pass home sometime, but perhaps it will be a long time before either of us are summoned."

She shook her head.

"If not try to evade the truth in that way. You may as well make up your mind to behold what is coming. I have known it for a great while. The flowers will bloom but twice before I shall stand with the angels."

"Do not talk so, Beattie," he gasped. "You are tired, and perhaps you feel sick. You'll be better tomorrow. I'll go right after the doctor. If you want me, or Aunt Deborah will give you some medicine."

She smiled.

"It would not do any good. Nothing can cure me. Sometimes I fancy I see hands beckoning me. My spirit is dropping off by one the links that bind it to this poor misshapen garment; and I rejoice that it is so, though I sorrow for the pain of those that are left behind."

A sharp cry of agony broke from the boy's lips.

"We can't have you go! Oh no, you must not die! Mother's heart would break, and father would never smile again. I can't endure the thought. You laid in the dark, cold grave? Oh, it is terrible! If death would only take me, it would be merciful."

"Hush!" she rejoined, smoothing his hair caressingly, "you are growing morbid again. Some day when you stand upon the pinnacle of human greatness, you will thank God that his unchangeable laws are not affected by the beseechings of mortal lips. You say that I am happy. You mistake. I have learned patience and resignation, but with my deformity ever hanging over me, an alien among children, I have known, and only should know, pain and humiliation. How little we can guess of the feelings of those around us. When I was younger than I am now, I used to go out into the solemn silence of the night and weep and pray to God to take away my ugly body, and the Stars with their pitying eyes, and the dumb voices of Nature comforted me. Those were bitter, scalding tears, for I felt as if I was cursed above all other children."

"Darling Beattie, I never knew you suffered so. I always thought that you were perfectly happy, and sometimes I envied what I called your joyous lot. You were over the sunshine of the house, and now you say you are going to die," and with a quick, passionate gesture, he flung himself upon the floor, burying his face in his hands."

She waited a few moments, a tender light abiding in her eye, and then said, gently:

"I am sorry to see you grieve so. I thought you would be brave and strong, and look beyond the Valley of Shadows. Death is not the King of Terrors to me. Be," and she held up her white transparent hand—"he will come for me soon."

Her brother raised his head, and gazing into her lovely face, exclaimed:

"I have been so blind, that I never noticed that you had become so thin. Oh, I thought that I was troubled before, but this great woe crushes the other. Oh, it is terrible."

"No," she said, solemnly, "only one agony, then life eternal, joy ineffable; and Reuben, what the treasures of my life have failed to accomplish, the appeal of dying lips may be successful."

The next instant a broad ray of light fell upon her beaming face, and she sprang to the window.

The heavy black clouds had parted, and their long dark skirts were trailing over the burning footprints of the sun that was retreating down the West. The valley was left in shadow, but the hill tops seemed strewn with jewels.

"Oh, is it beautiful," she cried, clasping her hands. "See the purple, gold, and crimson; perhaps in that path the angels walk from heaven to earth. Jean, imagine Paradise lit by the smile of the Eternal."

She stood now apparently lost in meditation, and her companion gazed upon her, awe-struck. The sunshine lay upon her glittering tresses, bathing the pale, thin face in glory. The fathomless eyes were a dreamy, far-off look, as though things unutterable were passing before her mental vision. Ah, the fearful words, "passing away," were stamped indelibly upon that fragile form.

"Thus they sat roaming in the realms of fancy. He forgetting that the minutes were swiftly flying, and that other duties were waiting for his tardy fingers, until Aunt Deborah's unmelodious voice was heard, exclaiming:

"Well, I never! If you sit up here idling. Reuben, Reuben, you are sponging to try the patience of Job. Bless a shiftless boy I never see in all my born days. Here it is once more night, and not a single word done."

"Well, I never! If you don't beat the Dutch. Yet father's been a hunting for you this hour, and nobody knew where you was, last night I did not."

"Oh, don't scold, Aunt Debby," interposed her niece, "we were very thoughtless to stay up here so long, but I am to blame, for I ought to have remembered about the work. If it had not been for my company, Reuben's tasks would have been finished long ere this."

"Oh yes, I understand all about it," was the reply. "You and your mother will spite that boy yet, spite of all Joseph and I can do. It's a rebellion again Providence, for you to make so much of him, but I do not expect my words to have any effect, no not a grain. Why, Beattie, child! how cold your hands are. Come right down this minute. It's a mazing damp up here. I'm afraid you've caught your death cold. I do not see what your mother could be thinking on to let you go up there, in the first place. Well, it's always the way, something or other goes wrong if I can't be on hand all the time. Dear me, I can't have my eyes everywhere at once. There's Mark, he's just got home, wet to the skin, not a dry thread on him. Been up to Squire Gordon's all the afternoon, when we thought he was in his room studying. Then he started to come home, and instead of walking over the bridge, like a decent Christian, he undertook to cross over on a log, and the next he knew he was splashing in the water. 'T was a mercy that he was drowned. There, Reuben, go long down; I'll fetch the beans."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

BY BELLE BUSH.

Oh, what do the bee and the butterfly say,
As they frolic or work through the long summer day?
What says the eagle, whose throne is on high,
As he looks from his eyrie, or wheels through the sky?
And what say the waves of the murmuring sea?
Ah! this is their song—"We are free—we are free!"

What say the leaves, as they flutter and swing
From the boughs in the woods where the wild robins
sing?
What say the flowers, as they spring from the sod,
To smile on our pathway and whisper of God?
Ah! theirs is the song of the bird and the bee,
And sweetly they sing, "We are free—we are free!"

Oh, what say the winds, as they sweep by our door,
With the speed and the wrath of the hurricane's roar?
What say the fawn, or the fleet-footed deer,
As they bound through the woods when the covert is
near?
They have heard the deep song of the murmuring sea,
And the chorus is theirs, "We are free—we are free!"

Oh, what say the stars, as they circle and shine,
Unhindered by power and a wisdom divine?
What say the mountains, majestic in form,
As their brows tower aloft o'er the regions of storm?
Oh, what can the words of their minstrelsy be,
If they sing not the lay, "We are free—we are free!"

Oh, what say the clouds that are floating on high?
The lightning and thunder that leap through the sky?
What say the rivers that sing as they flow?
The brook that comes down from its mountain retreat?
They have caught the sweet song of the bird and the
bee,
And echo their lay, "We are free—we are free!"

All things have a voice in this beautiful world;
In music the earth through its orbit is hurled;
The sunshine, the dew, and the daisy are heard
Singing praises to God, with the bee and the bird;
And the anthem that floats o'er the infinite sea
Is the chorus of earth, "We are free—we are free!"

But what sayeth man, with his God-given powers,
Master of Thought, builder of cities and towers?
What says the master of Science and Art?
Alas! he hath learned not the lay of the wave—
In sorrow he sighs, "I'm a slave—I'm a slave!"

A slave to the wine-cup, to passions that hold
His spirit in bondage to ailver and gold;
A slave to the fashions, that live but a day,
To honors and titles that vanish away;
Still pining for glory, the wealth that he craves;
Ah! woe may we sigh, "We are slaves—we are
slaves!"

Slaves, slaves to the past, to the worship of creeds,
Unmindful that God is best served by good deeds;
Slaves, slaves to a faith that is useless and cold,
Like a statue, completed, and kept to be sold;
Not yet can we echo the song of the waves,
There are fetters to break: "We are slaves—we are
slaves!"

Ay! slaves to the fear and the terrors of death,
That rob us of thought but mortality's breath;
Still slaves to the thoughts, the opinions of those
Who scoff at the depths of humanity's woes;
Not yet can we join in the song of the waves,
We're hugging our chains; we are slaves—we are
slaves!

We are slaves! but a voice o'er humanity's sea
Is waiting to join in the hymn of the free.
'T is rising and swelling in volume and might,
Proclaiming the triumph of Freedom and Right!
Ere long we shall sing, with the bird and the bee,
In anthems of joy, "We are free—we are free!"

Already the day-star is shining afar,
Though it rose 'mid the shock and the tumult of war.
When it mounts to the zenith, then peace will again
Shed her life-giving dew o'er each valley and plain,
And sweetly we'll sing, with the waves of the sea,
The anthem of earth, "We are free—we are free!"

Already sweet Freedom, in bridal array,
Looks forth for her bridegroom, the herald of day,
When Justice shall come, and the twin are made one,
Then the fame of our land will be bright as the sun,
And the anthem of mortals and angels shall be,
The chorus of earth, "WE ARE FREE—WE ARE FREE!"

Adelphi Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1863.

The Grand Anzels of Northern Tri-
umph and Liberty.

The readers of the BANNER doubtless witnessed the
sublime Anzels, Triumphant Arch on the evening of
April 9th, the first fair evening after the Connecticut
election, just in connection with the rejoicing over its
complete return, and doubtless an index of its
splendid (though perhaps temporary) national tri-
umphs to come.

In view of this magnificent atmospheric illumina-
tion, I wish to call the attention of Spiritualists and
other friends of Boston, vicinity and elsewhere, to the
scientific and prophetic doctrine of the *Aurora Borealis*
or Northern Lights, which I opened in certain lectures
some time ago, for I am now about to demand my
rights and the rights of certain religious nations in
spiritual assemblies on spiritual platforms, and to
claim the due meed of respectful attention to those
higher truths which are associated with the adepts
ground to which the Spiritual movement is now com-
ing. I request that the parties referred to will bear
in mind that these magnificent heavenly displays ful-
fill the promise and illustrate the principles of the An-
nual Philosophy presented by me in the *Aurora Borealis*
lectures.

D. J. MANDELL.

Astral Depot, April 10th, 1863.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STRAIN.

FIFTY-SEVEN PARTS.

THE RATIONALS OF HUMAN AGENCY IN ITS EVOLUTION.

THIRD SECTION.

The Philosophy of Self-Culture.

In the former sections of this paper I have main-
tained the necessity of Voluntary Action, or Individual
Endeavor, as the inductive principle in the process of
Education. The intelligent reader will observe that I
have done this by merely scientific argument, without
any reference to the reason of the demonstrated fact.
To learn why every soul must strive for its own develop-
ment, is to discover the coordinate productive principle
of human growth, which I now affirm to be *Inspira-*
tion. In its long descent upon the several theories of
personal effort, my pen may have seemed to grow ob-
livious of its proposed object: that of showing how
the supreme will of God connects with the subordi-
nate will of man in the process of Education. But I
now renew my repeated assertion, that God is the Ac-
tual Teacher of Man, though every soul is virtually self-
taught. Inspiration is the essential method by which
God educates all His creatures, and Nature is the grand
medium of Inspiration in all its varieties. A divine
efflux of Life, Love and Wisdom is shed upon the
universe, as Light from the Sun, and every being and
thing is filled therewith, according to the measure
of individual receptivity. Sentient beings are en-
dowed with the faculty of enlarging their receptive ca-
pacity by special volition, and Inspiration follows En-
deavor, just as, in the act of breathing, the lungs are
filled with air in consequence of their muscular expan-
sion.

Thus every soul is educated by inhaling and assimilating
the emanant life of Deity. The same principle
of Inspiration, though as various in its manifestations
as the forms of being, is common and essential to the
development of body and mind. The growth of plants
is effected by their capacity to absorb and condense
the more diffuse life of the minerals. The growth of ani-
mals is a similar result of a simpler receptivity,
which craves and appropriates the life of inorganic
plants. This is why food is properly called the *bread*
of life; because it imparts life to the eater. And af-
ter the same manner that the body assimilates the life of
food, the soul constantly assimilates that of the body;
which fact is the only reason why the physical organ-
ism requires nutriment after it has attained its
maximum of growth.

Now it is well known that the motory organs of the
body are strengthened by neural excitation, and that all
the faculties of mind improve by constant use; which
can be for no other reason but that Volun-
tary Action is expansive and promotive of Vital Inspira-
tion. In plainer terms, the very tension of a mus-
cle or organ of the brain, is a draft of vital energy
from the reservoir of life in the body, which, however
quickly expended, renews the agent of its dispensa-
tion with a sensible increment of vigor and tact. And
this, by way, explains the origin of that mystical
"force of habit" which, for want of conception, is
commonly styled "a second nature," whose forms, I
have never seen or heard, but should run thus: What-
ever we persist in doing voluntarily, we learn to do;
not only with increasing facility, but with more and
more alacrity. This is only another way of saying
that habit is the mold of character; for *habit* is another
word for prolonged endeavor, or persistent assimi-
lation of aim and effort, and *habitus* is its resulting
bias, or that temper of mind and bent of faculty
which constitutes personality. This educative effect of
habit is universally recognized; but I am not aware
that the reason of it has ever been written prior to
this paragraph; and therefore I am moved to repeat
the substance of the foregoing statement, and to em-
phasize a principle which is radical to the present sub-
ject of investigation.

The notorious force of habit corresponds to that
nameless but well-known tendency of a moving body
to continue its motion in the line of its impetus; this
being due to the property of matter called *inertia*,
which distinguishes it from momentum, and re-
quires a body at rest to remain so until put in motion
by an external principle. And the fact that all habi-
tudes are strengthened by age—that the force of habit
enhances with its prolongation, corresponds to the ac-
celerated motion of falling bodies, which is due to the
constantly augmenting force of attraction. This
simile accords with my former statement, that Action
is analogous to Motion. Since this analogy obtains
upon the essence of the two principles, it requires a
general similitude in all the modes of their manifesta-
tion. Hence, mind requires an incentive to action, as
well as matter an impulse to motion. Without a mo-
tive, mind would remain forever quiescent.

But the human mind is quickened by Want, as I en-
deavored to show in deducing the origin of Volition.
Want becomes sensible in the form of its correlative
work, which is the mere expansion of a cranial organ
naturally connected therewith, and its organic expan-
sion is enlargement of receptivity, which requires a
course of draft of magnetism from the associated or-
gans of the brain, and through that from the reservoir
of life in the body, by which means not only the cer-
tral organ of a special wish, but the whole group of
its conspiring accessories, is excited to activity, and
with corresponding aptitudes of mind the soul is suc-
ceptively and volitionally inspired. Nor do I use this last
word in any accommodated sense. Consider how the
soul is connected with the brain, through that with
the body, and through the body by means of food, air,
heat, light and electricity, with the Earth, Sun, and
the Universe, as the natural Tree of Life, whose root
is in the heart of Deity, and whose vivification and
growth are due to a constant efflux of Divine Life
through Nature, and the grand fact of Creation is dis-
tinctly seen and measurably comprehended. Through
this it is manifest that the efficient Life of God is the
Soul of the Universe; that this is the one source of
life, and that all the souls that God's creatures commu-
nicate with Him through Nature, and that every soul is di-
vinely inspired according to the measure of individual
receptivity as enlarged by the conscious wants and
voluntary exertion of each.

But what is this Divine Emanation which is the only
and essential Life of Nature? whereby "we live and
move and have our being," as Paul remarked, and
which a renowned poet affirms to be

"As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

As full, as perfect, in a vile man that mourns."

As the rapt seraph that adores and burns."

And might have added in the same vein of impetuous
assumption, as full as perfect, in an idiot's head,
a rebel's heart, and pirate's bloody hand, as in those
of an angel, of a saint, of a seer. This language of the
Muse is expressive only of a vague and impractical
inking of the abstract idea which I am attempting to
elucidate. The substance of Divine Inspiration is es-
sentially occult, and, like all the imponderable agents
in Nature, imponderable, mentally as well as physically,
is known only by its sensible effects. Through these it is
rationally conceived as an impersonal principle, blindly
but inevitably true to its mission, like lightning to
the eyes of conceit glowing whether it is sent, and mis-
take its temper and purpose. Truly, it is a fearful
thing to be inspired with life, and not with Wisdom.
For while this inscrutable force, as Pope continues,

"Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Gleams in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,"

it also sometimes

Chills in the frost, bids homeless vagrants freeze,

And wracks bold mariners on raging seas;

Alarms all the consort of a kitchen fire.

And all the tortures of a martyr's pyre."

We often think of life's adventures as arising from
our liability to assume inharmonious relations to the
material elements and forces in Nature. We speak of
the dangers of locomotion by land and water—of cal-
amities which seem to issue from the caprices of wind
and wave and steam. We tell children not to meddle
with edge-tools. We warn young men against the
fearful penalties of vice. We are all cautious of dis-
ease, violence, and every shape of pain. But who
thinks that life—the subtle element of consciousness,
which all that is possible to that ineffable
being—Divine benediction, which gives the soul its
hope, and heart its wish, is also fraught with the tem-
poral risk of all that both can suffer? Yet so it is;
and this is why we are to seek the Art of Living, as
the only assurance that life itself is more a blessing
than a curse. To find this Art, and to practice it, is
the alpha and omega of Education.

The principle of Divine Efflux is an influx to Nature;
not the essence of matter, yet permeating every
pore of the universe, as the medium of Creation, or
that by which God acts in the development and opera-
tions thereof. It is the base of Attraction and conse-

quently, spring of Motion, and the essential element of
organic worlds. It is through this that the power of
God is extended, and His Wisdom and Goodness mani-
festly displayed, through this that the primacy of Matter
were evolved, with the modes of material com-
pounds, as well as the seminal and dendritic forms of
vegetation, and all the nervo-muscular forms of ani-
mality. And because it is through this latest subordi-
nate channel that Deity and Wisdom thus manifestly
formed as the apex of all being, and securely im-
pressed with the attributes of Human Nature, mind
seems to spring out of matter, and the soul to be born
of the body. It is the wonder of every immortal
spirit, how it came to be what and where it is; and
the only solution of this mystery is the fathomless
element of Life by which all entities are contained
within the sphere of Deity. This statement is trans-
cendental to scientific minds, yet made probable by its
congruity with all that is relevantly known, as well
as by the absence of any other way to account for the
revelations of science.

But the object of the present inquiry makes no oc-
casion to dwell upon the mystery here adverted to.
It is not necessary to comprehend this *anima mundi*
to grasp its essence with the implements of common
sense and bring it within the purview of perceptive
science, in order to draw a practical inference from its
verity. Let the last paragraph stand for a mere ex-
planatory theory, as doubtless it will to some of my
readers, since all are not rationally clairvoyant enough
to see God above Nature, yet capable of help seeing in
the phenomena of Nature, developments, the effects of
a mysterious principle which is nevertheless familiarly
designated as vegetative and animative life. Since no-
body knows what life is, who can say that it is not the
unfathomable of Deity, as I have presumed to call it?

But whether so or not, be it plain that I am talking
about something which everybody admits to be real;
and that if my explication of its source involves any
theory, it is only that which is as old as time and as
common as sense.

There is an epoch in the mind of every child when
it is a mystery why one needs to eat; but none was
ever foolish enough to turn of appetite with an empty
stomach for want of a better reason. So will no man
or woman demur at making the most of life for igno-
rance of its source and import. The practical lesson
which I wish to teach in this conjuncture of thought,
is the responsibility of every living soul for the direc-
tion of life's personal currents, as they flow from God
through the channels of Nature, yet manifestly mani-
fested through the phenomena of manifestation.

That the metaphoric manifestations of
this divine element are in a manner subject to the
will of Man, is a fact of common observation so obvi-
ous, I wonder that few seem to be mindful of it, and
that no philosopher, so far as I am informed, has ever
been rationally impressed to a conception of its mo-
mentous consequences. I must confess, however, that
the workings of my own mind are implicated in the
same marvelous falling. I am astonished to think
that I have lived fifty years without knowing what re-
sponds to the opening of Reason's eyes to see; for
what would have been the result for so many genera-
tions with such a mental blindness? Regarding the rational
and moral characters of mankind, how rarely do we
meet a whole man or woman. Not one in a thousand
is better developed intellectually and religiously than
mechanically. It is hardly possible to be as integral
in art as in science, in skill as in conception, in prac-
tice as in principle. None is able to do all things in
any sphere of action; and in the sphere of indus-
try, it is all well enough that every man should be
a fraction of a mechanical capability; as a carpenter,
blacksmith, a wheelwright, a tailor, a cordwainer,
and so on; because the products of these various arts
become, through commerce, the property of each. But
in the sphere of philosophy and morality it is not
well that any person is partially rational or righteous;
because the products of Intelligence and Integrity are
not exchangeable for those of folly, inanity or deprav-
ity. Society is not ennobled, and individual happi-
ness is not promoted, by such varieties of character
as are truthfully designated as monomaniacs, opera-tion-
ists, bigots, murderers, thieves, liars, impostors,
traitors, despots, rebels, seducers, scoundrels, rascals
and simpletons. It were better if there were no parties in
politics, religion and morals, more than in the culture
of mathematics. The world would move faster and
more smoothly in one grand Union under the scepter
of King Reason and Queen Conscience; and these nat-
ural pantheists would have been crowned by mankind
ago, but for the meddling counterfeits of King and
Queen, and the divided waters of Queen Conscience.

But the true Unity can result only from the
Royal Education of the Race, which the Philosophy of
Self-Culture must inculcate.

I said that ignorance of this special truth—that one
can, and how one can, educate oneself, is the prime
hindrance to the individual trial. But there is another
hindrance: Ignorance of the temporal and final use of living.
The common persuasion is, that immediate enjoyment
is the purpose, and the ultimate welfare of Queen Con-
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Soul Affinity.—A Vision.

[Only a faint idea of a vision of the soul can be given by words.]

I see an immense river, covered with vast multitudes of human beings, male and female, moving onward. As the river flows on, so moves the multitude. Each one moves on its currents, independent of every other one. The multitude is divided into companies, societies and sects. Organizations are formed and bound together by means of frail cords or ropes. Some companies are very large—some are small, and some of the voyagers are alone, isolated and desolate. The progress of no one is advanced or retarded by the bondage of a society, sect, or organization. The river is the invisible river of life; the current of the river indicates human progress, bearing each and every human being onward to the great ocean of the spiritual world. No one is moved by his own volition or effort, but all are moved by the invisible currents of Nature. No one helps to move another on this voyage of progress, for the moving power of progress is the ever-flowing currents of the river.

For the most part, a man and woman are sailing together, side by side, each in a separate bark. A silken cord is wound round and round the two, and on this silken cord is written earthly marriage. This does not advance or retard the onward movement of either. With some this cord is broken; with others it is cut; with many it is oppressive, while with most it is held as being very sacred. Those who have no silken bonds, move onward just the same as those who have. Every human being has a sailing bark that is peculiar to each, in which each moves on the current of progression. This great river moves the whole vast multitude of earthly voyagers onward, regardless of all external forms, ceremonies, alliances, institutions, organizations.

Immedately over and back of the head of each is a star. No two stars are alike. Every star is lovely, but each has a tint of glory peculiar to itself. Each star shines upon and illuminates the soul of the mortal to which it belongs. How beautiful is every soul in and to its own peculiar tint of loveliness!

Among these voyagers of life I see a man I know—a friend—I see his very soul. The beauty of a human soul, when seen in the radiance of its own glory, is ineffable and unutterable. Too much for human vision to yet look upon. I gaze upon the beautiful star that is over him, upon the star that shines for him—that shines in, rather than upon and around him. My eyes are fixed and charmed, and as I gaze upon this star it unfolds to view a female form of unspeakable loveliness, adorned with flowers, whose freshness and sweetness and real nature cannot be spoken. She is innocent; she is pure; she is perennial youth; she is the spirit of unfading truth, surrounded by a halo of the softest light. She is perfectly passive, and is the beauty of perfect holiness.

She speaks to me. Her language is like the hidden laws of Nature—yet unknown to and unspoken by human lips. It is like the sweet melody of silence that humanity cannot yet sing. It is like the voice of angels that only speak to the senses of the soul. But I must try, in what seems to be a rough way, to convey in words some idea of what she says, and I can best do so by quoting the language of a spirit given in a spiritual communication. She raises one of her hands, as if in gratitude and worship, and with the other open hand she points to him in whose star she holds existence, and with her eyes fixed upon him, she quotes, for me to write, as follows: "Mine, forever. Mine when this weary form mingles with its kindred dust; mine when his freed spirit soars heavenward; mine, then, too, in his recognition, where no earthly loves shall disturb the soul's serenity; and mine still, wandering through eternity; and mine, still mine, forever."

I ask, is this joy for all? Is every voyager on this dark river of time blessed with a guardian-spirit of such ineffable loveliness? The answer comes not in words but in a flash of light, spanning the shoreless world. With a vivid dash of intuition thrown upon my soul's senses, in an instant I distinctly and clearly behold uncounted millions on millions of human beings, male and female; for each and every one is a guardian spirit, just as beautiful, differing only in tint, not in degrees of glory, that is inseparably united to and is in perfect similitude with his or her own existence.

The curtain of physical daylight, which is spiritual darkness, now falls over this vast scene. I see now, as each one of the multitude sees. I see no river, no multitude of human beings, no beautiful souls, no stars of love, no angel guardians. But from what I saw in this vision I know, and know for eternity, that the stars in the vision do exist and light the spiritual pathway of all human feet. I know that each soul in this dark world of matter has an unseen guardian of love; has another soul in spirit that is its own forever, to hold it, to keep it, to draw it in its own affinity.

A. B. C.

Pictures in a Wash-Tub.

For the little criticism that appeared in a preceding BANNER, on my statement above named, I was fully prepared. At the time the "pictures" appeared, I had an idea that "Clay," &c. had been stamped upon calicoes, and I believed suggested the same to friends while examining the affair. But it so happens that the "pillow case," on which the pictures appeared, was neither "calico" nor a "handkerchief," and never had been. The proprietress assured us that it had always been white cloth, and had been made up with her own hands, years before, from the original piece, (sheeting.) The fabric had become quite thin, owing to long wear. And, besides, what was there in fresh, clear water, or in any other use of the cloth, more than there had been a thousand times before to cause the impression of those pictures? To have made the color so thick and dark? And if there was a chemical agency in the "earthen soap" to "dye" it, why did it fade in the hands of the medium?—in my own hands after that, and come out again, in small spots, in the hands of another medium, and then vanish utterly away, leaving the cloth white, as the owner knew it in the original piece years before?

The "mordant" idea does not meet these facts. There is no mordant chemical agency that can "play such pranks." If so, let us know it. Let your "calico" and "handkerchief" manufacturers show us their compounds which will come out in clear water, resist all erasive processes, and fade in the hands of mediumistic persons.

And one thing more I wish all to remember. The existing spiritual operations are not put beyond the sphere of objections, but are so arranged that they are specially adapted to call out the logic even of those who are disposed to object whether or no, as well as to invite close scrutiny otherwise. Only let the discussion be good tempered, and the "facts" duly regarded and admitted.

I have the strongest confidence in the capacity of regulated and capable spirit-operators to achieve a few simple, as also an original conception. And I say again, that due attention to the regulating principles of spiritual connection, will ensure the utmost reliability in this, as in all other departments of spirit communication.

D. J. MANDALL.

Lecture Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier speaks again next Sunday before the Spiritualists of this city, in Lyceum Hall, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Carrier is a favorite lecturer, and one of the first eloquent in the country.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLLEY, 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 a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in 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.

Property in All Things.

Thanks to the generous Giver of life itself, there is nothing visible which we may not call of us possessors if we choose, to the utmost limit of our power of retention. Property, at best, is but a relative possession, and he may really enjoy it who does not pay taxes and cost of litigation over it, but contemplates it distantly over the high stone wall of his neighbor. This sort of Agrarianism, which can exist in none but a high and spiritual sense, is perfectly allowable. Old Isaac Walton, the venerated father of all good and quiet anglers, wrote in this pleasant strain about it:—"That very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you left me—that he has a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so—that he has, at this time, many lawsuits depending—and that they both damped his mirth and took up so much of his time and thoughts that he himself had not leisure to take that sweet comfort which I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields."

Old Isaac has stated and argued the case at the same time. Any of us can enjoy, and in that sense possess, what lies open to the comprehensive grasp of sight and can furnish topics for pleasant contemplation, regardless of titles under the law, or the longest and exactest records on the register's books. If a man of money erects a noble edifice to dwell in, consulting the most accomplished architects, and employing the most skillful mechanics to aid him in his work, he cannot enjoy a whit more from the outside contemplation of his structure than any other person who walks that way; in point of fact, the extra cost and pains to which the owner has gone in securing beauty of proportions, fitness of ornamentation, and impressiveness in the general effect, have been quite as much to gratify the passer's eyes as his own; he cannot himself stand outside, over against his house; and perpetually admire it, but has put so much more money and talent into it for the express purpose of pleasing others; this, therefore, is the legitimate possession of all who choose to look and be pleased; if they who pass do not criticize or admire, then has the owner clearly built in vain.

These things, it is to be seen, are, of course, spiritual, and not at all material. If another man does for you what you would desire to see done, but have not the power to do yourself, is it not well? and will you stop to cavil because it is merely done by another, instead of by yourself? That is hardly better than childishness, itself. What we are able to enjoy, that we may enjoy, if another, instead of ourselves, is the legal owner. What we have the capacity to relish and take silent and secret delight in, that we shall relish and take delight in, whether it be fair meadows of another's ownership, or fine houses of our own. There is no human statute, above the divine statute, which can regulate these things. Happily for us who happen to be rich in spiritual possessions, but poor in this world's goods, we cannot be warned off any man's grounds by a scowling and over-important overseer.

There is a fund of satisfaction in this thought, which all who have ever been conscious of it, will at once assent to. It is fortunately capable of enlarging the otherwise "constrained limits of our lives. Without worldly possessions as many of us may be, our otherwise bitter reflections may be readily sweetened by the reflection that we are able, after all, to enjoy as much as those who hold all things in their own hands. The Spring discloses its countless beauties to the poor man as well as the rich; the meadows look as fair to the eyes of the footsore traveler, as to his who whisks the dust from his wheels upon the traveler's garments. The brooks dance as merrily, the glees of the birds is as delightful, the moonlight is as fine, the works of art as beautiful and noble to him who has nothing, as to him who claims to own by the thousands. Only let us all keep alive and open the soul's true perceptions, that we may see and know and enjoy; else the world is closed to us, whether the little deeds are recorded in our names, or we stand on the roll of inmates in the town poorhouse.

With England.

The Cabinet has been more or less busied, of late, with discussing the policy proper to be pursued with Great Britain in relation to the fitting out of the fleet of pirates, in the interest of the rebellious States, to prey on American commerce. The whole story may be at last summed up in this way: The English are merely employing a covert and indirect means to do what they dare not yet attempt to do openly—namely, to sweep our national commerce from the face of the seas. It is an idle dream, or else a piece of pure madness, to think it possible to accomplish so vast and so barbarous a work at this day, yet there are men in the government of Great Britain, as there are everywhere, in fact, who heed nothing in the lessons taught by the past, and are just as willing to attempt impossibilities as ever Sancho Panza was to run a tilt with the harness windmill. About the exact state of our relations with the British Government on this matter, a writer for one of the leading New York papers declares, from Washington, there can be no doubt whatever that strong remonstrances have been made to the English Government by Mr. Adams, at the instance of Mr. Seward, against the fitting out of these vessels in British ports; and that hints will soon be thrown out of reprisal and non-intercourse. He says further, should the agents of our Government now in Europe succeed in purchasing the numerous vessels constructed for the "Emperor of China," it is probable that all danger of a collision with England will subside; but if these vessels are permitted to leave English ports for the purpose of preying upon our commerce, then trouble will come. We should think it about time, if a nation is to stand still and quietly see a foreign and envious power (as all foreign powers ever are, and ever will be, envious of their rivals,) step in and crowd its commerce to the wall, then the charter and token of that nation's existence might, as well be revoked by general consent of the world. This matter is simply piracy in a new guise. It is nothing but self with them, these things, from beginning to end. We would better die fighting such attempted imposition, than live to submit to it for a single day.

Home Education.

The foundation of character is laid at home. There are sown the seeds that in the future shall ripen into beauty, or quinine in a harvest of misery and crime. The great school of preparation is the daily life; and by the example of its teachers, the future man and woman is molded for the outside world, and the great hereafter. We Spiritualists have (thank of Anti-Natal influences: we must pursue the study, and continue the love labor of perfecting the physical condition, the mental tendencies, the spiritual states of our children. The lessons they learn at school are of minor importance to the precepts inculcated in the tender, receptive mind at home. The knowledge of distant countries, seas and natural wonders, is inferior to the home-taught wisdom that commences with the individual, teaching the laws of health, of purity, of undivided religion, and world-wide love to man. We have birth-erto sent our children to school to learn their first lessons; let it be so no more. Let us instruct them at home, in the sweet, every-day courtesies of life; in that politeness that is the manifestation of a benevolent and unselfish heart; in that knowledge of the physical functions that gives the master-key to the understanding of spiritual things. No more eschewed in unnecessary mystery, should we keep from the child's mind the pure and holy revelations of its being. In language adapted to the young comprehension, we should unfold the generative laws, and with a due reverence, inform our son and daughter of the moral responsibilities of that purity whose existence constitutes the charm of life. "Ignorance" can never "be bliss." Nor is it advisable to leave children in the dark with regard to their physical conditions. The truly progressive parent will seek to harmonize all the faculties; will strive to blend pleasure with instruction, so that the child will be eager to learn, and will never weary of the life-lessons thus conveyed. A love of Nature, of Art, of all the beautiful, can thus be implanted in the growing soul; and in connection with the highest aspirations for the ideal, may be actualized a portion of that heavenly life that is the desire of all striving hearts.

By obedience to the mandates of cleanliness, order, arrangement of thought and visible objects; by interest in the daily and minutest concerns of the household, the child is inspired to industry, to care for little things, to temperance of feeling and of act, to reverence and elevation; to honesty and purity, to love and truthfulness. And all this it will never learn in the crowded schoolroom; there it only repeats its parrot-like lessons, while the heart remains untutored, the mind a vacuum of truly useful knowledge. But at home the young immortal learns continually; and if taught aright, the soul-foundations are beautifully adapted for the erection of an imperishable edifice of eternal usefulness. Well educated in all that pertains to the affectional, the spiritual nature, conscious of the body's requirements, the needed moral restraint of the present transition era, the young man steps out into the world, qualified as a teacher to those around and beneath him, and guarded by the beacon-light within from the false allurements of life. The spiritually enlightened maiden takes her place with conscious dignity in her self-chosen station; with clear-sighted intuition she gives her hand to the life-mate she has selected. No glittering dangles of fashion or worldly distinction attract her eye; no faltering flattery has power to charm her ear; no sensual soporific can entrance her spiritualized heart. By a true course of education, commenced in earliest childhood, she has become a pure and high-minded woman, whom the Satans of this world cannot reach to afflict.

Let us, therefore, who feel ourselves in possession of the better faith and the higher light, prove to the carping world the superiority of our faith and its effects, by the better-homes-education of the rising generation. Let us teach our children, first of all, the rules of life, the sacred injunctions of universal love, the preciousness of inviolate truth and purity. We live too much for the world at large, and too little for each other, for the best interests of those who dwell with us beneath the same roof-tree. From the household fane of the land should go forth the ordained priesthood of usefulness and faith.

The Polish Insurrection.

It is altogether probable that the Polish attempt to assert the independence of that nation, is on the wane. The foreign intelligence gives us to understand that the insurgents have everywhere been defeated, while their military leader who was invested with the Dictatorship by the Central Revolutionary Committee—Langiewicz—was obliged to take refuge in Austrian territory, where he was lodged for a time in prison, and from which he has recently been discharged on his parole. This unfortunate result of the simultaneous rising of a proud people, eager only to be free in name and in reality, has challenged the sympathies of the masses in every civilized country; we had all of us hoped that occasion would offer for the interference of one or more of the European powers in behalf of Poland, but the promise of that has at the present time quite faded out. There must be a good and great end in the manner in which poor Poland has so many times been baffled in her endeavor to become her own sovereign. Though the insurrection is spreading even yet, it is practically crushed out. If the effect of it would be to induce the Emperor of Russia to act now of his own motion, and do for Poland what he has done for his own personality, he would be surely immortalizing his name as there is an immortality in wait for men who are capable of performing such great and noble deeds.

The Birds.

It is Spring again. The time of the singing of the birds has come. A thousand secret delights roll down from the highlands of the thought, in contemplating the pleasurable experiences which are to come out of the simple arrival of the new season. The earth slowly unfolds its treasures of vegetation once more. Beauty, in form and color and sounds, is springing up around us in every direction. "But of all the sweet sounds which make us love the Spring and Summer seasons, the bird choruses surpass all. What—we have many times wondered—would be this earth of ours, even with its rich garniture of leaves and grass, without the vocal accompaniment of birds? It would seem lonely, and drear, and oppressively silent. Just their sounds are needed to give fit expression to the beauties of flower and leaf, of grass and waters; no other; of which our most highly cultivated imaginations could conceive, would answer the desired end. We all of us love the birds, as we do personal friends and companions. They awaken our souls to the contemplation of outward as well as inward life in new and more elevated strains of thought. They voice a world of beauty for which we could ourselves find no fit expression of our admiration.

The Metropolitan Police Question.
It is time the Police force of the city was under control of a commission, instead of the Mayor. During Mayor Wightman's administration, things were at awful loose ends in this department. Officers dared not arrest a truant, for fear, as they stated, of being discharged. The reason was, Mayor Wightman did not wish to offend parent voters. The consequence was that Haymarket Square was filled with vagabond boys on Sundays, insulting every one who passed. But Mayor Wightman's scheming did not avail him. He lost his reelection. People are beginning to understand politicians' movements in order to secure office and its emoluments. Reform is needed. The quicker the better. Joseph Quincy's opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Rev. Dr. A. Watson at the Melodeon.

Sunday, April 19th.

"I saw on earth another light
From that which lit mine eye."
The subject of Mr. Watson's discourse was, "What is value?" We make a few selections from the many gems of Mr. Watson's discourse:
Could there be published a price of the real value of all things in the universe, how would it read?
Money of itself is worth nothing. It is only valuable in relation to the thing purchased. If one be well fed and clothed, money is not worth much. Men who are best fed and best clothed are not the best men. Feed and clothe the world to perfection, and then the world is very needy.

Is gold of value over all other things? Possession may be set up as a measure of rank, but the world reaches for more intrinsic value beyond—man is lifted up as the one thing precious.

Under what aspect does value reside in man? The celebrity of time is fastidious. Fame is secondary to soul. Posthumous fame may have some merit. The strictest subordination is necessary to greatness in the voice of posterity. The acts of every man's life shall stand for what they are.

Whatever may be man's gifts, accident decides in no small part.

It matters not whether a man die with heart unvoiced, or whether he live to give it utterance. There is abroad a morbid love for public notice. Value must reside in that of which mention is made, not in the mention of it.

Final value cannot be attributed to happiness. There is a preconscious beyond it. There are faculties above the mere quistude of happiness. Who, for any bribe, would condescend to go down to the life of the oyster, which is simple happiness? To the grade of higher being we all look for final and perfect preciousness.

The spirit of man has absolute value. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" or, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" No earthly thing can possibly pay for the value of the soul, yet how much love for earthly things inhabits the bosom of man. Only here and there some rare soul stands forth, throwing away all earthly goods, preferring the value of the soul.

All that attaches to the value of man derives itself from the value of the soul of man.

God, out of the depths of infinitude, bestows upon man himself. There is no gift so great. Man is the flower of the universe—the gift of God himself.

Man is God's riches. God has no higher store.

This is the truth of truths, that the greatest value is the soul of man.

We shall learn to have an intelligent reverence for man's being.

If man be worthless, the universe is a solacium.

No man or nation can become great, and live long, that is not inspired with the value of the soul.

The greatness of a nation is not founded on wealth or title, but on the recognition of the soul's value.

Without this a nation is despicable and worthless.

There is no epic or drama where the real soul of man is not brought before the world.

Two years ago to-day the enemy were flaming over Fort Sumter. What enemy? (The blasphemous contempt for the soul of man.)

The Spirit Photographs.

We are in receipt of letters from parties who have had what purports to be spirit-pictures made by Mr. Munier, of this city. These parties recognize them as legitimate productions. We shall place this evidence before our readers in due time.

In the April number of the London Spiritual Magazine we find the following sensible remarks bearing upon the subject of spirit photography, which we deem not inappropriate to place before our readers in this connection:

"As we have said, the question to be decided is not of possibility, as to which we can know nothing, but it is one of direct evidence in each case, and by that test it must stand or fall. We must still wait the result of this, bearing in mind that in the numerous cases in which spirits have made themselves visible there would be no physical reason against obtaining a photograph. For instance in the case known as the 'Lord Chancellor's Ghost,' where a female figure was seen by several persons preceding Mr. Lubbock, the Registrar of the Bankruptcy Court, into his bed room, mentioned at page 218 of our last volume. The only assumed impossibility, therefore, is in those cases in which the spirit is not visible to the naked eye, and as to this impossibility we cannot pronounce a priori. Certainly it is well established that the eye is not the measure for the photograph, and this is fully proved by the interesting experiments of Baron Reichenbach, who obtained the results on sensitive paper, from the odor light flowing from a magnet, which light could not be detected by the naked eye. In other words the camera was more sensitive to the rays of light than the human eye."

It will be observed that the writer alludes to Baron Reichenbach's experiments. We have just received a letter from Germany, giving us the information that the Baron had recently produced on negative plates what he considers an approximation to spirit forms, and he is sanguine that he shall, ultimately, fully succeed in his experiments.

Honor to Gen. Butler.

We learn from the Lowell papers that on the 14th inst. the Andover Association of Congregational Ministers, after their customary business meeting in that city, went in a body to the office of Gen. Butler, and tendered him, through one of their number, the expression of their appreciation of his public services, and their unfeigned thanks for the energy and devotion to the right which he had shown, and pledged to him, in whatever position he might be allowed to serve the country, the continuance of their good wishes and their prayers; assuring him that they came not as politicians, but as Christian ministers and Christian patriots. The General replied with deep emotion. He had not expected any such reward as this. Most cordially he thanked them for their good opinions; declaring that he prized the approval and the prayers of no living class of men more sincerely than those of the clergy of New England. In the course of his remarks he expressed the most lively conviction that the result of the war would be the freedom of the country from the cause and existence of the rebellion.

Cheerfulness.

Would that each one of us fully realized how much this quality of the character had to do with mental and bodily health! There are no conditions of human life, and no possible combinations of human circumstances, over which it is not capable of brooding. Its silence over disturbed waters, to their alleviation and improvement. Cheerfulness, it is allowed, comes in great part from original temperament; but it is likewise possible to acquire it as a habit, and to bring it up to the place of a direct power in the disposal of our daily happiness. When one has finally succeeded in forming an alliance with such a friend, it is cause for astonishment, what new and more agreeable colors the affairs of life will take on. Care and discontent are banished from the thoughts, the passions are soothed and subjected, and the soul of man is left served in a state of perpetual calm.

The Stereoscopic.

This beautiful exhibition is attracting large numbers at Tremont Temple. It must be seen to be appreciated. It will remain during the present week, Open every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday of tomorrow.

The European Publishing Fund.

The German world is as yet almost wholly ignorant of the blessed literature of Spiritualism. They are only acquainted with the physical phenomena, and but partially even with them. The first volume of the *Banner* was the first ray of light they received. It was not, however, published ostentatiously as a spiritual work, but as a new and scientific exposition of the system of Nature, and was in this manner, and by the high standing of its translator, borne into favor.

It is now proposed to raise a fund, by which the German writings of Davis and others can be at once presented to the thinkers of Germany. The Germans are proverbial for their belief in spiritual mysteries, and for a century have been laying the foundations of Spiritualism. There is no doubt if the new philosophy is presented to them, they will seize it with avidity, and the greatest good will grow out of it.

Spiritualists contribute nothing for the support of missionaries; they have low calls on their charity, compared with churchmen. Now if you consider the divine truths you advocate as of value; if you think that they are worthy and should be disseminated over the world, now is a golden opportunity. A mile is all that is asked. One of the trustees, H. Schlarbmann, writes in the *Herald* that our efforts are carried here by red-headed war; peace reigns now in Germany; peace so essential to the diffusion of our truths. But we know not how long before war may set on fire the combustible elements of the Fatherland.

The Directors of the movement are men noble and generous, who have their whole hearts in the glorious work, and will at once receive the entire confidence of the friends of the cause. Than H. Schlarbmann a more devoted Spiritualist, a more generous and noble-souled man, does not exist. A German, he has the deep spiritual nature of the Teuton, sharpened and Americanized by a long residence in our country. He has not, however, forgotten Germany and the millions of brethren he has left, and with an energy and devotion worthy of the object, he has determined to send light into their darkness.

The Germans of this country will support him, and I know that the necessary amount will be raised forthwith. The object is a great one: The New World is reflecting a new Religion, and a new Philosophy to the Old. A Religion and Philosophy the grandest and most glorious, and soul-energizing the world has ever seen.

The high position occupied by all those connected with the movement, guarantees its success. They are all eminent for their devotion to the success of Reform, and the friends who subscribe may feel assured that every dollar will be held in sacred trust, and faithfully devoted to the object set forth.

In Germany, books are made at much less expense than here—probably at less than half—so that every dollar subscribed counts twice when it arrives there.

The eminent scholar, Herr Wittig, with indefatigable industry, has translated all of Davis's works, and is now going on translating other works on Spiritualism. Patiently he awaits the response of the New World, asking no other pay for his labor but the diffusion of the truths he so dearly loves.

Personally, I have no interest at stake; but as a believer in the Divine Philosophy of spiritual intercourse, I can but feel deeply anxious for the success of this movement, which I consider of more consequence than all the tracts and bibles distributed to the health of the last hundred years. Of more consequence, because a great and enlightened nation are to be convinced and brought to the knowledge of the light. It is not strangers whom we wish to enlighten, strangers who are not as well off with a book as a living not; but a nation of the deepest thinkers, the most scientific and spiritual of the Old World.

Hudson Turner.

Correspondence in Brief.

J. M. Mansfield, writes from St. Albans, Vt., under date of April 6th, that "Spiritualism has some advocates in this section. I wish some good speaker, or test medium, would visit this town; I think he would draw a good paying house, even if he did not make many converts."

O. A. Dorr, of Worcester, Mass., writes as follows: "I have been a reader of the BANNER for many years, and have bought it weekly. I am well pleased with it, and have no occasion to subscribe. Please send enclosed three dollars, the remainder to be appropriated to the circles—my wife to the cause."

J. J. Clark, of East Princeton, Mass., sends us an account of the physical manifestations at a seance of Miss Jenny Lord's, given in that town recently, which we omit for the reason that we have already published several accounts of similar manifestations given at her circles. Mr. Clark closes his letter on Spiritualism as follows:

"I only regret that others who are seeking for truth could not have been present. It is enough to make one weep for joy. Truth is floating on the wings of these error must die. Above all I value its most Christian philosophy, being in harmony with common sense and our highest reason, opening, as it does, to the beauties of the spirit world, bringing to light immortality, teaching eternal progression and hope for the darkened soul, exalting God by removing the narrow and inconsistent view given of him in the Church creed. It also teaches us the same light of inspiration which fell upon the prophets, and raised, in some measure, the curtain which enshrouded them, fills upon the present age, giving us greater perception, clearer views, and a more rational conception of God and his works, keeping pace with the progress of the age. Oh, the joy and happiness this rational gospel has brought to my soul. The dawn of the light that is to illumine the world and shed its rays upon those who seek it. We pray to those who are ready to sneer and scoff at Spiritualism, that when we behold its benign influence, melting the heart of the hardened wretch and bowing his head in humility and tears, after the stern religion of the poets has failed to reach him, we can acknowledge its merits and help for its advancement."

A correspondent writing from Berlin, Wia., says: "Spiritualism has progressed during our residence here (eighteen months) with a strength and rapidity truly astonishing. It has been one continual revival in all this region. From being scarcely known a year ago, it is now a household word. I have been able to give lectures in the most prominent places, and have been able to give lectures for two Sundays in each month—two lectures each Sunday. She has continued in Urmu one Sunday of each month for the same period, and has just made an engagement to speak one-fourth of the time in Oshkosh, ten miles from Urmu. From all of which it will be seen that she does well."

We have received the following letter, dated Plymouth, Mass., April 8th, 1863:

"Mr. Editor—I received from you, on the 7th inst., by request, a notice purporting to come from the spirit of Wm. N. Hathaway, of this town. I wish to say that, as far as the statement goes, it is certainly according to the information I have been able to give. I was in the spirit world on a recent occasion, and the spirit departed for the better land. He was 22 years 3 months 6 days. Whether the style of character of him or not, I am unable to say. I am, Præterially thine, J. W. CANNON."

[The message alluded to above will be found on the sixth page of this week's issue.]

CALENDAR.
The last of the Romances for the season will appear in the *Banner*, on Wednesday evening, April 22d, at which occasion we are invited (and we are) that some of the best talent and great talent of the city, will grace the assembly, by their presence. As the managers have labored and sacrificed during the winter to please their patrons, we hope that the *Banner* will be well attended on this occasion. The price of tickets will be \$1.00.

Message Department.

The Secretary of the communications under this heading are given in the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 125 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. It is published every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and is free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is spoken by the spirit, whose name is given, through the medium of a person, who is in a condition, called the trance. The messages to which no names are attached, were given by the guides of this circle. They are reported as nearly verbatim as possible under the circumstances.

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

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expression as much of truth as the perceptive powers.

Sustain the Free Circles.

We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by these Free Circles, as many persons who first attended them as skeptics, now believe in the spiritual philosophy, and are made happy to mind thereby. Hence we hope to be sustained in our efforts to promulgate the great truths which are pouring in upon us from the spirit-world for the benefit of humanity. Donations gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, March 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 13.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 14.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 15.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 16.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 17.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 18.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 19.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 20.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 21.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 22.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 23.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 24.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 25.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 26.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 27.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 28.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 29.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 30.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers. **March 31.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art the light of souls, the infinite ocean of wisdom, power and beauty, we thank thee for the glorious sunshine with its infinite number of fair attendants that are gliding with artistic skill the dwellings of earth and entering the hearts of man, whispering of good cheer to them that do falter and stumble upon their journey. We thank thee for the fair shroud with which thou hast adorned Mother Nature, for we know it contains elements of power, that shall be gathered up by her, and she shall unfold her hidden stores to gladden the heart of man. We thank thee for the hoarse booming of cannon, the wild discord of the battle field, for we know thy servants are clearing thy temple of the dust of ages. We know that thy responses are at work, and that when the harvest comes they shall receive a reward for their labor. For all things visible and invisible we thank thee, oh, our Father.

Light.

"What is light, and what are its effects upon the physical and spiritual of man?"

My request was proposed to consider this subject at this time. "What is light, and what are its effects upon the physical and spiritual of man?" Light is the culmination of all the positive influences that exist throughout the external Universe. But there are as many degrees of light as there are atoms that make up your external Universe. Now light in the external corresponds to wisdom in the internal, or spiritual, or truth.

Again, there are as many degrees of wisdom as there are forms to receive it; each being unfolded according to the law of their own being, and accountable only to their own law.

"What is light, and what are its effects upon the physical and spiritual of man?" We have said that light was the culmination of all the positive influences that exist in your external Universe. We shall be obliged to be very brief in our remarks, inasmuch as we have only a few minutes allotted us. Therefore the friend who hath questioned us will please understand that we do not come to this place to elaborate thoughts sent here for our answering. We come to see the seed, and propose to return in the future to water it, and again in the future to gather the fruit.

When the physical form is under the control of the positive forces of that form, or when the positive forces are in the ascendant, then the introduction of light would be highly injurious to the physical form, for then two positives would meet and the result would be discord, inharmonious, war, and a greater amount of evil than it is possible for you to conceive of. Therefore it would not be well to introduce the element light into the form that was laboring under the positive forces of individual life.

When the physical is under the control of the negative forces of the human form, then the introduction of light into the system would generate good, harmony and peace; for then the positive and negative would meet; then you would bring a true physician into the human system, one that would speedily bring about a state of harmony and good among the forces of the human form. When the blood is highly inflamed, or fever predominates, then exclude your light and give your patient a negative atmosphere, for this is necessary in order to restore the blood to its natural temperature. But when there is coldness, a want of power, and the vital forces are low, then give to your patient of your light, the sunshine of the external world.

We are desirous by our questioner to show the effects of light upon the spiritual of man. We have said that the light of the external world corresponded to wisdom of the spiritual world. It is a common belief that the negative element, is greatly inferior in power to the positive. And here mortality errs, for there is quite as much power in the negative as in the positive. This must be so, for unless these elements were possessed of equal power, how would it be possible for Nature to give wisdom and truth to her children?—how would it be possible for them to obey the law that is written in the scriptures of the skies? Man errs when he thinks there is more power in the positive than in the negative element.

To illustrate our subject properly, suppose we wish to administer spiritual light, or wisdom, to one who is bound about by the positive atmosphere of the physical. If he is light to him is positive to his religious nature, for he lives by it, and acts by it. Suppose we wish to administer wisdom to such an one. As we stand in the positive element to one who is living by that element? Would it be wise to approach one who has the positive atmosphere all around him with a positive element? Why, certainly not, for two positives never generated a third or higher

element. There is no attraction between the two. We are repelled. He cannot see, cannot understand, there is no music in the sound of our voices, no beauty in the images we picture to him, and why? Because when two positives meet, the result is war, discord and antagonism; therefore it is not well to approach those who are living in the positive atmosphere of the physical. With the idea of forcing that upon them which they cannot receive as truth from you.

We must approach those who are in a negative condition with our spiritual light, or wisdom; those who have passed out of the positive element, who are standing upon the negative plane and are drinking from a negative atmosphere, and the result will be goodness, peace and harmony. Beauty shall be born of the union, and the angels shall rejoice over the birth.

March 9.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—In the progress of the spirit to higher states, is the human form always retained?

Ans.—No, it is not. The human form is the representative of the highest state of intelligence that man has at present attained. But you who believe in the law of infinite progress will understand as when we tell you that there are higher forms, more beautiful temples for the spirit to unfold itself through.

Q.—How do you account for the singular coincidence of the historical death of three of our Presidents upon our natal day?

A.—The subject is one that demands more time than we have this day at our disposal. We will take it up, look at it, and speak upon it in the future.

Q.—In the higher states of life just referred to, then, shall I, or not, know my mother?

A.—If the human spirit was dependent for its powers of recognition upon the external form, then, indeed, you would not know her. But your spirit is not at all dependent upon the external form for its powers of recognition. As the spirit passes out of the body, it becomes more and more refined or spiritualized; less of the imperfections of earth clustering about it. When its entire mission is fulfilled with regard to mortality, then there comes a change. The external becomes more beautiful, so much more beautiful than that of earth that you would hardly recognize it to be such as you were in the habit of gazing upon. Your mediums tell you that your spiritual friends appear unchanged in form, and why is this? The disembodied will know that they are appealing to the external senses of the medium, and being possessed of a full knowledge of the law of control, they attract to themselves those essences or powers of the Universe for their outward adorning, that they may be recognized by the physical senses of the medium. But should you see them in their true form, you would find no such form gathered about many who have passed to the spirit-world.

March 9.

Theodore Davis.

I am from Montgomery, Alabama, and like many thousands who have passed on to the spirit-world, I am sorely beset with the desire to return—to come back. I have sometimes thought if I could succeed in informing my friends that I had the power to return, that there was perfect communication established between the spiritual and mortal worlds, I should be satisfied and perfectly happy. But I am told I should find my desire would increase with my power. I would simply inform them of the true spiritual condition that I find myself living in, for I seem to be living as much as ever.

I was called Theodore Davis when I possessed my own body. I belonged to that class whom the Northern people look upon with so much contempt. I was a slaveholder. I owned my black men and women; and more than that, I bought them and sold them, and called them mine. I have conversed in my own body with some of your leading abolitionists, and I ever found that they exhibited more pity for the black man than the master, more pity for the slave than the master. They never seemed to think that the position the master filled was virtually thrust upon him, that he was obliged to fill that or none at all, or a worse one. All the pity, love and sympathy was thrown at the feet of the black man, whom I think could not appreciate it; therefore, according to my views, it was lost, and so had better have not been given or exhibited in his behalf.

I come here, Mr. Superintendent, or whatsoever you style yourself, for the purpose of communicating with my friends. I have political friends whom I would like to speak with. I have near and dear domestic friends (those who seem to be a part of myself) whom I desire to speak with. Do you think it is possible for me to do so? [It may not be just at the present time.] I presume you may suppose that I am one who was totally opposed to the abolition of slavery, but I think I would have been very glad to have stepped out of my position as a slaveholder and yielded up my right as master. I would have been glad to have given my slaves their liberty, but what would they have done? whether could they have gone? and what should I have done, in turn?

Why, it seems to me that I was as much under the yoke as the black man; that the yoke was just as hard for me to wear, and I think harder, for the black man I think has not so keen a perception of right and wrong, of good and evil, as the white man has. I am honest in my opinion, sir. So the black man must feel the evils of society with so much power as the Anglo-Saxon does. He eats, drinks, and wears, and performs his labor with as little care as the white man, while the white man eats, drinks, and is obliged to stretch all the spiritual faculties of his nature in order to do right. The black man feels that he is always right, while the white man is never sure of it. He is constantly striving; he is forever at the foot of the hill, and never at the top of it.

Now you Northerners, you fiery Abolitionists, have looked only on one side of the picture, have seen the negro in all his distress, and it seems to me that your imagination has been a little started. I think it was, for you've never thought to look at the poor master, never thought of the misery and the degradation it was bringing upon him. Oh, you had a wonderful sight of pity for the slave, but none for the master.

Now you see I believe God is just about to free the master and the slave. The yoke has been hard for the slave, but it's been harder for the master. The master is going to throw off the yoke, and the slave is going to become more of a man than he has yet been. Although I honestly believe this, yet the black man can never reach the intellectual standard of the Anglo-Saxon. Excuse me, you have different views, no doubt; but we, like you, have the right to express our opinions.

My friends—those who are near and dear to me—died away from them. It wasn't my good fortune to give them a parting word. My entire affairs are unsettled and in wild confusion. My wife is in one place, and my children are in another. My servants are scattered, and my home is in all respects destroyed, so I cannot ask for the privilege of going home to speak. But what I would ask for, is the privilege of going to my friends, to speak with those who knew me, and professed to love me. If I give them the truth, they are bound to receive it; and if I give what they can't understand, then it's no truth to them.

I understand there are mediums at the South, though I don't know much about this thing. I would ask for the privilege of using one of them, that I may speak with my friends. I suppose it is necessary that they seek out a medium. [It is.] I have been informed that your paper, which is one of the mediums I must

use to make myself known through, sometimes crosses the line. [I have heard so.] I have no doubt of that myself, for I have seen it in Montgomery since the breaking out of the war. A copy of it was once handed to me as a Yankee curiosity. It was said to have been taken out of a dead Yankee's pocket. I remember the margin was written all over, "I suppose the Yankee has penned his thoughts there, though I do not know of that."

Now I have been informed that I have something to do toward assisting my friends to receive that which I have to give them. Suppose I see a way by which you can send to some of my friends direct, should I return, will you do so? [I will.] Good day.

Pardon me, I had nearly forgotten to say I was filling the capacity of assistant-surgeon, and lost my life at the battle of Murfreesboro'. [Please give your age?] How? [How old were you at the time of your death?] Thirty-four—between thirty-four and thirty-five years. [Will you give your wife's name, that we may direct a paper to her?] Yes, sir, thank you. My wife bore the name of Laura Ann. My oldest daughter I named for her mother; my oldest son, Thomas; my youngest, Gregory. I have no more. Good day, sir.

March 9.

William M. Hathaway.

I have dear friends in Plymouth, [Massachusetts?] Yes. I should be glad if I had the power and the privilege to talk with those friends who are mourning my death. I died in camp at Alexandria. I was sick some time, I can't tell how long, but I was badly reduced. I had scarce power to use my own body at all the last few days I slipped in it.

When my comrades stood by my couch, as I was about to leave, I knew what they wanted. They wanted me to send a last word to my friends at home, and I tried to. I wanted to say, "Tell them not to mourn for me. I feel that it's all right that I died away from home, and I don't want them to shed any tears for me." I tried hard to send that word home, but I could not; so I send it now. Better late than never.

I am, or was, William M. Hathaway. My age was twenty-two years and over three months. March 9.

Arthur Lauriat.

My mother said she wished I would come somewhere, if anybody could that was dead, and say something to convince my father of the immortality of the soul—that folks live after death.

I was in my ninth year. I was sick most four days with diphtheria in Buffalo, New York. My name was Arthur Lauriat. [Do you remember what street your father lived in?] Yes; do you want to know? [If you wish to tell me.] I do; if you want it. The last place we lived was Wellington street. It was not a street, exactly. [Was it a place?] Yes.

I had on the suit of clothes my father bought in New York city for me, when I was dead, and my father said, "Oh what made you put them on?" He felt as though he'd bought my grave-clothes and he didn't feel happy about it, and I heard it. And he thought something about having them taken off, and my mother said, "Oh no." She didn't want them taken off, for they were mine, and I'd never had a chance to wear them. She thought it was right that I should.

My mother believes in God, and heaven and hell, and my father do not believe in anything, and she said she wished I'd come and convince my father. I could come better somewhere else. [You could speak more easily if your father would go to some medium.] Yes, I could; but I don't like to come here where everybody are strangers to me.

I can't talk very fast. I had the scarlet fever when I was five years old, and I most lost my speech a little while, and I could not talk fast afterwards. So I don't like to talk where folks—[are strangers?] Yes, don't know me. I've wonderful things to tell, but I can't here. I have tried hard, but I can't say much.

My father was born here in America, but his father was born in France, and he's in the spirit-world, and says, "Ask your father if he remembers what I said to him a short time before he died?" He says it was: "I begin to think there's a hereafter, because I saw your mother. I saw your mother last night." My father thought he was old and had lost his senses, but he says he'd just got them. I'm going now.

March 9.

Invocation.

Oh thou Soul of Infinite Mercy, we adore thee for the divine privilege of ministering to the souls who are in prison. We adore thee, oh our Father, for that Divine gift that thou hast implanted in our being. Oh Soul of the Infinite, we feel that we are this moment compassed about by darkness and woe; and again, we send forth our thoughts through human lips. And oh, most Holy One, we know those thoughts will be acceptable unto thee, however they may be clothed. Oh, thou who hast given us life, we cannot fail to adore thee for that gift of prayer which thou hast implanted in our souls; for hast thou not fashioned us to pray, to aspire for heaven, to reach on the faculties of our souls and demand spiritual gifts of thee? Oh, our Father, while we sojourn in the flesh, may we succeed in holding the cup of living water to the lips of thy children. Thou knowest they are thirsty, and are demanding in soul a something of thee that shall prepare them for eternity. Oh, hast thou not answered their demand through thine own angels? for as the door is thrown wide open, the millions are returning to earth to take humanity by the hand, and lead them to a knowledge of thee.

March 10.

How can we avoid the Sufferings of Physical Death?

"Is there no way by which we may avoid the sufferings consequent upon Physical Death?"

This inquiry comes to us from one who stands trembling upon the threshold of the new world. He fears to die, he tells us, because he fears to suffer. And again he tells us that he has no belief in a hereafter; therefore, has no fears, no hopes, concerning that hereafter that he hears of, but does not believe in. The soul of that individual hath stepped for the time being outside the boundaries of Physical Sense, and hath demanded to know a something of its surroundings.

His soul has for sixty-seven years dwelt in the midst of error. For sixty-seven years that soul has been bounded about by darkness, superstition, and by gross error; and now that soul is about to take upon itself new relations, is about to become more beautifully unfolded; and it very naturally puts forth its powers to know of the future. They have been limited in consequence of the intellectual deformity of the individual. He has been schooled to believe that when the Physical is dissolved, there is no more of the individual. That the soul, by virtue of this belief, can only expand so far and no further. So it asks, "Is there no way by which we may avoid the sufferings consequent upon Physical Death?"

Yes, there is a way. When one dies naturally, or receives a natural birth into the spirit-world, there is little or no suffering. We are aware that it is generally supposed that there is always more or less suffering attendant upon the death of the Physical body. But when one lives outside the full measure of his years, or dies naturally, he suffers little, or nothing; for the soul loses its hold upon earthly things as gradually, that no pain is felt. Link after link is severed, and slowly but surely the spirit casts off fetter after fetter, and enters the world of thought ere the freed spirit can realize what is passing.

We know that appearances convey the idea of external suffering to the external senses of man; but they deceive you, for when the Physical form exhibits, or seems to exhibit, severe pain, oftentimes there is no consciousness of suffering in the soul-feel of the soul; and many will return, telling you that they quietly saw the separation accomplished between the spirit and its earthly body, that they could receive believe they were inhabitants of the spirit-world, and not of the earth. I have not suffered, have not experienced the slightest degree of Physical pain," is the general idea of the spirit. They tell you that to die naturally, or to be born naturally, is to be exempt from the suffering attendant upon the change called death. But to do this you must live naturally, unfold the energies of your soul naturally, and read the Book of Nature, instead of receiving knowledge from material sources.

Oh, turn within the great and mighty Temple of Nature, for the knowledge how to live. You all may acquire it if you will study yourselves, for to study self is to study Nature, or the true God. The dear friend who is now trembling upon the verge of eternity, fearing to let go his hold of earth, tells us that he fears to die, because he fears to suffer.

Oh, soul in human, we have heard your cry, and we have answered it. We desire that you stretch forth your soul-facilities toward us again, for more time shall be given you on earth than you expect. You shall not pass the confines of mortality until you are ready to go; until your dear departed ones shall open the door and show the spirit-world to you. Fear not; the suffering will be no suffering at all to you.

March 10.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will you explain this passage in Hebrews, in which St. Paul says of Christ, that he said, "Lo, I come, (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God?"

Ans.—We should say that the passage or idea explain themselves. The indwelling spirit said, I come to do thy will, oh God, to live and act in accordance with the law of life. Each indwelling spirit of mortality may say the same. You are all obeying the dictates of the higher law, are each and all fulfilling your mission, or unfolding yourselves according to the law of life which is diverse. There are no two flowers alike, no two faces alike, no two forms of life alike. This should teach you that the law is diverse; that each and all are fulfilling the great law of life, although they may not seem to be.

Q.—Please explain the passage in Galatians: "Now a mediator is not a mediator of one, but God is one?"

A.—A mediator may be said to be a receiver or recipient of these diverse manifestations of divine law and that law is a unit in itself.

Q.—Jesus meant then to have us understand that he was not the whole, not the entire God-principle, but that he was the mediator in one sense between God and man.

A.—We believe he desired to convey that idea to the minds of those who listened to him. March 10.

Margaret Hertz.

I was of the Hebrew faith when here, but I find I have been mistaken, and I would teach those I have left on earth, that they may know how to live. I have tried many times to return, that I might speak to those I've left; but I've succeeded never until to day.

I lived at 90 Judah street, London, England. My name, Margaret Hertz. They would tell me that I was a suicide, and perhaps they will so account for my return, for the Hebrew has no heaven for the suicide. But I was no suicide; my death was not occasioned by poison, as they supposed. I died of disease of the heart, and instead of taking my own life, I assure my friends that I tried very hard to save it, but being alone at that time, I could not. I know they found medicine and brandy near my body. I know the medicine contained poison, which if I had taken enough, might have produced death. But I took a small quantity, with the view to bring into action those parts of my body which I felt needed to be brought into action. It was the best remedy I had at hand, therefore I took it; but not, I say, with a view to produce death.

I wish my kindred to know that I was no suicide. I wish, moreover, that my kindred give me lips, through which I can speak, or hands through which I can write. I will then give them proof more than I have given here, to satisfy them that I speak the truth. You will spell my name Hertz. My age was thirty-eight years. March 10.

Stephen P. Tower.

"It is but a few days since I awoke to consciousness in the spirit-world, but I would say to my parents and friends, that my first thoughts on becoming conscious in my new home were of them. I was told I could return if I wished, and if I could learn the laws of control, I could speak or communicate in some other way with my friends."

I feel exceedingly weak here; can scarce take care of the body they so kindly loaned me. I was afflicted with consumption, and I suffered much and long. I was near fourteen years of age, and lived in Cohasset, Massachusetts.

I should find great pleasure in communicating with the friends at home, for I know I can make them happy. I know I can tell them things that will dissipate all their gloom, and instead of mourning for me, they will thank God that I am free—for now I am at liberty to learn all those things which I desired to when here, but could not, because I had a poor feeble body, which suffered me to go only so far and no further.

Be kind enough to say that Stephen P. Tower comes here and wishes to commune at home. March 10.

Alfred Hodges.

Stranger, it seems as though I'd made a mistake. [Perhaps you have in one sense] and not in another. You don't give us better terms like our own, do you? [No.] Oh, you don't! [In what way, do you mean?] Why, something like yours. [We have no gentleman medium to offer you at present.] Well, this ere thing is new to me, and I did not know whether I was right. [You are exactly right.]

I'm from the 10th Michigan Regiment. A soldier, none the worse for that. I lost my arm, but I've got one here. It seems as if I'd got two. Do you send letters to anybody? [Oh, yes.] Well, I should like to have it sent to Detroit. [We shall print your letter in our paper, and send it to Detroit.] By gracious! this is new to me. I can't see through it—I can't, stranger; let me understand a little. You print what I say in a paper. [Yes.] Well, then, I understand if I want you to send my letter to my brother at Detroit, you will? [Yes.]

Well, now, you want my name, and something to know me by, do you not? [Yes.] Well, I'll try my name, Alfred Hodges. My brother's name is William. He I expect is not in the army, as I was, so he'll be likely to get my letter. I suppose—more likely, wouldn't you? [Yes; do you know who he works with now?] Who he is to work with? Well, stranger, you ain't acquainted with the sporting fraternity, are you? [I am not.] I belonged to that class. Bill does, too. I suppose. Is it any objection? [No objection.] All right. You don't meddle with private affairs, do you? [That is not our mission.] Well, I've got nothing to do with it now. We must make money some way. If you are honest and do it right, they don't think much of you; if you are dishonest and get it—well, the way I got it, do matter how your a pretty good fellow.

Now I want to tell you how I happened to get killed, so that there'll be no danger of mistaking me. I'd got a little down—I was broke, as we say—and I drank a little too much, because I was a little down—a little dispirited, and when I was under the influence of liquor, I got persuaded, to enlist, and when I came to my senses, I found that I was Uncle Sam's man, and not my own. I wouldn't back out, you know, after I'd enlisted, so I went; so I lost my life—do not carry anything about that; it was not good for much any way.

Now what I should like would be to establish a good railroad home. And I want a free ticket all the time, that's what I want; do not care, stranger, whether the pass comes in a body like this or any other kind, I'm getting used to this one. I rather think, stranger, I could take care of it for a little while; long enough to serve my purpose.

Well, I've got some one beside a brother. I've a little girl about nine years old, that's a never known what it is to want much for the things of this world; and in case I should not meet that brother, should not get a chance to talk with him, like as I do with you I'll say: "Bill, I want you to take care of Sophy. I can't do it now; in one sense I can, and in another sense I can't. You've got to do it. There's no reason why you should not." That's my wish, and if you say no, I'll settle with you when you come here. You won't say no. I know the gambler has a soul as big as anybody else. Don't you believe it? [I don't know why he should not have. What was your age at the time of your death?] Well, I was a little thing forty-one. I used to say when I was on earth, that I was thirty-eight. My brother and I used to talk about that. I used to say that I was thirty-eight, and he that I was more. I knew he was right then, but was not disposed to own it. The time's come now when I'm disposed to be honorable in everything, small things as well as large.

Well, stranger, what do you ask, or charge? [It's free here.] Free? [All I ask of you is to let the light inside of you shine out, that others may be benefited by it.] I understand. I'll look at it. Good day. March 10.

Written for the Banner of Light. HIDDEN MUSIC.

BY HENRY W. ADAMS, M. A.

There's music in the crystal streams,
That sigh within the earth;
That never gleamed with golden beams,
Nor deserts filled with mirth.

There's music in the speckled shells,
That sing beneath the sea;
And thine their little tiny bells,
In lonely minstrelsy.

There's music in the boundless wood,
By warbling organs sung;
Although no listener there hath stood,
And heard its piping tongue.

There's music in the murmuring brooks,
Untroubled by human ken;
Transcending all the strains of books,
Composed by rhyming men.

There's music in the sounding hum
Of Nature whispering low,
When fragrant summer evenings come,
And soft the zephyr blow.

There's music in the stormy winds
That sigh within their caves;
To toss the crisp and tasseled pines,
And lift the mountain waves.

There's music on the distant shore,
Where man hath never trod;
But where the hoary ocean's roar,
Proclaims the power of God.

There's music in the forest's wall,
When lurid lightnings glare;
And tempests wild of rattling hail,
The leafy kingdom tear.

There's music in the sounding lyre,
That heavenly raptures bring;
When gentle fingers, touched with fire,
Awake the silver strings.

There's music in the secret moans,
That every creature pours;
That travellest in pain and groans,
For life's immortal shores.

There's music in the timbre's ring
That angel-bands employ;
When morning stars together sing,
And shout the hosts of joy.

There's music in the under-spheres,
That shakes the ether's pole;
'Tis the divinity that cheers
The darkest human soul.

There's music in the voices of love—
'Tis of celestial birth;
It strikes a golden chord above
All other accents of earth.

There's music in my tuneful soul—
It leaps from every string;
I'd give the world could I control
An angel's power to sing.

Then sing for me, ye crystal streams,
Ye roaring woods and shells;
And vocal Nature, wild with dreams,
Strike all your magic bells.

Ye stormy winds and created main,
That vex the sounding shore,
In plaintive dirges sound the strain
My muse so oft would pour.

Ye tempests wild, and thundering voice
Of heaven's empyrean tongue,
Peal forth the music of my choice,
When Nature's base is rung.

Strike all your harps, ye grappling throngs
Of air, and earth, and hell;
And join the chorus of my songs,
My secret notes to swell.

Ye golden strings and brooks of foam
Melodious sounds ye pour,
With angel-hands that make your home
Where solemn hymns do burn.

But there's a voice I most would hear;
'T would thrill my raptured breast;
Its words of love, and words of cheer
Would calm my wild unrest.

NEW YORK, 1886.

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