

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 25.

For the Banner of Light.

SIMILES.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

The ocean waves on moonlit beach
Mark ebb and flow;
Bright shells the highest tide-marks reach,
And bright sands glow;
And sullen roar the headland rocks,
Within, around;
And something in the sea-shell mocks
The ocean's sound.

The tides of life, they ebb and flow,
Of joy and pain,
And echoes of the long ago
We hear again;
A tempest, sudden, fierce and wild,
Destruction brings;
The desert shores of life are piled
With storm-wrecked things.

To-morrow, of the whirlwind's track
No trace is seen;
Over the ships that come not back
The waves roll green;
Beneath are heaped in hidden mines,
Of wealth unknown,
The argosies, whose treasure shines
For death alone.

Sorrow may learn a stricken life,
To bloom again;
Life's elements must cease from strife,
Joy banish pain;
But memory has her hidden mine
Of treasures lost;
A secret joy comes to this shrine
That adds the most.

Ann Arbor, Mich., 1863.

The Lecture Boom.

The Vast Resources of Spiritualism, WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR THEIR USE.

A Lecture by J. S. Loveland, delivered at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Oct. 30th, 1864.

Our theme for this afternoon is, "The Vast Resources of Spiritualism, with suggestions for their use." And it accords with my judgment to treat of the resources of Spiritualism under three heads: viz., the Material, the Intellectual, and the Spiritual.

MATERIAL RESOURCES.

The material resources of any movement may be expressed in two categories—numbers and wealth. We will follow this method of statement. Various estimates of the number of Spiritualists in the United States have been made by persons possessing the best opportunities for such a work. The lowest estimate I have seen is two millions, while the highest is from five to six millions. I deem all these estimates as extravagant and incorrect. I am willing to reduce the lowest estimate fourfold, and admit that there are only five hundred thousand, or half a million, Spiritualists in the country. This is a large number. Greater than the powerful Congregational Church. Half as many as the Methodist or Baptist. Then it is to be borne in mind that Spiritualists are almost entirely adults—men and women in their prime, and not, as in the churches, made up of a large number of mere children from the Sunday Schools. Nor, again, is the Spiritualist movement composed mostly of women. The churches are probably fully two-thirds women. Spiritualists are very evenly balanced, though men are the most numerous, if either. This shows that, so far as the exercise of power through or by numbers is concerned, the Spiritualists, in their number and quality, compare favorably with any class of people whatever. A half million people, devoted to a common principle, and animated by a noble inspiration, can wield a tremendous influence upon the destiny of any country where they live.

WEALTH.

But a people may be numerous, and yet, through abject poverty, be unable to exert but little influence upon the general conditions and customs of society. How are Spiritualists in this respect? For though they may have millions in numbers, if they lack "the sheaves of war," they will be deemed of little worth in settling the issues of the times. I reply, Spiritualists are not paupers. Nay, more; they are not poor! There are poor persons who are Spiritualists. But there are those, also, who are rich, and becoming richer every day. The mass of them, the country over, will compare with the general average of the people, and with the general average of the churches, so far as wealth is concerned. We hold a fair amount of the money resources of the country. Nor is this all that can be said on this point. Without fanaticism, it is safe to say that the wealth of the world is within our power, so soon as we are prepared to unselfishly use it. No Spiritualist can doubt the power of spirit over mind and matter, to that extent, that should ensure the possession of all needed wealth. It is preposterous, then, for us to talk of poverty, meaning thereby a deficiency of money. "The whole boundless continent is ours."

INTELLECTUAL RESOURCES.

But men and money, though in themselves indispensable, are of little account without intellectual power is conjoined therewith. What, then, are our resources in this direction? Spiritualists, certainly, will not admit that they are fools. Many of them are of the opinion that they are not a whit behind the rest of mankind in natural ability. Nor will they, for a moment, admit that their brains are added to the tank. They will declare that their mental faculties are as clear and work as evenly and correctly as ever. They are not insane, any more than they are foolish. And, if we survey the multifarious pursuits of business requiring thought, sagacity and mental strength and

quickness for success, we find them ably filled by Spiritualists. They are there successful, like other capable and sane men. If from business we turn to the pursuit of agriculture, or to the mechanic arts, sensible, sober, successful men are there who are Spiritualists. Judges, lawyers, politicians and legislators are Spiritualists. Generals, officers and soldiers are Spiritualists. And, if we take a survey of the literary world, where we expect to find not only rare intellectual powers, but also those powers brought out and up, by thorough and laborious culture, to the highest possible plane of excellence, we find there also the inevitable Spiritualist. More than this, even, we find, for the very cream and nectar of our literature is that portion which embodies the spiritual philosophy. Several of the most gifted writers of the age are Spiritualists.

We must claim that the intelligence of the Spiritualists is on a par with that of the mass of the American people. We wish to make no higher claim, so far as natural powers are concerned. But it must not be forgotten that Spiritualism gives greater freedom, and wider scope for the exercise of the intellect, than any other system, and, therefore, furnishes better conditions for its cultivation than is possible elsewhere. Spiritualists ought, therefore, to excel others in this respect.

But it also opens new avenues to knowledge, thereby furnishing new material for intellectual exercise and growth. And to all this the Spiritualist will add the quickening of all his faculties by the inspiration of the heavens. Surely, then, the resources of Spiritualism are immense, even if we excluded entirely the fact, which we cannot, that the intellectual power of the spirit-world is adjoined to ours in this great conjuncture of human events. But with this fact, can we ask, do we need any more than we have, or may have of intellectual power? It is no excuse to say that our great intellectual power is comparatively inert—that our cultured and scientific minds do not, as a general rule, so appear before the world—that they seem to stand aloof from the mass of Spiritualists, not identifying themselves therewith, for if you called them they would answer. True greatness is modest and retiring. It cannot be impudent, nor content with the impudence of shallow-minded charlatanism. It is creative and constructive, and has no ambition to enter the race with those whose only recommendation is the fierceness of their invectives—the ferocity of their denunciations—the coarseness of their satire, and the grandiloquence and inconsequentialness of their bombastic harangues.

So long as Spiritualists prefer to be amused—to be flattered—to be merely stirred in their emotions, or tickled in their fancy, the men and women of genius and culture will pursue their quiet way, not obtruding or contending for place or precedence. But when our great needs become apparent to us, as they now are to them and the angels, we shall call, and they will come forth, a vast army, paroled in the mightiness of resistless power.

SPIRITUAL RESOURCES.

Men and money combined and used by vast intellectual ability, will most surely accomplish astounding results; but if these are inspired and crowned by a lofty spirituality, the ends attained must be vastly more sublime. What, then, are our spiritual resources? They must complement and crown the others, or we are deficient, where, above all, we need to be strong. In enumerating the possibilities of power possessed by Spiritualists, under this head, let us consider, first, the manifestations of the spirit-world.

I do not propose to even mention the almost numberless ways in which the spirit-world, through and by material substance, manifests its existence to men in the form, but I mean simply to enumerate what it does by those manifestations.

1. It overthrows, completely and forever, the materialistic fantasy, mis-called philosophy, and by the development and revelation of unsuspected agents, or forces in nature, challenges the startled scientists of the age, to a new and fertile field of fact and wonder. Exploring this newly discovered continent of truth, it indulges in such masterly analyses of these new facts, such a wide, sweeping and comprehensive synthesis of the principles lying and incarnate in the facts, as to comprehend the entire field of philosophic thought and investigation. It casts, even in its phenomenal unfoldings, a flood of light upon the perplexing problems of human existence and destiny.

2. But, again, it overthrows the whole tottering fabric of religious superstition. The essence of superstition inheres in the distorted idea of the supernatural, phenomenal Spiritualism, as with the wand of an enchanter, waves away from the field of consciousness forever the grim and awful specter of supernaturalism, and enthrones instead, the divine angel of a natural, spiritual inspiration, and affluence of power from the spiritual and celestial heavens. Instead of crouching in base and servile worship of a power dreaded and feared, man here stands erect, embracing in himself as an essential centre, all divine and celestial powers.

3. But more than this, it demonstrates the future life of man by revealing as alive those who are called dead. The sting of Death is extracted, and the victory of the grave turned into hopeless and eternal defeat.

4. Spiritualism also repeats the miracles of olden time, but they are miracles no longer, only glorious facts.

5. And by the trance, it in a wondrous manner unfolds and educates the uncultured mind of ignorance. Behold what resources are here!

2. INSPIRATIONAL.

But we have another and a higher department of spiritual resources—the inspirational. Those who occupy this plane are conjoined with the spiritual and still more with the celestial heavens, without having their natural senses of faculties clouded, or held in abeyance as in the trance. The largely inspired person is greatly unselfish. The pettiness of mere leadership, of personal ambition and honor, have lost their charm to him or

her. He is conjoined with the loftiest phase of life in the heavens. The rhythm of angel life pulses in waves of divine and holy melody through all the avenues of his celestial and immortal nature. His regard for his own personality is not the egotistic ambition of the phase-seeker, but it is the reverence paid to the eternal principles of truth and right, embodied in and reflected by the divine of his being. That inspiration is ours. The measure and fullness thereof is determined by the scope of our aspirations. Aspiration and inspiration complement each other. The scope of this power we are allowed to define for ourselves. The bill we may draw on the bank of power we are allowed to fill. Can we ask more?

If locked in the fastnesses of God and spirits, there are unmeasured stores of spiritual might and power, the key is in your hands to use. Nor was Jesus mistaken when he said, "Seek and ye shall find." The inspirationalist is a mediator, he is more than a medium. The entranced is a medium only, as a general rule. The inspired is, as we have seen, open to the heavens. He is also open to the earth. Both flow to and into him, and are there adjusted in their relations each to the other; for he lives in the pure light and atmosphere of the impersonal, absolute reason, consequently in his consciousness all the apparent warring cease, and the principles of a divine accord between man and his destiny are seen and declared. The work of mediation is completed.

The inspired is the embodiment of authority. This was the marvel of Jesus—"He spake as one having authority." He did have it, and so does every truly inspired person. Their authority consists in this, that they do not utter mere opinions, or speak merely from their own individuality, but their utterances are affirmations of the impersonal reason—they are flashes of the eternal sunlight of truth—they are images of the changeless realities of supernal wisdom, in fine, they are the great life-beats of the uncreated life of the universe. Why should they not be with authority? The authority is in the fact that the hearer's soul interiorly responds to its interpreter, the inspired. The vast realm of truth and power are thus brought in rapport with us through the faculty of inspiration, so largely possessed by Spiritualists. What resources are here! Rather, what resources are wanting for the accomplishment of our largest wishes? All that earth and heaven can give us, we have and we use them. And as we use them, we shall and them continually augmenting.

To illustrate the immensity of our means and to outline something in the way of possible use I wish to call your attention to some facts found in the statistics of the M. E. Church. This branch of Protestantism numbers 928,320 members. About 6,000 itinerant ministers, and over 8,000 local preachers. It has nearly 10,000 churches, or societies. It has twenty-three colleges and universities, and seventy-five seminaries, female colleges and academies, and two theological seminaries. The endowments and other property of the colleges amounts to over two and a quarter millions of dollars. The seminaries, etc., have over three hundred instructors, and 15,372 pupils, and cannot cost less than 1,500,000 dollars. Estimating the annual average pay of the itinerant at \$500, the sum total will be \$3,000,000. The sum for Missionary, Tract and Sunday School Union amounts to over \$323,000. The church has over 13,000 Sunday Schools, with nearly 150,000 teachers, and about 850,000 scholars, sustained at an expense of \$108,665. The amount of printing done for the Sunday School in 1864 was 469,750,000 pages, or over 2,000,000 volumes of 200 pages each.

This Church owns a mammoth book concern, publishing and circulating probably not less than a million dollars worth of books per annum. The Church publishes ten weekly papers, with a probable circulation of two hundred thousand copies, for one of them at one period had a weekly circulation of forty thousand or more copies. At five dollars per copy they would amount to six hundred thousand dollars; one Quarterly Review, ten thousand copies, at three dollars, thirty thousand dollars; one Ladies' Repository, twenty-five thousand copies, at one dollar, twenty-five thousand dollars; one S. S. Teachers' Journal, fourteen thousand copies; one S. S. Advocate, two hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred copies.

By adding these several sums, it will be seen that the M. E. Church expends nearly seven million (\$7,000,000) dollars yearly in its own specific work. It should be borne in mind that no estimates are here made for the taxes and repairs upon some twenty-five million dollars worth of church property, consisting of churches, parsonages, etc., needing constant repairs. Nor is the expense of colleges, and various other items, enumerated—no, doubt, if all these were accurately known, the gross amount would exceed the sum total stated above. I should, perhaps, state that there are some twenty more academic institutions belonging to the Church, but their statistics are not given in the Methodist Almanac of 1865, from which I have extracted these facts.

Now if five hundred thousand Spiritualists gave seven dollars per person, it would amount to three and a half millions annually. I leave it to you to estimate how much could be done with this vast amount of material power to revolutionize and bless the world. How many schools could be established, books published, papers and tracts printed and circulated—halls constructed—lecturers and teachers sent forth into the great field of Progress?

But what are Spiritualists doing? We have one paper (the Banner of Light), which hardly lives, having less than twelve thousand subscribers. Another has just started. Its life, judging from the past, will be feeble and short. We have no regular publishing house, as we have no organ for disseminating our principles, except as individual caprice may allow. No man possibly, have fifty lecturers constantly engaged in public speaking. If any think this estimate too small, we will call it one hundred. Let us sum up the results. One hundred lecturers at six hun-

dred dollars per annum, will amount to sixty thousand dollars. Twenty thousand papers at two dollars and fifty cents would amount to fifty thousand dollars more. Add to this the probable cost of places for meetings, and we shall have thirty thousand dollars additional to swell the grand total. We will set down books at one hundred thousand dollars, though I am sure it is much too large an estimate. To these estimates add ten thousand dollars for board of speakers, and we shall have, all told, an expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the part of Spiritualists for the diffusion of the Truth.

To make the comparison just, we should perhaps exclude one and a half millions from the Methodist aggregate on account of education, and then, including the unestimated items, we should find the Methodist paying about six dollars exclusively for his faith where the Spiritualist pays fifty cents. Or, if we allow that Spiritualists pay as much for mediumistic manifestations as for all other things combined, it would show them as paying one dollar each, or one-sixth as much as the Methodist. The average wealth of the M. E. Church, per member, I am sure does not exceed that of the Spiritualists, while according to our calculation it only numbers twice as many persons. Bear in mind also that the M. E. Church is expending hundreds of thousands of dollars every year in building churches, parsonages, academies, colleges, etc. More than three-fourths of its academies, and all but six of its colleges, have been established since the advent of Spiritualism. The people who educate the youth will rule the country. The M. E. Church is alive to this fact and with its perfect system of method—its unitary organization—its six thousand tireless itinerants and eight thousand local helpers—its immense book concern, its army of teachers, and its million Sunday School scholars, it is strongly and grandly marching on while we are childishly ranting against the idea of organic unity and action. It is paying nearly or quite six times as much per member to support what we call falsehood as we are for the truth. Has error more, and more potent motives than truth? I know some will assume this. They will say the fear of hell impels men to give. If this were true, it would be disgraceful to us. But it is not true. People do not pay their money in fear of being damned, for they do not fear it. You would have to travel a long way to find a man who is afraid of damnation. It is system, method, which raises the vast amounts expended by the churches. It is not that they are really more liberal, or willing to give, or that they are more able, but they have a system for getting, and definite objects to secure in its use. These millions do not come of themselves, but are the result of resolute and persevering effort.

We can do the same, or even greater things, by systematic efforts. We can gather these vast resources into one mighty thunderbolt of power, and launch it against the towering temple of superstitious ignorance. Shall it be said that truth is weaker than falsehood? That Spiritualism renders its votaries careless of human progress, and isolates them in selfish ease and pleasure? Should this continue as an accompaniment of so-called Spiritualism, we may be certain of its falsehood. Or at least that we have apprehended it but partially, and thus have changed the truth into a lie. Certain it is that the entire scope of genuine Spiritualism is to an unselfish consecration to the good of man. But it seems to me that we only need to see the way—to have the method of action mapped out in order to work and walk therein. New schools will spring up—new and beautiful halls for Sunday meetings will be built—teachers will be multiplied—Sunday Schools or Lyceums will abound—books will be disseminated—periodicals will scatter the light everywhere, while the heavens, through mediums, will complete their work of convincing the world of the reality of a future life.

Means and opportunities create obligations. Measured by such a standard, how vast and imperative our duties. The world, by its necessities, opens the broad field of possible labor, while the heavens, in their manifestations and inspirations, and manifold gifts, reveal the vast resources of power possessed by us, and show how solemnly grand and glorious the obligations resting upon us. In every city, town and village, we should unite to work for truth. We can use the press a hundred fold more than we have done. We can sustain ten speakers where we do one. We can multiply circles—build schools and colleges—revolutionize many of the existing barbarisms of society. Institute some system and work by it till we can see a better one. The grand opportunity is now ours. Used, it will remain ours. Neglected, the time will pass, and another people will step in and take the inheritance and the glory. While we are waiting in true Church style for God, or the spirits to do the work, we shall have been proved to be drones, and others called to do our work.

No age ever presented more momentous issues for solution, than the present. No people were ever more richly dowered with resources to solve the problems presented, than are the Spiritualists. No portion of the grand horoscope of human destiny ever beamed with more supernal brilliancy of promise than that segment of the eternal circle which overarches the sphere of our present effort. No prophecy ever rolled in more musical numbers from the full-chorded angels than that, which, like a great sunburst of glory, bathes the brow of the Spiritualist. No age ever saw so many seemingly diverse lines of thought meeting and fusing in a sublime and glorious trinity.

The "Grand, Omniscient Word," which "gains admission" everywhere to the mystic chambers of truth, has been found amid the buried arches of hitherto concealed wisdom, and it has been whispered in the ear of the Spiritualist. Indeed, nothing is withheld which heaven can give, and nothing is wanting but the disposition to use the measureless wealth of means within our reach.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
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"We think not that we daily see
About our hearth, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LIONEL HARRIS.)

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR,

MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND TOM.

CHAPTER I.

Little Marianna lived with her mother in a humble cottage, just under the shelter of a hill, which, like a protecting angel, kept away the cold, chill winds of winter, and ever lifted its head skyward to point the way to the land of sunshine and beauty. The little cottage under the hill had no coat of white paint on it, neither had its windows ornamental green blinds; but the sunshine could look into the small windows unmolested, and the humble doorways, and the wooden latch told of humble inhabitants within; but one would notice a look of neatness about it, and as the smoke came curling from the chimney-top, an air of peace and comfort seemed to rest over the dwelling, from which the blue wreaths floated upward toward the hilltop, as if to tell of thankful, happy lives within, or, like holy wishes that ascend to the beautiful heavens.

A bright spring morning rested over the cottage. The sun warmed the air until it seemed like a soft veil thrown over the valley. The snow had not yet disappeared entirely, but lay in the hollows, like spots of silver within the dark-brown setting of the withered grass. There was as yet no sign of spring on the trees, for, leafless and brown, they still stood; only the oaks kept a remnant of their summer garments wrapped around them, which rustled in every breeze, as if to tell of the beauty that had been.

From the little brown cottage stepped Marianna, and bent her way around the hill close by the edge of the forest. She had begged of her mother the privilege of a hunt for violets while yet the air was hardly warm enough to melt the frozen crust of the soil. No warnings of disappointment kept her back; "For only think," she said, "it is March; surely the violets are up!" As she skipped and jumped over stone and mound, she looked like a gay leaf tossing and whirling about in the wind.

When she came to the little hollow down under the shade of the hill, not a vestige of green was to be seen.

"Ah, mother was right," she said; "no violets are up yet. I wonder why? What are they waiting for? Here is sunshine and brightness; but why do violets love the sunshine? and how strange it is that the sun can do so much! I will dig down and see whether the violets do really mean to come up, or if they have waked up yet."

So with a sharp stick Marianna struck at the earth and loosened the hard soil. She knew the very spot where she had gathered the blossoms the year before, but she found not even a green bud, or a root.

"Oh, dear, dear! I think violets very lazy," she said; "but I suppose they like to sleep as long as they can. But I wish I knew why the warm sunshine made them spring up so fresh and beautiful? Oh, I wish I was like the sunshine, then I would have all the beautiful things I wanted; then mamma would not have to knit, knit all day to get Willie and me our bread and milk, and I should not have to wear my patched gown. Oh, I do wish I was like the sunshine, then I'd make beautiful things grow so easy, without working at all. I'll run home and ask mamma why little girls are not made like the sun; and away she scampered to the little cottage under the hill.

The room into which Marianna entered was very humble. There was no carpet on the floor, and the chairs were very plain and old-fashioned; but everything looked neat and clean, and in good order. Her mother was, as ever, busy with her knitting-needles, and little Willie was at play building a barn from some blocks. As the bright face of Marianna looked in at the door, it seemed as if gladness itself had entered; for a pleased smile shone over Mrs. Moore's face, and little Willie laughed for joy.

"Give me the violets, quick!" he said. "They haven't waked up yet," said Marianna; "and they are as lazy as you were this morning."

"Well, why did n't you shake them and wake them up, as mamma did Willie?"

"Oh, the sunshine is mamma to the violet, and has to shake them and wake them."

Willie laughed, and went on with his play; but Marianna sat down with a thoughtful face. The sunshine crept around the corner of the house, and lighted up the little windows, and made the rosebush look like a wreath of silver and gold.

"I am sorry I am not rich," thought Marianna. "I am sorry I am not like the sunshine that can do everything. I think this is a troublesome world, and not half as good as it might be," and she began to tell her mother her regrets and trials.

"Well," said her mother, "I will tell you of a Prince who had power to make everything beautiful. He could change poor houses, like this, into palaces, and the fields into gardens, and poor clothes into beautiful ones. Wherever he took up his abode there was gladness and beauty. The fisherman's hut became radiant with light, if he but stepped within it. The castle was not worth living in, if he had never entered it. But the Prince saw how the inhabitants of the earth were increasing in numbers, and asked himself, 'I cannot do all I would; and what if anything should befall me? the world would be left desolate indeed.' So he summoned many wise men; and asked them what he should do to extend his power."

er. And some said, "You must give it to the kings of the earth, and we will be their messengers." And others said, "You must give it to the learned and wise, like us." One proposed that a band of men be gathered and go throughout the land with trumpets and banners, proclaiming the coming of a mighty power, and he would lead; and another proposed that the people should meet together on certain days to receive of its good, and he would distribute it. But the Prince liked none of these plans, and he said, "You are all foolish advisers; for you would have the power to yourselves, and then what better would the world be? I will give my power to every little child that comes into the world, and make them all able to do just what I have done."

"But, mamma," said Marianna, "I was not alive then, for I can't do anything of the kind."

"Wait a moment," said her mother, "and I will tell you about it, for that Prince left his power to you."

"Oh! where? where?" said Marianna. "Tell me how I can do those things!"

"The name of that Prince was Love, and the love in your heart can make everything bright and beautiful."

"But, mother, see," said Marianna, "our chairs are old, and my dress is faded, and—"

"Yes, I know," replied her mother; "but when you entered just now with your happy face, I thought I lived in a palace, and everything seemed of the very best to me."

"But, mother, you get tired, and have to work."

"Yes," said Mrs. Moore; "but I was rested when I saw you glad, and the beautiful sunshine of your happiness danced around my heart, just as the sunlight dances about the rosebush. But run now and get some wool, and put on the kettle, and help Willie get ready for his dinner."

Marianna had much to think of that night, as she lay down in her bed, and she dreamed about being a great sun that shone on all children, and a Prince to make all people happy. She knew that the lesson that her mother wished to teach her, was that little children have power to make others happy; but she was not quite satisfied with her power, and wanted to do different things.

Yet in the morning, as she opened her eyes and caught the gleams of sunshine that lighted up Willie's curls, she said to herself, "To-day I will be like you, Mister Sun, you great Prince; and I'll see if I can't be as great and good." But children can much easier resolve to do good and beautiful things, than to do them at all times.

When Marianna had busied herself a while quite pleasantly she grew tired of work, like most children, and began to be impatient. When asked to bring in some wood she said, "Oh dear, I'm tired!" when asked to amuse Willie she said, "Oh dear, I wanted to look out of the window!" and already the sunshine had faded from her heart and the house was no more like a beautiful spring day; the rose-bush, even, lost its bright golden and silver gleaming, and looked only like a common rose-bush.

As Marianna looked up to the clear sky and saw how serene it was and how bright with the sunlight, she remembered her resolve, and was for a moment ashamed of her failure. But little girls and boys are not great philosophers, and so cannot make the best of everything. When Willie, by accident, stepped on her foot, she looked very cross. When she pinched her finger in the door she cried, although not much hurt.

"What a cloudy day this is!" said her mother. "How chilly it seems! I could almost fancy that winter was coming back to us. Yesterday how warm was the sun, my heart seemed to be sunning itself, like the little robin that we saw this morning; and yet I see that white patch of snow disappears faster than any day before. Can you think why it is so dismal?"

Marianna was too much ashamed to answer, and went to the window and looked out. Presently she saw her dear friend Susie coming, who lived just over the way in a fine farm house, and whose parents were very rich and gave her every beautiful thing she desired. Nothing gave Marianna more pleasure than to be allowed to visit Susie or to see her coming bringing her large doll with its blue cloak and fur muff and tippet. What fine plays they had and how splendid everything seemed to Marianna. Susie's bright hood and her pretty dress all looked so fine in the eyes of Marianna that she thought Susie must live in a sort of heaven.

When they had visited and made houses and caused Miss Dolly to represent all sorts of personages in their games, they grew tired of play and sat down to talk.

"Oh, I wish," said Marianna, "I could have such a nice doll. I think I should be good all the time."

"Well, you can have this," said Susie, "only mamma said I must not give it away, because it was given to me; but I am tired of dolls; I want to go into the woods and run down the road just as I saw you, but I can't, for Tom says it is damp and I shall grow sick if I go yet. Oh, May, I heard Tom say, when he thought I was asleep, that before long I should go away; I don't know where, but I guess it is to some beautiful place where I shall feel so tired."

"Why, I ain't tired," said Marianna, "I feel as strong as a bird, and I can run in the woods if it is damp; but I don't care much for that, but think I would like to sit all day and play with dolls and wear such nice clothes."

"Oh, dresses don't seem nice when you have seen them a great many times. Tom says, fine clothes are all covered up by bright smiles or by naughty looks, and that poor ones are, too, so that it makes no difference whether they are silk or calico; and then he took me to the widow and showed me the oaks when the sun shone on their dried leaves. Oh, how they shone, and how bright they looked! and then the next day when it was cloudy he took me again to look at them, and they were nothing but old brown leaves; and then he said that a loving heart was just like sunshine, and brightened up everything. I guess Tom don't care for my dresses, for he never looks at them, but only at my eyes to see if they look good."

"Hallo!" cried Willie, "here's Tom coming. Now he'll tell me how to plan my barn and how to mend the wheel to my wagon."

Tom was a handsome young man, with a bright, smiling face, and had so much love in his eyes that no child was afraid of him, but all seemed to think he knew just what they wanted. He helped Willie as if he had been as old as himself, showing him the best way to arrange all his things. He trimmed Mrs. Moore's rose-bush so that the buds could put forth into beautiful blossoms; he showed Marianna the blue hills in the distance, and told her a story about the spring. This is Tom's story:

"There dwells far up among those mountains—so the Indian believes—the great Father who takes care of the earth. Up there where the winds blow and the clouds float there is a great Temple which the Spirit of the earth inhabits, and from thence he sends forth his storm-clouds and his mighty winds, and brings them back again and chains them, after they have swept over the world. This great Master of Nature has many

servants, and he had one that was full of terror; he called him Winter. To him he gave great power; he made him clothe himself in ice and snow, and to go forth and destroy the beautiful flowers, and to drive away the mild airs. And he went, and the earth was made desolate; and yet he had no power over one thing which was always bright and warm and beautiful: It was the love that blessed the hearts of men. When this fierce servant returned from his dreary work the Master asked him how he had succeeded.

"I have done all thy bidding and am weary. But I could not do all thou wouldst have me do. I could not make homes desolate where loved dwelt. No one seemed to mind me who had that guest in his house."

"Thou hast failed then," said the great Master, "and no one else will succeed. But tell me, what is this love like, that my servant cannot touch?"

"It is most like the heart of a little child," said the servant.

"Then I will send forth another servant than thou. Send hither my most beautiful children. And they sent him bright girls and boys; and he said, 'Choose the fairest two.' And they chose a lovely girl and boy; and he said:

"Go forth and bless the world, for I see that my servant, Winter, has given it sorrow."

And they went forth, and he called them Spring. And they were tender and loving to all little children, but they could not bring gladness where love was not—there they left the power of Winter still—but into the hearts of good children they sent their beautiful life, and gave them the means of blessing the world more and more. When they returned to their father he asked of their work, and they answered:

"We did your bidding: we touched the withered branches and the sleeping plants and they sprang forth and gave their beauty to the world; and so glad was all the earth that we wanted to leave the beautiful power with it forever. And so we went to the little children and put into their hearts our best life; and they can, if they will, keep a continual beauty on everything."

"You have done well," said the Master; "let us call little children Spring-sunshine. The earth need no more fear my servant, Winter, or his followers, the cold and ice and snow, for in the hearts of all the little ones is the great power of sunshine and warmth."

"Oh," said Marianna, "that is like the story of the Prince that mamma told me."

"But come, my Spring-sunshine," said Tom to Susie, "we must go, and Willie and Marianna must return our visit, and we will have a real summer's day, even if the snow yet lingers in the hollows and the old oaks keep on their withered leaves."

[To be continued.]

Puzzle.

Something that's spelt with letters three, on a far, foreign shore,
I stood upon, and found my footing unstable and frail.

And then I turned something spelt with one letter more;
But that did not improve the case, and hope began to fall;

And then I made a something spelt with these letters four,
And found that my condition was improved in some degree;

And then I heard something spelt with these letters four,
And truly 'twas a pleasant sound—thrice welcome, too, to me.

I felt that I need not despair, that help might be at hand,
And hoped to find assistance in this wild, foreign land.

If you these letters will select, transpose and tell to me;
Just what it was I stood upon across the distant sea,

And what I turned, and what I made, and what it was I heard,
You then will have made visible a small familiar word.

There is a something to be made for telling not a word,
Composed of these same letters four of which so much you've heard,

And this same something's also spelt with the same letters four,
And now that I have said so much I think I'll say no more.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river lane;
One after another he led them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Twice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm,
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, paled arm,
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cold and late—
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the cringing hair
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead to life again;
And that day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies,
Together they followed the cattle home.

[Harper's Monthly.]

AN EPISTOLARY DISCUSSION.

The following is a copy of an epistolary discussion between Dr. Edmund Young of Ypsilanti, Michigan, and Elder James P. Prescott, of North Union, near Cleveland, Ohio, on the relation of the sexes, Theocracy, &c.

YPSILANTI, MICH., Feb. 24, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—You may think I have forgotten my Shaker Friends at North Union. But not so. Many times I have thought to write, but some trifling thing would seem to hinder. I think your people, as a whole, are the nearest right of any on earth, and I feel many things as though I would like to be among them. I think you have facilities for overcoming the propensities and bringing them in subjection to the moral sentiments, that no other people have. To deprive or extinguish any faculty seems to be a mistake; but to subdue the lower to the higher, appears reasonable.

I would like to ask, among other questions, whether you aim at a destruction of the faculty of *amativeness*, as called by phrenologists? 2d, Do you recognize any kind of love or attachment to the opposite sex, in your Order, different from that toward its own? 3d, Why is not your government a democracy? 4th, Why are you so conservative? As an honest inquirer after truth and light, I ask these questions. There are many other points on which I light; but I do not know as you care about discussing them by letter or otherwise. Come and make me a visit or send a brother to teach me by word of mouth. I am only about half a mile from the depot toward Detroit. If any of your people should come this way, call and see us. We live after the fashion of the world, but want a better way, and want to know it without being asked.

Please let me hear anything you feel disposed to say, and believe me, most respectfully yours,

EDMUND YOUNG.

NORTH UNION, Feb. 12th, 1864.

Dr. Edmund Young:—Your kind letter of the 24th, inst., is received. On reading it we were at a loss to know the meaning of many of the inquiries among us know Doctor Young or remembered his visit here, but could find no one that had any knowledge of such person. Permit me to ask, When were you here? How long did you stay? Whom did you see? What opportunity did you have for obtaining information relative to our faith and practices? It is possible that you did not have a fair chance.

A man cannot learn this "way" in one short interview, nor by reading a few pages of our history; because it is a practical thing, and can only be learned by putting in practice daily what he knows to be right. After having correct principles, it is necessary to carry out these principles by a life of self-denial and self-control. We who live a life of self-denial and self-control, which is spiritual, and harmonizes with the divine. He who does the will of God shall know of the doctrine, and what was once a subject of faith to him will become positive knowledge as he progresses in the work—hence there will be no guess-work about it.

The facilities for overcoming the propensities you speak of, are in the cross and in our union one with another. In union there is strength, i. e., moral power, which those who live in an isolated condition can never attain—hence the advantages arising from communities of interest founded on self-denial and the cross. To subdue the lower to the higher is not only reasonable, but practicable, and is essentially necessary for our progress in the higher life.

We will now answer your questions in brief: 1st, "Do you aim at a destruction of the faculty of *amativeness* as called by phrenologists?"

Ans.—Not literally do we aim to destroy that organ or principle; but by cultivating the higher, the moral organs, *amativeness* is destroyed. We who live a life of self-denial and self-control, which is spiritual, and harmonizes with the divine. He who does the will of God shall know of the doctrine, and what was once a subject of faith to him will become positive knowledge as he progresses in the work—hence there will be no guess-work about it.

2d, "Do you recognize any kind of love or attachment to the opposite sex in your Order different from that toward its own?"

Ans.—We do recognize true, genuine love to the opposite sex. We cultivate a pure love toward them in a social capacity, void of husband and wife, viewing their offices and relations to belong relatively to the friends of this world, and not to the angels of spiritual Order. Our love to the opposite sex is very similar to that of brothers and sisters of one family.

3d, "Why is not your government a Democracy?"

Ans.—Because it is a Theocracy, a government emanating from God through agency. It was first established in the year 1792, by spirit direction, at Mount Lebanon, Columbia Co., State of New York, through what would now be called shaking mediums of the highest order. Hence the origin of the nickname, *Shakers*. It is evident that the government of the primitive Church was a Theocracy, for there is a strong resemblance between the history of the spirit and practice of that Church and that of the Shakers at the present day.

4th, "Why are you so conservative?"

Ans.—Because it is necessary that one extreme should balance another. The world are universally lost in the gratification of the "lust" of the flesh, and have been for ages, and were there not a conservative principle, carried out practically somewhere, we have reason to fear there will be a fearful looking for, and that the earth will be long sink beneath the weight of the abominations committed thereon. Where shall we look for reform? We cannot find it among the Mormons nor Free-Lovers. The former given to polygamy, the latter to licentiousness, and both are not true Spiritualists of the present day. Therefore it is necessary that we be not only conservative, but radical on this point. We are to become like little children, pure and innocent. What do they know or care about the sexes? With them there is neither male nor female, known as such; although they exist individually, they are all one, and so are the children of God—one in spirit.

"They that are joined to the Lord are one spirit. I am truly thy friend,"

JAS. P. PRESCOTT.

YPSILANTI, MICH., April 4th, 1864.

RESPECTED FRIEND—I wrote you a letter last February, I think, and received a very kind and friendly reply. I am very glad to hear from you, and thank you for the attention you gave my letter. You ask to know "When I was at your place, how long I stayed, whom I saw, what opportunity I had for gaining information, &c." On my way home from the East last November I stopped about one day at North Union, and saw whom I supposed to be Elder James P. Prescott. He conversed with me some two or three days, and I read some from a book, which he said was as sacred as the Bible.

That book I would like to read; also one I think that was called the "Sacred Roll." Brother F. W. Evans sent me a book entitled "Christ's First and Second Appearing." And last fall, when I was at Mount Lebanon, I saw some of your people, and read some from a book, which he said was as sacred as the Bible.

I have read with the greatest interest. Judging of your people from what I have read, seen and heard, I think you are the nearest right of any body of men and women existing on this planet. Nevertheless I do not consider you perfect in goodness nor all wise in knowledge.

Now you find it really a fact that you have the element of all progress within you, and are willing to cultivate that element without being forced to it from without, I am bound for the kingdom of Shakerism. To make up my mind intelligently, I want all the available knowledge of the matter. You say, "The way to know is to come and enter into the work," &c. Before making a final decision, I want all the information that can be gained in order to make an intelligent one. Although I am a natural Radical, yet I do not want to be so much so as to be fanatical. A person has to make a very radical change on entering upon the life of a Shaker. After commencing to ascend the hill, I would not like to back down.

Now you will pardon me if I shall appear too much like finding fault. For if I am allowed to judge of myself, the true understanding is what I want. In answer to my first question, you say, "By cultivating the moral organs, *amativeness* becomes obsolete." If *amativeness* becomes obsolete, there can be no love for the opposite sex different from that toward its own. For from that faculty or the cerebellum, springs sexual love or attachment to the opposite sex, as such; yet, answering my second question, you say, "We do recognize true, genuine love to the opposite sex, in your Order, different from that toward its own family." Now the love between brothers and sisters is different from that between brothers, and brothers, or between sisters and sisters, and the difference, according to mental science arises from the action

of the cerebellum, or animal veins. So you will pardon me if I confess that I do not understand you. I presume you can explain verbally more to my satisfaction.

I do not know whether you mean to say yes, or no, to my second question. Understanding your language the best I can, I should think you meant to be understood negatively. If you do mean this, in carrying out the idea I seem to have in mind, it is an inconsistency. For of what use are male and female, if one sex has no choice for the opposite sex different from that toward its own? I think I see a great principle at the foundation of all motion and existence, which principle involves sex in every department of the universe.

In the mineral kingdom are positive and negative, which correspond to male and female. In the vegetable kingdom is sex. And in the animal kingdom is sex, in which man, as an earthly being, is included. And why not sex in man as a spiritual and angelic being? Inspiration, through Paul, says, that invisible things are understood by things made. Even the Godhead can be understood in the same way: Then God and angels are of the same nature. Christ of male and female, and man in his resurrection state must be male and female. You are the children of God, and hence in the resurrection state; then why say there is no male nor female in your Order; or what is nearly the same thing, or to be as though there were no male and female. Are you not trying to be something that does not exist in all the universe of God?

If you mean to be understood that the relation of the sexes in the resurrection order is different from that in the natural order, excluding marriage and sexual love on the animal plane, all right; that I can understand. But to be as though there were no sex is too much like one sex in the Orthodox dog. I can understand that the relation of the sexes in the resurrection order is different from that of positive and negative, or of male and female. So in the animal, even when they are not under any sexual excitement.

There is a different and more congenial relation between male and female than between those of the same sex; so the man from his childhood, and the things he loves, the child is more strongly attached and has more congenial amusements with the opposite sex than with its own. And as a general rule, other things being equal, the father is more strongly attached to the daughter than to the son, and the mother more strongly attached to the son than to the daughter, and vice versa.

Now let us see the relation of the sexes in the angelic sphere, to be different from that of man in his first or natural order. But to say that there is no more attachment between male and female than between male and male, is an idea I cannot get from things made. For the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by things that are made: so the man from his childhood, and the things he loves, the child is more strongly attached and has more congenial amusements with the opposite sex than with its own. And as a general rule, other things being equal, the father is more strongly attached to the daughter than to the son, and the mother more strongly attached to the son than to the daughter, and vice versa.

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Lycium Hall Meetings.

Sunday afternoon, Feb. 20th, the theme of the discourse, through the inspiration of Miss Lizzie Doten, was "The Angel's Token" or "The Arrow Sharpened with Love," in which it was shown that all afflictions and sorrows which come to the human family, were arrows sharpened with love and intended for good.

In the evening the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, to listen to a somewhat novel procedure. It had been previously announced that a question would be discussed by two spirits, pupils of a third spirit who would act as umpire, and decide on the merits of the discussion; all the parties to speak through the mediumship of Miss Doten. The question discussed was, "Which is the safest guide for mortal man—Nature or Religion?" The disputants occupied fifteen minutes at a time, each speaking twice. The first spirit who took possession of the medium was the teacher, who gave his name as "Philo" and made a few explanatory remarks in regard to the debate and the debaters. Then giving way, "Philo" took control of the medium, and commenced the discussion by arguing for "Nature" in a manner that exhibited a fair share of ability, till his time was up; when "Veritas" took control and spoke earnestly in behalf of "Religion." It was evident he had the advantage of the other, by being able to take hold of his weakest points; and the audience began to show some interest in the debate. When "Philo's" turn came again he seemed to gain the advantage; and the interest in the audience also increased. After both had made their closing argument, "Philo" resumed control and briefly criticized the discussion, and decided that although they both had maintained their positions with ability and candor yet neither had gained his point, for they had argued from extremes. A harmonious blending of Nature and Religion would be the safest guide for mortal man. In elaborating this point an instructive lesson was drawn, which, in connection with the discussion, can but do good to some of the attentive listeners.

A similar discussion is to take place again soon, through the same medium, so the controlling intelligence announced.

A. E. Newton—The Freedmen.

The Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Daily Union, in alluding to "remarkable characters in Government employment" in Washington, speaks of our friend and fellow townsman as follows: "A. E. Newton, of Massachusetts, printer, editor, and lecturer on Spiritualism, is a \$1200 clerk in the Quarter Masters' Department. He has been at the head of the volunteer teaching of the Evening Colored Schools of Washington, and is now sought by some of the Northern States to take the superintendency of the Freedmen's Relief and Educational Organization, at a salary in lieu of his present situation in the War Department. He is a very fit man for the place. I have heard from him the most thoughtful, best digested, and instructive and inspiring lecture I ever heard from any of the school of lecturers."

I also had the pleasure of hearing him read a paper to a private audience, on the personality of Delity; a production surpassed by no philosopher that I know of in breadth and depth, in the completeness of all its parts, and in the logical precision and conclusiveness by which all his deductions, one by one, were obtained.

We fully endorse the above estimate of Bro. Newton's abilities, and his peculiar fitness for the position of Superintendent of the Freedmen's Relief and Educational Organization, for we believe him to be thoroughly conscientious and honest in everything he undertakes, and think no person more capable for that position could be found. If the directors are wise men, they will endeavor to secure his valuable services.

Spiritualists at Work.

We observe by a notice in the Missouri Patriot that our friends, Messrs. E. Hovey and W. H. McAdams, are holding Spiritual Circles at Springfield, Mo., in order to give investigators at that vicinity a chance to witness the wonderful phenomena of the nineteenth century. They state in their card, that as they desire all may have an opportunity to witness the phenomena and satisfy themselves of their nature and origin, they advise that circles be formed in private families, inviting one or two of the many media now being developed to sit in these circles, where, in the quiet of a small and private circle, manifestations of a much more satisfactory nature may be expected, and where each may investigate the subject for themselves. Meanwhile they would state for the benefit of all who, in candor and sincerity, wish to investigate a subject now engrossing the attention of more than fifteen millions of our American citizens, as well as of many millions more throughout the civilized world, that whenever, in their judgment, the manifestations given them warrant a public exhibition, the proper steps will be taken to give to all those tangible and uncontrovertible evidences of the continued existence of life after the metamorphosis called death, that have so frequently been given them.

Dr. L. K. Cooney in the West.

This zealous worker is doing a lasting good to the people of the West, in spreading the gospel of Spiritualism, by lecturing and circulating spiritual publications. In a brief note to us, remitting \$70 and an order for a hundred more books, he says, "I have just left Hannibal, Mo., with the friends there in good cheer. I cannot go to Kansas at present. Mrs. Dr. Wilhelm is expected to visit Hannibal soon. She will find a hearty welcome. There are noble souls at Hannibal. God bless them for their kindness to me. I expect to return there in the fall. I was permitted to be the instrument of doing much good there by healing the sick."

Mr. Foster's Seances.

Multitudes of people are continually thronging Mr. Foster's rooms, No. 8 Suffolk Place; and it is not in the least surprising to us that they do. What mortal does not desire to communicate with his or her friends in the life immortal, now that the chasm has been bridged, allowing them to return? Mr. F. is simply an instrument in the hands of the higher powers, through whose instrumentality great good is being vouchsafed to earth's people; therefore he will be sustained against all opposition until his mission is fully completed.

Annie Lord Chamberlain.

In compliance with the earnest solicitations of friends in Providence, R. I., who were desirous to witness the extraordinary physical manifestations through the mediumship of Mrs. Chamberlain, she consented to spend eight or ten days in that place. Her circles will be resumed again at her rooms in this city next week.

L. Judd Pardee in Washington.

A correspondent informs us that Brother Pardee's lecture on Sunday evening, Feb. 20th, before the Spiritualists of Washington, on the "Origin and Mission of Evil," was listened to with great attention by an appreciative audience.

An Original Story.

We take pleasure in announcing to our numerous readers everywhere that we shall commence the publication of a **SEMI-MONTHLY** STORY in the First Number of our next Volume, to be continued in subsequent issues until completed, entitled—

KATIE MALVOURNEY

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Those who wish to secure the whole of this Fine Story, by one of our very best writers, should send in their orders at once, as our next issue completes the present volume of the BANNER.

New Publications

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MARCH. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, Publishers. This number is of more interest than usual. The papers on Edward Everett and Miss Landon will command especial attention. The entire contents are as follows: "The Story of a Year—II," The Frozen Harbor; At Andersonville; Dr. Johns, II.; Ancient Mining on the Shores of Lake Superior; To a Post on his Birthday; Needle and Garden—III.; Memories of Authors: Miss Landon; Our Oldest Friend; Edward Everett; Notes of a Planter—II.; The Chimney Corner—III.; The Popular Lecture; The Hour of Victory; The Causes of Foreign Enmity to the United States; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS for March. New York: C. M. Plumb & Co., 274 Canal street.

This monthly is quietly working its way to public attention, and improving on each successive issue. The reader will find some noble thoughts in the following named articles in the number for this month: New Belief and Old Opinion, by Rev. Edward C. Towne; Humanity and the Redemptive Agencies, by C. D. B. Mills; Twice Smitten, (Poetry), by Phoebe Cary; The Last Great of Unitarianism; A Modern Bull against Comets; Herbert Spencer, by T. W. Higginson; Spirits out of Prison, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham; Clothes, by R. T. Hallcock; Baby Annie, (Poetry), by George S. Burleigh; The Kinder-Garten, by Mrs. Louise Pollock; The Constitutional Amendment; Literary Notices.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Twelve times a year this old friend visits us, and each time is welcomed more cordially. Its last visit brought us as charming a bouquet of "Forest Leaves" as nature ever produced. Reader, buy it and examine its entire contents, and you will find something which will more than remunerate you for the outlay. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it.

Exposed for two Shillings.

The Museum Aquarium is a good place to angle for gudgeons and tadpoles, and Von Vleck is now employed in this capacity by the great Phineas, at the Minister's Theatre, where all the amusements are said to be approved by the Moral Reform Society, and all the people are supposed to be piously inclined. Just now the people of the black coat and white cravat persuasion are being entertained with the "deeply interesting and exciting exposé of Spiritualism" and the manner of conducting "the great imposture." As Von Vleck can boast of some experience in "the imposture" business, it is quite likely he may be able to show the proficiency that results from natural proclivities and long practice.

When a man is fairly dead and buried in respect to his principles and his influence, he may very properly seek an engagement at the New York theatre of all saints and moralists. Why should he not be exhibited with the dead lions, buffaloes, buzzards, kangaroos and glaucous pigs? Von Vleck having been recently flayed a dozen times or more with the sword of the spirits or some meaner weapon, we may expect to find his effigy duplicated in any complete zoological collection.

Barnum certainly shows remarkable enterprise in securing all the dead and living novelties. The last one comes before us rather rough-shod, but he promises to draw nearly as much as the celebrated woolly horse. To give dignity to the whole performance, the dancing giraffe, the trained monkeys, and the great gas-blower will all appear in conjunction with Dr. Von Vleck. "What is it?" is expected to follow the Doctor and his spiritual "cat let out of the bag."

Finding their "Affinities."

It must be bracing to those Spiritualists who have been shamed or disheartened into flat denial or utter neglect of the glorious and inestimable truths of Spiritualism, to read Miss Hardinge's communication in the Banner of the 26th. To timid and sensitive natures that article will be as a triple coat of steel; while to those who have wrung it from her, may it be as inexorable as that law which follows the waters of a broken dyke. It is high time that "Spiritualism" should have a definition in the minds of the people. There is nothing in true Spiritualism—the Spiritualism of Jesus Christ—at which our common natures should long rebel; it would be a paradox in nature if it were so. I never yet conversed with the man or woman, were they never so bigoted, to whom I had an opportunity of explaining that Spiritualism, with me, meant the existence of as natural, positive and scientific proofs of continued life and individuality out of the body, as is presented in any of the actual sciences, and that the true way to ascertain the blessings which this startling fact may bring is to listen to the still small voice within, which will never fail to draw us nearer to the True God, (Mercy, Love and Truth), and gradually unfold to us the glories of our God-like inheritance—I say, I have never explained my Spiritualism to the most prejudiced, in this light, when I was not listened to patiently at least, often with a flushed cheek and kindling eye, and very often with the exclamation, "I wish I could believe as you do!" I never couple it with domestic difficulties, rum or tobacco, or "women riding astride," etc.; and when I am forced to come within the reach of those who cannot move one step without the aid of a hobby, and I quote them, "the truth shall make you free," and try to explain to them how I understand that promise, I fear I often fall than succeed. For most of the odium attached to Spiritualism it can thank its "friends."

But there is a better time coming; already there is a thorough awakening among Spiritualists upon this subject. The day is about past, I think, when the mother of one family shall take the father of another, or any one else, just because they choose, and be contented and supported by any Spiritualist whose claim to that title is better than that of a "dead rabbit" to a Christian. Truly yours, PATRICK WELCH.

New York, Feb. 23, 1895.

Peter Wade.

I am Peter Wade, sir. I was killed last night in Tom Kelly's saloon, in the Bowery, New York; Tom Quinn killed me. There's no need of going through a great long law roll to find out who committed the murder, for I can come back and tell myself. What's the day, sir? [Thursday, the second of March.] Yes, sir; so I thought. On the first day of March—Wednesday—I was stabbed and died before morning, and I ain't buried yet. I can come back and tell my own story, and I want Tom Quinn to come up to one of these places where it's understood that dead folks can talk. I'll show him who owed the ten dollars—he or I. I wasn't drunk, sir, nor crazy. I was a rough, I know. Soon as I found I was free, I come back, March 2.

The above message was received at our circle on Thursday last, and is published at once, at the request of the spirit.

The Boston Conference.

At the next meeting of the Spiritualists' Conference, on Thursday evening, March 9th, at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield street, the following question will be discussed: "Is it safe for man to be governed by his natural appetites and passions, restrained and controlled by his reason and conscience?"

L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Box 3577, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 469 West Lake street.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

—We have several communications on hand, on various subjects which we should print, were the MSS. suitably prepared for the press. The writers request us to "correct them." This we have not the time to do.

—Those of our patrons whose term of subscription expires with the present volume, had better renew at once, if they desire to keep their files perfect.

—We were under obligations to Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this city, for the original MSS. of the beautiful Poems that have recently appeared in this paper, given through the inspiration of Miss Lizzie Doten at Lycium Hall.

In the notice of Dr. Griswold's painting, "The Descent of the Angels," it was stated that the small photographs were twenty-five cents. It should have been seventy-five cents.

Circulate the Books on Spiritualism, friends. Circulate the Spiritual papers. Circulate the pamphlets. The more we circulate the documents, the more rapidly will the already great spiritual army swell its numbers. Do not loiter by the way.

The Spiritualists of Dover, Maine, wish to engage the services of H. P. Fairfield for the month of July. Mr. F. is therefore requested to inform A. K. P. Gray, of the above place, where a letter will reach him.

The new enrollment bill declares that any officer who musters in a deserter or insane person, or a person in a state of intoxication, knowing them to be such, shall be dishonorably dismissed from the service.

GOVERNMENT LANDS.—The United States owns upward of 1,000,000,000 acres of public lands susceptible of cultivation. They own at least 2,000,000 acres of gold and silver bearing lands. The arable lands are worth at least \$1,200,000,000 and the mineral lands are worth at least \$800,000,000, making together a total of \$2,000,000,000.

To love and to labor is the sum of living; and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love.

The Jews would not set their foot upon a piece of paper lest the name of God might be written upon it. Take care, lest you set your foot upon a man; for the name of God is written upon him.

A wag, attempting to quiz the Irish depot tender, inquired, "Has the railroad got in?" "One ind has," was the prompt reply.

The Cloak of Religion is to be known sometimes by the fine nap it has during sermon time.

Mr. Gurney, a rich Englishman, lately died, leaving twenty million dollars worth of property. He left twenty-five thousand dollars in charitable bequests and the rest goes to rich relatives.

Photography is to nature what street organs are to music.

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I do n't know," she said, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

Cardinal Wiseman is dead.

The New York Independent advocates female suffrage. It thinks the war has prepared the people to consider this question favorably. A contemporary suggests that the reform should begin with the Churches, which do not yet allow their women to vote—very few permit them to speak, even.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken, is like a sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desirest to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

Richard Frothingham, Esq., the historian, has dissolved his connection with the Boston Post. His retirement from the arduous duties of Journalism will give him leisure for more congenial studies.

When you walk out to take the air, take your help with you.

GROWING OLD.

Unless you are growing wise and good. I can't respect you for growing old. 'Tis a path you would fain avoid if you could. And it means growing ugly, suspicious and cold.

The income of Le Grand Lockwood, of Norwalk, Ct., is \$500,000. Morris W. Ketchum, of Westport, returns \$350,000.

He is a brave man who dares to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

Love is not preserved by gifts and sacrifices, whose influence soon disappears, but by words and looks of love.

The Banner of Light fraternity have seen pale-browed poverty asking work and bread; seen little children and old men bowed grayward by reason of hunger. They have erected an altar where the blessed gospel of bread for the poor is preached by out-giving. To all who desire the more fortunate gather with their free-will offerings, wherewith to minister to the breadless.—The Progressive Age.

How about those "some twenty recanting Lynn Spiritualists," friend Orlis?

When Jimmie went to school, she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular? "Because it's so very singular they do n't get married."

Rev. Dr. Cook, Principal of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, says the Methodists of this country have, for the last twenty years, established on the average one school in four months, at an average endowment of \$40,000, making sixty schools in that time at a cost of \$2,400,000.

Though there were not enough righteous people in Sodom to save the city, there was nevertheless a pretty good lot.

Nobody likes to be found fault with, but most everybody likes to find fault.

Dr. K., the Unitarian minister at Plymouth, Mass., once supplied the pulpit of brother Whittemore, the Orthodox preacher in the little village of Clintonville, a Bostonian present, asked, one of the congregation how he liked the doctor. "Oh, well enough," said he, "but we don't believe in but one God." "Well, well," answered the Bostonian, "that's all right, one God is enough for Clintonville; they do n't have but three in Boston."

Senator Wilson's bill to make free the families of colored soldiers will give liberty to some 40,000 or 60,000 women and children, many of whom are in Kentucky.

Carlyle says that each man carries under his coat a "private theatre," wherein is acted a greater drama than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON ORGANS.—And so, Isaac, you've been to see Lincoln and Hamilton's Cabinet organ? They say it is a romantic smell that's not like anybody else's, and is even better than the night blowing serious. I hope you didn't hear the one that has the penial base. It's strange good people can patronize these baner sort o' things. And you heard the sympathy of A. Miner, did you? For my part I should ralely like to hear that. He was our next door neighbor, and I Paul used to say that Adolphus Miner had n't a morsel of sympathy for anybody, and people generally didn't think he had; but, in me times change, and now it seems he's got some, and had it set into music.—Boston Post.

Ball's statue of Washington is at the Ames Works, Chicopee, ready for casting. When completed, it will probably be erected in a prominent position on the Boston Common, or in the Public Garden.

We clip the following from the Liverpool Daily Post of Feb. 13th. What does it mean?

"Oh! ye ministers of the Omnipotent, who are to blame if your schools and churches are deserted by the hungry masses whose elevation to the dignity of manhood it is your sacred privilege to promote and perfect, ponder this question and take a hint: make education, whether religious or secular, attractive, not repellent, by its surroundings."

Compositors sometimes make authors say curious words. For instance, we find the following "correction" in the World's Crisis: "In the paragraph alluding to compression of the feet, instead of *ingrown toe nails*, it reads 'ringworm toe nails,' etc."

Bread for the Suffering Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the suffering poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

W. C., PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—\$5.00 received.

TO CURE CATARRH.—What is the Catarrh? It is a defluxion or increased secretion of mucus from the membrane of the nose, fauces and bronchiae, with fever, sneezing, cough, thirst, lassitude, and loss of appetite, and sometimes an entire loss of taste, called also a cold. An Epileptic Catarrh is called Influenza a chronic affection of the mucus membrane of the nostrils and fauces. To cure above, add to half a pint of cold water ten drops of Dr. T. B. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Candy; take some of the mixture in your hand and sniff it up your nose, until it comes out of your mouth, be thorough, wash with soap and water, and sometimes an entire loss of taste, called also a cold. An Epileptic Catarrh is called Influenza a chronic affection of the mucus membrane of the nostrils and fauces. To cure above, add to half a pint of cold water ten drops of Dr. T. B. 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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the character of their earthly life as far as beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, from the sacred cathedral of human life we would pray thee the immortal home of the soul. Oh God, who art our life, our strength, our hope, our faith, our ever-ascending day, we turn to thee in this our hour of need, confident that thou shouldst exist between parent and child. We bring to thee all our sorrows, all our joys, all that we hope to be; asking thy blessing upon all things, yet knowing that thou art ever blessing us. Oh God, we hear thy mighty voice reverberating through the dim, mysterious past, and sounding out from the future into the dawn of the present, pointing with living fingers to that endless future that belongs to the soul. Oh God, there is no blessing too vast for us to expect from thee, no sunshine too bright, no thought of thine too mighty that the soul may not expect to understand it. Oh our Father and our Mother, thy children, who have gathered at this holy sanctuary, are looking forward each one in their own way; some with hopes mingled with fears, some with hopes alone. Each and all are expecting a glad hereafter when they shall have passed beyond the things of time. Oh Father Spirit, open wide to each soul the book of thine infinite existence, even while thy children dwell in the form. Turn with angel fingers lead after lead, and write, oh Father Spirit, their names in peace upon thy wondrous book of Life. Oh let their hearts be filled with hope, filled with faith, filled with the assurance of another life, that shall be a glided passport to the soul. Let the powers of their spirit be clear, and let the waters flow at their feet; let a living fountain of perpetual peace ever be near at hand. Oh God, we dedicate all our thoughts, every hope, every fear, every smile, all to thine own infinite self, forever and ever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now in readiness to briefly consider inquiries from correspondents or the audience.

CHAIRMAN.—H. H. of Waukegan, Ill., sends the following questions to be answered at our circle:

Q. 1st.—Where do the summer birds of our climate—the robin, bluebird, wren, thrush, &c.—find their winter quarters? They are supposed to migrate to tropical climes, and return in the spring, but they are never seen departing or returning. There is no known locality where they congregate, neither is there any known cause why they do not remain where no winters compel migration. Is there an insulated region within or above our atmosphere where they hibernate?

ANS.—Your correspondent seems to have very strange and mythical ideas concerning the migration of your beautiful birds. There is not, at least, any more we do know, that birds migrate southward, making for themselves a temporary home there, as they make for themselves a temporary home here. It is just as natural for your birds to turn southward when the winter storms come, as it is natural for the sun to pass the equinox in spring. There is not, at least, any more we are aware of, any place such as your correspondent seems to believe in, in which these beautiful birds exist during your winter.

Q. 2nd.—Far above the region of vapor clouds float a light, fleecy order of cloudlets known as "skiffs." Are they meteoric matter, the expurgated atmospheric exhalations arising from marshes and pools, the breakings from rotting vegetation, together with the various earthly salts and minerals, usually held in solution by water, such as sulphur, lime, magnesia, arsenic, nitre, iron, &c., which pass off with evaporation, but never return with rain?

ANS.—We are at a loss to determine at what your correspondent wishes to arrive. All clouds we believe to have their origin in one source. They are always simply condensed atmosphere. It matters not in what condition they are found, or where located.

CHAIRMAN.—R. M. A. of Burlington, Vt., desires to propound two questions:

Q. 1st.—It has been given through your medium that spirits have no form in their true spiritual state. How can this be true, in view of the fact that clairvoyants see, at the time of transit, a perfect counterpart of the material body, while we are informed that the spirit-world is one of light, sound and objectivity, that every organ has its spiritual one?

ANS.—The spirit, as a spirit, is without form, occupies no space, and is entirely exempt from the laws of material life. But under certain conditions the spirit finds itself necessitated to clothe itself with form. But this form is not the reality, the reality, is another. In the spirit-world, in its strictest and holiest sense, there is no form, as you will sooner or later ascertain.

Q. 2nd.—In the Arcana of Nature, by Hudson Tuttle, it is said that spirits retain what are called the animal faculties. Through your eyes it was said, in substance, that animal desires are retained, if a faculty, then a desire—hence one or the other must be mistaken. Please explain.

ANS.—The faculties or powers of soul or spirit must of necessity be retained, else it loses its individuality, becomes a nonentity. It matters not where that spirit soars, whether to the highest heaven of mind, or the lowest hell of matter, it retains its individual faculties all the same.

CHAIRMAN.—J. M. of New Philadelphia, Ohio, desires to offer the following questions:

Q. 1st.—Are brutes governed exclusively by instinct? If not, can they reason? If so, is there a limit to the development of that reason?

ANS.—There is no doubt that reason is peculiar to the brute creation, generally called instinct. It is capable of being developed, to a limited extent, but it cannot pass beyond the boundaries of its brute life. It belongs strictly to earth. The spirit-land, or world of soul, has nothing to do with it.

Q. 2nd.—Is man ever governed by instinct?

ANS.—It would seem, sometimes, from the extensive use he makes of his animal propensities. However, we should rather determine that man was governed by reason—not that which you call instinct, which belongs to the animal, or that which may be called instinct, if you please; but a something that is peculiar to the human mind, and that is reason.

Q. 3rd.—What is the difference between instinct and reason?

ANS.—The difference is in degree only. Instinct and reason are of the same family.

Q.—In Luke, fourteenth chapter, twenty-sixth verse, Christ is said to say, "If any man come to me and hate not his father, mother, wife, children, and brethren, and himself, he cannot be my disciple." Is it possible, he never said anything that he could say that, without qualification?

ANS.—It is our opinion that Christ had nothing to do with the paragraph in question, any more than you or I had. Now pray do not charge us with blasphemy, for we are quite as devoted to truth as you are, and we hope we worship at the shrine of Infinite Truth at all times, under all circumstances.

CHAIRMAN.—P. S., of this city, writes as follows:

Q.—Is there such a condition as the second death, and if so, what is that condition?

ANS.—In the external or physical world, not only the second death, but an infinite number of deaths.

CHAIRMAN.—A. E. G. hands in the following, and asks an explanation of the phenomena:

Q.—During the past year, from time to time, I have had visions, sometimes while asleep, and sometimes while awake. Some of the visions, I have found, by the results, were symbolic representations of events which afterwards happened to myself; that is to say, they were prophetic in their nature. In one of them, for in-

stance, it was symbolized that my little daughter would be taken away by the angel of death after four months. I did not so understand it at the time, but the decease of my child, four months afterwards, then made it clear to me. Other visions have appeared to me while I have been awake, but with my eyes closed. They have generally been, as I have said, of a prophetic nature, by their resemblance to portraits or engravings of historic characters, associated them in my own mind with the names of such personages. In this manner I have, as it were, seen Jesus the Nazarene, once in a sleeping vision, and three times in what I call waking visions. My last waking vision occurred this morning, at about seven o'clock. I was lying on my bed awake, but with my eyes closed. I had been awake for more than an hour. At the precise moment when the following occurred I was not thinking of anything; there then opened, as it were, before me, out of darkness, a pale face, with a fixed expression of countenance, and deep, stony eyes, stared at me. The features were clear and distinct, illuminated as it were by moonlight. It appeared a trifle smaller than ordinary life size. The lights and shadows on and around it reminded me of the lights and shadows seen through the figured porcelain tasses, sometimes hung in windows for ornament, and sometimes used as a decorative light. From its resemblance to engravings which years ago I had seen, I was strangely reminded of Ignatius Loyola. It continued for about twenty seconds, and then vanished. I may say that I have not read or conversed or thought of him for several years. I may further state that I am not from forty-four years of age, am a connoisseur in law by profession, and am considered, and suppose myself to be, as sane as most people are.

ANS.—Why, simply that it is an opening of powers belonging to you as an immortal spirit; powers that hold you in external rapport with the things of the spirit-world. They are realities, positive, living realities, and they have their meaning, pointing either to the past, present or future, in other words, to the great living present of the spirit-world.

Q.—How should the face of Ignatius Loyola come up to me? What is the philosophy of this phenomenon?

ANS.—By some law in nature, to you perhaps unknown, the spirit of the individual you speak of was attracted to you, and by virtue of your own mediumistic powers presented itself to you spiritually. It was nothing at all unnatural—no miracle whatever.

Q.—Was it the spirit of Jesus—the actual Jesus, that has so often appeared to me?

ANS.—No, it was not the spirit of Jesus, but the spirit of a man as Jesus, to my mind.

Q.—There are many mistakes. To us there is abundant historic evidence that such a person as Jesus of Nazareth did live in the form, but he is clothed with such a halo of mystery, and the powers we do not wonder that the mind of the present age is beginning to ignore the existence of such a person as Jesus.

ANS.—Why, you would be surprised could you see him as we do, in all his simplicity, as an individualized spirit, not at all like that glided representation that is presented at your churches.

Q.—The prophetic power, how do you account for that?

ANS.—By your clairvoyance you are enabled to prophesy concerning things that are to take place.

Q.—Did they actually exist?

ANS.—In spirit, as do all things. It is our belief that the past, present and future exist as living realities in spirit. Now if this be true, under perfect circumstances, under circumstances necessary to the case, it were very easy to give you shadows of that which the future is to give you in reality.

Q.—The child, at the precise moment I had the sleeping vision spoken of, was alive and in good health. That was a reality; was the other a reality also?

ANS.—Certainly, one was a physical reality, the other a spiritual reality; none the less real because it belonged exclusively to the spirit-world. You are very apt to believe that all things are real by virtue of their tangible appearance in earth-life. Now that is a great mistake you have made. It may be to your comprehension, real and tangible, but to the greater reality of spirit they are mere fancies. These things that you term so unreal, so visionary, are, in fact, the most real things of your existence. Why, what is the most real part of you as a man? Is it your body that is the tangible, real part? You certainly cannot believe it, then what is the real part? Why, it is that you cannot see, cannot feel, cannot chain by any possibility.

Jan. 12.

Lieut. Henry Price.

I am Henry Price, Lieutenant in the 2d Virginia Cavalry, Company B; twenty-one years of age and four months. I was shot at Petersburg. Am here for the purpose of getting some news through to my friends at home.

The sensations that I experienced at death were precisely what I suppose I should have experienced if I had been suddenly told that my duty as a soldier, for a time, was ended, and I was going home, although I did not really believe I was going to leave the earth.

I have experienced some very strange sensations since death. The desire to return has possessed me with such force, that I have felt, and got everything else in my intense desire to return and brief thought it may be. As high as I can recollect, in less than an hour after being free from my body I was in full possession of all my faculties, and standing by the side of my cousin Joe, in Richmond, and he told me that I was there. But Joe had no ears for such as I was, no eyes for such as I was, so he did not hear me, did not see me.

Now I should like that my friends make themselves acquainted with this spiritual philosophy, of matters, reach out their hand and shake hands with me across the River of Death. I think I can shake hands with them to advantage. If I should say I am supremely happy in the spirit-world, I should say that which was untrue; but presume I shall be more contented, more satisfied with my lot in the spirit-world, than I am in the material world. A communion is established between my friends at the South and myself.

I would like that my sister Amelia make herself as well acquainted with these things as herself, by seeking out places like this, and investigating in the usual way.

I would like that you, Joe, watch belongs to you. It was given me in my younger days by my uncle, cousin Joe's father. When I went to war, I placed it in his hands, saying, "Joe, if anything happens to me, I want you to keep the watch for your own." I see by his mind that he is rather inclined to pass it over to some nearer relative of the family, thinking that I would not have said it if I had thought that I should be killed. But I said it because I meant it, and I mean it just as much now as I did then.

Oh, this spirit-world is a great place, and as much greater than we've been taught to believe it was, than the sun is greater than the smallest star in the firmament.

(To the Chairman.) I am under obligations to you for your kindness here to-day. I stood in the relation, I suppose, of enemy to you when on the earth; but they say death alters us, and if I was your enemy before death, possibly I am your friend now; very likely I am.

Where do you find your residence? In Richmond, sir, that so-called damned city. [Do you see any signs of it?] Well, it's under the cloud just now; possibly it may pass from under it, but I can't tell, nor do I care. Farewell, sir. Jan. 12.

Gussie Hardee.

I am Gussie Hardee, daughter of General Hardee. I was nine years old. I have been in the spirit-land two years.

I wish my father would find some lady that will let me come and speak with him like so I do here—so he may know that I was—that I am Gussie—that I know about him.

I shall tell him that he was doing at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. I was writing a letter to General Lee, and he said in that letter, "The sky looks very dark just now, but you know you and I are not given to despondency; and I believe we shall yet, in some way, be successful, but I can't tell how. I am still willing to sacrifice everything I possess, even life itself, for the furtherance of the cause."

I was looking over my father's shoulder while he was writing that letter. Now I want him to find me some one, some lady that I can come through to him, and not be obliged to come here. I'm much obliged to you, sir. Jan. 12.

Hiram Fales.

I am Hiram Fales, sir, of the 2d Missouri. I suppose I went from Booneville, Tenn., died there, and came to the spirit-land. I'm not sure, but I can't tell you what I died of, but somehow or other I got a going down hill—couldn't stop.

Now if you have any objections I want to send a card or two home. I should like to do so. In the first place, I want to tell myself that Hiram Fales is dead; in the next place I want to tell you that he's well. I don't know what you call it—put in the cards for return; I'm not used to these things at all, stranger, but I was kind of anxious to come back. Folks, you know, are believing in a hell of brimstone and fire, and you can't learn much, you know, when you first get across with that doctrine tacked in all around you. I tell you what it is, it won't be very good for me.

I looked over all my life to see if I had made any mistakes and I could see a good many had ones I'd made, and thought if what I'd been told of the other world was true, that I was to go to—such as I was called by very likely to go to a hell of fire and brimstone, and all that sort of thing, when called upon to die. It's a poor doctrine to go to either hell or heaven on. Any such doctrine is not a good one to die with.

Now I thought I would come back and let the folks know there ain't any such kind of a place going, and if we do just the best we can it will be right. I'm looking forward to you, folks, but better right, right, straight, stranger; I'll stand on a stick of Bibles as high as the sky that I'm telling the truth. Now, stranger, I'm happy to come; I am happy to inform the folks of my death. They think I was captured and carried down South, and so I was, but I want you to know that I've gone to a bigger country than the South.

And when they get my strange letter, they'll think it's strange, for they won't understand it. I want them to write back and say, "We're glad he's got back, and want him to come a little nearer home. Now you send your love to Uncle Sam and he'll check it. [Where do your friends live?] In Carroll, sir, Missouri. Good-by, boss. Jan. 12.

Invocation.

Oh God, in the midst of the dim mysteries of life, thy children are ever asking for light, more light. They are ever looking forward to that future that will ever remain a future to them, hoping, vainly hoping that it may reveal to them those mysteries that the past and the present have failed to reveal.

But they shall exist possessed of the mysteries of life. But forever and forever the future is the future, the past is the past; the present alone is theirs. Oh Life, thou art perpetually talking with thy children. Though they hear thee not, though they understand thee not, even in the solemn silence of thy divine nature, thou art ever talking with thy children. Thou art ever pouring out thy divine inspiration, calling all forms of life to thyself. Oh that thy children could feel that divine consciousness in the external, that is felt within the soul of thy presence. Could they feel they are divinely guided, they would be blessed in disguise, oh, they would rest more secure; they would be conscious that thy mighty arm was around them, and no storm could harm them, no darkness so dense as to obscure the sunlight of thy face. Oh our Father, when a great mental light goes pale in a quality of thy divine nature, thou art ever pouring out thy divine inspiration, calling all forms of life to thyself. Oh that thy children could feel that divine consciousness in the external, that is felt within the soul of thy presence. Could they feel they are divinely guided, they would be blessed in disguise, oh, they would rest more secure; they would be conscious that thy mighty arm was around them, and no storm could harm them, no darkness so dense as to obscure the sunlight of thy face. Oh our Father, when a great mental light goes pale in a quality of thy divine nature, thou art ever pouring out thy divine inspiration, calling all forms of life to thyself. Oh that thy children could feel that divine consciousness in the external, that is felt within the soul of thy presence. 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Mediums in Boston.

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MRS. R. COLLINS,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM.
No. 6 Pine Street, Boston.

CONTINUES to heal the sick, as Spirit Physicians con-
fer for the benefit of suffering humanity.
Examinations \$1.00. All medicine prepared by her who
composed of Roots, Barks and Herbs gathered from the gar-
den of Nature. if—an.

MUSICAL CIRCLES.
MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN will commence
 a series of CIRCLES at 108 Washington street, (Room No.
 10) Monday, Dec. 12th, at 7½ o'clock, p. m., precisely, and
 continue every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening
 at 7½ o'clock, and on Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Tickets admitt
 gentlemen and ladies, 50 cts. Single tickets for ladies, 30 cts
 to be obtained at this office. (t—Jan.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE
 AT NO. 1 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

MRS. A. P. SIBBE, Clairvoyant, Magnetic
Electric Physician, attends to diseases of Body and Mind,
and cures all kinds of ailments by her powerful magnetic
words and magnetizes the sick, at his Office, No. 8 Haymarket
Place, Boston, which enters by Avery street from Wash-
ington street, or at their homes, in or out of the city, at
moderate rates.
Sabbath—9 A.M.—JANUARY 10, 1876.

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUZZARD
CLAIRVOYANT, describes diseases, their remedies, and
kinda of humors. Price One Dollar. Has all kinds of cur-
ative fluids. Her flows: EXTRACTOR, for Scrofula, Surra, Throat
Fever, &c., &c., 25 CENT.

(IN COURT STREET, ROOM NO. 1.)
Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. DO NOT RING. Marel

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic Chi-
ropractic, Magnetic and Electric Physcian, cures all
chronic diseases, such as Rheumatism, Incurable
removal. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON
PLACE, (leading from South Bennett street), Boston. JANE

CLAIRVOYANCE.—MRS. COLGROVE has
consulted personally, or by letter, respecting humors
of all kinds, and has cured many persons who were
thought incurable. She can also tell you what your
future will be, and how long you will live. Consultation
free. Address, Mrs. Colgrove, 100 North Street, Boston.

MRS. J. S. FORREST, PRACTICAL, MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, 91 Harrison Avenue, door from Bennett street, Boston. Office hours from 9 A. to 4 P. M. 4w*—March 3m*—Jan.

MADAME GALE, 18 Lowell street, Clairvoyant and Test Medium. Letters enclosing lock of hair, and return stamp, answered. 12w* Feb.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM,

MRS. LATHAM continues to exercise her powers of healing at 292 Washington street. Jan

**MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, No. 80 WA
STREET, Boston, Mass.** Jan 9—Dec

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delination of Character.
MR. AND MRS. A. R. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and who visit them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes

and future life; physical disease, with prescription the what business they are best adapted to pursue in order successful; the physical and mental adaptation of the tending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously m whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former lo They will give instructions for self-improvement, by what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated Seven years' experience warrants them, in saying the

Address, **MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,**
Jan. 7, **15 Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wis.**

DR. J. P. BRYANT,
PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN
FOR
CHRONIC DISEASES

**"WILLIS BLOCK," 127 JEFFERSON AVE.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN,
AND WILL REMAIN TILL JUNE 1st, 1891**

NO MEDICINE GIVEN!
No Surgical Operations Performed
TERMS FOR TREATMENT always reasonable according to the means of the patient. Those persons who are not able to pay, are cordially invited "without price."
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JAMES V. MANSFIELD,
TEST MEDIUM
ANSWERS SEALED LETTERS, at 102 West 161st
New York.
TERMS—\$5.00 and three cent stamps.

DR. J. A. NEAL, No. 34 West 15th
New York, still continues his treatment of Dis-
plan of manipulation peculiar to himself, and which
uniformly successful. Confidence of complete succe-
once established in the minds of patients, when his u-
once applied. He is prepared to receive boarders as p
March 4. 4w

I. G. & P. B. ATWOOD, Magnetic and Chiropractic Physicians, 1 St. Marks Pl., opp. Cooper Ins. March 4. 3m

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
HEAR YE, ALL PEOPLE! Chronic Diarrhoea and Intestinal Complaints, the testimony of Mr.

"Dr. Dresser, while here, introduced a medicine for of Chronic Diarrhea, with marked success. It was tune to witness its effects on a number of patients in idlers' hospitals in this city, where the patients had be up to die by the surgeons, and in every instance it has a permanent cure. This disease is the scourge of the here the Doctor will be enabled to introduce his me

This Medicine is prepared by and had only of the
Price per package, \$2.00. Sent by mail on receipt of
HORACE BRESHER, M. D.
Feb. 18. 180 West 21st St., N. Y.

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NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGES.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas what he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape. Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages.

those who desire to have the same view as himself of the terrible land beyond the gulf of darkness, he has published the popular CARTE DE VISITE form. Single copies 25¢ free of postage. Large size photograph, \$1; large size \$3. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office June 25.

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I HEREBY WITH offer my services to the friends an

gators of the Spiritual Religion and Philosophy remote from the frequent visits of lecturers on those Friends convening together can appoint one of their read the written lectures I will send for that purpose charge of a small admission fee t these social gatherings humilist means cannot be overtaxed, and some goal attained. I make no price, but will cheerfully accept the friends of Truth are able and willing to

DYNAMIC INSTITUTE.
H^AVING purchased the elegant residence of the late Mrs. J. W. ...

DR. PERSONS, & A.

UNION SOCIABLES
ARE held every TUESDAY EVENING, in Lyon
57 Tremont street, Boston. All Spiritualists a
Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Tic
clug a Gentleman and two Ladies, 75 cents. 5m*

Hancock House Court S
ON.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forehead of all time
Sparkle forever.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up in mine this even;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good-night,"
Three little forms from heaven.

Ah! it is well that "little ones" should love us!
It lights our faith when dim;
To know that once our blessed Saviour had them
Bring "little ones" to him.

And said he not "Of such is heaven," and blessed
them,
And held them to his breast?
Is it not sweet to know that they leave us,
"Tis then they go to rest?"

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts entwined in mine;
How 't would be shattered if the Lord should say,
"Those angels are not thine!"

When a man looks through a tear in his own
eye, it is often a lens which reveals what no tele-
scope, however skillfully constructed, could do.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oh, have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blest foreknowledge
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away
The types of Autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet Arbutus flowers—
Spring's children, pure and tender.

Oh, prophet souls, with lips of bloom,
Outliving in their beauty
The pearls of time's ocean shells,
Ye teach me Faith and Duty.

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With Love's divine foreknowledge
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers growing.

Aim to raise your children to a high standard.
Do not sink to childishness yourself.

SPRING AND AGE.

The birds sing in their leafy bower,
And brooks run merrily on their way;
I, also, feel Spring's genial power,
Which warms my heart and makes me gay—
Brings back to mind my youth's romance,
The sweet intoxicating dance
Of life's first opening day.

Sing, bird and brook! mine is to-day,
And I, like thee, would welcome Spring—
Would like a joyous infant play,
Unmindful of time's rapid wing;
With flowers once more would crown my hair,
Before I go to wander where
No bird to me will sing!

A man should study ever to keep cool; he makes
his inferiors his superiors by heat.

BLESSING IN THE GIVER.

Give! as the morning that flows out of Heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is given;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give!
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth over glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing.
Give as He gave thee who gave thee to live.

Life is short, but there is always time for cour-
tesy.

THE JOURNEY OF HUMAN LIFE.
AN ALLEGORY.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

There opens before me a vision. In the distance
stands a grand and lofty mountain, beautiful and
symmetrical in its form and outline, extending
away into the heavens, until its peak is lost to
my vision in the dim and shadowy vapors of the
far-off ether.

Such a scene impresses me with the grandeur
and majesty and mighty power of him who cre-
ated the everlasting hills, and brought forth the
mountains before this grand and enduring moun-
tain.

"I pour out my spirit in prayer," and under
this influence I worship.

As I draw nearer, behold! the mountain is filled
with people journeying up its rugged side, strug-
gling to reach its summit, which is still invisible
to me and to these. Around the base of the
mountain, in the valley, I see little children play-
ing, basking in the sunshine of life's morn, walk-
ing amid green pastures and by the side of still
waters. Oh, it is beautiful here! How I long to
remain with these children, but it cannot be; for
each of them is bound to go up the mountain.

Soon they must start, some with impatient feet
and anxious looks are now moving on, while oth-
ers are biding their time, and others are lagging
behind. On almost every side of the mountain there
are difficult and rugged pathways and pit-
falls, yet over and among all these we must go,
sometimes with bruised feet and aching hearts,
and anon with some kind and loving ones to
cheer us on our way.

I am impressed by my good brother, who has
recently passed over the river, and by the vener-
able John Bunyan, who has come with him now to
follow one of these pilgrims and note his course, as
well as other things which I may see. I am attract-
ed to a little boy with flowing ringlets and bright
black eyes, who is about to leave the pleasant
haunts of childhood, and go up the mountain on
life's journey. He is gay and full of life, and oh!
how eagerly does he enter upon the unknown
paths before him. Soon I see him clambering
over craggy rocks; his feet are bruised and
weary, and his hands are lacerated, and he can-
not help contrasting these rough, cold places with
the green pastures and pleasant walks of his early
days. Yet on he moves undaunted, struggling
for the goal that he sees in the distance. Trust-
fully and confidently he turns to those around
him for help and direction; but there were many
of these who were ignorant, and others who will-
fully gave suggestions which were not wise, and
thus he was often made to suffer, and thrown up-
on his own resources.

There were persons living upon the sides of the
mountain in caves, and some of these invited him
to come in and rest. I saw that these caves often
extended a considerable distance into the moun-
tain, but it was mostly impossible to get out just
where he went in. Sometimes this place of exit
was down the side of the mountain, and he was
obliged to travel a considerable distance to get to
his former position. Occasionally he could come
out above, and then he felt that he had gained
something.

Now I see a portion of the mountain which can-
not be passed by persons alone. It represents the
business relations and intercourse of life, in which
there must be more or less of a community of ac-
tion. Each side is bound to yield something of
their natural freedom and independence into the
common stock of society, in order that all may be
helped onward. And on this path of the moun-
tain many did were traveling together in compa-

nies, often very unfairly and unjustly yoked; and
there was a great amount of selfishness here—
many persons demanding that others should help
them over the road without being willing or desir-
ous to render any equivalent for that which they
received. These assumed that they were better
than others, and had more rights. They say that
the masses are born "to be hewers of
wood and drawers of water" for the few, always
reserving the very selfish privilege of being
among the few. And this portion of life's journey
was made very hard on this account, both to the
oppressor and the oppressed.

There was nothing in this part of the mountain
that was necessarily painful or difficult to travel
over; but the trouble was that many were not
willing to do their own part of the labor. Hence,
the strong trampled upon the weak, and there was
much oppression and wrong, and many of the trav-
elers groined under the weight of their burdens.
Indeed, there was so much wrong here, that I did
not desire to remain. I saw my young friend
struggling through the crowd. Sometimes with
head erect and face heavenward, he would scorn
all the evil around him, and then, perchance, some
strong influence would lead him aside from the
straight line of right and duty. I passed all round
this part of the mountain, and saw similar condi-
tions everywhere; and I sought to gather all the
wisdom I could. I saw a few on all sides who
stood firm upon principles, and averred not to the
right nor to the left. I could easily distinguish
these in the crowd; they moved along in a
straight line, undisturbed by the conditions of
those around them. It was pleasant to look upon
these strong and faithful ones. There were many
who were not of this class, who seemed to be
much more successful than these; but they were
not so in reality; they might accumulate more,
but they wandered about the mountain, and
though they traveled much further, their paths
were devious and uncertain, and they were often
lost, and never reached so high a position as those
who walked straight forward in the line of prin-
ciple.

The chief cause of these evils was the unwill-
ingness on the part of the people to occupy the
position, in relation to their fellow-man, which
God and Nature designated them to. While I
was thus witnessing illustrations on the business
plane, I saw that there were other relations—that
of the religious nature, for instance. Each nation
had its peculiar form, but the illustration which
the Christians gave will explain the whole. They
were pointing to a cave, in which they said Jesus
dwelt; and there were thousands upon thousands
who entered, or attempted to enter this. They
were taught that if they would do this, and travel
round and round in the dark, and have faith in
Jesus and his atonement, they would reach the
summit of the mountain without any special ef-
fort of their own.

It was astonishing to see how many accepted
this absurd notion, and were mean enough to be
willing to be saved by another, without doing any-
thing themselves. I saw many of these people go
into the cave, but not feeling willing to go in, I
left them. There was a class whom these per-
sons denounced as Infidels, mostly because they
could not or would not accept these propositions
and forms of belief. Instead of going into this
cave, these went on up the mountain.

But I have for a time lost sight of my young
friend with whom I started. I left him in the
crowd on the business plane. Now I found that
he had a conjugal companion, and they were trav-
eling up the mountain together in loving harmony,
and the journey was much easier for both of
them. Each helped the other, and it was very
gratifying to see how beautifully they traveled
on. Everything was enhanced in interest when
seen through the loving eyes of both. But when
these unions—as was too often the case—were not
based on true principles, and the parties were at-
tracted in different directions, and to different ob-
jects, it became much more difficult for them to
make any progress. I could see these standing,
or going down the mountain in many places.
Very often they were so dissatisfied with each
other that each would seek to go away into a
cave with others; and this would increase the
difference between them.

I saw that in the true marriage, there was a
principle that kept each party just as faithful and
true when they were absent as when they were
together in the most loving concord. I could soon
tell when the union was a true one by this. If
there was any necessity, real or imaginary, of
watching and guarding each other on these points,
or if the presence was always needed to maintain
the feeling, there was a lack of the true principle.
And it was sad to see how many in this journey
were expending their best efforts and energies in
watching and looking with suspicion on their
companions, and often attempting to force them
into love by harsh and unkind measures, than
which nothing could be more absurd or ineffec-
tual. These were always injuring themselves and
those toward whom they were thus acting. And
they were losing their way on the journey con-
tinually, and walking under clouds and mists, so
that they neither knew how to go themselves, or
to direct others. On the contrary, where I per-
ceived two individuals traveling together in har-
mony, they walked with ease over the road, both
where there were paths which led through pleas-
ant ways, and in others in which it was difficult
to travel. Many persons who knew these paths
were in the habit of getting out of them and se-
lecting by-ways; and when these habits were
once formed, they were unable to know the true
path, and were constantly wandering upon one
side or the other, and getting into difficulties. It
was remarkable how often these persons would
fall into error, and feel that they were exceed-
ingly unfortunate, when in reality the fault lay al-
together within themselves.

As we passed up the mountain further, the dis-
tinction between the true pathways and those in
which there was so much trouble and suffering,
became more marked. But the way of the trans-
gressor was always hard.

I followed my friend and his companion far up
the mountain, and they seemed almost alone.
One by one those around them had passed from
their sight, and mine also. They had moved on
harmoniously together, and though bending un-
der the weight of years, they were still happy,
and cheered each other on their way; and their
spirits were fresh and free, and the warm and
true love that had been ever in their souls, bound
them still more closely together as they neared
the summit of the mountain; the end of their
journey to the Summer-Land.

The guides now said to me:

"Brother, there are other scenes for thee to wit-
ness. Let us go down to the valley again."

I noticed in this, as in all spiritual visions,
that there was a depth of beauty and mean-
ing, which was gradually revealed and unfolded,
so that the scenes were ever presenting new
and attractive features on which the soul might
feed. And as this scene unfolded before me,
my vision became more interior and spiritual,
and I saw other beings beside those whom I have
referred to as my guides.

"Millions of spirits walked the air,"
and were now seen floating over the valley and
all around the mountain. And I walked again
among the little children in this most delightful
valley, to which I was very strongly attracted,
not only as a beautiful place, but on account of
the many innocent and smiling faces that were
there.

Now I was in more intimate associations with
these, and I saw that many of them were not able
even to enter upon the journey up the mountain.
These were beautiful, but they were weak and
faint, and my sympathies began to be awakened
for them. I saw that there were loving angels
hovering over and around each of these, and they
gathered them up in their arms as they laid off
the exterior body, and carried them away to the
top of the mountain and into the Summer-Land.

There was nothing sad about this to them or to
me. They escaped life's stormy and rugged jour-
ney, which to them would have been even more
painful and hard to bear than to others who were
stronger. And thus I saw there was compensa-
tion, and that God's laws were all just and right.
After this I passed up the mountain a little
way, and there I saw many who were faint and
weak; and around all now there were angel
guides and watchers, but especially around these,
and when they could journey no further they
dropped their exterior garments, and the an-
gels folded them lovingly in their arms, and
carried them away to the beautiful land above.

I noticed that now, even more than in the valley,
those around them were sad, and spoke sor-
rowfully of them as "lost," when in reality they
had only "gone before."

I inquired of the guides whether it would not
be better for all to go in this way, and thus escape
much toil and privation. But they answered
very decidedly, "No. For these must lose the
valuable experiences of life's journey, which they
were not able to obtain, and must receive else-
where, as best they can, these things which are
very essential to our progress here and hereafter.
These spirits, whom thou seest around thee, are
here with a twofold object—to help others, and to
obtain those experiences which they have failed
to reach on the earth-plane."

Upward I moved, and ever the same thing was
going on. Men and women fell by the wayside
with their harness upon them. The most loving
companions were separated, as well as those who
were not so harmoniously united. In the former
cases I saw the spirits still near those whom they
had loved, and in the others they passed away.
Many of these had a very imperfect knowledge
of life's journey, or what they had experienced in
it; and I saw some who by reason of physical dis-
eases were unable to travel much, and yet they
could not leave their bodies. These drew lessons
from the experiences of those around them. Very
often they were discouraged, and thought they
were doing little or no good to themselves or
others; but this was a mistake, for they not only
drew out the finer sympathies of humanity, and
awakened elevating feelings in many, but there
was an atmosphere around many of these, arising
from pure feelings of gratitude, that not only drew
the spirits around them, but also many mortals,
in whom they awakened high and lofty feelings.
And though they felt discouraged at times, and
thought they could not accomplish so much as
some others, yet He who knoweth the deep and
hidden things, and measureth the secret and sil-
ent influences that are operating in the world,
knows that these are fulfilling their mission, and
will in due time reap their reward in the realiza-
tion of a peaceful and quiet condition. That is
very desirable, and cannot be easily attained by
some whose more active lives have made their
mission apparently much more useful and impor-
tant.

As I passed on I noticed many who were be-
wildered, and could not readily discern the true
way. In most cases they could see and compre-
hend the road over which they had passed better
than that on which they were then traveling.
This was owing to the fact that they had lived in
false and assumed conditions. There were very
few who were willing to realize their present
places and conditions. They were constantly
bringing some things which they had carried in
the past, and which they should have left; for I
saw that they were burdens which belonged to
and must be carried on the different parts of the
mountain. But after a time each of these were to
be left, and some new one to be carried which were
adapted to the portion of the journey on which
they were to travel; and those who would con-
tinue to carry their burdens after they had ful-
filled their use, could not travel well. Then, too,
almost every one was looking at the road far up
the mountain, determined to study that, and not
giving much heed to that around about them;
hence the realization of the present was often very
imperfect.

As I passed up beyond the middle region of the
mountain, where the chief struggles and labors
were going on, I saw that both the paths and the
travelers were fewer and less varied. There
were many here who had brought with them im-
mense loads of what they called treasures, and
were struggling hard to get these up the moun-
tain. But instead of carrying these up, they were
detained themselves; and as "where the treasure
is there will the heart be," so their heavens, such
as they were, were here. This was the most
painful sight I saw; for among the struggling
ones, in active life, even to be in the wrong was
not so bad as the fixed and almost unalterable
condition of these. I did not like to look upon
these, but my guides said: "Take this lesson—It
is a part of thy vision. Give it to the world; it
may reach some at least, and prevent them from
fastening such chains upon themselves."

There were others on this part of the mountain,
who were very free and beautiful—some who had
been blessed with even more of the treasures of
life than the former, but who had used them wisely
and faithfully, and distributed them among
their fellowmen. These were moving on happily
and beautifully; and there were but few difficul-
ties on their way now; but with heads erect, and
faces turned heavenward, they went on joyously.

I now came to my friends again, who belonged
to this latter class. They had been faithful
workers, and had distributed many blessings,
and were wearing the shining robes given them
by those who had been helped by kind words and
deeds. And as they now approached the summit
of that part of the mountain which was visible to
mortal eyes, their interior vision became unfolded,
so that they could perceive the angels hovering
near them. And now the two worlds began to be
mingled in their vision, and at times they could
scarcely realize whether they were "in the body
or out of the body." This was a happy condition,
and was enjoyed by both of them, because they
had walked together so long in harmony that each
could now see what was revealed to the other.
This was the most beautiful part of my vision, and
as I walked with these I was enabled to enter into
their feelings so completely, that I lost sight, as
they also did, of all the trials and difficulties of
life's journey.

And now as we gazed down the mountain side,

even into the valley where the children were
playing, all things seemed bright and beautiful
on life's journey; even its lights and shadows
were full of compensation, blessed and holy com-
pensation. The sick, the lame, the halt, and the
blind, and the sin-burdened, each and all found
their own beautiful and just compensation. And
with these feelings we came to a spot where the
light of the inner world was so bright and in-
tense that it swallowed up everything else, and in
a glorious transfiguration we stood for a time,
walking and talking with the angels. And then
I perceived that without the least pain or sorrow
or regret each of my companions laid aside their
material vestments, and became like unto the an-
gels; and though I was still in the form, I was
filled with joy, for I had tasted of heaven. Now
my good guides said unto me, "Brother, this les-
son is not for thee alone. Give it to the world."

Summary of Domestic Events in Feb-
ruary.

1. Congress passed a vote of thanks to Gen. Sherman.
2. The Illinois Legislature ratifies the anti-slavery amendment to the United States Constitution.
3. John S. Rock, Esq., a colored lawyer, admitted to practice at the bar of the United States Supreme Court.
4. 2. Rejoicings in this city and vicinity on account of the passage of the amendment resolution.
5. The amendment ratified by the Massachusetts Legislature.
6. Peace Conference held at Hampton Roads without result.
7. Lieutenant-Commander Cushing enters Little River, S. C., with four boats, and captures a town.
8. Great meeting at Music Hall, to celebrate the passage of the amendment resolution.
9. The Army of the Potomac advanced to Hatcher's Run, and an engagement took place.
10. Another engagement took place at Hatcher's Run.
11. The electoral vote counted by Congress in joint convention. Abraham Lincoln declared President, and Andrew Johnson Vice-President of the United States. For four years, beginning March 4, 1865.
12. War meeting at Richmond.
13. Fire and great loss of life by burning oil in Philadelphia.
14. The President lays before Congress the proceedings in the peace conference.
15. Senator Hicks of Maryland died in Washington, D. C.
16. Nevada, the youngest State, ratified the amendment.
17. Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, entered by the Union forces.
18. Extra session of the Senate called by the President.
19. Charleston, S. C., occupied by the Union forces, and the stars and stripes hoisted over the city and Fort Sumter.
20. The bill for freeing 200,000 slaves passed the rebel House.
21. Fort Anderson, near Wilmington, captured, with several prisoners and guns by the Union troops and fleet.
22. Wilmington captured by the United States troops, with several hundred prisoners and thirty guns.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES,
PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER
OF LIGHT.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

Miss LIZZIE DEXTER will speak in Boston during March. Address, 100 West 12th street, Boston, Mass.

Miss ANNA HARRISON has returned from California, and lectures in Philadelphia during February and March. For further engagements address, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Miss SARAH M. HAYDEN will lecture in Chelsea, Mass., and in Taunton, March 19 and 20; in Worcester during April; in Malden during May; in Haverhill during August; in Portland, Me., during June. Address as above, or care Boston, Mass.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Springfield during March; in Haverhill during May; in Chelsea during June; in Lowell, July 2 and 3; and in Lowell during July 10 and 11.

Dr. L. E. COOKLEY will lecture and heal, the two last weeks in February and the two first in March in Dixon, Ill., and during the last service week evenings will address in Dixon, Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will lecture in Meadville, Pa., during March. Address, New York.

Mrs. AGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during March; in Providence, R. I., April 2, 3 and 4; in Worcester, Mass., April 5, 6 and 7; in Lowell, Mass., April 8, 9 and 10; in Taunton, Mass., April 11, 12 and 13; in Worcester during April; in Plymouth, Mass., 14 and 15; in Portland, Me., May 20 and 21; and during the last service week evenings will address in Lowell, Mass., May 22 and 23.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will speak in Albany, N. Y., during March.

ISAAC P. GREENE will speak in Newport, Me., March 12 and 13; in Lowell, Mass., March 14 and 15; in Taunton, Mass., March 16 and 17; in Worcester, Mass., March 18 and 19; in Lowell, Mass., March 20 and 21; in Taunton, Mass., March 22 and 23; in Worcester during April; in Plymouth, Mass., 14 and 15; in Portland, Me., May 20 and 21; and during the last service week evenings will address in Lowell, Mass., May 22 and 23.

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