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NARRATIVE OF A SPIRIT

WHO ENTERED SPIRIT-LIFE
AT THE AGE OF THREE MONTHS.

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

CHAPTER III.

I continued to visit earth in the manner described to you for about six months after my first successful visit alone; and it must not be understood that these visits were useless and without an object. I soon became able to act as a guide for others to their earthly homes, and I say without a desire to take undue credit, that I have made many spirits happy by aiding them in this manner.

Sometime after this, in company with a number of others, I visited one of the large churches of your city, on what I have since learned you call Sunday, or the Sabbath. I was much pleased with the arrangements and decorations of the building, yet there was a sense of restraint and unnatural solemnity about the people that repelled me, and made me feel rather uncomfortable. I noticed a similar feeling on the part of my companions, who were not much older than myself, and we were about leaving, when the notes of music fell upon our ears. This was a new thing to me. I had never heard such music, and, for a time, I stood spell-bound. I listened until the notes faded away, and an individual appeared, dressed apparently in female attire, though I perceived that it was a man. With a solemn and sanctimonious voice, he read something which I did not comprehend, but could see that it was a mere mechanical, parrot-like operation with him. By some signal, which I did not understand, most of the audience fell upon their knees, and after the confusion had somewhat subsided, one of my companions declared that this was what they called worship. I heard them say something about praying, and about "lost sheep," and of their exceeding great wickedness. I could not see this—but their stupidity was very apparent. This being over, they arose, and after a reading by the minister, the choir struck up a beautiful chant—say beautiful, for to me it was the only real and natural thing in the church. The forms and ceremonies of the minister and the people seemed to me almost entirely without meaning, and all my observations since that time have confirmed me in this.

At the close of the service the organ sent forth its peals, and as the audience moved slowly away, the hum and bustle of their voices—which was more natural and true than their worship (so-called), was not entirely drowned, and we could hear the expressions of the people on the current topics of the week, and even the subjects of ladies' dresses, and of companies that had been, or were to be held; and you will pardon me if I say that these, being the real expressions of their minds, were, to us, more like worship than the ceremonies of the Church.

I was about five years old when this occurred. I had noticed on my visits to earth, that on certain days the people seemed to look nicer, and but few people were at their regular work. I came to the conclusion that this day was set apart for the purpose of meeting together and hearing music. I was surprised afterward to learn that this day was set apart as more holy than the others; and when I was told that these hollow and empty ceremonies, and this assumed sanctity which had been so repulsive to my feelings were the evidences that this was set apart as a holy day, you may imagine better than I can describe my feelings of disgust at such an arrangement.

I have met with spirits here since, who hold to this idea, and who have attempted to give some better reasons for the sanctity of the Sabbath; but I think it is hardly possible to palm off such ideas on those who have not passed through the crude notions and conditions of earth. These were generally driven to the position of appealing to the necessity of having one day in seven appropriated for rest and worship, which does not accord so well with the laws of life and health as to have a portion of each day devoted to these important duties.

When I returned to my spirit-home, I related what I had seen, in my childish manner, to my nurse and some others. They were interested and amused at my narrative. I asked many questions, and I learned that an idea prevailed among mankind, founded on an old tradition, that the world had been created in six days, and that God, becoming weary, had rested on the seventh day. And now I learned that the ceremonies which I had witnessed, were performed in commemoration of that rest. I could not understand these things, and the question of creation began to agitate my young mind. Said I, "Did God make the world in six days? and of what did he make it?" Said my nurse very kindly, "I may say no to the first question; the other involves much more than I have ever been able to comprehend, and, of course, I cannot explain it to you. Matter is doubtless eternal and coexistent with God—of the origin of either of these our finite minds will probably ever be ignorant. We do not endorse the absurd ideas that God made matter out of nothing, or that matter ever has existed distinct from, and independent of the great central source of Power which we call God. You will hear many strange ideas advanced both here and in your visits to earth. Let me caution you as to the manner in which you listen to these. Do not accept anything that you hear, unless you find a conviction in your own mind that it is truth. As a child you have been, and still are in a condition to receive on authority many things. Your mind is now becoming sufficiently unfolded to measure many truths for yourself. This child-like condition of receiving things upon authority is common to humanity, and is well enough in its appropriate place; but we desire to confine it to

as narrow a limit as possible, by awakening your individual judgment, setting you to examine everything, doubting, if you will, many of the statements that you hear. The transition from the confiding, trusting, childlike state which accepts and leans upon authority, to one which plants its foot and proves everything, is sometimes trying, and mortals are very apt to shrink from it and cry, 'Leave, oh! leave me that which has been the stay and support of my life!'

Turning to my nurse I said, "You have spoken frequently of a God. Before you throw me upon my own resources, can you not tell me what and where he is?"

"Ah, my child," she replied, "that is the question of ages. That which has called forth deeper and more earnest thought than any other question. All that I can say to you is, that I only know Him as I can feel him in my soul, and see him and understand him in his works around me. That He is, I accept as a profound truth—and that He is Omnipresent, everything around me attests in the most positive and certain manner, to my spirit. But I feel that for a finite being to comprehend an Infinite One is and ever will be an impossibility. I therefore leave that and rest in peace in the consciousness of the former."

I bowed in acquiescence, feeling that deeper fountains of thought than I had before realized had been stirred within me. Sometime after this, the question of creation still revolving in my mind, I received the following lesson from my teacher. I was very fond of flowers, loved to linger where they were though I had never examined them critically. Taking one of them she said, "Do you see the small leaves and organs of this delicate flower? You must learn that each one of them is important to the flower, and if you pluck away even one of the least of these you produce deformity." Then explaining the stamens and pistils, petals and leaves of the flower, she showed me that upon the perfect regularity and order of these the student of Nature had been enabled to classify and arrange them into orders, species, etc.

The beauty of the flower was enhanced greatly, and a feeling of worship and reverence for the Being, who, while He planned a universe, could descend to the minutiae of the little flower. Its perfection spoke to me of God's perfection. I delighted to dwell upon this theme; my mind was fed by it. I felt new impulses springing in my soul; aspirations after further knowledge; and I saw that the fields were everywhere opening around me. I became deeply interested in the study of nature.

My nurse said to me, "I told you that I knew God so far as I understood him in his works. You saw in the formation of the plant, harmony and order. The same will be found throughout the universe. A Being who has planned and brought forth a universe so full of harmony and beauty, must be in himself harmonious and beautiful."

At this time a number of spirits had gathered around us who put numerous questions to my nurse and preceptor. As they were older than myself, I listened to the questions and answers with deep interest and learned something further in regard to the attributes of power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator, as exhibited in His works.

In answer to one of these questions, she said, "Mark you sunbeam as it rests on the bosom of the ocean. See how it drinks up the vapor that rises under its influence, and combining with this, they are carried up to form those wonderful reservoirs whence descends the gentle showers and the refreshing rains that furnish food for plants and thus cover the earth with a beautiful carpet, which not only gladdens the eye but furnishes food for animated beings; exemplifying the beautiful law of compensation, which in itself is justice, the highest principle which we know of."

Turning to me she said, "You have seen much to encourage you to pursue your investigations. Go on as you have begun, and as your capacity is unfolded, new truths will be presented to you. You will learn this, that to each individual there is a peculiar condition depending upon their surroundings, and their internal state. You have been deprived of the associations and observations which ordinarily belong to children, and you will find many truths will break in upon you suddenly, which, under other circumstances, would have dawned gradually upon your mind, hence you need the care and instruction of those around you here, and the association with friends, and especially children about your own age on earth, to correct any false impressions which this sudden flashing of truth might make upon you, and to familiarize you with the ordinary occurrences of life."

I had now a great desire to study, and the Book of Nature was spread out before me, with its endless variety of interesting lessons, following each other in a beautiful order, one opening the way to another, and each shedding a light on all around, and revealing the wisdom and harmony of creation.

Problems in this book were presented to us, and we were requested to examine them and try whether we could solve them. After we labored a time, if we did not succeed, some one would come to our aid, give us a brief explanation, and set us on the way to discover the deeper meanings. These lessons were accompanied by practical illustrations from the objects in Nature around us. At the age when earth's children are tolling over the alphabet, we are studying that which enables us to acquire similar knowledge. We learn the use of language here, because all who come here use it at first, and because even those who come here, as I did, before they have any idea of earthly language, are compelled to go to earth and learn many things there which involve a necessity of understanding language. By my associations here and on earth, I became quite familiar with the English language at as early an age as any of earth's children. At seven years of

age I was able to speak quite fluently, though I had no knowledge of spirit intercourse.

At this time I supposed that you saw these objects just as I did, that mortal vision and spiritual vision were alike. But from observation and from intercourse with intelligent spirits here, I now perceive that there is a vast difference. This, however, is not realized at once, even by those mortals who have been accustomed to earthly vision, as I was not; hence you will readily comprehend that it was more difficult for me to understand the distinction. I must therefore give you the lesson that was given to me by my kind instructors.

Among the first objects which attracted my childish attention, were flowers and birds. I saw earth's children attracted to these—the former they delighted to pluck. I was with you when your little Willie, then three years old, was riding with you, and as you passed a large clover-field, in full bloom, I heard him exclaim in childish ecstasy, "Oh, papa, let me get out; I want to pluck all those beautiful flowers!"

The birds, whose beautiful forms and songs and plumage attracted the children of earth, could only be seen by them at a distance. It was not so with me; they either came to me or I went to them whenever I desired. They were tame, and fond of me, and I enjoyed the intercourse very much. The reason for this will be explained.

After I had become quite familiar with these objects, I felt that there was some difference between the manner in which the children still on earth and I, realized these things; and as I was meditating upon them, my kind instructor said to me:

"I see that you need instruction, and are now prepared to receive a lesson that will unfold to you a new field of observation, in which you will be enabled to call many flowers of immortal beauty. Each object in nature is dual; it has an external, or visibly material form, perceptible by human beings; and a spiritual, or interior form, invisible to most mortals, and never very clearly perceived by any of these—seen in various degrees of distinctness by the dwellers of our sphere."

This interior, or spiritual nature, in plants and animals, gives to each its peculiar form, and maintains them as individuals. The connection of this spiritual form with the external, mankind call life. We see that life is but the effect or action of a spiritual principle, which is, to us, a more tangible and interesting reality than any of its effects.

Do you not perceive now that when one of your little playmates on earth, and you, are looking at a flower or a bird, she sees it on and from the external plane, while you see it on the spiritual plane? The ideas conveyed to your minds will differ in proportion to the perfection with which the latter has outwrought itself in the former, and each of you will suppose that you have seen precisely the same things, and when you describe them you will use similar language.

This is but an illustration of a universal experience, common to all living beings, that the appearance of all objects depends upon two things; first, their intrinsic and peculiar form and character; second, on the impression which they make upon the sensitive plane of the receptive being, which, of course, is peculiar and distinct for each."

"Well," said I, feeling a little discouraged at the discovery of my ignorance, "how shall we know who sees the real and who the imaginary?"

"Ah," replied he, "that is the question of the ages, and throughout eternity you will be asking that question with deeper earnestness and significance as the cycles roll on, and you draw unto yourself knowledge and wisdom from the depths of the Infinite. There is a logical and imperative necessity that all things should have an inherent and eternal basis of reality; but this reality is only known to and comprehended in its fullness by the Infinite God."

Man has realities upon every plane of life, and in proportion as he approximates to these realities toward the divine and eternal, does he approach the Infinite God of All. The high road to the divine centre of all things, is paved with realities, and man travels on that road just in proportion as he conquers and acquires a knowledge of them.

But, my young friend, let us not launch out too far upon the wide ocean of philosophy. If we do, we may encounter storms which your frail bark may not be able to outlive.

I will now explain something further in regard to the flowers and birds which awaken such a lively interest in you. Here, as on earth, you have noticed that at times the flowers and birds fade and disappear. This would confirm your opinion that they are just the same.

The external form, which is seen by mortals, has its stages of birth, growth, maturity, decay and dissolution, all resulting from the action of spiritual forces, and their control over the physical elements. You have witnessed all these changes without comprehending the laws by which they are carried on.

The spiritual forces seize upon and control certain elements, under favorable conditions, and a birth ensues. If the conditions continue favorable growth and maturity are attained, in which still more perfect control of the elements is obtained; but there comes a period in the history of all living things, when this control of the spiritual over the physical begins to be weakened, and generally by slow degrees the sceptre of its power passes away, until, losing all control, death ensues. The physical elements, no longer controlled and restrained by the living spirit, yield to other laws, and pass, more or less rapidly, through various transformations of interest in the domain of chemistry and natural philosophy.

What of the spiritual organism? If it could gather up elements and build a physical form at one time, there is no evidence that its power to do this is exhausted by the changes through which it has passed; on the contrary, all analogy would indicate that its power should be augmented by the exercise of its functions, and there are those who advance the theory that it is by repeating the

effort at organization that the wonderful phenomenon of instinct is produced.

The young animal manifests the functions peculiar to its family, without any instruction, and varying this, as local conditions may have influenced its parents, as in the case of some wild animals, which, after a few generations, become fearful of man, although the offspring can have no distinct outward knowledge of man's destructive agency on their ancestors.

This theory of the cause of those wonderful repetitions of peculiar habits called instinct, seems to be more reasonable than that they are altogether the result of peculiar structures or organizations, though these have a modifying influence. The spiritual forms that have passed out of plants and animals when the change called death comes to them, remain for a time in a quiescent state; but being without a conscious identity, the distinguishing trait of immortals, they gradually dissolve and pass into the grand reservoir of spirits; not to be lost, for there is nothing lost in the universe.

The point to which I am particularly desirous of calling your attention at this time, is that there are certain forces belonging to human beings, and more especially to spirits, which are positive to those spiritual forms, and which, when directed toward these, will arouse them into a state of activity in which they will exhibit all their peculiar characteristics, even more strikingly than they did while occupying the external form. Hence the plants and animals that we see in spirit-life, are, first, the spirits of those which still live in the form on earth, and which are grosser and less attractive than the second class which are those that have passed from their earthly tabernacles, and are endowed with a new life by the action of the will-power and magnetism of that spirit whose love for and attraction to them leads thus to an awakening of their energies.

There is a third class of plants and animals here, which I will merely refer to at present. Those who become deeply absorbed and interested in this field, acquire a power of combining the spirit forms of plants and animals so as to form new organizations. This is only an extension of the plan of culture and propagation pursued with plants and animals on earth. These new forms are more perfect here, and the spirit magnetism infused into them may enable them at times to outwork themselves on the external physical plane, and thus add new species and genera to the families of plants and animals on earth.

My recollection of these lessons is very clear, though, like earth-children, I had a very superficial understanding of them. Lessons thus given to us make a deeper and more lasting impression than they do on earth-children. Though they are not recorded in books, records here are kept somewhat after the primitive or barbaric style, in which each individual has a portion assigned to them, which it is their duty to remember. Here, however, we are led to remember by the peculiar impression that any idea makes upon us, and thus the acquisition of knowledge is pleasant and spontaneous. Our teachers are inspired with lively emotions, and, in presenting these truths, they illustrate them in a free and familiar manner, often very amusing, awakening in us a sense of usefulness which excites the faculties, and instead of diverting the mind from the facts presented, actually impresses them upon it.

I was early impressed with the difference between the earth-sphere and this—that here no one sets themselves up for more than they are really worth; while on earth the case is often different; as I sometimes saw, to my amusement, for I soon learned to measure and to pity these little great people.

There is nothing that pleases a child more than natural and spontaneous actions, even if they are not quite so graceful and polished as some that are assumed. Children progress much more rapidly here, because our time is not taken up in learning the polite descriptions and false habits and customs that occupy so much attention in earth-life. We learn here the language which you use on earth; but we find a great difference in it when we come to mingle with earth's inhabitants. One of my teachers told me that a learned Frenchman had said, the chief use of language is to conceal the ideas that you have; and we are often shocked when we hear persons using language on earth, and see, as we always may, their thoughts and actions, and discover that very often they say one thing while their language means quite another. When I began to make these discoveries, I was so repulsed that I felt almost willing to forego the advantages which must accrue from my association with those on earth, who were to aid me in my development. And I wish to impress this fact upon all who love children, for this it is which attracts us to you; and when we find you are not spontaneous, and natural and true, we are chilled and made to feel very sadly. Do not you remember that it took you a long time to get accustomed to these false conditions?—and the only way you could at all reconcile yourselves was to persuade yourselves that you would only do these things for a little while, forgetting the lesson of one of your poets, that

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It is more repulsive to those of us who have no earth experience. When I had been here seven years I could converse quite freely in the English language. I had very little knowledge of the means by which spirits control the inhabitants of earth; still, I had unconsciously influenced many; in fact, no spirit can approach another, either in or out of the form, and not exercise an influence upon them governed by the positive and negative conditions of each. I had often observed, when I was communicating my thoughts to others in the presence of such as were negative to me, they

would soon become in harmony with the thoughts and often utter the words I was using.

Children here usually look upon this as a piece of fun, and call it making persons on earth say and think what we think and desire them to. In this manner a spirit often gets a by-word or an expressive sentence of prose or poetry, and will keep an individual, still in the form, repeating it unconsciously for a long time, neither of the parties being aware that there is a deep philosophy involved in it.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS,
SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND
HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

SECOND SECTION CONTINUED.

The Perpetrations of Depravity.

The foregoing glance at my own experience indicates to my mind the principle, as well as the method, by which the Christian faith is propagated, and the ecclesiastical system prolonged, from generation to generation. The majority of church-goers are Christian-born and nurtured to the popular religion. Some, however, without either Christian birth or breeding, are brought under the sway of ecclesiastical agencies by virtue of their constitutional susceptibility to personal demagoguism. Nearly all of this negative temperament are drawn into the vortex of religious excitement; or Christian pathos, during protracted meetings and other intrigues of clerical interest in churchly revivals. But converts made in this way are often precarious. Their faith is unstable according to the fluctuating zeal of the Church, and they cannot but backslide in the absence of extra "means of grace." If the clergy only understood their work in this particular, and were as corrupt in motive as priestcraft is in name, they would contrive to keep their converts perpetually Christianized, by guarding well the pathetic tethers of Christian fellowship. But the pastor's only policy, which demonstrates both his ignorance and uncraftiness, is to allow none of his lambs to glide out of the fold of turney, without being caught and thrust out with a black mark and a formal declaration that the wolf may have it. This prospective proceeding betrays a meek captive from leaping the figurative walls of Zion, instead of remaining as quiet worshippers, affecting a belief which they can never realize. This is the ultimate condition of all Churchdom to which all human sheep are graduating unaware; though a lurking presentiment of their unwilling destiny, which becomes to every believer a haunting fear of losing one's faith, is the principal reason why there is so much flitting about it. For this slippery faith is much sustained by what Paul calls "the unity of the spirit," which is no other than the sympathetic accord of unified devotion, or the communion of each with all, and all with each, in any association of worshippers, who in their assemblage often constitute a mediæval circle for the descent of "the Holy Ghost," alias the inspirational zeal of disembodied religionists. Thus the Church is en rapport with all its members, which makes all more or less sensitive to the lukewarmness or defection of any. This weakens the pulse of communion, and then a relaxing of faith is individually felt. The believer is alarmed by this experience, and knows not what to make of it, but calls it a "trial," or imputes it to a want of devotion, he knows not why. He is under a cloud and quickly resorts to prayer; and if one is ignorant enough, which too often happens, this subterfuge is pacifying and safe. But such as are naturally intellectual are forced at last to entertain a doubt in the shape of an honest inquiry after the esoteric "evidences of Christianity." Now Christian Protestantism encourages, in so many words, this reasonable demand of an awakened soul. But I tell the would-be believer, in the name of religious experience, that this road leads straight out to Rationalism, and as surely as he pursues it he will find no resting-place until he comes to the mortal end of faith, which is the beginning of religious knowledge.

Now every Christian sect seems to have an inkling of this interest of Reason and consequent "danger of infidelity" which its devotees incur by investigation. Leading churchmen see in fact the same issue of free inquiry that free-thinkers do, only in a different light—the twilight of superstition. In reference to so much of antique Christianity as is obsolescent in Christendom, modern Christians see in the light of Reason. Regarding the prolonged errors of the old Church from which her later sects have recovered—as to such enormities of their "Holy Mother" as have fallen into disrepute in their own minds and are rejected by the "schismatics" of papal and episcopal authority—these reformatory churchmen see not the danger, but the use, of investigation. They are aware that "the Mother of harlots" became such by her repulsion of Reason; and they know, too, that all Protestant forms of Christianity were born of a partial exercise of REASON IN RELIGION—that without this the Reformation would never have begun; and that the original Romish Church remains unreformed simply because its adherents are either unable or unauthorized to investigate the grounds of their faith and devotion. These semi-rational believers know one thing more—that a perfect working of Reason among the dogmas of faith would dissipate the sacredness of every mystery. Therefore they advocate a "limited use of Reason" in religious matters, though in everything else they accept the saying of Bishop

Butler, that "Reason is the candle of the Lord within us." Yet, strictly speaking, they do not limit the use of Reason, but only its application. When they consent to reason at all, they do so in earnest and as freely, if not as shockingly, as their burlesque of "Tom Paine" himself. But there is a certain essential part of their religion to which they say Reason does not apply; and that is, the promises of their creed. They reason always from these, never of their consistency. They are ready enough to show up the absurdity of transubstantiation and priestly absolution; but will tolerate no question of the Divinity of Jesus, or a literal Word of God. All the bickering sects are willing to argue with each other the paltry points of their creedal differences; but none of them will admit the application of Reason to the underpinning of ecclesiastical authority itself—those stark assumptions of Christianity which support "the man of sin" with his "mystery of iniquity," no less firmly than the least odious form of the misnamed "mystery of godliness."

Go to, ye zealots. Reason, however ye list, is the world's leading reformer, and so the Church's tutor. It was the working of Reason in the World, not in the Church alone, which brought about the Reformation. And what is that? Webster tells us it is "the change of religion from the corruptions of popery to its primitive purity, begun by Luther, A. D. 1517." But where is the end of that which Luther began? If the work have reference to the corruptions of popery only, it may have terminated in the days of its leading agent; but if it includes popery itself, then it must continue to unfold until that corruption is abrogated; unless the Chair of St. Peter was among the primitive arrangements of the Church. But in common acceptance the Reformation compasses no less than Protestantism affirms. What then is Protestantism?

Referring again to Webster, I find a Protestant was "one of the party who adhered to Luther at the Reformation in 1529, and protested against a decree of the Emperor Charles V. and the diet of Spire, and appealed to a general council." This is a correct definition of an original Protestant, but not of a later advocate of the same principle, which, when carefully looked after, is identified with Religious Liberty. This is the very antithesis of ecclesiastical authority. I know that schismatic Christians, *alias* the reformatory daughters of Zion, have inherited from their haughty mother the disposition to arrogate religious orthodoxy, whereby they claim to be the only saints—the special favorites of their trine Godhead. In this spirit they have denominated themselves Protestant Christians in distinction from their Catholic cognominators; as if quite oblivious of the fact that there are any other Protestants but such as venerate some priestly mark of religion. Yet it is plain that no Christian is a Protestant in effect of what one believes in common with a Catholic, but by virtue of that wherein one differs from the latter in devotion. In truth, Protestantism does not involve any designation of faith, but rather a degree of intellectual and moral development which institutes independence of thought and action in religion. Therefore he is the truest Protestant who protests most staunchly and astutely against all arbitrary authority, and insists on the absolute supremacy of individual Reason and Conscience. Thus it appears that Christianity is essentially opposed to Protestantism; and the more a mind participates in that, the less it can compass of the spirit of this, or the more a Christian the less is one a Protestant.

Luther was once a devoted Catholic, and grew a Protestant on meeting a mad bull of the Vatican. He protested against the priestly merchandize of hell and traffic in the grace of God; but, though excommunicated therefor, he took good care of his episcopal credentials, and even magnified his authority as a bishop, assuming the pontificate of a new Church baptized in his own reverend name and conserving the doctrine of transubstantiation, together with other sacred mummories of "the man of sin." That he afterward superseded by constabulation, and finally this also has met the ban of a more rational protest by his later followers.

So also the whole Anglican Church was once a limb of the Pope, and might have been to this day, but for the lawless will of Henry VIII., who became a Protestant with no religious scruple and for no principle other than marital infidelity. Wesley was a more respectable, because a conscientious Protestant against the shameful simony and general immoralities of the English clergy; yet he also clung to the bosom of his mystical mother, as an unwashed child, and prized the droppings of no sanctuary without an "Apostolic Succession." But Orange Scott was a more exemplary Protestant in the same line, though less venerable by age of reputation, in succeeding from, as well as protesting against, that hierarchical form of Wesleyanism, whose bishops had sanctified what the first Methodist denounced as "the sum of all villainies."

John Calvin, too, was a Protestant; but not worthy to be named in the same breath with Servetus, though he often is by way of contradistinction. The Puritans all were Protestants against their own oppressors, and of the same lineage as the Quakers; but how it disparages the former to think of their intolerance and persecution of their betters. George Fox and Roger Williams were as lights shining in darkness, but the darkness comprehended them not. Of these and other greatly more than Christians, let the believer, him that hath ears, hear what the spirit of Protestantism saith unto the churches: "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments [with bigotry]; and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." But as to the great body of Christian Protestants, whose race is some centuries junior to the Rational, they are greatly more Christian than Protestant, being more reverent than righteous, loving lordship more than liberty and serving sect rather than self-hood. Hear what the pastor of Plymouth Church says of their policy and its issue:

"There is nothing imaginary in the statement that the great power is beginning to prohibit the Bible as really as Rome did, though in a subtler way. During the whole course of seven years' study, the Protestant candidate for the ministry sees before him an unauthorized statement, spiked down and stereotyped, of what he must find in the Bible, or be martyred. And does any one acquainted with human nature need to be told that he studies under a tremendous pressure of motive? Is that free opinion—the liberty where-with Christ maketh free? Rome could have given that. Every one of her clergy might have studied the Bible to find the Pontifical creed, on pain of death. Was that liberty? Hence I say that liberty of opinion in our theological seminaries is a mere form, to say nothing of the thumb-screw of criticism by which every original mind is tortured into negative propriety. The whole boasted liberty of the study consists in a choice of chains—a choice of handcuffs—whether he will wear the Presbyterian handcuffs, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, or other evangelical handcuffs. Hence it has now come to pass, that the ministry themselves dare not study the Bible. Large portions thereof are seldom touched. It lies useless lumber; or, if they do study and search, they cannot show people what they find there. There is something criminal in saying anything new. It is shocking to utter words that have not the mould of age upon them."

He who thus speaks to the world from the proudest pulpit in Christendom (not the vainest), is the Luther of the nineteenth century. This is no fulsome praise; for there were greater than Luther in his own day; but they were out of the Church, and wore other laurels than his. So Henry Ward Beecher is the best living Protestant only among believers. The Rational Protestant is otherwise declared. Take the following words of that ex-Reverend, unsected, de-Christianized, and so-called infidel preacher, late of the Boston Music Hall, but now among the angels, to represent the full-grown Protestant of every brain-wrought pedigree:

"The teacher of Religion must seek to make all men noble. He is not to make any one after the likeness of another—in the image of Beecher or Channing, Calvin, Luther, Peter, Paul or Jesus, Moses or Mohammed, but to quicken, to guide, and help each man gain the highest form of human nature that he is capable of attaining to; to help each become a man, feeling, thinking, willing, living on his own account, faithful to his special individuality of soul. I wish men understood this, that their individuality is as sacred before God as that of Jesus or Moses; and you are no more to sacrifice your manhood to them than they theirs to you. Respect for your manhood or womanhood, how small soever your gifts may be, is the first of all duties. As I defend my body against all outward attacks, and keep whole my limbs, so must I cherish the integrity of my spirit, take no man's mind or conscience, heart or soul, for my master—the helpful all for helps, for despoils none. I am more important to myself than Moses, Jesus, all men, can be to me. Holiness, the fidelity to my own consciousness, is the first of manly and womanly duties; that kept, all others follow sure."

These earnest words were uttered with no reference to the shallow sentiment of a shabby democracy, that "one man is as good as another," but with pure respect to the principle of human development, which is the end of all natural uses. The right to think and speak one's thought, to have an opinion and enjoy it, has had many obnoxious advocates; but few of these have understood so well as THEODORE PARKER why this right is superlative and should be sacred. It is all because the chief end of Man is to grow; and all growth proceeds from Endeavor to the end of Aspiration, which is the law and order of Inspiration whereby God educates all his creatures. This truth was set forth to the best of my ability in the fifteenth paper of this series. And this is the reason for my protest against implicit faith—the pedestal of every creed: it hushes inquiry, damps the doubter, and so effectively suppresses every yearning of rational aspiration, as to prevent the growth of mind, prostrate the birth of character, and retard the social Wheels of Progress. Christianity wars with Reason to this whole effect. But the end of this warfare is not doubtful. Protestantism is its commander-in-chief on Reason's side; and as surely as that was victorious in Luther's day, and has been in every later battle of creeds, so it will be to the end—end of the Reformation and end of the Church; for the last triumph of Protestantism will be the death of Christianity.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE POOR.

NUMBER TWO.

BY D. N. KINYON.

"We have said that the evils of poverty—the sufferings and crimes produced thereby, cannot be eradicated by the practice of the virtues of temperance, industry and economy, because poverty originates in the institutions of Church and State, and can therefore be eradicated only in their abolition or reformation, so as to abolish the root of the evil. By institutions of Church and State, we mean the rules of action prescribed for men's conduct; written or unwritten, by legislatures, customs or fashions, by which men's actions are controlled and molded differently from their own free inclination and assent, amounting to coercion. By these, all property, real and personal, is appropriated, and the ownership in the living generation particularly prescribed. All children born after such ownership is prescribed and fixed as aforesaid, are born poor from necessity, because there is nothing for them to own, and no property they can claim. They are Heavenless by the Church, and Earthless by the State. The Church monopolizes Heaven, and the State the Earth; and the rope and the cross, and the faggot and the stake, are monuments of the vindictiveness of their power.

Here, then, is the origin of poverty, in the institutions fixing the title of all property and wealth in the living generation: so that the children born after such institutions are established, are born poor. Now they must forever remain poor, unless they obtain property and wealth from the owners thereof. The laws of descent generally give the property of wealthy parents to their children, but such parents can generally dispose of it otherwise by will if they see proper. This is one way that property and wealth pass from one set of owners to another.

It passes also by gifts; but this mode is seldom resorted to in this selfish age of the world. Another mode is to earn it by labor, another to steal, and yet another, and that is robbery. All children are, therefore, born poor, after all property is appropriated, and can get rich by inheritance, if so lucky, in some few instances by donation, can generally make out to live by labor, and may get rich by stealing, robbing, cheating and defrauding. It is thus seen that temperance, industry and economy, have little to do with avoiding poverty.

The children of rich parents have a chance for inheriting property, but the children of the poor have not. Poverty, to them, is inevitable, unless they can procure property by labor, as that is the only thing they have to exchange for it. There is not a foot of earth upon which they can stand without being trespassers; nor are they at liberty to supply a single physical want, except breathing the free air of Father-God and Mother-Nature. While it is indisputable, that the earth and its fruits, and all that contributes to the welfare of mankind, are as free and as untrammelled in the laws of God and nature, to the wants of their children, as the air we breathe. Institutions of Church and State have made distinctions, monopolized to themselves and their favorites, the earth, its fruits, and all else beneficial to man, and shut out much the largest portion of mankind from the bounties of Nature. It is in vain to search for the rights and authorities assumed by Church and State, in the field of Nature's laws, or God's ordinances.

The only title man has to the earth, its fruits, and the stores of Nature, is his *ever present need*, and his right to a supply of these out of Nature's stores is divinely sanctioned in his own constitution. Beyond this he may rightfully appropriate nothing, and to this extent he may rightfully appropriate whatever is within his reach.

Man is not self-created, but is the product of God and Nature, without consultation, option, or choice. He comes forth with a certain constitution, having certain needs, about which he had no choice. If these needs are not to be supplied, or God has not provided a supply in the stores of Nature for them, then God and Nature are at fault, in endowing man with tantalizing needs in his

constitution. On the other hand, to appropriate more than his needs require, would be not only useless but perhaps criminal, as depriving some others of a proper supply.

But here Church and State come in and plead, that to regulate supplies to needs is their chief function, and the necessity for them is so great and pressing, that they are not only not criminal, but instruments of the greatest good. Let us try you upon your merits, and see how you stand. First, then, why do you monopolize Heaven and Earth, and all of Nature's stores in your own and favorites' hands, to the exclusion of much the largest portion of mankind? You stand convicted of shutting up Nature's stores in the hands of the few, leaving the supply of the needs of the many at their option. But again:

Your plea of necessity for Church and State, is a charge against God and Nature, in the formation and endowment of man, that the work is imperfect—man not fitted for his condition and station upon the earth; and to finish the job, and perfect the work, man, the creature of such imperfect and unfinished workmanship, must superadd Church and State. Either man is imperfect, or there is no need of Church and State; and if imperfect, then God and Nature are at fault as his creator. Church and State are, therefore, direct charges of fault in God and Nature, to the extent their government goes, either of omission, in not providing in man's constitution laws therefore, or of commission, in ordaining them wrongfully. If God and Nature have provided in the constitution of man all he needs, in any condition in life he may be placed, then man's government is not only useless, but a warfare against them, in so far as it controverts their government. If they have failed in the provisions of the constitution of man, they are in fault, and if they have not, then Church and State are in fault, and "unmitigated evils." Now, Church and State, escape from this dilemma if you can! Inherently in you is the assertion that God is a fool and you very wise, or that he is weak, and you strong, for if he has not made laws in man's constitution for the exigencies that you assume to provide for by your laws, he is a fool; and if he has, and you think to displace or overcome them by your laws, you must think him weak.

Church and State are, therefore, conceived in blasphemy against God, and are a continual warfare upon his divine laws, implanted in the constitution of his creature, man. Believing that man is endowed and fitted by the Creator for all the exigencies of this mundane life, that he is directly responsible to God, and must atone for his own demerits and sins, all coercion of Church or State are wrong, and the cause of the evils mainly afflicting humanity. Man's needs, ever actual and present in his constitution, are the measure of his rights, and the divine sanction for their supply.

Thus far he has the divine right to appropriate Nature's stores; beyond that he may not go, and would not, if this position were universally recognized. All would then labor to produce supplies, and rejoice to see the needy appropriate them.

Des Moines, Iowa, 1864.

A FEW WORDS FOR THE INDIANS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

To a feeling and reflective mind this warfare against the Indians is painful in the extreme. No backward look is cast upon their former condition by their oppressors; of the uprooting of their forest trees, of the destruction of wigwams and hunting-grounds. Lands and rivers have been taken from them by violence and dishonesty, claims overlooked, promises broken, the very soil upon which God himself had placed the red men refused them even to bury their dead. When, even like worms, they turn upon the heels that have crushed them in their own paths, or when like men they battle for their rights, a hue and cry is raised to put them down, crush them into oblivion, or out of existence, forgetting that they are human beings, with attributes to aspire to, and assert their liberty. While thousands are turning their eyes toward the negro, pouring out money and sympathy for them, the Indians are left helpless, to perish, or to remain the savages the papers report them to be. If they are bloodthirsty and cruel, teach them mildness; if drunkards, reform them by education and good examples. Reforming these men will be of more benefit to mankind than to exterminate them as a race.

If they cannot be blotted out of life, or driven out of their native land, make the best terms possible with them. Try the power of kindness. Give them the reservations they are entitled to from the Government. As owners of the soil, they will be induced to cultivate and improve it. It is not by murder and violence that they are to be made better or more gentle. They are ingenious, and will work, if paid for it, and have many interesting traits of character. All through the history of Indians we read of noble acts; their kindness to prisoners is well known. Black Hawk said, "When the steamboat warrior approached them, he pitied the women and children, and began to make preparations to surrender to the whites, and for that purpose sent out a white flag to meet the boat, which immediately fired upon them. Then," said he, "I fired, too." Was he to blame? and are the Indians of the present day to be blamed for turning upon their oppressors, who are hunting them as if they were wild animals, until they can find no refuge but starvation or death? Can we wonder if they "fire, too"? Up to the year 1774, Logan remained a friend to the whites; but when his whole family were murdered in cold blood, he returned vengeance for vengeance. This same spirit still prevails, blood for blood, and will continue until we treat them differently. Not at once can the Indians be taught habits of industry and prudence; but it can be accomplished. I have lived near the reservation of the Seneca tribe, and seen much that interested me. I have been present at their sacrifices. The attention and respect they pay to the old, the perfect obedience of the young men to the old chiefs, their dancing, chanting and exhibitions, were very impressive. They certainly understand true eloquence. I have corresponded and conversed with Dr. Wilson, Chief of the Six Nations, lately surgeon in Alexandria. He is accomplished, gentlemanly in behavior, and will do all in his power to restore peace among his people. We read in history what Col. W. said of the Chief Cornstalks; "When he arose, he was in no wise confused, but spoke in a distinct voice, with peculiar emphasis. His looks while addressing Dumore were truly majestic, yet graceful and attractive. I have heard the first orators in Virginia, but never have I heard one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of that Chief." Should we not educate these Indians, now demanding our sympathies, give them a chance for life and subsistence. They surely have claims upon all friends of progress and humanity. Let such come forth as their champions, resolved to see justice done them. Write and speak for them, that they may be treated as men and as brothers, and the barriers that cupidity, meanness and dishonesty have raised about them will soon fall, never to rise again.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER THREE.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Christianity rests on faith, abjures nature and repudiates reason: takes marvelous stories on trust, if in its favor and related by its advocates, and calls all others of similar character, illusion, deception, or the works of the Devil; admits the most absurd miracles, if related by Jewish or Christian authors before the carrying away captive of Christianity by Constantine, and since that only those are admitted by each sect that occur inside its creed-bound circles. In fact Christians and Christianity have no philosophy and ask no science to furnish facts or proofs of its truth—they rest wholly on faith, and that supplied mostly by hope or fear. Such religion cannot be adapted to an intellectually developed people, and hence education and the sciences were steadily developing the people of this country out of Christianity and into Pantheism or the icy doubts of existence after death; out of which the phenomena, and more, the philosophy of Spiritualism is now rapidly regaining them, and settling their minds on a firm, consistent, rational, natural and philosophical basis for the belief of life beyond this ephemeral and unsatisfactory state. We have no miracles to believe in, and class all alike, old and new, of Jewish or Heathen origin—Christian or Pagan. We require no faith or belief except enough to induce the mind to examine our facts and philosophy, which are amply sufficient to establish all, and more than Christians could offer, and of far better quality for rational beings. It is NATURE, not grace, that saves us and carries us over the grave. It is fact, and philosophy, not revelation, supernatural and especial, that enables us to know that death is not the end of existence, and that we may fill out the measure of our unsatisfied capacities in another and better sphere of existence.

We can now lay aside the foolish vagaries of the six hundred different creeds of Christianity—abjure its fables as authority and all its specialties of God's favoritism, and accept a sound philosophy resting on science for our religion, and at length furnish a religion that rational and intelligent beings can adopt. With us nothing is to be taken on faith or trust, and nothing can be true that is contrary to nature or natural law. Everything unreasonable is to be rejected till our reason can comprehend and explain it.

We claim to know as much of God and revelation as any being whose intellectual powers does not exceed ours, and we can only see, hear, and feel God in and through NATURE, which our Christian friends tell us is totally depraved. To us she is perfect, and furnishes us the proof we need of another life, and the road to happiness there. The fact of continued existence after death is the greatest, grandest and best discovery science ever made, and meets with a proportionate opposition by the savans, and especially by the wise ones of the churches, who claim to hold and deal out for considerations all the evidence man needs or is to have on that subject, and then a large and most intelligent portion of them tell us it is "by grace, are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

No wonder such absurd sentiments drove thousands to skepticism, from which our philosophy is rescuing them; for we teach—it is by nature ye are saved, and that by your own aspirations, through your own efforts; and that "want is the garner of our bounteous sire, and hunger the promise of its own supply;" that the thirsting soul shall find its nectar and the starving breast its bread of life and love; that an answering note shall surely and soon come from the Christians' "echoless shore" with tidings of recognition and waiting by loved ones gone before; and "this bourn from whence no traveler returns," to Christians, sends many a loved and loving soul back to us to cheer and encourage us on our lonely way, and assure us of their safe arrival there, and of the beauties and joys it is: await the good and the pure—those who are good and pure by nature's laws, not by Christianity, Mormon or Shaker, Methodist or Calvinist standards, but those who have in spite of creeds "dealt justly, loved mercy" and lived truly to the greatest good of each and all in their brief trial life.

WARREN CHASE.

Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 18, 1864.

ORGANIZATION.

BY G. A. B.

Sensing as best I could the general feeling among Spiritualists, respecting the increasingly, if not all-important subject of Organization, before the National Convention met at Chicago, I found there was a wide-spread desire, not to say expectation, among the friends of the cause that it would present some specific plan of organization; or, at least, some practical suggestions or a system of management adaptive to the wants of the numerous gatherings of Spiritualists throughout America, to the end that more unity of heart and action—the source of strength—might ever after characterize them as a moral and religious body; thus giving them a greater portion of that power in the land which rightfully belongs to them. But, however common this feeling was before the Convention came together, no one who was present, or who has since carefully read the proceedings, the different views held and expressed by the different speakers, now regards that occasion as the golden opportunity for definite action respecting the adoption of a comprehensive plan which was likely to become, either immediately or ever, generally acceptable to Spiritualists throughout the land.

It was evident from the first, that the proper time had not arrived for the favorable launching of this ship. A sense of premature provailed. But more than all, it was felt, at least by a few, that the master-builder was not there. An unusually large-hearted, clear-headed, inspired, practical, organizing mind was wanting to guide and govern as by natural right. And so the Convention did not agree upon the adoption of any plan for the addition or multiplication of Associations of Spiritualists; did not unite upon prescribing some general form, rule, or order, to be followed in conducting these societies—leaving it still open for each community to pursue an independent course with reference to the establishment and maintenance of progressive meetings, the selection, transportation and payment, etc., of speakers, the providing for their social necessities and comfort—an item, by the way, too often thoughtlessly overlooked, though ever a consideration of more importance to them than almost any amount of pecuniary compensation—all this, and more, is left to the business of everybody, which proverbially is the business of nobody.

Yet the Convention by so persistently agitating the subject of Organization, unconsciously did far more than what appears on the surface to forward developing the minds of Spiritualists for the speedy accomplishment of the object in question. The soil was prepared, the seed sown, and

In due season we shall rejoice in partaking of the fruit.

The hour is approaching when the subject of Organization, assuming its proper proportions, can no longer be ignored or postponed, but must be met. It will of necessity force itself to a satisfactory settlement. Spiritualists have got to organize sooner or later, if for no other reason than for mutual protection and defence. We are practically much nearer this condition than a year ago. A year hence we shall be "marching on." To no one is given to fully reveal the things thereof.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 28, 1864.

INTUITION.

BY J. H. DEWEY.

I wish to express my gratitude to you, Mr. Editor, and those connected with you, both in and out of the body, as well as to Dr. H. T. Child, for the publication of his able and interesting lecture on "Intuition." I have long felt a hope that he would give to the world the results of his investigations and experiments in this interesting field of inquiry, of which that lecture is but an introduction. I trust, also, that other spiritual philosophers will give more special attention and thought to this interesting theme which has hitherto been treated by them in too vague and indefinite a manner, to reveal its practical benefits to man. I trust this lecture will be followed by others, or by essays from those capable of handling the subject.

Dr. Child's definition of Intuition, that "it is a means of perceiving truth outside and independent of the ordinary channels of the senses," I know from experience to be correct, and hence believe its exercise in the various departments of life to be of great practical importance, not only as an agency for the relief of human sufferings, both physical and spiritual, but especially in the higher departments of spiritual culture. And I believe it is important, also, in its bearings upon spiritual science, and, when once demonstrated, it will forever set at rest all doubt in regard to the independent power of the spirit over its material connections. I believe Intuition is the key which will unlock all the mysteries of soul-life, which will establish a true spiritual science, as well as reveal those inestimable treasures of spiritual experience now hid from external memory, which, if man leads a double life, belong to each human soul. Who that has ever felt the baptism of angel-ministry can doubt this truth?

If intuition is a power of mind, its functions and laws may be ascertained and scientifically arranged. This done, its practical results, for the good of man, are incalculable.

Worcester, Mass.

[Original.]

EVE'S LAMENT ON LEAVING PARADISE.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.)

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

Oh, how desolate is Eden!
I have made it lone;
None are left to love it,
Darkness hangs above it—
Our sad lives will prove it.
Once it was our own.

Why in hours of glory
Had I such unrest?
Why such wild, deep yearning?
Why desires so burning?
Why forever turning
Thirst to know the blest?

Had I not one being
More than all to me,
By the Father given
Ere our hopes were riven,
Ost from out our Heaven
Into misery?

How could he forgive me?
God forgives me not;
All his wrath is glowing,
All his curses flowing,
These, his gifts, bestowing—
Grief is now our lot.

Is there nothing, nothing
Left me in this hour,
But this bitter weeping,
But these vigils keeping,
Eyes that know no sleeping,
'Neath his eye to cower?

Only this is left me
On my weary way:
'Tis to hide my sorrow,
'And glad smiles to borrow—
'Tis to make the morrow
Brighter than to-day.

Will he, as in Eden,
Cheer me with his tone?
Will he never leave me?
Will he still believe me?
And the thought that grieves me—
Am I still his own?

I can bear the darkness,
Dwell upon this sod,
If he holds me ever,
Strong in my endeavor—
Leading me forever
Back again to God.

Pork and its Injurious Effects.

The medical faculty have at all times denounced the use of pork as the chief cause of most of the impurities of the blood, which appear in various forms not only upon the surface of the skin, but in fatal ulcers and scrofulous sores upon many of the internal vital organs. At the present time, when the high prices of pork and lard compel a limited use of them by the people, it seems a favorable opportunity for considering a few suggestions on the subject of pork eating, which we find in a work entitled "Medical Common Sense." The writer says that as an article of diet, pork exerts a most pernicious influence on the blood, overloading it with carbonic gas, and filling it with scrofula. The hog is not a healthy animal. From its birth it is an inveterate gourmandizer—and to satisfy its eternal cravings for food, everything in field or gutter, however filthy, finds a lodgment in its capacious stomach. It eats filth, wallows in filth, and is itself but a living mass of filth. Our bodies are made up of the things that have been picked up from our plates. The humoral properties and inflammatory effect which pork imparts to the blood, tend to germinate vermin in the system. Grub in the liver, kidneys, lungs, and other organs, frequently have their origin in the use of this filthy article of food. The Medical Gazette also asserts that "ape-worm troubles only those who eat pork." It further remarks that the Hebrews are never troubled with it, but the pork butchers are peculiarly liable to it, and that dogs fed upon it are universally so afflicted. In fact, it turns out that a small parasite worm, called "Crysticeans," which much affects pork, no sooner reaches the human stomach, than, from the change of diet and position, it is changed into the well-known tape-worm; and the experiments of M. Kuchonmeister, of Zittora, made with great professional care upon an executed criminal, have established the fact beyond doubt.

LET ME DIE WITH AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY MRS. ANNA H. WOOD.

Were I allowed to choose the time when I would pass away,
It would not be when earth appears in glittering array;
Nor when the first green leaves are seen upon the forest trees,
Making the greenwood fresh and bright for the tired vernal
breath.

When violets and arbutus blooms smile in the morning ray,
I would not then, when all is fair, pass from the earth away.

Oh, no! nor when in spring-tide beauty the hills and vales are
seen,
Bogged all o'er with buds and flowers dropped by the Floral
Queen.

Glowing in all the various hues, touched by the Artist's hand,
That Artist who is everywhere—yet dwells in Spirit-Land;
Nor when rings out the wild bird's song, and all is bright and
gay.

When Nature blushes o'er and o'er—I would not pass away.

Nor even when the robin's song is heard throughout the day,
The season when the rose reflects the sunbeam's rosy ray,
When Summer lingers in the steps of fleeting, dying Spring,
Profusely scattering on my path her wealth of offering;
Waking the woodland harp, and song-bird's sweetest lay,
O'erleaping my sad and lonely hours—I would not pass away.

Nor later still in Summer's reign, when softly sighing winds
Are breathing sweet molten strains among the tasseled pines,
And stirring deep-hued flowers which near the streamlet grow,
Whose rippling waves grow less and less, as slowly on the
flow.

When Cedars, bending 'neath their wealth of fruit and golden
grain,
Are gliding, like an angel fair, o'er every hill and plain;

Nor when the first autumnal month comes with her gorgeous
flowers,
Whose blended tints are gathered all from Summer's waning
hours.

When Nature's hum grows fainter, and shadows all the dell,
And the harvest-moon's clear rays fall on the murmuring rill,
Bathing in silvery radiance the frost-dew's azure spray—
Not then, oh, not then would I pass from earth's joys
away!

But when is borne on every breeze the breath of drying flowers,
And hushed the melody of birds, that sung in summer hours;
When clinging vines are withering, their clusters purple
grown,
Together with the ripened sheaf are borne in gladness home;
When Autumn comes in regal robe, with gold and crimson
crown,
Of polished leaves, with here and there a leaf all seared and
brown!

When Nature's music softer grows, and fainter, fainter still,
Is borne upon the dying breeze that lingers 'mong the hills,
The last, sweet note, the farewell song, the lonely warbler
weaves
For her sister's part companions—the fading, dying leaves—
Then, when my life is finished, I'd linger not, but pray
That I, with Autumn's fading leaves, might gently pass away.
Carmel, Me., 1864.

Children's Department.

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

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

SUNSHINE: OR, ONE OF CATIE ROBERTS'S DAYS.

PART THREE.

EVENING.

Robert and James are in the sitting room alone, and Catie is helping Sallie wipe the supper dishes.

"I tell you what it is," said Robert, "I had made up my mind to go after suckers to-night; it would be capital fun, and I have been contriving a whole week how to do it and not let father know, and now, you see, Catie has upset all the plans by making me want to stay at home. If it was n't for being ruled by a girl I'd stay, for just see what a brisk fire she has coaxed grandpa to build, and then she ran out and gathered as many as a quart of chestnuts, and is going to paring apples."

"Well," said James, "I'm putty much of your mind—I'd rather stay at home. But what there is in Catie to make me want to do right, I don't know; but I believe she is just the smartest girl that ever lived. Somehow she house do n't seem as if it used to be before she came. It seems as if there was more light in it, and I feel just as if I were sitting down on the bank a summer's morning and feel the sunshine. Do you suppose boys can be as good as girls?"

"I reckon we ain't made just alike, but I don't see why boys can't make other people happy as well as girls. I tell you what it is, Jim, I'm going to give up trying to be mean, for I don't believe it's smart as I used to think it was. I've been thinking about what grandpa said about the apples. I'd like to be sweet and mellow clear through; but here comes Catie. Let's pretend we are going out, and see if she'll get vexed."

"Come, Rob," said James, "you 'most ready?"

"See here," said Catie, "who's going to tend the chestnuts?"

"Guess I can," said Rob, "I thought girls knew how to cook best."

"I suppose they do," said Catie, "but boys can eat just as well as girls; and see what a nice lot of chestnuts here is to be eaten; and I was just thinking that for fun I'd take your pictures."

"You do n't know how," said Rob.

"Oh, but I have all the directions in this paper: Pin a sheet of white paper against the wall, grandpa has promised me six sheets of large paper—adjust the lamp or candle on a level with the centre of the paper. Let the one whose picture is to be taken, seat himself so that his shadow will fall on the paper in profile. The one who is to serve as artist must then trace carefully the outline of the head, being especially careful about the eyes and mouth. Then with a sharp pair of scissors cut out the head, and also across the bottom, leaving the front a little deeper than the figure behind, as you will see in medallions. Pin the paper that has been cut from on to a dark shawl suspended in the room, have rather a dim light, and you will find yourself possessed of a very good likeness of the one who sat for a picture. Isn't that splendid? I understand it all, and grandpa has agreed to sit first, and then you will, won't you, Rob? and I have some real sharp scissors."

"But we thought of going out," said Jim.

"To think of a thing is one thing, and to do it another. I wouldn't have you go for the best sixpence I ever saw."

"Wouldn't you, though," said Robert, "Well, I guess we'll stay," and he gave a shy wink to James, as if to say, "There's no such thing as getting that girl vexed."

"But first the apples; you know I promised to help Sallie pare some, and I picked up a heap of basket full before supper," said Catie.

"But I hate paring apples," said Rob.

"Well, you need n't pare; you can quarter and Jim can core; and then I coaxed grandpa to tell us a story, and while he's getting ready we'll just correct each other. Say now, will you?"

"Of course we will," said Jim, "I would n't be

lied to go. Here's my paper with my notes. First, somebody said, 'I don't want nothing!'"

"That was me," said Rob. "It should be, 'I don't want anything.' I know better, and half the mistakes I make are from carelessness."

"The next is by Catie who said, 'It's me!'"

"And what should she have said, I'd like to know?" said Robert.

"Why, it was only this afternoon that I learned about it," said Catie. "It should be, 'It is I,' and I shall never forget again, because I thought about what I read about Jesus when they thought he was a spirit, and he said, 'It is I, be not afraid!'"

"What made them think that he was a spirit if there are no spirits. I guess they used to see spirits in those days just as I do now."

"You do, Catie?" said James. "Do tell about it. I'm half frightened to death thinking of it."

"You need n't be; it was only my dear mother that I saw, just like the sunshine, and I did n't really see, either, only I felt, and I grew so happy that I laughed out loud; and I had only time to say, 'Dear mother, help me to be good.' And I've felt just as good ever since as I could feel. But I did n't mean to interrupt the lessons."

"My list is short," said Robert: "First, by Jim, 'putty much,' for pretty much, 'vain,' for it isn't; secondly, by Catie, 'if I want glad,' for, if I was n't glad. Now, Catie, let's hear your report."

"Apples is sour, for apples are sour; won't do it for nobody; for will not do it for anybody; go long, for go along; go round by the brook, for go around by the brook. There, I have no more; and here comes grandpa, and he's all ready to tell us his story; and here's Sallie with the rest of the apples. Oh, what a nice time we are having!"

"Catie's face looked as bright as the star that shone in at the eastern window."

"So we are," said Rob; "it's a darned—oh, do excuse me, Catie. I'll never use that word again if I can help it; but you see, I've got so in the habit of saying wrong things that I can't break myself in a moment."

"Let me give you an old man's advice," said grandpa; "never gain bad habits, then you will have none to break yourself of. And, if you please, children, I'll take that for the text of my story. You know when I was a boy I lived on the frontier. My father was a good, kind man, and was on very friendly terms with the Indians who used to bring him venison and wild game, and in return he used to purchase beads for them when he went to the town, and he would occasionally give a nice blanket to some squaw. In this way I saw much of the red men and learned to love instead of fear them. I was quite at home in their wigwags, and was always welcome; and nothing pleased me better than to be permitted to go and spend a few days with them.

There was one young Indian a few years older than myself, with whom I delighted to associate. He was brave and fearless, and was quite the pride of the older men; but he had already begun to gain the habit of drinking fire-water."

"What's fire-water, grandpa?" said Catie.

"Why, it's rum, or whiskey, or some kind of intoxicating drink that the Indian very soon acquires a taste for, and that makes him a most wretched being. Tomahonta, for that was the name I always called my young Indian friend, had first been enticed by some bad white men, that he might supply them with furs; and to make him give them a very good bargain, they had induced him to drink some whiskey, and his senses became dull, and he let them do with him as they pleased.

Poor Tomahonta! I shall never forget how ashamed he looked when the old chief, his father, asked him concerning his bargain. The old man suspected something wrong, but said not a word. A few days afterwards the same thing occurred again, and it was evident that Tomahonta was getting in the power of the bad men who wished to make a fool of him. He went often to the cabin of those who traded in furs, and he never looked like himself when he came out. We all felt sorry for him, and especially my father.

One day the old chief presented himself at our door and entreated that I might go and stay two weeks with Tomahonta. He said I should have the best venison, the warmest blankets, and that he would send me home with some of the best skins of the country. I heard him say, also, in a low tone to my father, that Tomahonta had promised to remain at home for two weeks if I would go and be with him, and that if he could not teach him to do better in that time, he would send the lad to the furthest tribe in the North, if it broke his heart. My father assented to my going, though I felt for the first time a little afraid to go. I thought that it must be that Tomahonta was to be punished in some way severely, in order to break him of his bad habit; but my father was so anxious to have me go, and the picture that the chief gave of the forests, gay than any blanket, with their autumn leaves, and of the chestnuts, brown and glistening, and of the beech-nuts, thick as the pebbles in the brook, made me forget all else, and I gladly followed him as he walked with his stately tread in the shortest direction to the Indian settlement.

Tomahonta was waiting for me, and a merry day we had of it. We fished and hunted, and in the evening roasted chestnuts and planned our pleasures for the next day. We did not rise very early the next morning, for we had wearied ourselves with our sports. After we were ready for the morning meal, the old chief entered from the forest, and we were much surprised to see strapped very closely on his back a small piece of wood; but he did not dare to ask any questions, and after breakfast we went about our sports. At noon we found that another piece of wood was bound on the back of the old chief, which he did not attempt to remove, but as they were small they did not seem to burden him much; but what was our surprise at night to find still another closely bound on, and that he did not remove the burden when he lay down to sleep. Tomahonta was so distressed that he could not fall asleep, and we talked of the strange conduct of his father, and wondered what it could mean, but we could not understand it at all. In the morning we found still another piece was added, and although each one was small, yet with all the straps they made a most singular appearance.

Day by day we found the burden of the old man growing greater, as stick after stick was added to his back, and bound closely on. At the close of the week it had increased to a great pile, so that the poor man must have been greatly distressed by it, and I was sure he could not rest by night. So troubled was Tomahonta that he begged me to ask his father to allow some one to remove his burden; but when I approached him he looked so stern that I was afraid to say a word, and I felt sure from his manner that no one but Tomahonta would be permitted to speak to him concerning his conduct. He became worn and haggard, and sometimes seemed to totter under his load, yet still it kept increasing.

On the tenth day, as Tomahonta saw him enter the wigwag, and beheld him scarcely able to stand under the huge burden on his back, he went up to him, and placing his hands on his breast, he begged him to loosen the burden, or at least bear a part of it himself. The old chief looked up with a smile of love toward Tomahonta, and said, "Do you not see what Mawonna, your father, would show to you? See what a bad habit is. See how it grows, and never leaves one; see how it wears and chafes and how down him it takes it up."

I saw Tomahonta's head bend, and his lip quiver, and for some time he could not speak. At last he told the old chief that if he would allow him to unburden him, he would forsake forever his evil habits, and in token of his determination to keep his word he gave the solemn pledges of his nation. His father trusted him entirely, and allowed him to loosen the burden, and he at once removed the huge burden. It had already worn into his flesh, and Tomahonta bathed his back, and showed him every tender attention. I think I never had such a lesson shown to me. All the punishments that could have been given to Tomahonta would not have shown to me so clearly the effect of an evil habit. As to Tomahonta, he

broke himself entirely from that time of the habit of drinking intoxicating drinks, and I, for many years after, never began to indulge in any injurious habit, that I did not see the vision of the old chief, bowed down by his self-imposed burden. I am afraid, however, that for a few years past I have forgotten the lesson, and that I have been carrying a heavy load. What a habit I have had of scolding and fretting, and yet I remember when I scarcely spoke a harsh word. I have been taking up a burden harder to bear than that of the old chief. Will you not help me to unbind it, children? Already Catie has loosened some cords."

"Dear grandpa," said Catie, "I am sure we will—all of us; and you must n't let us get any burdens. I'm sure I shall always think about the wise old chief when I begin to form any evil habit."

"Did you have a good time the rest of your visit?" asked James.

"Oh yes, excellent; and after that Tomahonta grew so good and brave and dutiful that the whole tribe were proud of him. It was a sad day for me when they all went to the far west."

"How good it was though," said Rob, "that they did n't scold him or whip him, but treated him like a man."

Mr. Roberts had come in from his labors, and had heard the story of Tomahonta, and also Robert's remark, and it was noticed that he scolded his boys less ever after.

"Now grandpa," said Catie, "we are to take your picture, for the apples are all done, and the hands of the clock are flying around toward nine. What a nice time we have had! I feel as if I had been away visiting the most beautiful place, and had come back to the best home in all the world. It seems just like summer."

Catie followed the directions for taking the profiles, and soon had a family gallery, much to the amusement of all. When the cordial good-night had been spoken by all, and Catie laid her head down on her pillow, it seemed to her that the beauty and goodness of all the day was floating about her, and as the words of her simple prayer were spoken, "May I sleep in peace, and awake to be very good and very happy," it seemed to her that the loving angels heard and gave her a blessing.

Thus ended one of Catie Roberts's days. What had she done? Made an old man happy, kept her cousins from evil, made them love their books, and helped them to begin to reform their bad habits; and yet she did it all as the sunshine sheds its blessings, by letting her love show itself, and she did no more than any little girl or boy can do who will cherish a loving, sunny disposition.

(Selected.)

THE ANGELS.

"Where are the angels, mother?
Though you have often said
They watched at night around me,
And safely kept my bed;

Though every night I listen
Their voices low to hear,
Yet I have never heard them—
Where are they, mother dear?

And when the silver moonshine
Fills all my room with light,
And when the stars are shining,
So countless and so bright,

I hope to see them coming,
With their fair forms to me;
Yet I have never seen them—
Mother, where can they be?

I saw a cloud this evening,
Red with the setting sun;
It was so very lovely,
I thought it might be one;

But when it faded slowly,
I knew it could not be,
For they are always shining—
Why come they not to me?

"My child, when through your window
Shines down the moonlight clear—
When all is still and silent,
And no kind friend is near—

Are you not glad and happy,
And full of thoughts of love?
Do you not think of heaven,
That brighter land above?

These thoughts the angels bring you;
And though the gentle tone
Of their sweet voices comes not
When you are all alone,

Yet they are always leaving
Footprints on your heart;
And though you cannot see them,
You feel that they are near."

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST—James M. Peckham.

ANSWER TO WORD-PUZZLE—Nagara.

LABOR IS HONOR.

Labor is honor! God's spirit hath spoken:
This is the song that his universe sings;
Through the vast halls of creation unbroken,
Loudly and clearly the glad echo rings;
Up from the hills and the green valleys stealing,
Seeking the light of the bright sky above,
Rises the song to the blue heavens pealing,
Labor is honor, and labor is love!

All the great deeds that are grandest in story,
Living through centuries cherished and bright,
All the great lives that are dearest to glory,
Filling the world with flashes of light;
Words from whose utterance ages are dated,
Thoughts that have held the whole world in control,
Names on whose echoes the proudest have walked,
Are but the offspring of labor and soul!

Not to the eye that glances there lightly
Doth the spirit that turneth there rightly,
Are all its wonders and mysteries told,
And at each step to the soul upward springing,
Cometh new radiance, new light from above,
While in the heart is an angel voice singing,
"Labor is honor, and labor is love!"

Not on her brow doth the earth bear all bright-
ness;
Deep in her breast do the rich diamonds shine,
Down in the wave is the pearl's soft whiteness,
Hiding the gold is the dust of the mine!
Beauty and power, and riches and pleasure,
Safe in the heart are hidden to-day;
Till the key that will open her treasure,
And at its touch, she will give them away.

Light to the mind that in darkness was clouded,
Strength to the spirit that weakness had touched,
Joy to the heart that in sorrow was clouded,
Life to the heart when its life-springs were
hushed.

Truth as their foothold who seek it sincerely,
Skill to the hand when it toils to live,
Eyes that can look up to heaven's light clearly,
These are the honors that labor can give!

From the Spirit of Andrew Low.

We received the following communication from a reliable medium a few days since, with a request to publish it:

I want to communicate with my mother. I promised three years ago when I was sick with inflammation of the bowels, that if I died then I would come back to her. I have now fulfilled my promise. Can I talk with her? She is a believer; I was not, quite. I was the only son she had. I think she is now visiting around among her friends, as I don't see her at her residence.

I died about three months ago. This is the first time I have been back. I find it hard to control the medium. My father is not living; he died when I was small. I had no brothers or sisters. I was twenty-nine years of age, and was temperate—never drank. I thought a great deal of my mother. She used to say she had rather I would die young than become a drunkard. I was her only child, and she was very fond of me. I was hoping to hear from me through the aid of friends. I hope you will tell her I am happy, and have not forgotten her; that she must keep up a good heart, for she will soon meet me in the better land. My name was Andrew Low. I wish you would have this printed in the Banner, so my mother will see it.

ANDREW LOW.

THE FAIRY RING OF HOME.

BY JENNIE VALERHA.

Oh! sigh not for the lofty halls,
Where wealth and splendor reign;
For stunted niche, or frescoed walls,
Or fashion's lordly train:
Though oft for gentle kindness' sake,
We bid those gay ones come,
They often break, but never make
The fairy ring of home!

Though low the cottage walls may be,
They hopes may further fly;
And unto thine and unto thee
The heavens may be as nigh,
And well 'twill be, if hearts that love
Crowd every nook and room,
So from such love, thou ne'er mayest rove,
This fairy ring of home!

Correspondence.

Overland Sketches—No. 3.

Almost home! How gladly I welcome the thought, that after the weary travel and tedium of camp life for nearly five months, I am nearly at my journey's end.

We are now in the village of Chico, in the beautiful valley of the Sacramento. Here fruits of all kinds grow in abundance, and we have feasted the physical, and rejoiced like the prodigal son that there was enough and to spare. It is now almost a week since our arrival here, and I have had a slight attack of the fever that prevails in the valley at this season of the year, but with the assistance of kind spirits, I am almost myself again, and able to resume my pen.

In my last letter I promised to write you from Carson City, but we changed our course and came via the Humboldt River and Honey Lake route instead. We stopped two days in Susanville, the chief town in Honey Lake valley, and county seat of Lassen county, situated at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains, whose pine-covered sides gave rest to the tired eye that had looked so long upon barren mountains and desert plains. We were received by the friends here with a heart-warm welcome; we could not feel like strangers, for they visited our camp with baskets filled with the rich viands of their valley homes. May the choicest of heaven's and earth's blessings ever be theirs, who know so well how to minister to others. Let me mention as foremost among them, Wm. F. Young, Dr. Chumbe, and Mr. and Mrs. Father, and Mr. Johnson.

These friends, with many others (but it would take too much space in your valuable paper to mention) are active workers in the cause of spiritual reform, and members of one of the most prosperous and progressive spiritual societies I have ever seen East or West. They are developing some fine mediums for the various phases of manifestations, some of whom will ere long do honor to the cause as public speakers. They also have a Lyceum, where they meet weekly to discuss the various questions of reform and progress.

I gave here a lecture. The Union Club, which had an appointment for the same evening, freely adjourned, that I might occupy the stand. I stayed the next evening, and heard the Hon. J. B. Hughes, editor of the Quincy (Ill.) Free Press, deliver a speech before the club, and felt myself well paid; and I wish there were more such Union men. Mr. Bugbee is also an earnest investigator after the truth of our glorious Philosophy.

I never could talk or write in a straight line, or tell a story without commencing in the middle and telling both ways. So with these sketches. I should have commenced with Salt Lake, the place where I concluded my last letter.

Salt Lake City, although a very pretty town, situated in a beautiful valley surrounded by lofty but barren mountains, is the seat of an institution more blighting and more degrading than that which is now deluging with blood the fair fields of the "sinner's land" for its detestable and slavish woman. The Mormon theory is that a man may have as many wives as he can support; but the Mormon practice is for a man to have as many as he can get, and make them not only support themselves, but him also.

Our short stay in Salt Lake City and passage of an hundred miles through Mormondom, gave me an opportunity to observe and judge somewhat of the workings of this many-wife system. In conversation with a woman who was wife number three, and latest addition to the harem, she freely confessed that she did not love her husband as she thought she should; she was his only wife; still she believed polygamy to be right—was ordained of God. The Bible taught it, and the Latter-day Saints, through the Mormon prophets, commanded it, and therefore it must be obeyed. I asked another woman, who said she was the fourth wife of a seven-wifed man, if, under the system of polygamy, the domestic circle was generally a harmonious one? She replied that that depended altogether upon the government of the husband. O woman, how art thou humiliated and degraded!

In the rural districts I found that almost every farm, or ranch, or it is called here, had from one to five women upon them, according to the number of wives owned by the proprietor. Occasionally there would be only one large one, the proprietor of which, of course, must be one of the "good government" husbands. It was harvest time, and everywhere we saw woman the co-laborer in the field with man—a very healthy employment if voluntary, but when in addition to presenting to her lord and master annually a young Latter Day Saint, in obedience to the command of their Latter Day prophet, she is forced to do the labor of a field-hand, as well as the drudgery of the household, I think it is demanding too much of her nature and constitution.

Between Salt Lake and the Sierra Nevada mountains, the country is a barren, arid, and water, hot springs and sinking streams, or streams that rise in the mountains, wind their way through the valleys, and disappear altogether. The Humboldt is the largest of these valleys, and affords an abundance of grass for the stock of the emigrant, which has by this time, become thin and enfeebled. This valley is being rapidly settled, and these surrounding mountains, that look so barren, are rich in mineral wealth, which is being fast developed by the untiring skill and energy of man. This mineral wealth is bringing into existence towns and cities, as it were, in a day.

Lancaster, on the Humboldt, the first town we came to after leaving Salt Lake, is one of the towns thus called into existence, and glad were we to find in it a people like ourselves, with whom we could freely talk and feel safe. They were very pleasant, social and intelligent. We found Mr. and Mrs. Bethell, formerly of Newburg, Ind., and Mr. Fred. Rohrer, of Petaluma, Cal., all Spiritualists. We spent a very pleasant evening with them. Mr. and Mrs. Bethell were acquainted with the prominent spiritual lecturers, and were earnest in their inquiries after them. Mrs. B. mentioned F. L. Wadsworth, Laura De Force Gordon, and many others, with much love.

I have now an engagement for a course of lectures in this place, after which we go to San José, where we shall probably make our future home. I shall again, after resting awhile, take the secure-field, as my services are demanded. When we get settled so that we can tell the publishers where to address us, we shall again gladly welcome that long-missed sheet, the Banner of Light. When I learn more of this country—something interesting to your readers—I will communicate it.

Ever yours for Truth and Right,
Mrs. C. M. STOWE.

Chico, Butte Co., Cal., Sept. 23, 1864.

The Contest of the Age.

Never in the history of man's existence upon this planet was there ever a time so deep with interest as the present! Behold the immortal powers as it bursts forth from every human spirit! Awake, wake, wake is being reflected back to almost every household, and the mourners are filling the streets laden with grief for some darling object. The great Battle between Civilization and Barbarism is now being fought, or in other words between Animal and Spirit life!

Let the Banner of Light unfold its wings over heathen monuments throughout our land, until

the God of Devils shall leave the followers of the lowly Nazarene, and make room for the Angels of Mercy, Peace, and Quietude; when love and harmony shall abound. Then, very soon, shall the elements of death be banished from our beautiful earth; and the glowing inspirations of immortal beauty will cast a radiance around that shall fill the souls of men with love. Then the Millennial day will dawn, and we shall have war no more.

It will be by a regular process that the earth will be purified; but the day will surely come when there will be no subtle elements of death arising from our earth; no dangers nor lightnings; the stench gases and combustible matter that produces disease will be destroyed. Let us search for knowledge, and try to elevate ourselves in the scale of life, and I am convinced we shall then enjoy life and be satisfied with our condition.

Spiritualism is moving along, and underlying all the elements of life. Keep the ball rolling.
Napoli, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1864. A. BUSHNELL.

Physical Manifestations in Brooklyn, New York.

A number of letters having been addressed to me, (and I presume many others will follow) in relation to certain manifestations occurring at my house in Brooklyn, will you permit me to give our friends the facts through your excellent paper.

For weeks past we have had physical séances at my house, the principal mediums being Miss Jennie Lord, (now in Philadelphia,) Mrs. Ferris, of Toledo, Ohio, and the Eddy Family, consisting of Horatio G., William H., and Mary E. Eddy, from Vermont, and also some three partially developed mediums. Of their manifestations the press and the public generally have spoken in the highest manner, and as part of them are given in the light, they carry conviction with them.

Some two weeks since, after our usual nightly séances and all had retired to bed, we were aroused by the beating of drums, the slamming of doors, and the crash of breaking furniture. Supposing burglars in the house, we left our beds, got lights and made a general search. The house, however, was perfectly secure, every door and window fastened, and no possible way of gaining access from without. As the noises came principally from the Circle Room, I examined it more carefully and secured it anew, locked the door and took the key out. We had scarcely reached our rooms, however, when the noises were renewed with greater violence, but in this instance they tended all over the house. Since that time up to the present they have continued with more or less violence, accompanied by the displacement of articles of furniture and apparel, through the day, and in parts of the house where no one could have access without my knowledge. Some of our friends have remained after the circles to see the truth, and are satisfied that they are produced by some other agencies than ours. Of the messages received from spirit-friends about them and their cause I at present say nothing. We would all, however, feel grateful if the subject could be brought before your Circle and fully explained.

With respect, gentlemen, yours truly in the cause,
Dr. J. G. RAY,
138 Washington street.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1864.

Timely Suggestions.

In a late number of our weekly visitor, I read an article from a kind brother, who did a good thing for the Banner by way of a contribution. Our brother alludes to the custom of bygone days of making donations to sustain the "Old Ship Zion afloat," that its sails might be made more attractive; while it is now well known that the members of the several Orthodox Churches, in addition to the salaries paid to their ministers, make liberal donations for their support and to sustain the cause in which they are engaged.

The Banner, to me—and I trust, to all of its patrons, is not only a minister, but a first class lecturer, a good family visitor, and, I might say, a thousand good things more to us, which we ought to duly and properly appreciate. Cannot Spiritualists meet in their respective towns, villages and rural districts, and agitate the subject of donations? make choice of some suitable person to receive and forward whatever may be given to sustain the Banner and its Free Circles? A small sum from each Spiritualist would amount to a big thing in supporting the cause of Truth and Liberty in which we are bound to lend a helping hand.

Sudden and unexpected changes are liable to come upon us unlooked for in these exciting times, seriously affecting business and industry. In such cases something to fall back on is not only desirable, but very convenient. The Herald has gone down, at least for the present. To every true Spiritualist it would be indeed mortifying to have your excellent and beautiful sheet fail to make its weekly visits.

I am not ignorant of the fact that there are not a few true and good-hearted Spiritualists in every circumstance who do not patronize the Banner. Friends and brethren, let us do all we can to sustain this most interesting and valuable paper. Then, in addition to the blessing of our Heavenly Father, we shall receive the approbation and smiles of the angel-world.
J. D. ALDEN.
Darien, Wis., Oct., 1864.

Intuition against Intuition.

Dr. Child, in a tract on "Soul Affinity," testifies, from intuition, that for every individual soul—male or female—born into this world, there is a counterpart soul—of the opposite sex, and of the same time in the spirit-world. These are each one's true and eternal mate. The Doctor does not try to prove this. I understand him to admit that he cannot prove it. I here testify from intuition, that there is no such soul here.

I might stop here. What is gained? Simply nothing. We all should know that intuitive doctors disagree, and will add nothing to the plan of the tract—I see the laws and principles which make his statement mentally and morally impossible. I can give these laws—so can give proof of my negative proposition. I would like to do so; but as I think you may not like to give place for it in the Banner, I will close by asking the Doctor to define "soul affinity."

The Doctor makes this "soul affinity" always of the opposite sex. Then it is sexual. Doctor, is it simply all of the amative, or is it all of the faculties? If "the amative," then what is the amative? Is it simply the sexual? and does not the amative comprehend all the sexual, and so connubial? Or is this exclusive "soul affinity," more or less than the amative or sexual? Of course souls are negative and positive, male and female—and in this sense, sexual and connubial. Will the Doctor please define?

Respectfully yours and his,
AUSTIN KENT.

P. S. Is this "soul affinity" a union of the mental and affectional, or of the affectional only?

A. K.

From H. P. Fairfield.

In keeping my promise, Mr. Editor, and in compliance with the request of my numerous friends, I take this favorable moment to inform them that I have nearly recovered from the severe injury received by the upsetting of a stage-coach while on my way home from the late Convention held in Maine, which so disabled me that I could not fill my engagements in Taunton, Exeter and Portland. It caused me much trouble of mind to disappoint the faithful friends of humanity in those places, but I could not help it, and they will understand the real cause of my absence so long from the lecturing field.

As soon as I was able to ride, I visited my relatives and friends in the West. Here I find that the cause of Spiritualism is rapidly progressing, and the love for the Banner, which gives so much light and truth on the subject of man's immortal spiritual nature, is constantly increasing; and another fact I notice, that wherever it is taken and read, I find an earnest, faithful, cooperative people in all that is good, noble and spiritual. All unite in saying that the light of the Banner which has so illuminated their minds, must never, never

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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 affirms, through a careful, reverent study of facts, a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is the only true philosophy, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Spiritualism.

The Spiritualists seek to make some explanations of points which must have frequently struck the unbiased observer. We cannot help wondering, in the first place, why spirits take the trouble of coming back here at all, if they have nothing more intelligible and important to communicate than what we are shown as the substance of their remarks; and in the next place, why are we to inquire why they make the presence known by the very undignified, not to say positively silly and disagreeable methods commonly adopted. There is something inexplicably dismal in the thought that any portion of our eternity is to be employed in thumping on tables, tilting chairs, upsetting vases, ringing hand bells, playing on the accordion, and assisting to carry a medium about the room, as the Parisian riddle-hunters in triumph on their shoulders after a favorite quadrille at a masked ball of the Porte St. Martin theatre. Pass in review the whole programme of what are called spirit manifestations, and you find the actors engaged in planning together the dresses of two ladies, taking the comb out of the hair of a third, twacking some man by the nose, hanging a little around the neck of a judge, tying a handkerchief in knots, throwing a Bible upon the floor, and dragging tones out of an accordion, muffled tones in the spirit-world being apparently as necessary to the spirit as the tones of a drum to the corporeal. Our friend the Spiritualist says, remarks like these are made in his presence, that it is much more easy to cure a patient than to make a satisfactory argument, and that hardly any sketch may not be drawn in ludicrous distortion. But we reply that we take the simple statement of the fact that the Spiritualists are in the habit of exaggeration; this every one acquainted with the literature of Spiritualism knows.

But when these spirits have succeeded in making their presence felt, why do they not say something which shall at least be worthy of their earthly intellect? We could refer to a book published nine years ago, and entitled "The Spiritualists," which contains the words of Swedenborg, Bacon, Clay, Webster, and various other great men. The language put into their mouths would have done credit to the best of the great. It is a somewhat cramped and unsatisfactory place at the best; but if the next time we see a Spiritualist, we could tell him that the Spiritualists are in the habit of exaggeration; this every one acquainted with the literature of Spiritualism knows.

It might be said that the Spiritualists are in the habit of exaggeration; this every one acquainted with the literature of Spiritualism knows. It might be said that the Spiritualists are in the habit of exaggeration; this every one acquainted with the literature of Spiritualism knows.

The above article appeared recently in the *Salem Gazette*, whether as editorial, communication, or clipping from some other journal, is not manifest. Our attention was called to it by a friend, who requested us to notice it in our columns, on its merits. (?) We at first were disinclined to bestow upon it any special regard, as similar flings at Spiritualism recur so frequently in the public journals, that were we to devote our time and space to answering them all, we should be guilty of sadly neglecting our more legitimate duties, and fall of the better purpose of our labors—which are constantly devoted, from week to week, all the year round, to a varied and comprehensive enlightenment of the mysteries of this theme, for the benefit of all who choose to avail of our service, and who have honest desires to exchange their ignorance for an intelligent understanding of the great principles, marvelous phenomena, and exhaustive truths of Spiritualism.

A respectful and thoughtful perusal of our weekly efforts in this direction—feeble though they may be—would be found and acknowledged, by candid minds, to offer a wholesome and irresistible refutation of the fragmentary, carping criticisms, which crop out in the public press—religious and secular—ever and anon, in bristling philippics and contemptuous interrogatories, that in self-constituted judicature, presume to rebuke and expose what they style, our high-handed outrages upon innocent credulity; thus compelling the mercenary authors of the spiritual phenomena (as they affect to esteem us) to undergo the penalty of condemnation without appeal: for these journals, commonly, show little disposition to admit to their columns any refutation of their own theories, or reversals of their final judgments, and their readers and patrons are least likely to resort to ours for countervailing testimony.

This Salem production manifesting a somewhat better temper of inquiry than is usually indulged by the opponents of our great idea, we have thought to make it serve a useful purpose, by printing it here as a text to some reflections, that we desire to be a standing answer to all similar representations of Spiritualism, and possibly be the means of securing its claims and merits a more respectful recognition.

We take this occasion to declare, that we are altogether too manfully proud of our adoption of Spiritualism, (with all the glory that, we are most solemnly convinced, attaches to it, and all the shame that the abuse of its high and holy purposes, by ignorance and charlatanism, has brought to its charge), to stoop to the level of controversy, which the disgraceful attacks of its enemies strive to provoke; and we only grant our opponents the indulgence of our notes for the purpose of inclining them to adopt a manner of treatment more worthy of their manhood, than the captious, narrow-minded and distorted cross-examinations and pot-tifogging special pleadings, which are the constant burdens of their utter misapprehension of the spirit and purpose of the grandest dispensation ever vouchsafed to benighted man.

We do not flatter ourselves that the task we have undertaken will be so satisfactorily accomplished, as to fully secure the result we may desire to attain—the theme is altogether too vast proportions to be successfully limited to the columns of a newspaper—but we hope to be able to place our subject in a light where its difficulties and present necessary crudities will appear with such force, to minds who have only bestowed a superficial investigation upon its unfoldments and providential purpose, as to prove its grand features worthy of profound consideration.

The exceptions taken, in the foregoing article, to Spiritualism, in its varied phenomenal phases, revolutionary aspects, and special significance, are,

mostly, exceedingly shallow, and the whole article, to an intelligent Spiritualist, bears the stamp of unintelligent ignorance of the entire matter. Yet here, in our final substance of what is commonly offered by the uninitiated, as a comprehension of its developments and grand design; and we will endeavor to sweep from the murky horizon and clouded firmament of our casuistic circle some of the cobwebs that so obscure his free vision, that, like all others on his plane of observation, he seems to us

"To live at stars, and fasten in the mud!"

"Spiritualists are called upon to make explanations," &c. Well, why has not the writer called upon us, for instance, who have the largest facilities, without doubt, of entertaining his interrogatories, and of answering them *pro bono publico*? Our large corps of correspondents, the ablest among Spiritualists, can be drawn upon, at sight, for an exposition that will meet the demands of the most exacting questioner. And suppose he should call, and we confess our inability to satisfy some of his inquiries, even by a resort to the best source of intelligence upon these matters—the spirits themselves—what then? Must Spiritualism be pronounced null and void—a mere illusion? Ecclesiastical bodies have been, for hundreds of years, importuned to solve the mystery of the Trinity, with all its train of irrationalities, by respectable and intelligent skeptics, but have confessed their utter inability to do so, and have cast the burden of proof on the skeptic's "want of faith." Is the doctrine of the Trinity the less accepted and proclaimed in consequence? Nay, all the more!

Spiritualists are quite willing, and perhaps too ready to relieve the doubts and misgivings of any who respectfully question them upon the obscure points of their faith, to which exceptions may be taken. But very few, comparatively, who are Spiritualists by profession, are therefore philosophers enough to settle the deep problems involved in the seeming antagonisms and absurdities that a superficial view of spirit intercourse so readily discovers. But we are reminded that our Salem critic calls upon representative Spiritualists only, for enlightenment upon the uses, for illustrations of the purposes already accomplished, and to know the ultimate value of Spiritualism.

We might here indirectly reply: the whole matter has not yet had the co-operative efforts of able minds to systematize and solidify the multifarious and diverse experiences of individuals into a homogeneous form for the popular understanding—which may be laid hold of at a single grasp, as a scientific treatise upon the shelf of a library; though sundry attempts have been commenced in this direction. It takes time to accomplish this organization of scattered materials into concrete system. Even the great body of Spiritualists themselves, have not yet been gratified with such an exposition as demanded—which they would be exceedingly thankful to possess. Still we do not confess, by this admission, that there is not already extant a sufficiency of intelligent evidence and philosophy to overwhelm the entire category of objections that have been raised—as if the very Devil was to be encountered in personal onset—by the really terrified, though unblushingly impudent revilers of Spiritualism and Spiritualists, who would, by their vociferous howlings, lay the theocratical ghost that so recklessly detroned their own darling spiritual idols.

The reality of spirit-intercourse is not denied by our critic, except, perhaps, by implication. The very dubious utility of what he characterizes as the sum of Spiritualism, would rather lead one to infer that, though he might acknowledge the fact of some remarkable hocus-poens called spirit manifestations, he ignored any reputable Spiritualism as attaching to or growing out of them. The point he would enforce evidently is: Spiritualists, by what are called circles and mediums, and through the instrumentality of various publications, affect a superior knowledge and wisdom to the rest of mankind, as derived from the supernal world; and the common sense of mankind, outside of their ring, fails to discover any valuable fruits resulting from communion with that higher order of life—which ought to startle the world, if brought into connection with it, by revelations which would flash out intelligence in such lines of lightning vividness, that all mortality must, at a glance, be overwhelmed with the reality, and almost miraculous changes be wrought in the human character in consequence! We shall take it for granted, that the discussion of the grounds of evidence that spirits do communicate with us, is not required, in this instance, and proceed upon the supposition of a tacit admission of this preliminary truth.

The acknowledged difficulties, by spirits themselves, of contact with gross material elements, cannot, even yet, well be appreciated by us, with all our careful study of the means and principles they employ; much less can those who look only upon the bald phenomena, form any reasonable estimate of the delicacy and fine conditions attending the processes spirits must adopt, in order to bring their powers to bear upon the human mediums, through whose organisms alone they can produce effects appreciable by the senses. It is necessary to be acquainted, to no inconsiderable extent, with the laws of the imponderable elements, before any understanding can be gained of the obstacles spirits have to encounter, and which often render their communications liable to misconception and erroneous interpretations, from imperfect control.

It ought to be a matter of unbounded astonishment to mortals—at this late stage of human progress—that spirits can produce the singular manifestations of power we witness, in the various physical activities shown to our senses through their unmistakable intervention. And it is not manifesting very grateful advances of hospitality, on our part, toward our departed friends, to be unwilling to allow them to exercise their own choice of the mode and manner of making their presence known to us. It should be remembered that, having been deprived of the medium of their own physical bodies, they must be somewhat restricted in their powers to indulge us in evidences of their nearness to us, palpable to our senses. And again it should be borne in mind that, without the materialistic modes which they adopt, they could have little hope to make any impression upon us; for we are so utterly unspiritualized, ourselves, so thoroughly materialistic in our philosophies and manner of thinking, a purely spiritual communion would be an almost impossibility for us. Even though our "illiterate" mediums were inspired with sublime conceptions, and their utterances exhibited wonderful versatility of intellectual powers, yet, without the preliminary accompaniments of physical phenomena, such inspirations would rarely be attributed to their real source. Philosophers would spring up from the fertile imaginations of men, to plausibly account for the extraordinary affluence of mediums—as in Coleridge's "objective" and "subjective" mystification, in explanation of apparitions—and spirits would be as really distant from us as ever.

So it need not matter to us—if the phenomena we witness through "physical mediums" do seem, in themselves, "puerile" and "silly"—what is their character so much, as whether or not they are genuine. Spirits constantly advise us that they re-

quire the greatest harmony—especially in large and promiscuous circles—to exercise their powers in the handling of material objects; and to secure this harmony and maintain it—that mental equilibrium which is the attendant of cheerful good humor and unprejudiced attention—they resort to the very "ridiculous" manifestations, so exceptionable by the over-fastidious, well knowing that laughing good-nature, though excited by apparent trivialities, is much more conducive to the success of their experiments, than such dismal sanctimoniousness as is the usual concomitant of sectarian conferences and prayer-meetings. Moreover, the changes spirits have undergone in the other life—especially those who have more recently departed from our midst, and who are thereby most ready and freest to communicate with us—is not what death has commonly been believed to produce. The same characters spirits in the earth-life have formed, distinguish and identify them for a long time after their disembodiment; and when they return to us, through our mediums, they necessarily re-present themselves. And as not the larger proportion of mankind, at death, descend to the lowest hell, nor rise to the highest heaven, but attain an average middle condition of spirit-life, according to moral, accountable development, we have no reason to expect of spirits greater exhibitions of intellectual power or moral exaltation, than should naturally ensue upon their earthly cultivation.

If a circle seats itself in a private dwelling for the purpose of entertaining spiritual guests, these latter, on grounds of common politeness, avail themselves of such material for physical manifestations, as their hosts provide. Were they to propose an elaborate programme, and engineer the supply of mechanical appliances, not entirely simple and obvious to any observation, the skeptical cry of "collusion" would be raised without stint, and prejudicial allusions to necromancy and prestidigitation would be the ready refuge of the more obtuse. When the resources at hand are not obnoxious to the charge of complication, but are limited to the common articles of household utility or ornament, the reality and convincing evidence of the spirit manipulation of these is all the more manifest and cogent. For example, in often repeated instances, when flowers adorn the place of entertainment, these "silly" visitors have astonished the circle by magically extracting their odor, and dissipating the perfume to the gratified senses of all present; and upon inspection of the said flowers, their previous fragrance is found to have utterly departed.

"Pass in review the whole programme of (physical) spirit-manifestations," and it will be found that no more positive and convincing evidences could be afforded—with the materials at command—of the power of disembodied intelligences to demonstrate their actual presence to the most exacting materialist. And "the part of their eternity" that is thus "passed" by them, must be exceedingly satisfactory and delightful; for they, in this overwhelming manner, prove to the dwellers in mortality, what no other power of intelligence, through any "revelations," has, in the ages, succeeded in establishing; that Immortality is a fixed and unmistakable reality for the human mind. Look upon the labored efforts of the centuries, that cram the great libraries of the world, to settle this mighty truth, and consider the practical atheism that rankles in the lives of millions, blest even with the highest civilization; then look upon this other picture of these "ridiculous" and "silly" exhibitions of spirit-power, that force upon the most stubbornly atheistical minds inevitable and lasting conviction of the glorious truth, that "if a man die, he shall live again."

The less developed, and therefore more materialized spirits, those who have not emancipated themselves from the external influences of the earth-life, possess the greater facilities of coming into immediate relations with, and of controlling gross matter; and such spirits fulfill their part of the great mission of penetrating the barrier that divides the spiritual and "natural" worlds. As their offices in this direction are still demanded, and will be till the whole world comes to acknowledge the fact of spirit-intercourse, they will undoubtedly continue their demonstrations, till they succeed in forcing the generality of mankind up to a higher plane, where the higher efforts of more advanced spirits shall become more universally operative.

"Why do not spirits say something, worthy of their earthly intellect?" It must be remembered that the spirit-world is peopled by every grade of intelligence and ignorance, of spirituality and infidelity, which this earth has sent onward as fruits of its cultivation or degradation; and that the avenues of intercourse being open alike to all—the undeveloped elements of this life being carried into the next, must continue to work out the legitimate products of their imperfections; and therefore we should expect to meet with the same features of character—in indiscriminate intercourse—as are common on the earth. As the disembodied, from their impalpability to normal vision, have greater facilities for imposing deception upon us than mortals even, it need not be surprising that we should be, under certain conditions, subjected to the wicked practices of malicious spirits—especially in their attempts to palm themselves off upon us in assumed personifications; and that these, obscuring our mediums, sometimes give utterance to such unmitigated nonsense, as "would disgrace the lowest graduate from a school for feeble-minded youth!" All we need say upon this point is: it is a notorious fact that such impostures are possible, and much more common than they need be; and it behooves the investigator, and experienced Spiritualists also, to be on their guard against them, and not allow themselves to be beguiled into the delusion that they are holding converse with great earthly intellects, who register their own condemnation in every sentence they utter. There are methods, and of easy application, to remedy all such impostures, and to secure against their repetition. As you saw, so shall you reap—which signifies in its intended application here, that the same spirit which characterizes the investigator, or any communicants with spirits, will be most likely to meet its counterpart in the communicating spirits—on the principle of the great spiritual law, that "like attracts like." Be right-minded and honest yourself, and you will find little occasion to complain of the spirit-company you will be apt to encounter.

No intelligent, or even common sense Spiritualist, is so indiscriminate in his acceptance of spirit revelations, as to submit his mental digestion to the assimilation of such unpalatable trash—as literature—as many misguided, ill-judging, over-zealous and credulous individuals have encouraged and perpetuated through the printing press, simply because coming from the spirit-world. Such weakly exhibitions of intellectual, as well as moral power, may serve the purpose of evidence to prove that spirits become, on their inception of the new life, just what they have made themselves in this; but because they can speak to us in our vernacular, is no reason why we should accept their representations, or follow their ill-advised teachings. Spirits who prove their claims to the better order of our fellowship,

and manifest superior cultivation in their communications, and who constantly illustrate their reliability, by every rational testimony we could ask for, over admonish us to assert and maintain our own individuality, and to exercise our most critical discrimination and judgment, in receiving instructions and advice from the spirit-world. They enjoin upon us to employ our own best reason always, and insist upon it as our duty, in holding intercourse with spirits, never to blindly yield our own convictions to their arbitrary dictations. All concurrent evidence of reliability should determine the acceptability of any spirit production for truthfulness and authoritative excellence.

We should think our critic had limited his acquaintance with "spirit literature" to the very flimsiest publications extant, and which Spiritualists would be the last to recommend, as at all representing the grand revelations of spirit-life which have been opened to us; for he thinks that "annihilation would be a priceless boon, compared with immortality under such a puerile round of spirit-life," as he seems to have become advised of. We have no means of knowing what this "puerile round" embraces, in his view, without it be limited to the "manifestations" which spirits are constrained to make, in order to bring life and immortality to light to a benighted world—the highest accepted source of whose spiritual knowledge is confined within the compass of a single book, whose advocates, even, confess themselves unable to comprehend it. Well, we will admit the puerility, but at the same time we cannot but feel how adequate a pupilage the world offers, in the shallowness of its spiritual wisdom, to need such "ridiculous" and "silly" evidences to convict it of God's purpose in creation, endless and progressive life for all mankind. Even such a "puerile round of life" were infinitely preferable to the commonly received idea of infernal and heavenly existence in the future;—the former, an everlasting weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the flames of hell-fire—the latter, an endless "round" of psalm-singing and undisturbed rest, as the final state of the soul's repose.

But we take the liberty to assure our unsatisfied beholder against the crudities of Spiritualism—and on our veracity—that he will not fail to discover—by diligent search in the right direction, and with a worthy spirit of inquiry—a panorama of the "better land," and its round of life, that, in attractive loveliness and desirableness of possession, in diversified activities of all that is possible in the utmost reach of the spirit's capabilities for exercise and enjoyment, would immeasurably transcend the conceptions of any soul on this earth. He would moreover learn, that the spiritual sphere of *remorse* was only limited, in its dispensation, to a righteous compensation for all the "broken laws" of God—which spirits represent as being "hell enough for any one."

With regard to "spirit literature"—which our Salem Solomon dignifies in such absurd manner, by allusion to some "nine-years old" production, which he willfully or stupidly "reproduces" in order to exhibit "without exaggeration" its representative character—we have to observe, that though the field has not been occupied, but to a limited extent, by publications of the "better sort" of revelations from the spirit-world, yet there is not lacking a goodly array of samples of what sparkling gems of spirit wisdom and celestial beauty lie in waiting for any one who will undertake the labor of securing and reproducing them. We need not here furnish a catalogue of our spiritual library; another portion of our paper is wont to call attention to the claims of many of these specimen productions to popular favor; and the flattering, though reluctant notices of some portions of the press and critical reviews, have already measurably acknowledged their remarkable merits.

Perhaps the most instructive portion of spirit literary contributions has been furnished publicly, through our best trance, speaking mediums; too many of these efforts being unavoidably suffered to rest where they fell, upon the minds and in the memory of the listeners. If the best productions of this sort, to which we have many a time listened with deepest interest and intense satisfaction, are "jargon" and "gabble"—though passing mechanically through the mental and vocal organism of illiterate persons, often—then we know not what constitutes fine composition—in prose or poetry—rhetorical beauty, or the elegances and refinements of true oratory: we know not what to regard as masterly analyses of the grandest truths of Nature, and the elucidation of the interior and comprehensive principles of her government—such as the deepest soundings of our wisest philosophers and ablest savans have utterly failed to fathom. We are entirely satisfied that the world may be safely challenged to produce more splendid literary efforts, than these unwritten sermons display—and this through all the difficulties of "spirit control" before promiscuous audiences, greatly detracting from their perfectness, otherwise, under finer external conditions; spontaneous and unstudied, often, from the very fact that the audience is allowed to select the theme of discourse, and afterwards to critically interrogate the speaker at will upon any point suggested by, or relevant to the subject matter of the address.

These messages from the upper world admonish us, in thunder tones of eloquence, of our spiritual lethargy, of the base ends of our living, our narrow and unworthy views of God and the future life; they strive, by all the worthy artifices of word-pictures and insinuating logic, to awaken in our dormant souls enthusiastic aspirations for a nobler devotion of our privileges and powers to the high purpose of our creation, the spiritualization of our earthly being, fit to be transplanted into the realm of immortality. It is unnecessary to amplify encomiums upon the exalted merits of these spiritual admonitions and revelations; they are above all praise, and only need to be heard, or read—as many of them may be, for all are not lost to our literature—to command the admiration of the most fastidious and critical opponents of Spiritualism.

And now, finally, we are asked "to show some fruits of the growth of Spiritualism worth the plucking." We will endeavor to at least hint at some of the practical good ensuing from this terrible "delusion." It inoculates a pure and unadulterated natural religion, free from all superstitious reverence for ancient, time-honored mysteries; and while repudiating the priest-hallowed juggles of mystifying rites and external ceremonies, that pass current as "divine worship," it enjoins a pure and simple living in obedience to the laws of Nature, dependent upon the cultivation of all the powers, faculties and affections of body, mind and heart; and their every-day exercise in works of usefulness and deeds of brotherly charity and benevolence, under the prayerful recognition of a God of infinite wisdom and unbounded love. Spiritualism sanctions no authoritative creeds, nor religious formularies, as binding upon or restricting the utmost freedom of the individual—in a word, utterly repudiates all sectarian rituals, and restrictions of individual liberty to worship God in the singleness, but endless diversity of the individual conscience. Conscious

of the baneful prejudices which ecclesiastical polity has ever, in the past, engendered against an acknowledgment of the universality of truth, Spiritualism would steer its bark clear of all organized limitations of religious worship: for a true religion is the essential and sacred birthright of the individual, and no compromise of its myriad phases of expression can be justly exacted, or conscientiously indulged, without restricting individual freedom, and restraining individual duty.

Spiritualists do not ignore the utility of co-operative efforts, in all the divisions and sub-divisions of community and society relations; but they refrain from all constitutional orders that have any other purpose, in combination, than mutual self-enlightenment, encouragement and protection, or may serve efficiently to bring before the world the claims of Spiritualism to universal respect and acceptance. It can hardly be expected of so recent a movement, that it should effect a reorganization and reconstruction of the social fabric, at once, on the new bases of its principles, by "founding schools and asylums;" more especially, as in the communities where it is most freely espoused, the greatest opposition to its innovations prevails, and almost to the extent of intense hatred, and excommunication of its adherents from the pale of civil privileges. Moreover, since organization is greatly deprecated by Spiritualists, from the present immaturity of the new dispensation, and particularly from fear that the present diversities of opinion that divide their own body, may ultimately in renegeing the dreaded restraints of sectarianism, but a limited external progress has been accomplished—hardly commensurate with the extent of internal development, and the secret and silent, but steadily increasing conviction and acknowledgment of the realities of Spiritualism.

"Does Spiritualism clothe the naked, feed the hungry and heal the sick?" The great body of Spiritualists are poor, so far as material wealth is concerned—poverty ever rocks the cradle of great reforms—and although the most unbounded charity and benevolence are among the solid foundation-stones of their entire religious structure, and though the heart is not wanting in the genuine and devout believer, the treasury needed for the promulgation of great enterprises is empty; and what we would do in this direction we cannot. But to the extent of our limited means, we may confidently affirm, that our good offices to the needy and unfortunate, like the widow's mite, will not suffer by comparison with the liberality of our wealthier contemporaries.

Christ, on earth, is esteemed and specially designated as the great Physician—not only of souls, but of bodies, also. Spiritualism claims to embrace followers more closely in his glorious footsteps, in imitation of this latter characteristic especially, than any professed disciples of his since his life among men. If he, in the fulfillment of his glorious mission, performed (so-called) miracles, so do the wonderful "healing mediums," in the agency of Spiritualism. Before the marvelous powers of the spiritual physician, the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and those seemingly dead are resuscitated to the activities of former vigorous life. And these modern "miracles" are not isolated, nor subject to the misrepresentations and misconceptions of narrators the world knows nothing of; but are performed in open day, and by the thousand, beneath the closest scrutiny of unimpeachable witnesses; and the entire public may behold the living evidences, in its very midst, as they come forth in throngs, physically regenerated, from the treatment of the thickest healing mediums. And the poor receive these ministrations without money and without price.

"What are the fruits of Spiritualism worth the plucking?" Emancipation from ecclesiastical bondage, from blind faith in "infallible" interpretations of "revelations," that are utterly incomprehensible by the understanding, while equally repugnant to the reason; knowledge of God's government through the light of Nature, and not from the blind guides of self-sufficient, despotic councils, or pontifical "bulls"; wisdom from the supernal world, through spirit intervention, revealing unto us the mysteries of our being, and lifting the veil which has hitherto hidden the realities of the life beyond. If those to whom such privileges and revelations have been granted, fail to avail of them, they are no Spiritualists, and the fault is their own, and not that of Spiritualism. If professed Spiritualists do not live the lives marked out for them in the glorious *magna charta* of spirit revelations, they so far fall of accomplishing the full fruition of a glorious destiny; 'tis their own loss, and detracts nothing from the merits of their cause.

The exceeding solicitude spirits evince to assure us of their living presence and ability to hold intercourse with their friends, is sufficient, of itself, to warrant us in indulging their visits, even if no practical good came to us, otherwise. No human being, however restrained in foreign lands, and secluded from all communication with distant, beloved friends, ever experienced more intense heart-yearnings to return to the scenes of endearment at home, than characterize the longings of spirits to be recognized, and again admitted to free converse with the earthly circles from which death has sundered them. None but the most callous and dehumanized hearts could resist the appeals which spirits are constantly sounding in our ears, for recognition of their presence, and the indulgence of the necessary means to enable them to renew their former communion with their brethren in the flesh. Harken unto them, and welcome them again to the loving hospitality of your now sorrowing family circles, and there shall be unbounded joy in the spirit-land, which must reflect a grateful influence on your own lives, and mutually bless the receiver and giver.

Those who really desire to see any good in Spiritualism, never fail to find it, and to an unlimited extent, if they have common sense and common honesty; while those who will not see any good in it, have, of course, no difficulty in not seeing what they deliberately shut their eyes from beholding; if Spiritualism did not happen to terribly infringe upon "popular religion," the intelligent expounders of that religion would make the welkin ring with enthusiastic choruses of rejoicing, that the golden portals of the skies had been opened to earth, and the angel throngs had reached down the generous right hand of renewed fellowship with their brethren in mortality. And all the people, with one accord, would shout, AMEN!

Failures Abroad.

There is a good deal of shakiness among the mercantile and brokerage classes of England, and the number of failures is decidedly on the increase. Some fears are entertained lest something like a panic may ensue, and wide-spread mischief be done. The influence of our American war is felt abroad. The Bank of England has put up its rate of discount as high as nine per cent, and ten is occasionally charged. The failures in London are affecting mercantile houses in Brazil, so that in Rio Janeiro they are really having a panic pretty much after their own fashion.

More Heresy.

Heresy is so prevalent among the clergy at the present time, that many think it contagious; and since it broke out fresh some ten or twelve years ago, it has spread with astonishing rapidity over New England, the North and the West, and now we hear of its advent on the Pacific coast. Truth-seeking people, however, need not apprehend danger if attacked; for, by a long and close study of the nature of the disease and its results to the patients, we have found that they invariably recover, happy in the conviction that their souls were purified by the affliction, notwithstanding the bigoted disciples of Church creeds and dogmas are trying, by every conceivable means, to convince them to the contrary. It is a powerful argument, and when judiciously used will break the fetters and chains with which false teachings have bound the soul, and let it go free to grow and expand in the genial warmth and sunlight of eternal truth as revealed to us in this era of the Spiritual Philosophy or the New Dispensation.

Last week we had occasion to notice the action of the "North Conference" in regard to the "heresy" of Rev. Charles Beecher, and now we find a similar case in California, in the person of Rev. S. S. Simonds, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the San José Mercury of September 30th, 1864, edited by J. J. Owen, Esq., (who, we should judge, was enjoying a slight attack), we find the following statement of the case. The editor says: "Rev. S. S. Simonds, one of the ablest preachers on the Pacific coast, a presiding elder in the M. E. Church, has been arraigned before the Methodist Conference, now in session in San Francisco, charged with heresy and immorality. We do not know what phase of immorality he is accused of, but if it is anything derogatory to his personal purity, we believe, from our knowledge of the man, it is a trumped up charge, without the least foundation. His heresy consists in his entertaining rational and progressive ideas with regard to religious matters, not prescribed and laid down by the 'old fogies' of the Church. He discards the idea of a literal lake of burning brimstone for lost souls. He refuses to locate heaven in some indefinite region of nonentity, 'beyond the bounds of time and space,' but brings it down to earth, and within the scope of man's comprehension. He believes in progression, both in this world and in the next, and that death does not change the spiritual nature of man. In short, he entertains many ideas in common with the believers of what is known as 'Spiritualism,' advocated by such men as Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, Epes Sargent, Dr. H. T. Child, and believed by the late Starr King, and many other distinguished minds. As these doctrines are heretical, and in no wise to be tolerated, we suppose Elder Simonds will be found guilty, and have to stand aside."

Return of Emma Hardinge.

From the San Francisco Golden Era of Oct. 2d, we learn that Miss Hardinge, who has been creating a lively sensation in California for the last year by her able lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy, was to sail for the States on the following day, (Monday, Oct. 3d), in the steamer Golden Age. The Era says, "Miss Hardinge's career in California is in every way remarkable. She possesses oratorical powers rarely equalled, and has won the admiration of immense audiences in San Francisco, and throughout the interior of the State and Nevada Territory." On the Wednesday evening previous to her leaving, Miss Hardinge gave a free lecture in Pratt's Hall, on the subject of "The Coming Man; or, the next President of America," which drew an immense concourse of people. One of the lady writers of the Era, who signs herself "Florence Fane," thus humorously comments on the address:

"Now, if instead of an odd fancy about Odd Fellowship, I had been thinking about the 'Coming Man,' the whole reverie would have been less odd—indeed, would have been in some danger of being even. I am glad Emma Hardinge regards my venerable friend, Abraham Lincoln, as the Coming Man; it shows good taste, as well as a clear insight into the national sympathies. Since my unfortunate disagreement with somebody who shall hereafter be nameless, I cannot clearly see my coming man. During all my idle reveries not once did his vision cross my mental view. The next time there is a great mass meeting where front seats are reserved for ladies, I am going. If Miss Hardinge stamps the State, I shall offer myself as aide-de-camp. One thing will then be certain, I shall have an opportunity to witness the coming of a great many men to hear her address. Long live Abraham Lincoln! As long live Emma Hardinge! Vale."

Miss Hardinge appears to have made many warm friends in the Golden State. In the Era we also find the following poetic tribute addressed to her:

Allon! the parting hour has come;
We bid thee now farewell;
Good angels guard thee to thy home,
And ever with thee dwell.
We find we have thee with us stay,
And yet it cannot be;
To happier scenes you must away,
In climes beyond the sea.
How oft we've listened to thy voice,
With feelings of delight;
No more its tones our hearts rejoice
With words of living light.
Farewell! God speed thee on thy way
Across the briny foam;
Where once, now watching, kneels to pray
That He may bring thee home.
Farewell! and should we meet no more
Upon life's troubled sea,
Thine image graven on our hearts
Shall ne'er be forgotten be."

A warm and hearty welcome awaits her on her return to her old fields of labor in the Atlantic States.

Storing Up.

The most delightful of all the feelings excited by the approach of the present season is that which is associated with the laying in of the winter stores. It so suggests snugness, comfort, warmth and plenty. The farmer heaping up tan bark about his cellar walls, or getting in his potatoes, or making tight and staunch his pens and stalls, brings the whole picture before us. City existence does not require such forecast as this, yet, too, has its own peculiar demands. We look at these preparations only to dream of long evenings in winter, bright and cheerful fires, reading and chatting, and delightful hours of quiet and contemplation. The man of the Northern latitudes bears greater love for these things than he of the far South; because he is more domestic, and cultivates social feeling more assiduously, and cherishes those peculiar sentiments which belong to the soil and atmosphere of Home.

Sewing Machines.

The manufacture of sewing machines absorbs a large amount of capital and a good deal of the advanced, mechanical skill of the country. Companies with large capital are now embarked in the undertaking, and the different parts of the sewing machine are constructed by self-acting machinery, with great rapidity and precision, each part gunging to the thousandth part of an inch. So that should any part of the machine be lost, it could be at once made good without any fitting or alteration.

The Davenportists in London.

The Davenport Brothers are still "the observed of all observers" in the British metropolis. The modern manifestations through them seem to be as puzzling to the English mind generally as were those said to have occurred in ancient days.

We find in the last number of the *London Spiritual Times* a very interesting account of two sittings which took place on Oct. 8th, at the Innovation Square Rooms. On this occasion a party of Spiritualists were invited to witness both the "cabinet" manifestations, and those which usually take place without the cabinet. Among the persons present were Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, Mr. B. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Watts, Rev. J. M. Bellow, Rev. Mr. Ellis, Lady Helena Newham, Mrs. De Morgan, the late Editor of the *Westminster Review*, Mr. R. Cooper, and Miss Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, Mr. Thomas Brevlor, &c.

During an interval that elapsed between the sittings—which were entirely satisfactory—Mr. Coleman passed a high eulogium on the Davenportists for their kindness in giving the Spiritualists an opportunity of witnessing their powers, etc., and moved a vote of thanks, to which Dr. Ferguson briefly replied.

At the close of the manifestations, Mr. Howitt rose to second the vote of thanks which Mr. Coleman had moved. After referring to the general state of the scientific mind respecting spirit facts, Mr. H. said:

"Not only was he glad the Davenportists were in this country, for the sake of showing the conjurors [alluding to Prof. Anderson and his coadjutor, Tolmaque], something beyond them, but the men who take the lead in material philosophy must learn something from them. He had no doubt, in his own mind, of the honesty of the Davenportists, having for the last ten years read accounts about them in the most respectable American papers. There was now a good opportunity for scientific men to witness these phenomena. They must not only witness, but attempt to solve the problem. There was a law of matter demonstrated in the taking off Mr. Pay's coat without rent and blemish, and leaving his hands still fast tied behind him, which none of our physiologists or scientific men had yet ever hinted at or even dreamed of. When they explained that enigma, they would open up a new era in material philosophy, more splendid than all the past, and pregnant with incalculable consequences to society. Bishop Berkeley had propounded a theory, that there was no such thing as matter—our philosophers held the opposite view, that there was no such thing as spirit. We are coming to perceive the error of our philosophers, and are getting nearer to Bishop Berkeley's idea. It would be time enough for our scientific men and gentlemen of the press to laugh, when they have explained the *modus operandi* of these phenomena. If they were illusions, it was a sacred duty to expose them; if they were real, they had a still more sacred duty to perform."

After Mr. Howitt had concluded his remarks, Mr. Coleman put the vote to the meeting, which was carried unanimously. The Times says:

"Thus ended one of the pleasantest and most interesting meetings of Spiritualists we have attended. We prophesy success for our cause; who could not, from the shadow of coming spiritual events, which the present facts produce? The Wizard has backed out, and the philosophers must either die the name, or the people will lose faith in them. Here are mediums asking for the strictest scientific scrutiny—willing to go into any gentleman's private house, and to submit to any test, providing it puts them to no torture, and does not exclude conditions which the spirits demand, and which they cannot refuse. Let our wise physical science men enter the arena against them; the darkness of their minds, we know, will be less easy to destroy, than the darkness necessary to the Davenportists; but the test should be applied, nevertheless. To Spiritualists we say, watch and wait; the truth shall yet make us free, and the world will gain by the spiritual, more than it loses by the material."

Lee and Grant.

A correspondence has been held between the rebel commander and Gen. Grant, on the subject of the black soldiers who may be captured in the ordinary process of war. Gen. Lee, it appears, has finally consented on behalf of the Confederacy to consider all blacks which are captured, as prisoners of war, and to treat them accordingly; conditional, however, that in case they are claimed and proved to be the previous property of Southern owners, they shall be held as slaves instead of prisoners, and be employed in the rebel service accordingly. This is different from the former rule, which treated all black prisoners alike, and treated them as slaves at that. We do not see, even now, that the colored prisoner is in all cases safe, or in a majority of cases; but the new rule is a great improvement on the old one.

Another Free State.

By the vote of the citizens of Maryland, the result of which has been duly proclaimed by Gov. Bradford, that State in which was shed the first blood of this revolution, has been declared henceforth a Free State. Before the war, it did not seem possible that such a result should be accomplished in two generations; the tumults and turmoils of the present conflict have combined to secure in two years what otherwise might not have been done in two centuries. This comes from the infatuation of men who verily believed they were commissioned to conserve the institution they were specially commissioned to destroy. We welcome Maryland, therefore, into the family of the Free States, and hope, as we believe, that at least four more of the Slave States will be ready to come in soon.

Thanksgiving.

The President has appointed Thursday, the 24th, as the day of our annual Thanksgiving, which thus makes it a truly national institution. There will be a general observance of it, this year, through all the loyal States. It has for many years been the purpose of certain influential persons to induce all the Governors to appoint the festival for the same day, but it has never yet been observed by them all together, some one or two States having been either hasty or laggard. But the appointment this year, over the certified authority of the President, elevates it into a national festival at once—just what has so long been sought for. Jefferson Davis has set his Thanksgiving for the 16th. It would be difficult to tell what he feels particularly thankful about.

The Female Medical College.

From the sixteenth annual report of the Female Medical College, in this city, we learn that the institution now has a productive fund amounting to \$30,000, and bequests amounting to several thousand more. Since the foundation of the college, two hundred pupils have attended, and forty-eight have graduated. The work the trustees have now in hand is the purchase of a lot and the providing of a college building. Our city government has offered them a square of forty thousand feet of land, near the new city hospital, for the college, for the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, or one-half its estimated value, payable by the first of January next. Of this sum about one-half remains to be raised, and then a subscription for the building fund will be commenced.

Do not forget the Sociables at Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening, all you who are fond of dancing and good music.

New Publication.

MORNING LECTURES; TWENTY DISCOURSES, Delivered before the Friends of Progress in the City of New York, in the winter and spring of 1863, by Andrew Jackson Davis, New York: C. M. Plumb & Co.

We can commend and recommend these discourses of Mr. Davis, confident that they will work wide good. It is to be remembered by the literary critic who reads them over, that the same rules of criticism are not to be applied to them which he would apply to productions professing to be purely literary in their character; they are purely religious in their scope and spirit, and the language in which they are clothed, as well as the ideas running everywhere through them, was the gift of the inspiration permitted during their delivery. In fact, even the themes of the various discourses, with their line of argument and mode of treatment, were oftentimes not thought of before the speaker rose to address his audience.

We have perused several of these lectures, and find them "Morning" lectures indeed; full of bright thoughts, pleasant illustrations, and happy suggestions. The spirit of them all is cheerful and hopeful—as how could they be otherwise? They will be found to quicken thought in every mind, starting up to the surface of the soul, as the spring sun starts the tender sprouts in the soil, many priceless sentiments which might for a long time have lain cold and lifeless in the darkness. Some of these discourses are on the following themes: Defeats and Victories; The Spirit and its Circumstances; False and True Education; Truth—Male and Female, (a capital lecture); Poverty and Riches; Material Work for Spiritual Workers; and The Object of Life. The Morning Lectures are just such reading as will do a great service among Spiritualists and those spiritually inclined.

"Broken Lights."

The popular work by Frances Power Cobbe, on the present condition and future prospects of religious faith, is creating an unusual stir among all classes of religionists. We noticed the book at the time of its appearance, a few weeks since, and refer to it again at this time to show in what light it is held by the religious press, by copying the remarks of the New York Observer in regard to it:

"The writer of this book of doubtful title presupposes that all the foundations of religious faith are unsettled, and that they are so in her mind is made painfully apparent by a perusal of her volume. It is the natural development of a mind educated to regard the teachings of Theodore Parker and the vagaries of Ralph Waldo Emerson as of equal weight with the words of holy men of old, who speak as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. The creed which she proposes for humanity is, 'The absolute goodness of God; the final salvation of every created soul; and the divine authority of conscience.' On this religious platform it is proposed to build an 'eternal religion' which shall be 'fit for humanity'—the Gospel scheme, like all others, having, in the opinion of the writer, become obsolete and being upon the eve of dissolution."

J. S. Loveland's Lectures.

On Sunday, Oct. 30th, Mr. Loveland closed his course of lectures in this city, in Lyceum Hall. Both of his closing addresses were of a high order, and will interest our readers, as we intend to print them in due time. In the afternoon he spoke of "The Immense Resources of Spiritualists, and the uses to which they could be applied," dividing the subject into three parts: the material, the intellectual, and the spiritual. In the evening, he ably treated the subject of "Man's Relation to the Deity—to God."

We invite the attention of our readers to his previous Sunday evening lecture, which will be found on our eighth page.

Meetings in Woodstock, Vt.

We learn from a note from Thos. Middleton, Esq., that the Spiritualists of Woodstock, Vermont, have organized under the title of "Woodstock Spiritualists," and intend to hold meetings in Union Hall every Sunday during the year.

Mrs. Sarah A. Horton and Austen E. Simmons were the speakers at their first meeting, who gave three most excellent discourses, which seemed to give great satisfaction to the audience. The hall was filled morning, afternoon and evening, and the prospect is good for an increase in numbers. If they meet with the success they anticipate they will soon be able to build a hall of their own.

Rev. J. M. Peebles.

This eloquent and able speaker recently lectured in Kalamazoo, Mich., to the general gratification of his audiences. From a brief report in the *Progressive Age*, we clip the following sentence: "A wild Arab wandering o'er Asia's sands, was asked how he came to know there was a God. 'In the same way,' he said, 'that he knew by the footprints in the sands, whether man or camel had passed before him.' So by the footprints and finger marks manifest through the vast Arcana of Nature, we know there is a divine existence—an Infinite power governing all things, by fixed and eternal laws. We could not comprehend the Infinite; nor could we even our own existence."

The Two Fays.

The Toronto Globe published an article about the time the Davenport Brothers went to England, stating that Mr. Wm. Fay, the medium who is connected with the Davenportists, had been detected in cheating in the rope-tying business, by one Rev. M. Dobbs, &c. The story reached England about as soon as Mr. Fay did, and obtained considerable circulation there. It finally met the eye of Mr. Fay, who replied to the unfounded charge, and clearly proved that he was not the man referred to, as he was on the ocean at the time the occurrence took place.

Meetings in Clyde, Ohio.

The Spiritualists of Clyde have obtained the use of a hall for the purpose of holding meetings; and they invite speakers to give them a call, promising a hearty "welcome, and pay into the bargain." Clyde is situated on the railroad route from Toledo to Cleveland, and from Cincinnati to Sandusky. Speakers desiring further information can address A. A. French, Bradley Tuttle, or George Stanwood, as above.

Operatic.

The opera season has opened this fall, both in New York and Boston, with great eclat. The stream of opera goers is unbroken. Europe has supplied us with the very latest celebrities of a musical sort, who fill the walls of our Academies of Music almost nightly with the echoes of their melody. It is a great matter, they say, to be educated up to the enjoyment of the opera. How long before we get up there, it is impossible to say.

Spiritualism in Paris.

The Paris correspondent of the London Morning Star says there are at this moment no less than fifty thousand people in Paris who believe in Spiritualism, and intimates that it is spreading with "alarming" rapidity!

Appointments.

(See seventh page for list of Lecturers' Appointments and Mediums' Addresses.)

Mrs. Felton speaks in Charlestown next Sunday; Mrs. B. E. Warner in Chelsea; Mrs. S. A. Horton in Haverhill; Miss Johnson in Plymouth; Mrs. Currier in Milford, N. H.; Mrs. Townsend in Stamford, Conn.

Warren Chase lectures the last three Sundays of Nov. in Genuga Co., Ohio, (address Chardon); the four Sundays of Dec. in Syracuse, N. Y.; the five Sundays of January in Washington, D. C. He will also speak week evenings on the war, the currency, reconstruction, the origin and destiny of the races, &c., &c. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

Gerard Temple Levees.

A series of social entertainments are being held every Thursday evening in the above named hall, under the patronage of the Society of Spiritualists who hold regular meetings there every Sunday. These reunions, (which are conducted by Dr. C. H. Rines), consist of speaking, social conversation and dancing, thus affording food and recreation for all classes, old as well as young. We looked in upon them the other evening, and were pleased to see the large party present, of both sexes, enjoying themselves finely.

Jennie Lord.

We learn from a correspondent that Miss Jennie Lord has been holding her sances for physical manifestations, in Vincentown, New Jersey, with the most satisfactory success.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch.

This popular lecturer will occupy the desk in Lyceum Hall on Sunday next, afternoon and evening.

Dr. J. M. Newton.

We learn that it is the intention of Dr. Newton to remain in Rochester, N. Y., healing the sick, until the 20th of December.

Bread for the Destitute Poor.

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

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We have a great variety of interesting original matter on file for our next number.

See notice of the *Progressive Annual* for 1864.

A NEW STATE.—Nevada having formed a Constitution and adopted a State government, has, by proclamation of the President, been admitted into the Union.

THE DANISH QUESTION.—The consideration of some minor questions still delays the final conclusion of peace. It is officially announced that Austria and Prussia will conduct the preliminary administration of the Duchies until the assembly of legal advisers can finally determine the question of succession.

The Methodist Musical Convention in New York has resolved that the assignment of singing in church to a few, practically to the exclusion of the congregation, is at variance with the spirit of divine worship, and subversive of its purposes.

The Brazilian papers say that wealthy Southern planters are emigrating to that country.

We hope people who vote on Tuesday, will go to the polls, and deposit their votes as becometh good, orderly citizens.

"What! are you drunk again?" "No, my dear, not drunk, but a little slippery. The fact is, my dear, some scoundrel has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

The Richmond Enquirer admits that Early lost fifty-seven guns in the recent fight.

An old woman in a little German town, who had lived a life of poverty, almost want, astonished the neighbors at her death, by proving to have been a most successful miser, leaving no less than two million guilders.

Happiness grows at our own firesides and is not picked up in strange gardens.

The useful and the beautiful are never apart. It is a blind man's question to ask why those things should be loved and worshiped which are beautiful.

A very diminutive specimen of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine, buxom girl. "Oh no," said the fair but insulting lady, "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big for a cradle, and a little too small to go to church with."

The Postal Money-Order System went into operation on the 1st inst.

Jo Cose having become interested in a Moral Reform Society, is wishing the coming of snow to cover the earth, so that he may go about and leave tracks.

The communication on Insane Asylums, which appeared in the New York Post, some weeks ago, is still attracting considerable comment. The writer charges that some of them are mere prison houses, in which a man incarcerates his daughter or wife when he prefers to have her out of his way, or daughters imprison their aged mother, in order to enjoy the larger part of her income.

Why had a man better lose an arm than a leg? Because in losing a leg he loses something to boot.

THE HAPPY MAN.—He who is strong, and does a man's work; he who in going out to his daily toll, leaves at home a beloved creature that loves, and thinks of him alone, is by that very fact inspired in cheerfulness, and is happy all the day. A blessed thing it is to have by your hearth-stone a trustworthily and loving woman, to whom you can open your heart, and always be happy in her presence.

Can any one tell why butchers are ever of rosy cheeks and large girth, and yet are remarkable for smallness of appetite. This is a problem for anatomist or surgeon or physiologist to unravel.

MISS ANNA RYDER, trance medium, has returned to this city, and for the present, may be found at No. 80 Warren street, where she will be happy to receive her friends.

A chaplain in Arkansas says that a man buying furs was conversing with a woman at whose house he called, and asked her if there were any Presbyterians around there. She hesitated a moment, and then said she guessed not—"her husband had n't killed any since they'd lived there!"

A machine has been invented in Springfield which washes dishes.

Jo Cose at a dark circle the other evening, when it was stated that though the absence of light prevented us from seeing anything our spirit-friends could, quietly remarked to Digby that he was reminded of a place noted in Scripture. Digby, naturally inquired, "What place?" "The Dead Sea," replied Jo.

Fanny Fern says, "I am getting sick of people. I am falling in love with things. They hold their tongues and do n't bother."

EXTRAVAGANCE VERSUS MEANNESS.—George Augustus Sala says: "I have heard of an Earl's daughter—to be sure she was one of seven—who was allowed by her noble papa but forty pounds a year for her toilette, and she was passing rich even at that. Forty pounds! In greenback currency, even, and with gold at 180, it would not suffice a New York belle for a single week's dressing at Saratoga Springs."

The child who cried for an hour, one day last week, did n't get it.

A policeman on night duty says it seems to him that with many young men the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home.

Captain Ericsson has invented a new gun, which is said to surpass anything now in use. It projects a ball eight miles.

Jo Cose remarks, in view of Rosecrans's reduction of the rebel General's army in Missouri, that our forces in that locality must now be going at a "reduced Price."

MAJORITY WINS.—A few weeks ago the Marshal of Nevada arrested a citizen for violating a town ordinance. The Marshal and another swore they saw him commit the offence; three others swore they did not see him commit it. The majority carried the day, and the man was acquitted.

What is the difference between a duck with one wing and a duck with two? It is merely a difference of a pinion.

A Spanish photographer has discovered a varnish which gives an astonishing brilliancy to the prints to which it is applied. He keeps his invention secret, but the varnish is believed to consist of albumen. M. Matthys has also produced a similar effect by means of a thin coating of collodion.

Courage does not consist in feeling no fear, but in conquering it. He is the hero, who, seeing the lions on either side, goes straight on, because there his duty lies.

A regiment of soldiers passed through Covington, Ky., a few days ago, the members of which were worth \$1,500,000, when our currency was at par value with gold. It was the 117th United States colored regiment.

A German wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy: "If mine wife had lived until next Friday, she would have been dead about two weeks. Nothing is possible with the Almighty. As do trees fall, so must it stand."

A pretty girl of Digby's acquaintance says that no one falls in love with her unless they are "dreadful wicked or awful pious." Is there no young man between these two extremes that would like to try his luck?

PARABLE.

(From the Swedish of Vitalis.)

A pilgrim is tossed on the mighty stream;
Wild round him the waves are rushing;
From the verdant banks like a happy dream,
The incense of flowers is gushing.
To touch the roses, how great the bliss!
He is flung by the storm to the deep abyss.
Then he gazes up to the promised land,
Where the stars march on forever;
They are guided by love's own holy hand,
And illumined is their glory, never.
But when clouds rise over his weary gaze,
The stars send no calm, consoling blaze.
Then he gazes down in dumb despair
To gulf where mystery dwelleth;
He beholds the sun's benignant glare,
Each ray of rapture telleth.
Then he seeks the gulf which he strove to slum—
Finds heat and light in the heavenly sun.

READING.—"We frequently meet with men whose erudition ministers to their ignorance, and the more they read the less they know."

Paris has 21 mayors and 1,090,151 inhabitants. Last year there were 15,193 marriages, 42,135 deaths and 52,312 births.

Little Nannie is a close student of the Bible, but not very clear as to some points. "Ma," said she, one Sunday evening, after having sat like a good child all day in the house, "have I honored you to-day?" "I do not know, Nannie; why do you ask?" said her mother. "Because," said little Nan, shaking her curls sadly, "the Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long;' and this has been, oh, the longest day I ever saw."

When God contemplates some great work, he begins it by the hand of some poor, weak human creature, to whom He afterward gives aid, so that the enemies who seek to obstruct it are overcome.—*Luther.*

Some writer says thought is all there is of life. Thought shows the deep abyss, the space between the finite and the infinite.

The Boston Post has again been "sold" on another acoustic. Digby thinks it must be a decidedly green paper.

THE SOUL.

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffused about the heart;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.
But, as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine,
So the best soul with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.

Extravagant wives often serve their husbands as children do their dolls—caress them and then break them.

An Irishman in describing America, said, "I am told that ye might roll England thru't, an' it would n't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside that ye might dround Ould Ireland in; an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, an' ye'd niver be able to find it out."

To ridicule old age, is like pouring in the morning cold water into the bed in which you may have to sleep at night.

GREEN, THE MALDEN MURDERER.—We understand that some legal questions have been raised in the case of Green, the Malden murderer, and that the Governor and Council will ask the opinion of the Supreme Judicial Court as to the legality of his conviction.

If we are correctly informed, there are two points of difficulty—one as to the authority of a single judge to sentence for murder, and the other as to the effect of a plea of "guilty of murder in the first degree"—it being urged that this plea does not remove the necessity of having a jury pass on the question of degree, under our present statute, before sentence of death can be passed.—*Advertiser.*

A sixty-four year old horse died at Philadelphia the other day. So the papers say.

