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The Spirit-World.

THE WHITTEMORE MESSAGES.

[We give our readers, this week, another message from the spirit of Henry Whittemore, in continuation of the series we have been publishing. This communication was given on the sixth anniversary of his shipwreck. The messages were all given through the mediumship of his sister, Mrs. L. Smith, of Minneapolis, Illinois.]

October, 1864.

My DEAR SISTER—We come again, knowing as we do that our visits are always welcome; and who of us would not desire to come under such circumstances as these? We do not know as we can add much that will be interesting to you in addition to what has already been written; but knowledge brings refreshment to some souls, and we find abundant satisfaction in thus testing our powers, to the end that we may do some—if but a small amount—of good.

There is a hold still upon us for earth's scenes, and loving duties, and this we do not conceive to be wrong; for in no other way could we effect so much good toward regenerating mankind.

There is a scope to man's power hitherto unlearned—but which may be acquired in due time, by careful consideration and suitable investigation—which shall so far surpass his present powers as will surprise the present age. Old things will have passed away and all things become new. The world is preparing for a new stage of action, more prominent, more beneficent, more susceptible to outside influences than in any stage of its creation. A mighty revolution of ideas, sentiments and opinions is going on all around you, and is producing mighty changes. Cannot you see that this is so? Mark the increased liberality in this respect everywhere prevailing. The vortex of public opinion, one hundred years ago, tended to one common centre. Now there are diverging currents everywhere. No man, now, conveying into one popular channel all minds, without regard to constitution, and crucifying all who do not come within the pale of instruction, with numberless persecutions—ay, even to death. The world has moved on; taken rapid paces during the last generation; and now we can come to intelligent people, with minds suited for still further cultivation, and not have to root out so large a number of weeds, choking altogether the soil of their hearts.

This is one grand change, and makes room for the most improvement in the future. There is a glorious time coming—we fancy we see it now—when all the land will not be filled with bloodshed and war; when the peaceful sound of industry will fill every cottage, hamlet and mansion in the land. No longer a reign of terror, but of peaceful occupation and the merry hum of industry. Science will have progressed to that degree that man shall be regulator, planner, provider; but not the laborer, servant, slave he now is, to worldly occupation. Man shall rise above his present scale of being—even as he is now rising—until he shall no longer recognize his present position.

Man is exercising himself for greater capacity of thought. He even now regulates, by his vast will-power, that which once he would have found quite impossible to control. Behold the power of steam! what has that not effected? and so on. We need not enumerate man's learning, profound research and chemical lore, for these belong to him as we now find him; but we have more to do with what he will do in time to come, when intellect shall have expanded to its utmost, or to what we comprehend to be the coming destiny of the world. Man is filled with perceptions lying dormant now. He sees only with weakened intellect, for he lives more on an animal plane of being—the spiritual part of his nature is but slightly unfolded. In process of time, a change will come. There will be less of the animal and more of the spiritual. And yet the change will not be sudden, but like all other changes, more gradual as it becomes perfect. Man is now a censorious being; then he shall be less fault-finding, more lenient and sweet tempered; the affectional part of his nature will then predominate.

We look upon man as an immortal being, from the slowness of his perfection, so gradual, so innumerable are the unfoldings of his character—fold within fold, until we are lost in the immensity of space, and see no ending. Finite knowledge comprehends not all knowledge, and we judge only by comparison; and the same aspiration for higher life and immortal existence fills every avenue of our souls here, that were our spiritual hopes there; hence we conclude at once, that as we were not cut off, in coming here, we shall not be hereafter. No; the soul of man is immortal; only its outward coverings shrink away and decay, as useless appendages, when the soul would mount higher.

We want to come to mortals in as plain, simple language as we can convey the ideas we seek to express. But here lies the difficulty. Certain words express certain subjects, and in order to avoid technical phrases, we find it difficult sometimes to convey our exact meaning. A portion of those who read the communications object to any language they have not always been familiar with, as approaching too nearly to mysticism; while, on the other hand, there are those who would only be pleased with deep sounding words. We come, not to please all, but our own dear friends more nearly; so I take the medium course between the two: good common-sense language, such as I assure you all understand.

There have been many changes in the home-circle since I took my departure six years ago this present fall, and many new entrances here—some exceedingly pleasant ones to me—and all of benefit to the individuals concerned. Each year adds to our numbers, and lessening, of course, your own—the natural course of things; and I can assure you that I am sure you all understand.

It will never cease to be an interesting scene to me, and I can assure you that I am sure you all understand.

me to gather about the sick bed and watch the departure of friends from the earth-home, and consequent glorification of ideas upon coming here. I wish you could witness the scene but once for yourself, in all its beauty, for it would dissipate every sorrow and give you a taste for heavenly joys—now manifest only to the new birth. There is a bright halo of glory surrounding every human soul; but this grows brighter and far more glorious as this suspension of all faculties approaches; and when the change has passed, the spirit looks like one bright halo at first—without apparent form—which soon resolves itself into shape, even as we have before told you, so that we do intuitively resemble our former self—the body. The spirit has a form—a Godly form—as well proportioned as any other substance you find throughout nature. We call it substance, because everything has substance throughout the material world, but in different degrees of density, varying according to transformation. The essential qualities of a body are not always seen; neither is it possible for mortal or immortal vision to see them as the inherent virtues or cardinal points of most laws are seen.

Note the attraction of a body—the principle which waits certain affinities. Can you see the power which forms such unions, and again dis- solves immense bodies? Yet there is a material law governing solid matter, stronger than any other power in nature, and develops itself sooner. When we have received the germ principle—the embryonic man—our history commences.

We need not carry this question further, but pass on to something more intimately connected with the individual man, his future passage beyond the grave, whence the conditions of life have brought him. We occupy a certain sphere or grade of development, consistent with the range or enlargement of ideas formed upon earth. This is not well understood by a large class, and I feel disposed to give a few short explanations upon this matter, according to my own observations. You fall to see some very important truths in everyday life, to which I will attract notice.

Your brother Henry has tasted of the sweets of life in its varied emotions of happiness—not all, perfectness of happiness, more than falls to the lot of all humanity. Still, my life—a changeable one—was well meted out with happiness. I had all of this world's goods to make life comfortable, and certainly not unhappy. But others may know the pinching calls of starvation, intellectually, morally and temporarily—all sources of rejoicing and contentment cut off. How differently organized, after this law, must different individuals become. The same home or future destiny receives all, even as your home on earth receives each new born child upon its foot-stool.

Divest yourself of all preconceived thoughts of heaven, and, for the sake of argument, or a better understanding of the subject, recall heaven as the second earth, the home toward which all must graduate, as from one class to another. Earth has all classes; all pass on and stop here; all, all. Death promotes, but does not finish the student. Further processes become still more needful here, to disabuse wrongly developed tendencies, diseased, premature and unfit passions. Every man has more or less of these to correct. All have some wrong, and some nothing but wrong to contend with. Of course we are a mixed multitude, as well as yourselves. Bear this always in mind.

Now suppose all minds were opened to see their own errors; do you suppose they would be likely to drop all wrong, merely from the seeing of it? You know in your own experience, that the seeing a wrong thing is not always to correct it. The power of will, which enables a man to perform a duty, often shrinks away to a mere fragment of itself, diseased as it almost always is. Can this effective power be brought into action in its present crippled condition? Then why do not sick patients, after repeated experiences, let alone all evil, knowing as they well do, it is for their best interest to do so? We will tell you. The will-power is too feeble for active exertion, until after many weak efforts it begins to regain its power. No; man is not wiser and better for coming here; to the extent many believe possible—even to a fixed certainty. We do find all classes of human beings in these spheres, the same as you meet with on earth; but we are not thrown into their society any more now than when we labored and felt with you. We mingle with bad men in our business relations on earth, and are subjects of their power as much there as here; ay, much more so; for evil lies not so much upon the surface there as here. So that we do not behold, as now, what disposition to make of evil-minded people.

When you talk of evil spirits, remember what we said once before, and what is implied, by the word spirit—the body, nothing more. Then you will not be so far from the right elucidation of the subject. This world is full of evil and lying spirits now, and as they all come here, of course they don't benefit our home.

But different people have different ways of expressing these subjects, the same as we do of things upon which we try to converse. But plain us all down to what is really meant by evil spirits, and we all believe pretty much the same thing, after all; that is, in different degrees of wisdom or ignorance. We believe the evil in man's nature to consist of nothing more than an absence of good. Education and organization have done the most for mankind, whether it be in the line of good or evil. These subjects have been so often treated upon, that it seems needless to say more; still we find only now and then a person who seems to have any idea of what is or should be meant by evil. God is good, and all goodness proceeds from and is of God; and just so far as we are not Godlike, just so far as we are of the evil one and his devices.

The world of spirits cannot therefore all come to the same knowledge of light, being, not pos-

sessed of like natures, and must travel on, each according to his or her own development, a creature of impulse or of fixed habits.

Change of worlds furnishes not apartments the same for all classes of mind, but just according to the person occupying the residence. But all have more light and greater chance of vision than when limited to opaque walls of earthly homes; and as all cannot see even through these channels of observation, we find much wrong, which here we call undeveloped good. You know we have told you that the vilest man who ever lived had the germ of virtue in his soul, but sometimes past your finding out. But not so with us; we see clearer, and have certainly greater discernment than you in your earthly homes. Needless as it may seem for me to say more, yet I will say I have seen some minds, since coming here, harder to convince of an error, upon this subject, perhaps, than any other. All seem to feel that by a transfer of climes we are necessarily bettered. In this respect they are right; for the change has modified where it does not build up; strengthened in wise resolution where it has not perfected. This one step has certainly been gained; and rarely do you find one who feels willing to allow that they are not even better. Advancement properly belongs to change, for every step forward leads along, slowly, perhaps; but new chances or avenues of hope open. We define change as progress, although sometimes the casual observer would not say so.

A state of stupor is more deadening than inflammatory action, because you know, in the latter state, just where to meet the disease and frustrate its future progress. Stupor may mean one thing, or mean another; you cannot locate the disease with the same certainty. The morbid condition is more fruitful of disease of long standing; therefore it is, you may not always conclude that the vilest sinner, to you, appears the same to us. We judge not so much from outward appearances as from inward wrong. External conditions do not approximate into internal relations; else why is it that man is not all that he appears to be? We judge from cause and effect. You rely more upon effect, as the prime cause, and in your hasty judgment lightly judge your fellow-men. Here is where you are misled, and misled. Outside judgment brings to fallible man, and is the result of ignorance.

All classes of men have differently framed minds, and lead different lives, and are surrounded by different circumstances. Can you expect these all to be influenced by the same motives? The easily influenced and credulous mind pursues a wavering policy; believes all he hears, for the time being; differs with the next version, and so on, and relies not upon his own reasoning powers. So with the firm, stable-minded man: austere sometimes to painfulness; firm his opinions, and cannot swerve one hair's breadth from his own settled conclusions, and is just as likely to err as the above-named individual, and possibly more so, for settled opinions are harder to break in upon than those not quite so decided.

A third class, with patient zeal, becoming firmness and true stability of character, make onward, steady progress, not being settled down so much upon what has been learned, but looking forward for the store of knowledge which lies in the future, and which they may obtain. All these classes of men strike you as differently molded; after the same pattern, but of different finish. The last-named we esteem the most durable, and capable of that higher unfolding and perfection. We look upon all these classes of men, and see whether all their tendencies lead to the upbuilding of a substantial, solid faith that shall be lasting, or to a tottering, crumbling edifice of ever changing proportions, which makes a thorough reformation necessary even to the demolishing of present walls and a renewal of the building process altogether.

Man lays the superstructure here, adding unto it by every year's rich experience. Sin leads man astray through a lifetime of error; always battling the right everywhere, because man sees not the error he clings unto. The thorny path possesses attractions by the beauty of its blossoms and its forbidden fruit, else why does he follow in its paths so persistently? Sin, imperfection, undeveloped good, belong to the rudimentary sphere, as our relations to life in the body—the natural condition of thing here, we should say. To rise from this low state is yours and ours; but if the natural result of what has been legitimate law, then where is the great wrong? Rightly understood, thoughtfully felt with, you will see that what is, must be, the world now exists—as the natural course of the river is to flow from mountain source to ocean bed. We are all governed by law, from centre to circumference, and receive aid, helps, hindrances, by every act of nature, all through life. No single act of our life stands alone, unaided, unguided.

We think, feel, believe exactly in accordance with the current or channel of thought our perceptions are guided by, and are what the world has made us. Thus a sinner stands just where the good man does, under review of him, and is no less nor more accountable for what he does than the man under better influences is for what he does or what he does not. Now mind, I do not say that one man is better than another, but that the better man has an equal chance of being blamed for what he does not do under better circumstances; for if more you receive the more is expected of you. Judgments follow all mankind. All are amenable to the same laws; those laws founded upon Truth, Justice and Right, and so far as we are governed by them, so far do we do right. We speak at length, but feel compelled to do so to engrain the right truth in the right spot; for in message like these we feel that to enlarge upon such topics is right, and that our thoughts will be read patiently by those who feel an interest in spiritual views.

Time nor space effects here as with you. We roam about at will, visit you when we like; and

are not confined to certain restrictions which bind you down to certain localities or divisions of labor. This seems strange to you, but a little reflection partially obviates the difficulty. Trace the different epochs of life, step by step, all the way, and the journey will seem long; while, on the other hand, look with one sweep back to the beginning, the creation of all things, and how far short of the reality you come for you have no conception of time as it really has existed. Your own life, too, viewed in this manner, how very short! The old man finds his three score years and ten have been all too short—but a dream, an evanescent reality gone to the past ages.

We live, and ever live, for the present, with an eye always upon the future; pressing onward, not backward; and though we count not time as when daily toll and regular duties called for such division, yet we are not debauched from a knowledge of that which you so much depend upon as to come at all hours when you could illly receive us; for knowledge once ours, is pure still when we seek to recall it. For instance, you expect us yearly to come and give one of those long messages. Landmarks would bring us to you with a reminder, even though you quite forgot the time. But we do not find it necessary to thus regulate our conduct by meridian lines, as formerly, or diurnal revolutions; we have other rules regulating present life, widely apart from yours—all walls of time and space having crumbled into the relics of the past. Bodily wants of present life know no such law.

You recall us as we were; you cannot look upon us as we are; therefore we come as nearly related to earthly things as our present plane will permit of; but here we are not living out our own personal identity, more than when you stoop from the dignity of manhood or womanhood, and put on the simplicity of childhood to please a child, because they can thus better understand you. This ill accords with our own advancement sometimes; for where the spirit is most progressed, it is with difficulty that it can still be bound to earthly laws; and the love of the human heart for all its dear ones in the flesh is all that draws us to you. This has been many times in other words explained to you; but a lesson well learned is not soon forgotten, and we wish to imprint a few simple facts clearly, as we go along.

There is a wide difference between matter and spirit; and what spirit puts on the outward form, it must come, as it does come, in its own natural self, bearing the closest resemblance to itself. I am Henry Whittemore, the same old genius; the same particles make up my being now as formerly; but the essence of all these is the embodiment of what I now am. The elements of spirit-life remain the same, but not its conditions. The indwelling spirit has brought that form to you for recognition, and could take no other than its own. It has a power, virtually its own, to reproduce itself, and can put on no other garb than its own; but this guise, or earthly dress, is not necessarily worn now; neither does it become us in the purely spiritual plane of development. So when you see me as your brother, you see me as Henry Whittemore still; but you can never see me in my true relation to spirit-life, as I properly now belong, any more than you can behold yourself now as you will exist when you, too, put on the spiritual garments, and are born of God. The spirit-continuance has nothing material in it, as we behold each other here. It is vastly more pure than you have any knowledge of, and consists of a sublimated extract, or essence of grosser particles. You say of perfume: the extract of rose, lavender and bergamot, because, without beholding, you perceive by its presence in your vicinity that those articles have given of their life-essence to the perfume's art. The spirit is there, but not the plant, or the flower.

The change which comes over us is a working off of course, bodily exterior, and leaving the true soul, or inner man. But all the explanations in the world will not give you a just estimate of the true condition in which we move and have our being. You are not educated to that standpoint of conception, neither will you be, until you put off the earthly garments; and then the knowledge will be yours by true transition. It is enough for you to know that we do exist, as becomes our highest happiness, and best blessing man's experience. We had an earnest desire to know, when living the earthly life, or to solve all these mysteries; and the aspiration was a natural one, which shows of itself that man does exist in some form, and commensurate with his past experiences, else why the desire continually to know more? The thirst after life eternal is no vacant, unsatisfied want.

Read the history of the spiritual phenomena from its first announcement to the present time. Plain, simple raps heralded our coming. Then Orthodoxy cried out, "the thing was low." Why? Because it had not come to the Church, that they might nip it in the bud, as they would certainly have tried to do, firmly believing that such noises proceeded only from the devil. Witness its progress. It has grown, developed itself into such huge proportions, and become so universally known, in most portions of the world, as to be an established religion; and its upholders no longer shrink away affrighted, but are able to hold up their hands, and say, "Lo, I am one of you, a believer in the spiritual existence of man." This great truth will never end. It is firmly implanted now, and spreads with rapidity, without commotion or pretension, quietly, modestly filling every position in society. It brings healing on its wings, the comforting word to the downtrodden, heart-broken, desolate, everywhere. Presents a brighter picture to the sad and sorrowing, and forces not its presence where not welcome.

We come to suffering humanity, because we love to come to the elevation of all, and point out man's higher destiny.

We have a knowledge of many bright and beautiful things, each day's store of careful collection, which we have garnered up for your gratification

when you come hither to dwell as residents of these beautiful mansions. They have been called with care, and will lose none of their fragrance by our having obtained possession of them before you arrive, but, unlike many things, wear brighter or by most use. We have numberless comforts now, of which we cannot speak, because the senses are dull, and cannot take in the musical cadence of such sounds.

We have gathered fresh bouquets of learning every day since we came here, and treasureless are our vast stores of knowledge now, compared with what earth had portioned out to us. But here let me say that all we have obtained may, with as much ease and certainty, become yours now, with correct observation and a faithful discharge of all the functions of animal life.

Man knows not himself; and here he has a lesson to learn which would unravel the future more than anything he has yet learned. He sees more deeply now than in past ages, when sciences had done less to develop the rich resources of hidden wisdom. But what he has learned is but the key turned in the lock of entrance. Slow growth is better by far than too prematurely, too hastily gathered fruit; so we wait with patience until you shall have time, step by step, to increase in that true development of all your powers heavenward.

A just knowledge of all these things shall be yours as surely as time rolls on. We see a glimmer of light now, as here and there the shackles of bigotry wear out and fall away, and the inner life looks forth through the bars of its cage, like an imprisoned bird. All true progression lies just here: the furnishing of such food to the soul, or spirit, as shall strengthen its forces, enable it to become active, far seeing, impatient of its quiet life, and determined to see and know more. There, you have won the day.

It is the ever active, restless mind that sees furthest and knows most. Keep up the healthy development of all the spiritual powers, and the waste particles of out-grown encasements will rapidly pass away, and you will obtain more light, and take a deeper sense of the soul's highest powers. The growth of soul, with most individuals, is exceedingly slow—a quiet sleep the most of the time—and it often needs the thunders of Orthodoxy to wake them up at all. They have no wants, see no improvements to be made anywhere, unless it be in some such direction as this. They know nothing of the sweets of the inner consciousness of all things. They see but the material, outward condition of things; not the springs of soul-life, which move all things to action.

Yet were it not for these very people, who are slow to act, a large portion of our ministry would be ended; for it is to such as these that we come and drop the words of truth as we have learned them, to vegetate and grow deep, and finally undermine the walls of their unbelief.

But to you, my dear sister, we would come with fresh garlands of beautiful truths, woven in fabrics of love and holiness, and bid you be patient, aspiring and doubly happy. You have an appreciation for the beautiful. Cultivate it, make it your own, and it will doubly bless you some day. The warm-hearted, youthful lover of all God's precious gifts, is rich in happiness and akin to these is goodness. The tendrils of soul reach heavenward; let them fasten themselves there, and lose not your hold; for once securely fastened, all the discipline of life will but strengthen, and secure more perfect growth. We shall come to you more frequently, but not now; you have other duties to perform. Some day we will more frequently visit you, and open anew communication once more. Your powers of mediumship have not been brightening of late; but you have not wholly withdrawn yourself from spirit-communication; neither can you ever do that, be the pressure of worldly cares ever so great. But when we can come more frequently and find you ready, with your armor on, then we can write more to our own satisfaction, and yours.

We have longed to come and write more forcibly, more convincingly—to quell every doubt; but that is the natural aspiration of every heart, and is what leads us to come at all. Without aspiration the soul's power waxes feeble, and shows a want of stamina, determination, will, which every healthy spirit possesses. Active usefulness imparts strength, draws vigor, hardiness, well poised or balanced fervor, and is what every man and woman needs. A well attuned intellect, which has grown rich in service, is of priceless value, and draws aids from everything in which it comes in contact; and so with us and you, to write well, certain rules must be obeyed, and unless complied with, the lesson travels on slowly.

We cannot write always, because you cannot preserve at all times and places the required condition, and our best effort fades away without perception on your part. We come again, and find you no better prepared, and thus your powers wax feeble, from long misuse. The soul of the medium needs to become porous to spiritual illumination, that the light of truth may enter in and receive fruition. Common, plain thoughts, not much above your level, may be received, nothing more. But deep, indwelling thoughts, new and not before treated upon, require a receptive state, more keenly alive to spiritual impression. We can give nothing now, unless you aid us in our work, and help bring yourselves to this standard, as impressible beings. We speak now more particularly to mediums, as this is the reason why we sometimes give nothing more acceptable to the reading, thinking mind. As you are, we must so write, for we cannot penetrate the interior soul unless allowed to do so by natural attraction. Spiritual emanation proceeds according to law, as all else does—the law of attraction and repulsion; and the power of receptivity belongs only to the medium, as she or he has felt the vigor of our power. Great thoughts are only born in great minds; and here shall we provoke argument? Great minds, not educated in school lore, we

mean; but great, expanding powers of intellect, strong natural powers, capable of conceiving grand results; and such we think we can prove to be the case.

The unlettered may not read, but the spiritual senses may be awakened into action by invisible powers, past your finding out; they may read from the great volume of nature, where your unskilled intellect has never yet worked out a problem. By nature one may be peculiarly receptive, where another is exceedingly obtuse. We have many such unlearned mediums, who know much and are fast travelling on to know more. We stoop not to all of earth's frailties, but pick out ripened fruit by the wayside, wherever we can find it, as well as in the overburdened orchard, and sometimes find the simplest elements capable of doing the most good. Do not say, then, when you find a medium worthless, as it appears to you, that they are incapable of doing good; for while you do good in your own immediate circle, rest assured they are doing good in theirs. This is one lesson we would teach to-day. All things do good, it matters not how high or low they may be, all have their mission to perform, and you cannot do it as well as they. Remember that you are to work in your own sphere—they in theirs.

My dear sister, I come now with deeper interest than in the commencement of my coming. Then all was anxiety lest I should fail, mingled with much real pleasure that I could in part affect my object, and relate some of my experiences to you. Now I feel a double interest, because I know others reap some benefit from my coming. It will always give greater zest to know that you are doing good.

And now, while I think of it, I want to say just here that I am pleased that my messages have been printed in the very manner in which they were. Many thanks to the publishers, and to the friend who first became instrumental in having them published. My kindly remembrance to her always; and let me here say to Mrs. Dorr that her husband is a full believer now in the existence of spirit communion. It takes but a short residence here to shake out the last remaining doubt, while a lifetime on earth sometimes but increases unbelief. His life is peculiarly sunny here—a happy man, because the heart was right. He sees wherein he may have erred in his earthly life, as we all more or less do, and would pile all of this world's happiness upon each of your heads, without stint, were he able. I know you read his character here, and as he was a whole-hearted, self-sacrificing man, in his bodily nature, so he is most certainly one here.

Jane says, "One by one you will all come to meet me here, and I am happy in looking forward to that beautiful time when I can be of some use to each one of you." It is her sacred privilege to come and point out to you now the easier way by which you may sometimes not, that you may be happy here. This is what she bids me say for her: "To be cheerful always when things all seem to go wrong is hardly possible for mortal flesh; but be patient, each one of you; it will not always be a life of crosses; the better part of man's nature is brought out after the death scene; and we see each other now as we never before have seen them. We live to unfold and grow brighter, and have a relish for holier things. I feel now as though I never did any good on earth, as a mother and wife; but if I can in the future repay you for all your kind remembrance of me, I shall do so, and try to do my part well here."

I come with the fond recollection still clinging to my heart that in you I have been peculiarly blessed, my dear sister, in first pointing out to me the manner in which I might or should acquaint myself with the spiritual phenomena, against which, in the first instance, my whole nature rebelled; but after the first careful investigation, my attention became riveted, and the result was, as in other instances, they received my rapt attention. We become solicitous for more, and the cry was and is still for more, and the want is never satisfied. Sometimes it feeds upon the credulity of others, and draws unto itself unhealthy food, by overzealousness. This should not be. Careful, rigid scrutiny, the most thorough, self-searching examination can alone place you upon the safe foundation to arrive at all truth. And truth, though gleaned from everyday communication, comes not in an abundant harvest until time has ripened daily observation into matter-of-fact certainties. We come and communicate. You think it may be us, or may not be; and we have no means of telling you, otherwise than those we now employ. This part of our mission can never be ended, until you shall feel satisfied, beyond cavil or doubt, of our earthly commission. Our thoughts would seldom lead us to earth now, were it not to benefit you, and awaken conviction, and strengthen hope within each one of your souls. Our task, you may say, is an endless one. So it is; and that is why we never cease coming, because you have not—any of you—been brought up to the right pitch of belief, so that your lives are governed by spiritual action.

Theory, not practice, is the platform upon which the world now stands. Conventionalism is the passport to most minds—without that sturdy, radical, independent feeling we so much love to see. One thing underlies all others, a strong determination to do right, to think right, and learn all you can. So far so good. This determination, carried into every purpose of life, ultimates in truth, which will sweep away all loose errors, and in time mold anew the constitution of man. Thus we say, all things work for good.

We come; we go; we unfold as fast as conditions enable us to; knowing full well the end is not yet. The harvest draws near, and promises an abundant yield, when all shall become imbued to a certain extent with true spiritual doctrine. To say all is no exaggeration, for the age in which you live is revolutionizing—subject to change—and where you stand now, you stand not to-morrow. The waters are troubled, and the healing process has begun. The tumultuous waves of the political, social and religious waters roll and tumble their billows, one over the other, all more or less mingling, dashing and foaming into one grand abyss—the maelstrom of Public Opinion; and when you find what this shall be, you will find all these several elements robbed of their harsher points—a softening process favorable to spiritual culture. We need the fiery elements of war and revolution to press all things onward.

The world has long been at a standstill. Theologies have grown ripe, democracies worn out, monopolies tyrannical, all customs and grades of society overbearing, as all systems are liable to become when they wax old and need rejuvenating. And so you see the time has come when the old must pass away, and all things become new. The present century is the time when the earth is taking one grand bound in its life history to farther progress—to throw off all the shackles binding it to its old forms and old conventionalities, and once more to dress itself in its swaddling clothes, and be laid in the manger of freedom and liberty.

We believe the world never before knew so glo-

rious an era as this. Were it not for this grand revolution, the receptive state of the mind in consequence of our mission on earth would not have begun. We hail it, therefore, with rejoicing, not so much on our own accounts, as for you, who are the recipients of our love and never-fading tenderness. We pity error wherever we find it, and look tenderly upon all wrong doing, for we have not ourselves always done right, and now understand motives as we once did not. We love you in all your wrong surroundings, and would envelope you with a brighter mantle of purity, as fast as we can weave its web of loveliness about you. And from all wrong doing we see a rising cloud of earnest supplication for purification.

The world is better for our ministrations, better for all the means which enable us to come, and if by revolutions we come more easily, then let revolutions, mighty and of long continuance, come. We pray to see you shaken in all your strongholds—even as we were, standing trembling upon the burning deck of our ill-fated ship—and go down, down, down to a watery grave, wrecked all to pieces—Government and States, individuals and all—than that quiet and peace should come before you are at peace with yourselves and the world. We look with fearful anxiety sometimes upon your distracted condition and inharmonious want of brotherly love. For we, having made that our home, feel a longing love for it yet, and wish to see both our Northern and Southern home on as friendly a footing as once existed. But this is a moral, a religious question, and involves great lessons in its cure, as well as in its disease and death.

We were Northern born, but Southern brought up,* and have mingled with the people of both sections, and have seen the bearing of free institutions, as well as slavery's chains, and hesitate not in saying, as you now stand, you must fight it out.

The question has come up before you, and you cannot lay it upon the table; and allow me to say here, that we come as commissioned officers from spirit-spheres to guide and direct you in this work; that every bullet aimed at Jeff Davis and his co-conspirators, clears away so much mist from the so-called Southern Confederacy, because you are making stronger your side and weakening theirs. Slavery must fall—its falling—has been falling for many years; and the faster you knock away their partitions of defence, the faster you let in the strong daylight of freedom.

These are strange words for me to utter. I have hitherto been silent upon this subject; but the time has come when all men must work on the one side or the other, and I have solved the problem to my own satisfaction, and the result proves that man must fall that freedom may live. Revolution, change, disease, death, new birth, all these things must be, that man may be aided in his eternal progress. You know now which side I stand upon, and what are my motives for so expressing it. Had I still lived upon earth, the position I should have held would have been that of neutrality—nothing surer—and Bermuda would still have been my home during all your intestinal difficulties. But having landed upon these shores, I feel bound to express my honest opinion.

And will the North prevail? Most assuredly I think they will; but not in the manner you expect or now desire. Your heaviest conflicts are apparently over, but not ceased. The scene of conflict has changed, moved on, but the troubled waves of contention still exist, and the part you have to take in them has not ceased yet.

You have still a mighty work to do, not only to free yourselves from slavery's chains, but to work out your redemption on a broader basis than even this. Man is all bound in fetters, and lives only by constitutional laws and governments, ay, prison bars and jailors' fees!

You have not learned to govern yourselves, therefore you are no longer fit to govern others. Position, standing, hereditary influence makes the man now, not true moral worth, that noblest of all virtues. Until we find the world based upon a broader platform than this, we need not expect that thorough reform the world so much needs. It will only be sectional improvements—one step taken at a time. But improvements, however small, it is true, make room for others; so, although you lose much time, the grand object will, in some way, in time be achieved.

You would like to know how I look in form and feature. I understand the desire and would like to gratify it, but here lies the difficulty: You cannot perceive me otherwise than as my natural self, and should I stand before you now as I am in my own relation to spirit-life, you would no longer recognize me as your brother; and yet I am the same, the very same, but changed to you in my outward relations as a man in the flesh. When I come to you, picture me upon your imagination, and feel that the relationship I bear to you is an unchanged condition; and so it will be for the time represented to you. There is little or no alteration as we present ourselves before you for recognition, only more ethereal, you would say. Just so; in part you have received the right impression, but do not take in all the truth. The spiritual senses have been opened but a very little, and let in but a faint, an exceedingly faint glimpse of the real nature of spirit. How apt is the saying of the apostle of old here: "You see as through a glass darkly." No correct conception of our true position to spirit-life could be given you, only as relates to our coming back to earth, for a dividing line has been drawn between us, and you have not yet passed through the waters which resurrect unto a new life.

We cannot picture ourselves to you as you crave to know, until spirit-life has opened genial buds of never-fading blossoms in your soul, and engendered rich fruits of after cultivation, such as earth's gardens do not produce, and which mortal man cannot see and live again in the flesh.

Be patient, my sisters, friends, and all who desire to know more. There is a connecting link between us and you, now, which shall expand the soul, so that it shall receive and digest more, as fast as organisms are fitted for such reception. The spirit wills it and God wills it, and nature has decreed it, and time shall develop it, that you know more and see more than in your present condition is meted out to hungering, thirsty souls. The spiritual world is full of anxiety on this very point. We cannot close the fact from our own eyes that there is a deep gulf fixed between us—an impassable one to many minds. But it is caused by the lack of spirituality, more than any one thing in yourselves, animality and the spiritual element being antagonistic in their relations. There is a general relation or a general approximation by which the spiritual element is brought into a more clearly defined position, upon an easier footing to the world than any yet explained, and as we continue to come, you will gradually grow into a true knowledge of the fact.

We are coming as one vast body, from all the realms of space, to every known portion of the habitable globe, each in their own individual capacity, sending forth sweet sounds of loving affection to all endeared by mortal ties. Our gentle remonstrances drive away, in due time, all honest

* New Orleans for many years was his residence.

unbelief. When the obduracy of your nature are played upon by many dulcet strains, you all become enraptured, and are held willing captives at last.

Let us then come to you, whether you realize our coming or not; we are all helping to build up the massive edifice, upon whose walls shall be traced the history of man, in all his journeyings hitherto.

Let the world's history be told from the most remote ages, and if it is a query in your mind whether we have ever been cut off from spirit communication. All past ages go to prove that such a belief has existed, and credence given to what has been revealed. And in simpler states of living, the seer has manifested himself unto you. There is no more reason to doubt this than there is to doubt the manifestations given at the present day. And if once seen, why not now? Only one thing prevents the revealing of ourselves to you to-day: your own hardened, unresponsive condition, driving back or repelling influences. These obstructions removed, we could come as a natural consequence; or, rather, you would witness our coming, and acknowledge our visits.

A few more short years, and we shall come to you for the last time. It will then be your turn to fill our place in this sweet relationship of earthly friends; and each in turn fill the other's place, as in any other vocation. Thus all move on together forevermore.

There are ties always binding us to earth, in the same ratio as we speak of heaven and look forward to happiness—a lifting up of all beneath us—a drawing forward, or reaching after. We come now, we shall come then, and come to all eternity. For so long as humanity stands, so long are all these influences needed to lead him onward, onward, onward.

We stated in the beginning, that six years ago we entered on our mission here. Only six years this very calendar day! Have you ever thought of the strangeness of my coming to you, as I now come? Drifted away, as I was, from my native shore, with no means of revealing my fate other than by spiritual communion? You have no knowledge of my fate, except what I have told you; and yet you have faith in what has been given, and speak of it as dead, without a shadow of doubt that it is so, from what I alone have told you. Now remove the thought of such communion far from your minds, and how think you would it be? You would have no words in relation to my comfort and happiness, but vague misgivings as to whether I really had passed from the body, or not. You would imagine me in all sorts of queer places—in a dungeon, or a captive in some perilous situation, instead of being safely landed on these shores, racking my poor brain to bring something acceptable to you, my dear sister. Ah, I can imagine how it would be; poor brother Henry would be in all sorts of deplorable conditions, were it not for your faith in the beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy. I thank God that he has revealed these things unto us; and so do you. And are we not blessed in the receiving of them? As you are blessed, so we are blessed, for the comfort is ours as well as yours. So you see the Scripture truth holds good here, in giving you the receiving: "To give is more blessed than to receive," and if it was a gratification to you to have received that first message from me, it was certainly equally gratifying to me.

Yes, it never ceases to amaze me. I am thinking now of what has often been said to me in circles: "Be patient, Mr. White, more; you will reap the benefit of these things, and your faith will receive the test you want, some day." The test has come through myself; I see it all clear now, but not as I then expected. I learned of the spirit-world before I entered it; but it was when all earthly scenes were fast closing around me, and I had none to call upon but my God and the unseen world. I drew near to them, and they upheld me. Oh, how pleasant were their tender, endearing words in that dark hour of peril! It was not until nearly exhausted that I felt their presence about me. And then, oh how I clung to them for succor, hoping still that relief would come, and knowing not what filled me with so much calmness, after the first terrible fears had passed away. Ah, it was angelic sweetness, bearing healing on its wings! And though I saw not, yet I patiently waited my time, and knew not what it was bore me so gently away. The angels with their soothing tenderness had calmed every fear, lulled every anxiety, and gently carried me over the river.

I bear evidence now to the great truth of Spiritualism. Its benefits lie not deep in the ocean bed, but in the heart of every living soul, if they will but appreciate and cultivate its beautiful blossoms now. We need not wait for the dying hour, to reap its rich promises, but trust in and be benefited by them at once. Yes, in that terrible hour I was surrounded, upheld and blessed by spirit presence. It was wholly through their visitation—and not my own calm, composed frame of mind, outside of other influences—that I awaited death so serenely. I have often told you this was the fact; the gentle mystic power of the strong wills of loving friends gathered about me in the first instance.

When death has laid its grappling irons upon us, and we yield to fate, and our senses become partially benumbed, and then the struggle ceases, then we no longer steel ourselves behind an entrenchment of our own strong will power, but become the negative or passive condition, exercising no will of our own. The moment this happens, all suffering passes away, and death becomes the quiet, untroubled sleep—peaceful, recuperating, resurrecting power.

This aids the friends of be changing one to gather around and devise ways and means, whereby the new birth may be rendered more easy. Terror became paralyzed and slowly passed away, and beautiful visions crept in. This is the process of dying, or something akin to it. It is never precisely the same, for circumstances govern in the death-scene as in everythine else. My own forebodings were grounded in terror in the beginning, for our fate was a terrible one, and we saw it could not be otherwise. We were cut off without warning, in the midst of supposed security, with no other alternative but to be burned or drowned. I chose the latter as the east of the two, but not until the last moment, when feeling of certainty pervaded me that the time had come when I must decide my fate.

It is no easy matter to stand upon the burning deck with terror-stricken mortals all about you, to choose whom ye shall save, the Fire King or the surging, Mighty Deep! I could not recall it now, but I know it is a gratification to you to read my emotions and know my true condition on that dreadful night, and understand my reasons for the great joy which pulsated through every fibre of my soul when it had all passed. I cannot say how long I wavered, but self-preservation is the law of our nature, and the course I could not but have entered into until the last cry of hope had flitted away, and I had, as I said before, no other alternative.

I sank into the watery element almost devoid of feeling, wearied out completely with long struggling and buffeting, gain the swaying to and

fro of the fast sinking ship, for I was detached and held by a strong cable or chain to the water's edge. I went down, as I have before told you, after I had once yielded to my fate, without a struggle. It was all over at once. I had resigned myself to my fate; and I am now convinced it was then, while I was struggling within myself to make the surrender and release my hold so that my sufferings might be ended, that my spirit-friends argued well the matter with me.

It was in this manner: "It is nothing to die; it is but for the moment; we will sustain you; our arms are about you; trust in God; he is willing and able to save you. Fear not to die. Life is short at best." And then the sweet singing of angels lulled my soul to its repose, and fear was fast dying out. The surging, heaving ship, the sickening, lurid flame, was no longer vividly seen; the rolling, tossing billows became an easy couch, and I was reclining in its bosom, as a tired child goes to sleep.

I cannot describe to you my sensations after this had happened, for I do not recollect them now. The awakening to new life I have already pictured to you, as I was best able, in my first communication. One thing is certain: the closing scene of earthly life, in almost all instances, is more of a struggle with mind than body. We have witnessed many such scenes as this—for they are of daily occurrence—and we find none more painful to behold than the strong determination of will power to live on after fate or disease has otherwise decreed it. Here lies the chief obstacle to a quiet, peaceful departure one loves to look upon. These cases have been more numerous than we hope to find them in the future; for, as light has been thrown upon this subject, we trust it may lift the veil of unbelief, and let knowledge and wisdom shine in upon every human soul, and take away the fear of death.

If my recital of experiences have benefited any, then I am well repaid for giving them to the world, through you. It would be well, perhaps, to lend our aid in this manner, by telling each one of our own experiences, as we see things in spirit-life—for no two individuals see things exactly alike, any more than you do in mortal life.

I have expended much time, and written much that will be valueless to some minds, but pardon me, if so.

I am, with much love, your affectionate brother,
H. WHITTEMORE.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we shall see
about our hearts, angels that are to be
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Hunt.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR,

MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND TOM.

CHAPTER II.

One dull, cloudy day Mr. Tom came to Marianna's house, to know if she and Willie would spend the day with Susie.

"There is no sunshine abroad to-day in the fields," said he, "and I want to bring some to Susie. You remember that summer dwells in the hearts of little children who are loving and good; and I fancied that if we were all together we should be as bright and glad as if the hills were crowned with glory, and the meadows glowing with sunlight."

Marianna and Willie made no reply, but looked out of the window, as if to better understand what Mr. Tom meant; for it happened that they had both been fretful and complaining. Marianna was quite unwilling to do as Willie wished, and he was determined not to yield his own way. There had been no sunshine in their hearts, and they had been, like the day without, cold and cloudy.

But the thought of a visit to Susie was like a gleam of brightness, and soon their faces were radiant with smiles; and when they had reached the door with Mr. Tom, they looked indeed as if they might be the spring fancies going out to whisper to the sleeping buds and the silent birds, to tell them of the beautiful days coming. Susie was watching for them, and her face was so pale that Willie said she had been painting it with snow. They had a merry play together, for Susie had all kinds of beautiful toys and games, and they laughed and frolicked till the whole house was full of gladness.

"Oh, how bright and beautiful this is!" said Mr. Tom, coming in. "Now I shall call you all by your true names. You, Willie, shall be Mr. Checkberry, your cheeks are so red, and your eyes so bright; and you, Marianna, shall be Miss Arbutus, that looks up so tenderly and lovingly from its green nest, and gives the sweetest fragrance of the spring; and you, Susie, shall be the Snow-Drift, the little pale flower that knows all about heaven, and peeps up the first warm day to tell the whole world what heaven is like; and I will be—"

"You shall be Mr. Maple," said Susie; "the Mr. Maple that has such red blossoms before the other trees are dreaming of being beautiful."

"Well," said Mr. Tom, "I like the name you have given me; and now take your places, and I will tell you a story. You, Willie, must sit on that cushion, which shall represent a little knoll; and you, Marianna, may recline on the sofa, as if it were a bank of green moss; and you, little Snow-Drift, shall have this soft pillow on the carpet, and rest your head upon it; and I will take my throne—this easy chair; and all these dolls must represent the withered leaves, and the brown pine cones."

"Oh, that's cruel," said Susie. "My beautiful doll, Alice, ought to be a violet, or a spring beauty."

"So she shall," said Mr. Tom; "the first smile she gives us, or the first gleam of real sunshine; but till then I must call her a withered leaf. She has no beauty but what is given to her; all the flowers are beautiful from within, you know, and dolls are not. But now for the story."

"Oh, let it be a fairy story," said Susie, "I do so love to hear about them."

"But, then, fairy stories are not true," said Mr. Tom.

"They are true if they mean anything good, aren't they?" said Susie.

"Well," said Mr. Tom, "I'll be sure that my story means something good, and then you can call it what you like."

And so the first sinking ship, for I was detached and held by a strong cable or chain to the water's edge. I went down, as I have before told you, after I had once yielded to my fate, without a struggle. It was all over at once. I had resigned myself to my fate; and I am now convinced it was then, while I was struggling within myself to make the surrender and release my hold so that my sufferings might be ended, that my spirit-friends argued well the matter with me.

With such a family of giants one would have thought the old man Stalwart might have grown very rich; but for some reason he seemed not to know how to make any use of the power of his great family. They dwelt together, and each one was very proud of his tall body and brawny arms, and they often tested the strength of each other in feats of daring; but they still lived quite useless lives.

There was one child of the old man who was quite different from the others sons and daughters, and the reason I have not mentioned this one before is because the others all despised her so. She was a little, tiny thing, that reached only as high as the knee of her youngest brother, and her cheeks were pale and her hands were small and bony, and her hair was thin, and her voice was not much louder than a wren's.

Her brothers and sisters all despised her, and laughed at her, and called her Tinty; and as she grew older she grew no larger; so that while the rest seemed never to stop growing, and kept their smooth, ruddy faces, she looked quite wrinkled and pinched, and as if the wind could blow her away any day when it came sweeping up the valley and shook the tall pine trees on the mountains.

Her oldest brother would often torment her by tossing her up like a leaf and catching her on the tip of his finger. And her sisters would often put her on the top of a tall tree, just to see the wind toss her and away her about. It seemed as if these brothers and sisters were determined to wear the patience out of little Tinty. They put her in their pockets, and placing her on their heads, they would dance up and down till her little body shook with the wild motion. Sometimes they would hide her in a cave up on the mountains, till she cried to go home, and then they would stand, each a quarter of a mile apart, and toss her from one to another, till they tossed her on to the roof of their dwelling.

Now Tinty had one thing about her that the others had not. Her heart was so large that it seemed to make her quite stout about the waist. It kept growing and growing, when the rest of her body was quite stunted and tiny. She also had very bright, knowing eyes, and she always looked sharply at things, as if she meant to know all about them. She would have grown quite cross and disagreeable under all the harsh treatment she received, if it had not been for her large heart and sharp eyes. As it was, instead of fretting and snarling at the ill usage she received, she would begin to wish good wishes, or to look at things about to see what they were made for.

If her brothers put her up in the cave, she would sit and wish she was like the sunshine that peeped in through the opening, and made the dark gray rocks even look bright and beautiful. Or she would turn her sharp eyes to the sparkling mica, and try to understand how it came all broken up in little fragments in the great granite boulders. If they lodged her on the top of a pine tree, she would try and find the little seed vessels in the cones, and wish in her large heart that she could understand how they grew.

One day one of her brothers put her in his pocket and carried her far away to a great lake, and placing a log upon the water, he placed Tinty upon it and pushed her from the shore. At first she was frightened, and had half a mind to cry; but very soon she began to wish good wishes, and to use her sharp eyes, and she watched to see how the fishes swam, and she saw them use their fins, and their tails; and then she saw how a flock of wild ducks paddled their way wherever they chose. Then she watched the log that floated beneath her, and she tried to understand why it did not sink; and she turned her sharp eyes toward some birds that flew about her, and she watched their wings and tried to understand how they could fly.

As her brothers and sisters found it difficult to make her fret and cry, they tried the more to tease her. They carried her out on to a wide plain where there was nothing beautiful to be seen. She began to dig in the earth and pull up the roots, and to find how they grew and twined themselves together, and how little plants sprang up from them. Everywhere she was placed, she set her sharp eyes at work and learned something; and always her great heart kept wishing good wishes, so that Stalwart said that his child Tinty, after all, was no fool; and he would as soon look at her sharp eyes as to see any of his boys balking the great rock at the foot of the hill on the tip of the finger.

Stalwart had a brother who lived in a fine country quite a distance away. This brother had no children, so he begged Stalwart to move his family from the wild country, and come and live with him. "For," said he, "I have great riches, and I promise to make one of your children my heir. It shall be the one who has the greatest power, and that one shall not only inherit all my lands, but shall reign over all my people."

Stalwart readily assented to this proposal; and when he told his children what their uncle proposed, they each began to try their strength more and more. The boys pitched quoits with stones that were as large as a raccoon; and the girls practiced jumping till they could jump over the Salmon River at one leap.

But Tinty only sharpened her bright eyes more and more, and wished good wishes from her large heart; and she looked at all things to see how they lived and moved, and wondered and studied about all that she heard.

Their rich uncle, who owned the beautiful country whither they were going, insisted on coming himself with a retinue of servants to escort his brother and family to his home. He traveled many days, and at last reached Stalwart's habitation, and greeted his nephews and nieces as if he was a real king. They each stood before the door and bowed low; but little Tinty they placed on the top of their dwelling, where she looked no larger than a wild crane that had nestled the past season near the chimney-top. She opened her sharp eyes, and looked at her uncle and all his servants, and wished good wishes. Her eyes sparkled so that her uncle saw them, and asked what she was. Whereupon one of her brothers stood up beside the dwelling and ordered her to stand on his head. This she did, which made her uncle laugh greatly; and all the servants shook their sides with mirth; but Tinty was not ashamed, and only sharpened her eyes more and more.

During the rest of the day the boys and girls amused the servants with their wonderful feats, till they were all astounded, and thought they had come to a land of giants. They took a man in their hand, and lifted him high up in the air, as if he had been a baby. They moved immense rocks, and plucked up huge trees; but Tinty only sharpened her bright eyes more and more.

During the night a terrible storm arose, such a

storm as had never been known before. The rain poured in torrents, and the streams became swollen, and the lake enlarged its borders. As it increased, it seemed as if the whole country would be deluged. Immense slides from the mountains turned the courses of the streams, till the whole face of the country seemed changed. This storm continued several days, and when at last it cleared away, what was the dismay of Stalwart and his brother at finding that they were completely surrounded by water. The lake had extended its borders, and the streams had widened and changed their courses until the waters had divided, and Stalwart's farm was an island in the midst of a sea.

And now there was great excitement in the whole family, and especially was Stalwart's brother disturbed, for he saw no way of escape for a long time, and to wait for the waters to subside seemed quite impossible; for he feared his subjects would suppose him dead, and take possession of his country, and that once in power they would not give it up. In his anxiety he called a council of all his brother's family, and he promised that the one who should devise a means of escape from their present confinement to the land beyond, should become his heir and reign in his kingdom. So solemnly did he promise this, that he called upon all who heard him to see to it that he fulfilled his word, and made them all declare that they would have it executed.

Stalwart called all his children together, and told them that now they had a chance to show their power, and that they must each and all begin immediately to use all the strength they possessed. Tinty listened in one corner to what was said, and her eyes sparkled, and she wished good wishes, but no one seemed to mind her; but her brothers and sisters went forth to see what they could do. The boys brought huge rocks from the mountain and threw into the water to try to build a dam; but the rocks fell with a great splash, and the waters swept by just the same. They labored all day, but made no progress. The girls brought fir trees, and pine trees that they tore up by the roots, but the torrent of waters swept them away like leaves on the Salmon River.

Thus they labored for many days, but all in vain; the waters did not subside, and they were unable to build a dam with all the stones they could bring. When they had exhausted all their strength, and tried all the methods they could think of, they gave up in despair. But their uncle said, "If you will only move that great mountain into the sea, it would form a perfect causeway, and we could pass the waters unharmed." Then they all labored together, carrying down the huge rocks and masses of earth; but all they accomplished during the day was swept away at night, so that when the mountain was all removed they were no better off than before.

As Stalwart's brother beheld the failure, his heart was very sorrowful, and he called his brother and all his children together, and all his servants.

"I am likely," said he, "not only to lose my kingdom, but we are all likely to perish from hunger. My brother tells me he has not food enough left for our dinner."

All were so troubled at this announcement that they could not speak a word, but fell to weeping and lamenting.

Tinty, who, until this time had sat quietly in the corner, now opened wide her eyes, and stepped forward into the centre of the assembly and stood in front of her uncle.

"If it please you," said she, "I will endeavor to relieve you from all your troubles."

"You? you little butterfly! You little grasshopper! You little cricket! What can you do?" At this all Tinty's brothers and sisters laughed, and all the servants turned their heads away to hide their smiles of contempt. But Stalwart said:

"Tinty is no fool; at least, let us listen to her."

Then she said:

"I have not great arms, like my brothers and sisters, and I cannot move the rocks; but if you will all do what I bid, I promise you a good dinner, and after that, before nightfall, we will all be safely across the water on our way to my uncle's kingdom."

"If thou wilt do this," said her uncle, "thou shalt surely be my heir, and possess all my riches. I command all to obey thee."

Then Tinty conducted the servants to where the roots grew in great abundance, and she bade them dig them, and to bear the strong ones to the water's side; for she remembered what her sharp eyes saw when her brother set her off alone and she dug in the earth. She showed them also, what roots were good for food, and told them how to prepare a dinner of them. Then she ordered her brothers to bring also to the water's side many large logs; for she remembered what her sharp eyes saw when her brother set her afloat on the lake. Then she ordered her sisters to take the long, strong roots that the servants brought, and bind the logs together. Thus she had made several excellent rafts. She remembered, also, what her sharp eyes saw when the flock of wild ducks swam by her, and she ordered them to make some oars with which they could paddle and guide their small rafts; and the larger ones she ordered fastened to them with strongly twisted roots. She remembered what her sharp eyes saw up on the mountains, and with pieces of sharp flint she had some large logs made into very comfortable boats for her father and uncle, and remembering also what her sharp eyes saw as the birds flew over her, she ordered some light branches to be woven together that should serve as sails to the smaller boats.

After eating their dinner, finding all things prepared, they all set sail, and before nightfall they had safely crossed the waters, and were able to proceed rapidly toward their uncle's kingdom. So great was their uncle's delight, that he hugged and kissed Tinty, and ordered her treated like a princess.

When they reached his kingdom, he had a palace set apart for her use, and although she did not wish to control her uncle's subjects, yet he consulted her on all matters of importance, and all in the land constantly paid her tokens of respect and love. Her brothers and sisters no longer despised her, or laughed at her, and to each she gave excellent homes, and many pleasures from the abundance that was bestowed on her.

Thus ends my story," continued Mr. Tom, "and there is Mr. Checkerberry fast asleep; and Snow-Drop's eyes droop, and only Miss Arbutus looks as if she knew anything about Tinty's sharp eyes."

"Oh, but I do!" said Susie; "you meant to show us that if we only know lots, we should be able to do more than great, strong people that didn't care to know anything."

"Yes, that is just it," said Mr. Tom. "Tinty with her sharp eyes was knowledge, and with her big heart she was love, and so she had great power."

"Is that it?" said Marianna. "I kept thinking all the time that Tinty was somehow like sunshine, that could do everything; and that her

brothers and sisters were like the forests and the hills, and the meadows that the sun shines on."

"Well," said Mr. Tom, "that is not a bad explanation; but come, the supper-bell has rung. Wake up, Mr. Checkerberry, and come, Snow-Drop."

[To be continued.]

Answer to Puzzle.

We have received the following clever answer to the transposition, or word-puzzle, in last week's Banner:

He slipped upon a frozen Alp,
And turned quite pale, of course;
And as he made a leap, I think
He could have had no horse.
It might have been his horse that leaped,
But that he does not say;
And I had then no chance to see,
Not being round that way.

And then he heard a cheerful peal—
The hunters, too, were there;
The man could then no longer feel
The horrors of despair.
No doubt they helped him on his way,
And gave him food and drink;
But this the traveler does not say—
"It is only what I think."

The plea of ignorance I find
A very common plea;
And frequently in great demand,
Especially with me;
But not in this especial case.
As I suppose you see.

Transposition.

If you transpose a spot where blooms
Are lavish of their rich perfumes,
You'll find wherein some beautiful flowers
Have passed their sweetest, sunniest hours.

Transposed again, one plainly sees
Things which appear on forest trees;
And yet again, and it will show
What restive horses sometimes do.

Transposed once more, and you will view
What oft they're strong attachment to.

Original Essays.

MARRIAGE AND MATERNITY.

BY J. COVERT.

These subjects have of late attracted much attention, and have been the cause of much reflection and written opinion.

The first, to be perfect, it is said, must necessarily take place solely from *real affinities*. This expression is rather beyond the common comprehension, and needs to be defined to be understood. It is fair to presume it is understood by the class in which it is used, and that the rule, at least in a few cases, has been applied, and the best results have been obtained.

These cases, (if any,) Mr. Editor, for the sake of society, should be exhibited to the world, that advantage be taken of them, and joy instead of sorrow fill the world. What a vast amount of suffering and affliction would be saved to humanity if the plan be true, and not found wanting. But, Mr. Editor, I greatly fear the theory exists in the imagination more than in reality; for social affinities are found to be as changeable as physical or bodily affections, for the general reason that all things change.

When we consider the different quantities and qualities of mind, (spirit), the varieties of structural organisms, the diversity of birth, education and external conditions, it cannot but be expected that each individual is true to the standard of conditions in which he has moved, and must of necessity think, feel and act as they dictate and define. All these influences that make the man are so diverse from each other, that none, perhaps, but of humble intellects, will suppose uniformity of these can be obtained under any conceivable plan.

We are admonished in Scripture not to be unequally yoked together. The inference in this, that it is possible to live together in harmony, or that by care and attention each can select so as to make life tolerable, at least, if not entirely free from family jars and discords. Probably that condition of life, in which ignorance is associated with knowledge, is the most unequal yoke of all, for that is productive of the greatest degree of trouble that can arise.

The general rule of happiness in the marriage relation has been found by teaching and experience to be a disposition to correct the temper and disposition, and to seek each other's welfare rather than our own. This attempt in one necessarily begets the like attempt in the other. The pair should be instructed in this particular: that joys of wedded life must spring entirely from themselves. And to foster this feeling they should neglect no opportunity to cultivate it. Its growth is more dependent upon retiring dispositions, and not by engaging in the follies, singularities and pride of the busy crowds of life.

Intimately connected with this subject is that of maternity. Attempts at reform have been made in this direction, with what success time alone can divulge. From what has been written, it appears to be the sentiment that wives shall judge of its propriety, fitness and occasion. The head of the family is here at the foot. It is true there are cases in which it is a hardship to increase and multiply, but the rule is in conformity with Bible command and with the usual demands of nature. It is also true that laws in this respect should not be violated, any more than the demands of hunger and thirst, which are equally natural. But turn our eyes in any direction, and we find that too frequently all the laws of our being are broken, bringing sorrow where joy should exist.

But the fate of woman in this respect can be changed by exercising discretion before marriage, rather than by complaining afterward. Among other things it should be the question of the parties proposing to enter the marriage state, how nearly allied are the vitalities of the organisms. The most fruitful cause of complaint here, arises from the idea on the part of woman that "to marry" is the summit of human bliss, without but little regard to their ability to discharge their marital duties. The indisposition or inability to discharge that portion of them connected with offspring, is the secret but powerful cause of most of family strife, and is often the cause of husbands straying away from home enjoyments. Why many married men stray from their homes and seek other society, let married women answer. It is certain that when the man proposes to enter this state, he generally esteems or loves the party to whom he proposes, and this esteem or love the woman has to begin with; and if she suffers it to dwindle away, she reaps the inevitable consequences; for male and female will seek that society in which they find the greatest amount of happiness. The indisposition on the part of wives very frequently springs

from humor or caprice, and oftentimes for punishments for real or fancied offences on the part of the husband, as well as from the fear of the cares of a numerous progeny.

It is said that maternity wears away the system, and unites it for enjoyment. On the contrary, it is ascertained that it is a natural state, and that the proportion of sickness and deaths between the unmarried and married is much in favor of the married.

Again, in what better pursuit can any one be engaged than that of a tender and affectionate mother, training its loved one for happiness on the earth and in the skies? How many sensations and emotions would lie dormant in the soul but for such an event. What child born into the world but clings to the memories of a mother's love and tenderness, however distant from its home? And when its spirit takes its flight to regions far beyond, in anguish and affliction, how much do her gentle teachings and influences support him.

But if the mother's cares increase, so do the father's. The more oppressive they be, the purer is the end. But man (and woman) is born to labor, (not trouble) as the sparks fly upward, and the greater and more extended it is, the more have we exercised the varied powers of our natures.

Finally, it is an undisputed fact that the best wives, and consequently the wisest and best mothers, are found in and among a large family of children. They appear, by their close association, to soften the asperities of each other's natures, yield up to each other's benefit, and, learning the advantage of harmony at home, under the angel of the household's care, carry this valuable acquisition to the mansion of its future earthly home, to bless a succeeding generation.

I shall conclude with the Scriptural command—"Multiply and replenish the earth;" but be careful that you are fitted to do the duties before you enter into the marriage relation.

GOVERNMENT OF FORCE.—NO. TWO.

BY DR. A. B. CHILD.

It is the conceived superiority of morals and goodness in each one's self that produces and supports all the laws of the Senate and the commandments of the Churches. Every man believes that his own life and conduct would be safe for society without the need of any law or commandments. Every man also believes that society is unsafe without law and commandments for others; thus every man who goes for law, believes that the morality and the goodness of others is inferior to his own. Man would never make laws to restrain his own evil desires or to inflict penalties for any wicked act, misstep or blunder of his own life. But for the safety of society he thinks that laws and penalties are necessary for others at all times.

Self-excellence and self-righteousness are effects of man's earlier, greener life; they are necessities, and are lawful in their places. But when man shall come to see that self-excellence and self-righteousness were only bubbles and baubles to tickle his childhood, laws and commandments, and the consequent conflict, then war, that comes of them, socially, religiously, morally and politically, can no longer exist. Legislatures and executors of law, in Church and State, are made to stand on the skills of self-excellence, and these skills alone make all the excellence of their standing; they are made to see through the green glasses of self-righteousness, and the glasses give color to all objects seen through them. Legislators and executors of law are as sincere, honest and earnest as babies are that play with rattles.

John Doubleday said that if every man in the world was exactly like John Doubleday, laws, commandments and their penalties would be perfectly unnecessary; but he said that laws, commandments and penalties were necessary for other men who were as safe as John Doubleday. John Doubleday only spoke that of himself which every man thinks of himself but dare not speak.

By silent admission that is universal, every man believes that his own conduct in life would be safe for the well being of society without the need of law, command or penalty. It is always you, not I, that needs law. The reason that the precepts of Christ are everywhere rejected as practically unsafe, and man's law everywhere substituted, is because man needs the experiences of self-righteousness and the sorrowful curses that are necessary to follow it, to make his perceptions broader and lead him on to more generous liberality—to lead him beyond this appreciation of himself. The self-righteousness and self-excellence of any one have the weapons of their own death in their own natures, and these weapons are the law and the commandments that men make. Self-righteousness and self-excellence are right, are always in their places; so are all governments of force; and everybody must pass through the experiences of them. But when man in his progress has come out of these sufferings that come of law and commands to deeper thought and clearer sight, he comes to see the facts of common sense that lie before us, on the threshold of his own nature. He sees others as others see themselves; he sees himself as others see him; whereby he learns that others are as safe without law as himself. So man's self-righteousness and all its train of curses has a vital use. Thank God for them.

A man who believes himself safer for society than he believes another man to be, sees only on the outside of things; he has much suffering to pass through before his heart shall pulsate in sympathy and brotherly love for another. All consciousness of self-excellence and self-holiness will some time in man's progress separate from him; it will grow rotten and fall into the grave of earthly things, and from its ashes will come forth the buds and blossoms, the spiritual truths that shall reveal the unimpeached righteousness and goodness of every man in the world. When this point of progress is gained, man needs not any longer a government of force.

If there yet be under the heavens a man that has come forth to no longer advocate or practice a government of force, he will see right in others as well as in self; he will behold universal right in the whole world—universal righteousness in human actions; he will behold their secret causes, and see the wisdom of devilish things; he will clearly see that he is no safer, no better than his neighbor, his townsman, his countryman; no better than his friend; no better than his foe; that, in real merit, he is no meaner than the best and no better than the meanest; that he is a child of God, and every other man is a child of God, too.

Self-righteousness, like everything else that is hateful, cannot be put off. It must have its run, and do its work of usefulness. It would not hurt one word of condemnation at its existence, intensity or duration, for it is in the ordinance of wisdom. But to speak of it by truthfully describing its certain fruits, is harmless, however uncomely the description may be.

"Mary," asked Charles, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the cute reply.

A LEAF FROM MY DIARY.

NUMBER THREE.

It is the soul principle that I would agitate and cultivate. Many are the theories and doctrines discussed, and pretended to be lived out in this world, but the whole fabric of human action is fast growing threadbare. Form and ceremony will soon be swept into the oblivion of the past, and men and women will live only to perpetuate divine truth and justice as it is written on their own hearts, and not in accordance with this or that creed, sect or form. When this new life beams forth in all its glory, when the Christ-principle is fully established on earth, then how glorious will be the man or woman who stands forth in the light of truth, with naught save the proper habiliments of Nature sheltering the inmost desires of the soul.

In the soul of man, and as truly in the soul of woman, dwell powers divine, and truths that only can be thought. Words are too insignificant to express a shadow of their substance. But for all that they have their influence, and in due time will speak in their own language. The time will come when those who wear the stigma of the popular world will work a mighty reformation in the hearts of the coming generation. The implements of warfare that are to be used in the mastery of those hideous errors now extant are not carnal. They will emanate from the spirit, and be applied by the soul.

Not all is purity; not all is justice yet in the dealings of men. How many are the hearts that bleed freely at every pore from the unjust usage they receive from the hand of their brother man?

Guided by the pure and precious,
We may ne'er go astray;
Always to love each other,
Rejoicing on our way.

If I could only see my thirst at the celestial fount of all light and love, and then pour forth to the world its living, animating force, so that all who should hear would live accordingly, then it seems as though I should be satisfied in part. Or, if I could only catch those glowing strains of richest inspiration, that seem almost to light down on my soul at times, and give them forth to the world, then it would seem that my life was not wholly worthless. Many times have I longed to give my thoughts and feelings to others. I have often felt myself alone in thought, the world without throwing its mantle of materialism over my own soul, crushing it down to the very dust. Oh, that some cheering ray from the busy way of men would lend some enchantment to my weary, striving spirit! One constant longing, that the soul may drink deep from the world-wide fields of action, ever is actuating and urging me onward, onward!

Although the vulgar idea cannot comprehend the advanced, yet the advanced, or developed mind can and does comprehend all the lower conditions. One asks, "How shall we know when our march is right onward?" When every thought and desire that springs up within our inner being speaks but love and good will to our brother or sister. Is every desire natural, and every motive pure? Then may we safely conclude that our path is lighted by the lamp of truth. You may again ask, Is there any other light but the light of truth? I answer, No, not light; but there is an influence, other than good, that directs many, far too many of the weak children of earth. To shun the darkness and cleave to the light, is ever our aim.

STUDENT.

THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Oh, how beautiful is the ministry of loved ones from their starry homes! Bright, laughing faces are around me looking into mine, some in love around them. Some seem to have been here before, while some gaze with curious eyes at the many and varied articles of our earth-home. Would that I could paint with a master limner's hand the beauties of the flowers which surround me. Pure as the flowers are, they, the little lambs of our older brother's flock, and they sing a song of love and gladness. No care, no sorrow, darkens their little souls; mortal, without the weaknesses which cling to mortality. They were gathered to that bright land ere their joyous souls felt the blighting, scorching influence of self. What happiness it is not to watch over and instruct these little cherubs, so pure and loving that words could not be found wherein to convey the beautiful ideas which cluster around our heart, pure as when they came from the Father's hand; yet although early called, each will retain their own individuality throughout the endless ages of eternity. Oh, sorrowful mothers, over whose hearts a great cloud has fallen, dry those tears, for you, too, shall in time be called to lay aside the form, and press again the darling one to your hearts, amid the green fields of Paradise. And who are you, sweet ladies, that stand at the right and left of this celestial group, clothed in angel robes? We, my mortal brother, are the guardian angels, or spiritual teachers of these little children. And pray what teach you them? We teach them lessons of love and gentleness. Dost see that little one? He has by the hand a little bud which he has lately joined us in our bright home. It was a little forsaken child, and the world would condemn as an outcast; but this little one has come to us from want and sin, and he is welcomed as a little brother. Here you can learn of little children a lesson of humility such as the world never teaches, but the lesson is engraved in gold on the heart of this little child. Pure and loving, he looks with love on all about him, and coming to his own parents in love, he brings with him a little orphaned heart, that it may feel a parent's love. Do not think that this little one is forsaken here. Only the purest are allowed the privilege of watching over them. They were held up in the midst of the multitudes by our elder brother, as examples for all to follow in faith, and trust, and confidence, and purity.

Then the picture faded from my view, but away down deep in my heart there was a softened, subdued feeling, and I blessed the Great Father for the beautiful lesson taught me by those angel guardians.
E. L. HILBRETH.

South Grafton, 1865.

Pay of Mediums.

Warren Chase asks, Why do not the Spiritualists of America support their best speakers and writers as the Christian sect do? I answer, for myself:

First, The Spiritualist professes to labor for the good of his fellowman, while the Christian labors for the dollars he the most abundant, or, in other words, where he can secure the most of the root of all evil.

Secondly, No true Spiritualist believes it right to make merchandize of God's best gift to man, acknowledging the great truth that the "laborer is worthy of his hire." Yet I know of no good and sufficient reason why a lecturer should receive fifty, one hundred, or one hundred and fifty dollars for a lecture, or per week, while the laboring man can only obtain from twelve to fifteen dollars per week.

A sectarian teacher acquires his inspiration from books, which cost much time and money, while the trance speaker drinks inspiration from the hands of the angel-world, and that, too, "without money and without price." While a lecturer has an undoubted right to set a price upon his or her time, the hearer possesses the same right to accept or reject the proposition.

I do not believe that it would be right for one portion of the human family to become slaves or drudges in order that another portion might become dross, or enable such to dress in "purple and fine linen;" or, like the butterfly, spend their time in flitting from place to place, gathering sweets from every beautiful flower.

Neither do I believe it right for a community to trespass upon the time of any medium or lecturer without rendering a fair and equitable compensation for the same, traveling expenses included. Neither do I believe that spirits (out of the form)

teach or require that any person should desert their families in order to become spiritual teachers, or advise the husband to desert a wife, or the wife the husband, and seek an affinity.
Whether right or wrong, such is my belief.
Yours truly,
W. SAMSON.

Meetings in Troy, N. Y.

Since I wrote you, some weeks since, we have had another baptism from "The Land of the Great Hereafter." Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook has been with us two Sundays, and lectured to crowded and delighted audiences. Mrs. M. is an old favorite with us "Trojans," and her happy and genial face always meets with a warm welcome in Troy. A very interesting incident occurred in connection with her last lecture here. Some six weeks since, "Ella," the daughter of William Tibbitts, a sweet girl of sixteen years, passed on to the home of her rest in the bright spirit-land. Ella was a dear spirit, and we all loved her. At the close of Mrs. Middlebrook's last lecture with us, the controlling influence changed, and it was announced: "Ella is here, and through a friend and guardian she has found in the spirit-land, she comes with a message to her friends." The following poem was then improvised:

"A MESSAGE FROM ELLA."

Mourn not that I was called away
In the bright morning of my life;
That are my footsteps lentened to stray,
I left the scenes of earthly strife.
I am not dead, but gone before
To the dear ones we loved so well,
Who met me on this radiant shore,
And led me to their home to dwell.

I knew I had a home above;
A mother dear was there to greet;
And when she breathed to me her love,
Our circle seemed almost complete.
Yet some were lacking—some who wait
Their summons on the earthly shore—
And when you come, though it be late,
You'll find your Ella at the door.

I'm happy here in my new home,
Though it is always hard to part;
But back to earth I'll surely come,
And soothe each sad and lonely heart.
I know each pain, I feel each woe
That throbs within the aching breast.
If God permits, when'er you go,
I'll follow, too, and give you rest.

My father, I have seen the tear
That stole unbidden to your eye;
And when you thought no one was near,
I caught each deep and heaving sigh,
And bore them to my home above,
Where every tear becomes a gem,
And every sigh a pearl of love,
To sparkle in your diadem.

My mother, on your thoughtful brow
I've often seen a look of sadness,
And even without knowing how,
I've changed it to a smile of gladness.
Oh, I am more than mortal, blest;
For when I left you all behind,
And sought in Heaven my final rest,
Another mother here I find.

And, sister in the earthly form,
Whom I have loved so long and well,
I'll shield you from the gathering storm
And sometimes come with you to dwell;
And as your mind expands each day,
Like buds unfolding into flowers,
I'll catch each bright and genial ray,
And watch your progress hour by hour.

To every friend whom I have left,
I faint would send some word, some token,
For though of me you were bereft,
Though hearts may bleed they are not broken;
For well you know in this bright land,
This land of golden summer-light,
Where dwell the treasures of our hand,
No pain can come, no sorrow blight.

Forgive, my friends, I'm called away;
This morning-land is free from care;
I love to think it is always day;
These fadeless flowers are very fair,
As aspirations upward tend,
As worlds revolve and stars do shine,
As earthly flames toward heaven ascend,
So onward speeds this soul of mine.
Truly yours,
B. STARBUCK.

Spirit Communications.

We are requested to publish the following message from the spirit of Mrs. Plummer, who formerly resided in Orono, Maine:

"To the dear friends of earth I would dedicate a few words. Long was I an inhabitant of your sphere; much of life I see in its different phases. I was often called to stand by the couch of the sick and dying. I saw human nature in almost every form, from the proud and lofty, to the obscure and poor. I am constrained to say there is not that marked difference that many suppose, only as we take into consideration their different surroundings and organism. Many who were considered lovely and amiable, and they changed situations and organism with those who were considered irritable and fretful, would have been the same. What I wish to inculcate is a lesson of charity and forbearance. There is too much of a spirit of censoriousness among earth's children; too little of that spirit which the gospel inculcates.

My friends, you are brethren, children of the same common Father, bound to the same eternal home; you all have your joys and sorrows. I ask, in the name of heaven, would it not be better to bear each other's burdens, instead of heaping burdens on each other, often giving cause to be borne? Could you stand where I stand, and look back on earthly life as I do, you would feel as eager as I do to have this subject kept constantly before earth's children. You know not how you are defrauding each other, and wronging your own souls. If my friends receive this, I would be glad to write more at length.
MRS. ANNA PLUMMER.

The lady who received the following communication, requests me to ask you to publish it in the Banner. She is but little acquainted with the subject of Spiritualism, and the fact of her husband's giving the communication through the hand of one who was not acquainted with the fact of his death, gives it much importance to her.
P. THOMPSON.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Jan. 24th, 1865.
"Well, I am free at last, and, were it not for my wife feeling so badly, I should be happy. I left my body about two weeks since. I should have been fifty-seven years old this coming fall. I had the old-fashioned consumption; but, thank God! it is over now."

I want you to write to my brother, and tell him I am gone—or dead, as they call it. Now the fact is, I am no more dead than I was the last time I saw my brother—not so much in reality. Tell them I have visited them since I left. And then I naturally thought of your mediumistic powers; and, oh, joy! that I could influence you to write. It is more difficult to impress the children of earth with our thoughts than I anticipated. There are many things different from what I expected; still I am happily disappointed.

My spirit-home is beautiful beyond conception. Its joys are fully satisfied the spirit's longings. All that the spirit is capable of enjoying is within its reach; all the spirit is capable of attaining, none can know of the shores of time we leave our clay tenement. Then it is that we realize for what we are, and were created. When I was here on earth, I thought myself wise. I have now learned that my wisdom was folly, my boasting vain. Oh, if mankind would learn more of the meek and lowly Jesus, and less of earth-wisdom, then, indeed, would they be laying up for themselves treasures in heaven. Religion is indeed a reality, but it is a religion of the heart, which looks upon all men as brethren; and not only looks upon them as brethren, but treats them as such; a religion which bringseth out the best in each, and which suffers no long, then call themselves Christians, while envy, pride and all uncharitableness rule in the heart. But He who separates the dross from pure gold will one day teach them their error. Materiality has outgrown spiritualism, and a change was necessary. That change is now being wrought in the world, and good will come of it. The Egyptians were water through fire and water to their advancement. We of this age shall wade through blood and carnage; and the end is not yet, so I am told. Men are looking to the angels for wisdom and knowledge; they shall not be disappointed."

Correspondence in Brief.

Physical Manifestations in Plymouth.

Mr. J. H. Randall, who has in charge the Boy Medium, has been holding sittings at the Spiritual Rooms in this place the week past, the last of which was held on Monday evening, to a large and appreciative company. The phenomena produced were indeed wonderful, and I am assured it was the universal opinion of those present that there was no collusion or deception on the part of the boy. Skeptics seated beside the boy have testified to this, and the audience, many of whom were skeptics, were satisfied that the manifestations were performed independently of any action on the part of the medium. On three sittings no manifestations could be obtained—they were perfect failures. But at other times they were very satisfactory. That instruments were played upon sometimes, in the open air, hands seen and felt, and various other phenomena produced, independent of any physical agency on the part of the boy or any other person, does not admit of a doubt. To be more satisfactory to the audience, the cost was thrown from the arm while the instruments were being played upon—two at least at the same time—and the boy's hands were seen by the audience hold of the arm of the person sitting beside him, thereby establishing the fact that there was no collusion on the part of the Boy Medium.

Not believing in spiritual manifestations myself, I am at a loss to account for these mysterious phenomena. It is certainly a matter worthy of serious and careful investigation, and I would advise every one, who has an opportunity, to witness them.

Plymouth, March 18, 1885.

[The writer of the above is a reliable gentleman; and, being himself a skeptic, his remarks are well worthy of record, as going to prove that there was no collusion between the medium and manager, or any other party, during the sittings in Plymouth referred to by him.]—ED. BANNER.

From Colorado.

Spiritualism is on the rise in this Territory. In Central City, Mrs. Briggs, the blind medium, holds public circles Sunday evenings in her own house. The room is usually filled. Wednesday evenings private circles are held, and mediums are being developed. Mrs. B. is making a living, (which is quite a consideration when flour here is \$20.00 per barrel) by prescribing for the sick, and otherwise exercising her gifts. Mrs. Giltner, who is sympathetic, she takes no charge. A humble servant occasionally, often opens his mouth in behalf of the new light, for which he gets well abused.

My opinion is that we can support one general lecturer, one test and one healing medium, without detracting from these here.

I have had no public lecture here yet. I had made arrangements to visit the hall in motion, but Indians, martial law, a sick child, and multitudinous cares, thwarted it. I am frequently solicited to speak, and could I give proper attention to the field, I know of no place offering stronger inducements. We have more independent thinkers—free men—who will see and hear, than in any given population of equal amount in the States.

Yours for the truth, JOHN B. WOLFE.

Denver City, C. T., Feb. 14th, 1885.

Appreciative.

Enclosed you will find three dollars for the continuation of your spiritual philosophy contained in the Banner, which is read with much interest by many in this vicinity, and, as we believe, is doing great service for the many inquiring minds of the age. Our eyes have yet to be too weak to hold it in all its fullness and growth; but we certainly have a great desire to peruse the contents of the Banner, for the lonely moments of our lives are, to some extent, reversed and made happy by studying the philosophy promulgated in its columns. Life is so short to satisfy the human soul, and it yearns for immortality. Is there a more comforting belief in the world than that our friends who have passed on to the other side can come and commune with us and we still enjoy their spiritual presence, in all essential respects, closer and more refined than before?

When we least expect them, the spirits of departed friends are close by our side, impressing and impelling us onward to their blissful shores, where spirits and angels dwell. J. C. BALLOU.

Woonsocket, R. I., March 2d, 1885.

Miss Nutt, the Lecturer.

I noticed your column of lectures the name of Miss Sarah A. Nutt, who was engaged as our speaker for the past year. She labored faithfully for six months, speaking twice and sometimes three times every Sabbath. She did her duty well, both as a speaker and a friend; to all those bowed in sickness and in sorrow she was ever by their side, whispering words of peace to their troubled souls. She did not shrink from the spring and summer days, until August last, when, by some violation of Nature's laws, she was brought upon a bed of pain and sickness, which resulted in a severe fever. Thus she was obliged to withdraw her engagements in this vicinity. May the bright angels guide her, and may she never forget her friends in the Pine State. A. E. PROCTOR.

Woodstock, Maine, March 5th, 1885.

Western Sanitary Fair.

I am requested to make known to all our spiritual friends and reformers especially, through the columns of the Banner of Light, that the great "Northwestern Fair of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home" will open May 30th, 1885, in Chicago, Ill., and all friends of Union and Freedom are invited to send to it contributions of money, goods of all kinds, provisions, manufactures, fancy and plain articles of needlework, etc., securely packed, addressed to "Northwestern Fair of Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home, Spiritual Depot, Chicago, Ill." Mrs. J. S. Fuller, of Chicago, is President of the Spiritual Department.

Respectfully yours,

DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS.

New York, March 4, 1885.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. J. H. W. Tooley has been laboring with us two months so efficiently, that we have had free meetings for the last month, and a larger hall is about to be engaged to meet our growing needs. Mr. Leo Miller has been conditionally engaged for this month. He is not here; we fear will not come. Our eloquent brother, J. M. Peabody, is engaged for the month of April. He would be glad to address the people evenings during the week in the towns and cities that are at a convenient distance, if they will write to him or me and engage him.

Yours truly, H. S. BROWN, M. D.

435 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis.

A Subscriber's Opinion.

I must, in justice to you, say I never was more pleased and instructed by perusing any copy of the Banner, than I was with the last one of the 23rd of February. The ideas contained in that paper alone are worth far more than a whole year's subscription.

In regard to the article signed James M. Watkins, 107 Green street, Albany, "Saved by the Spirits," let me say, I am well acquainted with all the parties, and know the statement to be true to the letter.

ENOS BUCKREE.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 23d, 1885.

CONSOLIDATION OF EXPRESS COMPANIES.—Thompson & Co.'s Express line from Albany to Worcester, and from Springfield to northern cities and towns, has been sold to and consolidated with the Adams Express Company for the sum of one million dollars. Even at this enormous cost the stock in Thompson & Co.'s Express pays over twenty-five per cent. Last year the American Express Company paid thirty-eight per cent in cash, and fifty in stock. Everybody who has to do with express trains, except those who send or receive by them, gets rich.

Book society. Keep your friendship in repair. Answer your letters. Meet good will half-way. All good men excite each other's activity. Better things are said, more decided, more wit and insight are dropped in talk and forgotten by the speaker, than get into books.

Notes from the West.

I again resume my pen to continue the history of my journeys and labors in the far West. My next place of visitation—Iowa Falls—I reached by a tedious stage ride of fifty miles, over a prairie country. I found still living here my good Bro. E. B. Collins, formerly of Burns, Wis., who with his dear lady and family still rejoice in the light of spiritual truth. Since my last visit the bright-robed angel, misnamed Death, has visited them and "unlocked life's flower-encircled door" to their two daughters, leaving a dreary void in their visible family circle, but adding two more dear angels to their guardian circle of loved ones in the spirit-life, to draw them upward and welcome them to the better land as they pass on from earth. I also found here, arrived since my last visit, Bro. and Sister Bump, from Decatur, Wis., Bro. and Sister Patrick and family, from Cedar Falls, and Bro. and Sister Larkins, from Madison, Wis.; there are as well some friends from Portage, Wis., and other places, whose names I do not remember.

This is a good point for Spiritualists coming West to keep in. One of the principal proprietors of the village site, Bro. Stevens, is a Spiritualist, and will feel a pleasure in aiding any who desire to settle in that vicinity, by his counsel. Mr. and Mrs. Bump are dual media. Miss Patrick, a physical medium; and there is a clairvoyant in the place, whose name I have forgotten. My audiences were quite large, and on all hands, by Spiritualists and others, I was treated with respect and kindness. I hope lecturers will press on to this place. I am sure they will not regret the fatigue of the journey. Let them address E. B. Collins.

By a stage ride of another fifty miles I came to Fort Dodge, a thriving village, most beautifully situated on the Des Moines River, the last point of any note east of the Missouri. Here, also, Spiritualism is growing. My meetings were much larger than on my previous visit. Here is a Spiritual organization—the President, Bro. Charles F. Weston; Vice President, John Thissel; Clerk, Mrs. Swain; who form the Executive Board of said association. I thank the dear friends here for their many acts and wishes of kindness to me while laboring with them. After a week's stay here I journeyed about one hundred miles, mostly by stage, to Marshalltown. I paid a visit to this place last winter, but was unable to open the door for lectures. I promised a friend to return and make a second effort. I have again failed, and I cannot recommend my brother lecturers to visit this place at present. There are none who are willing to move in the matter.

I proceeded from thence to make a second visit to Des Moines; was received and entertained by Bro. W. W. Skinner, the President of the Religious-Philosophical Society. I delivered seven lectures in this city to very attentive audiences. Bro. Potter concluded his engagement here during my stay, and has passed on into Minnesota. He is a good trance speaker, and a gentleman of spotless reputation. I hope he will be cordially received wherever he may present himself. Bro. P. has my best wishes.

Redfield, thirty-five miles by stage, west, brought me once again to this village. Here dwell Bros. Dyer, Brown, Patton, Joel P. Davis and brother, with many other kind and liberal friends. I was, as before, generously domiciled with Bro. Dyer. While here I met in a circle a young man by the name of George McCreary, a preacher in the Christian Church, who has become a speaking medium. I was much interested in him. If he is faithful in the exercise of his gift, he will be no ordinary speaker. He speaks in aphorisms, somewhat in the style of the "Light from the Spirit-world," but with the richness of "The Healing of the Nations." I am mistaken if he does not take his place in the foremost rank of lecturers when fully developed.

From thence I journeyed by stage eighty miles to Oskaloosa, where I was cordially received and entertained by Bros. Church, J. B. Coulter, Dr. Nelson, France, Clover, Nide, Sister Jones and others. I delivered five lectures in Court House Hall, and two on Sunday, by request of our Universalist friends, in their place of meeting—the City Hall. Quite large audiences attended the lectures throughout, excepting the last, which was on a stormy evening. The greatest cordiality was manifested throughout, and an earnest spirit of inquiry was aroused, which I trust will lead many to the truth. Here the preparatory steps to organization were taken before I left, and a meeting for further action appointed for the following Sunday. When the organization is completed, I hope the friends will forward you a notice to that effect. Wherever organizations are, there will be the point around which Spiritualists will rally.

About twelve miles from Oskaloosa lies the village of Kirkville, where dwell our good Bros. Isaac Millwick, W. F. McCarroll, A. Pickens and others. Hearing that a Methodist parson was about to explode Spiritualism, on the evening after my lectures concluded in Oskaloosa, I went down with Bro. Pickens, who came in to my last lecture, that I might hear and reply to the reverend gentleman. The gentleman, however, did not make his appearance, being unavoidably prevented.

I delivered five lectures during my stay, to quite large audiences. On Sunday morning a Rev. Mr. Rowley preached against Spiritualism. I went to hear him, and a more imbecile effort I never heard. There were but two or three points in his whole discourse which were worthy of notice, and these I examined in my evening discourse. He charged his audience to have "nothing to do with it," but I am told that almost every member of his church were present to hear my reply. I honor them for their independence. Spiritualism has gained a good foothold here, and is bound to prosper. The friends already talk of building a hall for themselves. I think when I visit them again they will organize. I ought to say that the good work has been nobly commenced, both here and in Oskaloosa, by our good sister, Mrs. Morse. I have seen this lady twice before in the north-east portion of this State. Have not heard her speak, but from the testimony of others I recommend her to all friends of Truth and Progress. I hope to become better acquainted with her somewhere, before long. I am now in Ottumwa, and will report progress here in my next letter.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,

JOHN MAYHEW.

Ottumwa, Iowa, Feb. 22d, 1885.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.—They have got up a dress makers' company, or corporation, in London. The object is not so much to make money as to reduce the evils which assail the sewing-women of that metropolis. Over eight hundred ladies have subscribed to it already. They propose to pay good prices to the seamstresses, and not overtake them with late hours or severe labor.

Bigotry.—It has recently been determined by the Prussian authorities that marriages concluded simply by dissenting clergymen, and not by ministers of the Evangelical or Catholic Church, have no official validity. All the children of such marriages are declared illegitimate.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Dissatisfaction.

A man is about what he has an inclination to be. With his health, with occupation, and with the ordinary comforts and conveniences of civilized life, it is something besides money that confers happiness on him, and he has in his own hands a great deal more of his destiny than he would readily believe.

One of the chief causes of unhappiness is discontent. This breeds the whole family of miseries, from whose intimate acquaintance we suffer. It is just as easy to keep down a habit of querulousness, and to substitute something else in its place, as to give one's self up to the business of fault-finding. It takes but a little while to make this latter complaint chronic, when it is about as easy to get its effects and influence out of the soul as it is to expel mercury from the physical system. An atmosphere in which cloudy fancies, hasty speech, unamiable manners, and a general posture of discontent and dissatisfaction best flourish, is the best of all others to generate permanent wretchedness, and drive away the love and sympathy and interest of all persons who profess to be even moderately human.

A young wife does not have at the first all the comforts and luxuries to which she was accustomed in the house from which she was taken. Will fault-finding help it any? Will it not rather make her present situation worse than ever, besides unnerving her new husband for making that steady and industrious effort which is the price of all earthly possessions? She does not stop, perhaps, to reflect that her own father was obliged to work many long years for those very things whose temporary loss she so childishly deplores; that her own mother may have had to do without them once, and helped toward their acquisition with the heart of a true woman. If she would give herself to occasional reflections of this sort, she would find that it would greatly sweeten her daily life for her, and reconcile her to a cheerful endurance of those very obvious conditions of existence, which must be accepted in full before one can think of real, everyday happiness.

And so, too, with the young husband. He finds that he has suddenly grown exacting, even to a tyrannous degree, instead of continuing the adoring lover he was used to be in the presence of her whom he professed to love before all the world beside. He is cross and crochety, because he does not have things when and as he wants them; he confesses in secret his astonishment that married life is not that rose-hued existence he had dreamed it, but something very practical and matter-of-fact; he finds his wife to be human, and not much more; and he does not know how to keep down his risings of disappointment at the discoveries which he is led continually to make. So he frets and fumes; wastes the best of his energies by failing to reconcile himself with his conditions; sours his temper; throws away precious opportunities for being happy by being sensible and contented; and looks back, long afterwards, over years upon which lowering clouds and cold mists have settled, to hide them out of everything but his memory forever. It is ten thousand pities that these things should be so, when such slight causes produce and such little resolutions could effectually cure them. Nothing so renders poor human nature so much an object of commiseration.

Of two men, the one finds a volume of enjoyments, compensations and privileges in life, where the other is at a loss to understand even why existence was conferred on him at all. There is that difference in the views which they take of the strange and various circumstances in which they find themselves placed. About the life of one appear to hang, like beautiful clouds about the sky of a summer's day, all the pleasant visions, the delightful pictures, the attractive enjoyments which make his possession an actual wonder to many who are not endowed with his faculty of transmuting all things to happiness. The other goes through the world discontented and fault-finding; determined to be satisfied with nothing, instead of making the best of everything; expecting that all combinations of circumstances shall be made expressly for his gratification; and continually disappointed because his little plans do not find instant places to fit themselves into the great laws of the universe.

So marked a difference between two individuals is frequently to be found. A good deal is ascribable to native temperament, but a good deal more to the wrong views which are deliberately taken of life, and to the manner in which too many suffer themselves to be drifted along, without purpose or resolution, into a condition which soon becomes chronic and permanent. A very little resolution would cure all this. We are too apt to sell out our chances of earthly happiness for the bare privilege of giving free rein to an unfortunate temperament; by a little exertion we could soon change the direction of the latter, and enjoyment would at once become a very different matter from what it is.

Poets, therefore, have from time immemorial fallen into a way of describing the happiness of humble life, and doing it with such skill and tenderness as to make it attractive far above life in any other condition. If we all of us chose, we could see exactly the same beauty in the things of common life that the poets do. Only to look back over a few years of our existence, will excite a tender and really pathetic train of feelings, of delight at what we then gave but trifling attention to, of joy to think that such or such sorrows were visited upon us to our spiritual development, of secret satisfaction with minute and, at the time, unnoticed circumstances which give us pleasure in their contemplation—such a train of feelings as no mere possessions and honors could ever raise in the heart.

This only shows how real are the enjoyments of this world, scattered thickly as they are along every way-side for us, and how trifling and unreal are all the causes of our dissatisfaction. What is

pleasant we remember always afterward; what is troublesome, annoying, and even painful, we either make haste to forget, or else very shortly transmute by a mysterious but perfectly natural process of the healthy spirit, into pleasures as enduring as any others. The tendency of the soul is toward health. It ever seeks to recover itself; to throw off those diseases of time and circumstance which help furnish it with the means of discipline and growth. Did we but remember this, we should co-work with this tendency and these aspirations, and reach our enjoyment almost instantly and by no indirect and painfully circuitous routes.

Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

The afternoon services in Lyceum Hall, on Sunday the 6th, were converted into a conference. Dr. Gardner read extracts from Theodore Parker's sermon on "Natural Religion and Spiritualism," and spoke briefly on the subject. Mr. John Wetherbee, Jr., then dashed off a few thoughts on intuition or spirit promptings, of more value to humanity than an excess of Colorado gold. H. B. Storer addressed the audience on the same subject, in a most acceptable manner. Judge Ladd made the closing speech; he took a scientific view of the subject, and gave expression to sound philosophical ideas.

In the evening Miss Doten, under spirit control, reviewed "A Review of a Lecture by James Freeman Clarke, on the Religious Philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson."

The lecture of Mr. Emerson that Mr. Clarke criticised, was the last of a course of six, which Mr. E. delivered before the Parker Fraternity during the winter. Mr. Clarke considered it his duty to answer or criticize this lecture, and a few Sundays since he delivered before his society the lecture in question, and so acceptable was it that he was requested to deliver it a second time.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that the spirits, through Miss Doten, assailed Mr. Clarke's position and arguments with mastery skill, and yet with great fairness—not mistaking Mr. Clarke's position, but quoting what he said, and then completely disarming the sectarian champion, leaving his citadel quite defenceless.

The lecture has been reported verbatim, and will be printed in pamphlet form in the course of next week.

The large audience present appeared to be very much interested in the subject, and many expressed a wish that it be published. It will undoubtedly meet with a large circulation.

Something New.

Anything new in connection with the wonderful art of photography is, of course, gratifying to everybody; hence we can with pleasure state that a process has been lately discovered for coloring photographs, by which they are made as durable as paintings in oil, neither fading nor becoming dim—pictures that have heretofore never been arrived at. They are a perfect imitation of ivory types, having the same rich, soft and natural appearance that painting on ivory always has, which is so desirable in obtaining a perfect likeness.

John Theodore Child, artist, number 50 School street, Boston, has just finished a photograph picture of our medium for spiritual manifestations, Mrs. J. H. Conant, which it hardly seems possible could be made to appear so life-like. This specimen of Mr. Child's workmanship may be seen at our Public Free Circle Room.

The Annual Fast Day.

We see it has been suggested that the Governor should appoint the annual Fast on the same day with Good Friday, so that those religious denominations which are in the habit of observing the latter day may be accommodated. We certainly have no objections. Our Fast Day has degenerated into a day of no religious significance whatever, and anything that can be done to bring it up will be welcomed by the better portion of the people as an improvement in public morals, and for the general benefit. If there was greater sincerity about these matters on the part of the people, every day would be truly religious, and truly divine. And assuredly, when a day is particularly set apart for humiliation, fasting and prayer, we might well afford to observe it as officially requested, whether it is made an extra holy day or not by the rubrics.

The Inauguration.

The President was sworn into office for his second term, on Saturday noon, the 4th inst. The weather was exceedingly inclement, and the proposed street demonstrations were, therefore, dispensed with. There was a reception, however, in the evening, and a grand ball on the evening of Monday, the 6th; and the crowds at both of these were enormous, and, of course, uncomfortable. The inaugural address of the President takes no new ground in relation to the war, but merely leaves the nation to understand that it will be waged without interruption until rebellion is dead and buried out of sight. The temper of the Presidential speech was calm, and the determination to perform the pressing duties to the utmost is clearly visible.

Extensive Telegraph Line.

On Sunday morning, March 6th, the wires of the Western Union Company were connected with the Pacific lines, and communication established direct between New York City and San Francisco. Though the weather was bad and rain falling at the time at many points on the route, the wires worked well and a considerable amount of business was transmitted. The distance is nearly four thousand miles, and the difference of time about four hours. This is unquestionably the longest telegraphic circle ever worked, and the fact that such a length of wire was telegraphed over in one circuit is a notable era in the history of telegraphy.

Prince Napoleon.

Whether the Emperor of the French is with us in our national trial or not, it is beyond dispute that Prince Napoleon is on our side, heart and soul. He lately gave a grand ball, the most elegant of the season, at which were present all the magnates, and worthies, and men and women of rank in the empire; but, what was especially pleasing, he took care not to irritate the feelings of any Northern and Union persons present by bringing them in contact with the sympathizers with any agents of secession. He improved the occasion to make it understood that his sympathies were with our Government throughout.

"The Descent of the Angels."

Dr. Griswold informs us that hereafter he will charge but fifty cents for single copies of the photograph of the above picture, sent by mail. Each one will have a printed description of the painting. The demand for the photograph, in this form, enables him to have them printed in quantities, so as to reduce the price materially. The picture is longer than album photographs, and mounted in thick cardboard four by five and a half inches, so that it can be framed.

New Publications.

THE COMPENDIUM OF LINDSEY'S PHONETIC SHORTHAND. This work is designed to give instruction in a new style of shorthand, to which we alluded briefly in a previous number of the Banner. It has at least the merit of originality. Mr. Lindsey's system should not be judged at all by the manner of joining the letters much simpler. This style avoids all the complexity and irregularity which render previous styles of shorthand so difficult of attainment, and yet the great continuity secured by the use of vocal signs increases the rapidity of the writing. Nothing can be simpler than Mr. Lindsey's shorthand. When the student has learned the letters, (about forty in number), he has a key to the whole. The letters are joined in their natural order, with no contractions or arbitrary signs; and yet, so simple are the letters that nine-tenths of the labor of writing is saved. The author's great object has been to reduce the art to such simplicity and practicality that professional, business and literary men everywhere may avail themselves of its use. He has now successful pupils among all professions, who speak with enthusiasm of its practical value. It has been objected to the use of shorthand that editors and business men could not use it because their compositors and clerks could not read it. This is no longer a valid objection, since any active boy can learn to read this style in a very few weeks. This system has cost many years of toil and sacrifice; if those whom it is designed to aid, require the inventor to spend other years of sacrifice in bringing it acceptably to their notice, they will suffer by the delay and add another to the sad chapters of the history of inventions, which tell how selfishness has defeated the most interested efforts for human advancement.

BALLADS. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," &c. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

The several volumes by this talented author have been received with great favor. These have been always in prose. She compiled a little sort of guide-book to the History of England, which we have long thought of great value. These ballads from her pen are simple and touching, of the truly balladistic temper and strain, and many of them of great beauty. The volume is one of tinted paper, elegantly printed and handsomely bound in green. It will command a large sale.

NOTHING BUT MONEY. By T. S. Arthur. New York: Carleton. For sale by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

One of Arthur's latest, and, of course, a very naturally told story, with an excellent moral to it. Those who have been constant readers of Arthur—and they count by thousands—will not omit to peruse these his freshest pages, which form a fine volume numbering three hundred and fifty-two of them.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, have published the third number of "Our Young Folks," the new Juvenile Magazine. It contains many really fine papers. The list is as follows, and is attractive enough even when read by its titles: The City Girl, by Gail Hamilton; Andy's Adventure, by J. T. Rowbridge; Winning his Way, by "Carleton"; The Red-winged Goose, by Rose Terry; My Heavenly Bird, by R. H. Stoddard; Our Dogs, the first part of a pleasant article, by Mrs. Stowe; Little Sarah's Skates; How Margery Wondered, by Lucy Larcom; Afloat in the Forest, by Mayne Reid; and Round the Evening Lamp. This Magazine for Young Folks grows better with each number. It is fresh, full of instruction, humorous, genial, and useful in practical morals.

THE SNOB LACE BALL, or PILL, GARLE and his Friends. By "The Spectator." New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

This is a spirited satire and broad burlesque, in seventy-two pages, of the present customs and practices of social life in New York. It has a good many sharp points and corners to it, and will provoke a laugh when least expected. A half hour can be well away with it very pleasantly if not so profitably.

CARLETON likewise publishes the "Railroad and Insurance Almanac for 1885." It is of large size, comprising one hundred and eighty-two pages, and sells for two dollars. Its usefulness is undoubted, offering as it does a copious assortment of information relating both to railroads and insurance, in one or both of which everybody is this day interested. This Almanac is a new feature in the publication line, but we believe it will be found so useful a one as to become immediately popular.

A SERMON. By Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D., New York. Boston: For sale by A. Williams & Co. The subject of this discourse is, "The Reformed Church of Christendom, or the Duties of Liberal Christians to the National Faith at this crisis of opinions." It is a noble address, abounding with free spoken and liberal sentiments. It will command much attention.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW. March, 1885. New York: J. W. Orr, 75 Nassau street. An ably conducted magazine in the interest of the Order. It also contains a good variety of matters of general interest.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for March. This magazine is edited by Dr. R. T. Trall, who is devoting his best energies to the good of humanity.

This number of the BANNER closes Volume XVII. Another year of life-experiences has closed upon us; with the usual amount of joys and sorrows. We have no fault to find: We have endeavored to do our duty usefully. How well we have succeeded our works must decide. We have done a good deal, considering our limited means, to aid the needy peculiarly, and hope to do much more in the coming time; we certainly shall, if kind Providence smiles upon our efforts. We have also, we hope, benefited many spiritually; been the instruments, in the hands of a higher power, to disseminate new truths for the benefit of humanity.

To all those who have aided us in the past we feel grateful, and entertain the hope that their efforts will still be directed in the same channel, until the BANNER is placed upon a firmer basis than at present.

DR. URIAH CLARK.—Dr. U. Clark, whose remarkable gifts of seeing and healing are exciting great interest among the sick, is at the Union House, Marblehead, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th, 15th and 16th, and then in Chelsea and Salem before opening in Boston. Address him at this office.

—The subject for debate before the Boston Conference, on Thursday evening, is the same as last week, namely: "Is it safe for man to be governed by his natural appetites and passions, restrained and controlled by his reason and conscience?"

and call attention to it editorially, shall be published in the Banner one year. It will be forwarded to their address on

and call attention to it. Naturally, shall be submitted to the
the Board one year. It will be forwarded to their address on
receipt of the papers with the advertisement inserted.