

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVII.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR. }
Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 9.

Literary Department.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

KATIE MALVOURNEY

IRISH CHARACTER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

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

The simplest incidents of life assume an importance and interest, when connected with certain individuals. The great law of attraction is not confined to the individual, but extends to their actions, and we learn to link the one to the other.

CHAPTER XIX.

Letters from the Doctor, Katie and Edgar.
To Katie's last letter the Doctor replied as follows:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter came duly to hand, and I thank you very much for its contents. At first I felt a little disappointed that you should have proposed so long a delay in the consummation of our proposed union. But since I have reflected upon it, I see clearly that you were not only guided by a wise and prudent caution in this matter, but that you have made a sacrifice quite equal to anything I have been called upon to make. I receive in this a solution of the great question of sacrifices. It is not that God requires these things for himself, but it is that we may suffer a restraint to some of our impulses.

I perceive now that while we are thus moving in a separate union, as it were—distinct, yet united, united, yet distinct—we shall be better able to examine many important points in relation to human life and human destiny. As a medical man, with considerable experience for my age—you know I have just entered upon my twenty-fifth year—I believe I am safe in declaring that nine-tenths of the diseases, mental and physical, which afflict humanity, and hang like a millstone upon the race, are the result, directly or indirectly, of unsatisfied affections. Shall we, then, attempt to analyze the muddy waters of the stream from whence flows so much of anguish and sorrow on the mental, and pain and suffering on the physical plane? My profession, and my position, in connection with my venerable father, have partially lifted the curtain, and revealed many of the revolting scenes that are but dimly hidden beneath the folds of false education, and still more false and hollow customs which the polished barbarism of civilized society presents us. In my intercourse with mankind, I see so much of this turbid and muddy stream, that I am almost ready to doubt whether such a pure, crystal stream as you have spoken of finds a place in the world of humanity, and yet I can conceive that it must be so. I have seen these things from a more external plane than you have, and will be glad to know how you see them with your spiritual vision. Of course, I desire you to exercise the utmost freedom, not only in the topics you select, but in the manner in which you treat them. Therefore I do not wish to present any subject that will not be agreeable to you. Should you feel impressed to say anything upon the one I have alluded to, I shall be glad to hear it; but I shall listen with interest to anything you have to say on any subject.

I am happy to subscribe myself truly yours,
HENRY T. KENRICK.

Katie's reply:
MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letters make me very happy, not only by their contents—which would be pleasant and profitable to others, as well as myself—but by the evidence they furnish, and the convictions they produce that you are moving upward.

I perceive that you have learned that the true philosophy of progress lies not in laying upon your oars, and floating up and down the stream of life, but in pulling away earnestly when the tide is rising and carrying you toward a higher condition. When the tide turns, and comes back with a strong rushing current that would sweep you down, throw out an anchor, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me," and there remain patiently—it may be upon dry land, and in a state of suffering—but when the tide returns again, and the gale comes, then you will be ready to leave your moorings, and move onward in the right direction.

You speak of my interior vision. I feel that I should have a very dim and imperfect conception of human life and human character, were I to depend entirely upon external and superficial observation for knowledge. Beholding them from the interior plane, they appear grand and beautiful, notwithstanding the occasional spots and blemishes which are to be found there. I have long been interested in the subject to which you alluded; but it has acquired a much deeper interest in my mind of late, on account of the relations which have recently been manifested to us, though I believe they are much older than either of us were aware of. I scarcely know where to begin on such a subject, and if I do anything with it I shall probably be obliged to extend my letter beyond the usual limits.

The mass of mankind, as I perceive them from the interior, are living upon the animal plane, and its influence enters largely into all their plans and movements. Their matrimonial alliances, personal appearance, external and superficial attractions and material conditions, are generally regarded as that without which all else is nothing. It may be that the lion and the lamb lie down together, but the little child does not always lead them. Hence the kingdom into which these mortals go is often very far from heaven, in which, in too many instances, they sow the apples of dis-

ord and reap the bitter fruits of strife and contention.

The molding and softening influences of the intellectual and the moral natures generally operate upon this plane, though not always producing the effect desired; for the intellectual energies, when made subservient to the animal nature, sharpen this and render it far more capable of injuring mankind. So, when the moral nature is so debased as to add fuel to man's passions, the flame burns furiously, and a saddening picture is presented.

But I will not dwell long upon the dark side of this, for two reasons: Those who are familiar with these things do not need any description of them, while those who are not so, may well exclaim: "Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise!" Let us, rather, cast about ourselves, to see whether we can find the causes which are producing these sad and deplorable effects. Mankind are not aware of the relation which ever exists between cause and effect; and such is the reaction between these, that we blindly reverse them, and speak of one as though it were the other. I feel overpowered by the vastness of the subject. There are times when mole-hills appear like mountains, and others when vast mountains appear beautiful to us, and seem created to invite us to set forth our energies to scale them.

Our conditions, more than our surroundings, produce the wonderful and ever varying changes in the kaleidoscope of human life. This is not only so in general, but in particular. A few hours may change the entire scene, just as the Divine Artist paints the gorgeous and glowing sunset, and then in a few moments brings out the sombre curtains of night, behind which the magnificent pictures that charm the eye and elevate the soul fade away. But I cannot approach the other subject now.

Several times I have attempted to write, but there comes no fresh and flowing inspiration, and I hesitate whether to send these broken fragments, or wait for something further. But I will send them, and perhaps another letter from you may be like the rod with which Moses smote the rock so that the waters gushed forth. You will be looking for this, and I will not disappoint you altogether, but will give you the evidence that I cannot command the power to write just when and what I desire.

I have received a letter from Lind's brother, Edgar Dunderery, which I enclose for your perusal. Poor fellow! he is struggling hard. I would like to encourage him—but I see before him a long and devious course, ere he can change habits that have fastened upon his rather weak and negative nature. I think my influence upon him has been good, and I shall continue it as long as I am so impressed. It is our duty to bear the infirmities of the weak and erring; and when they are only the former, as I hope he is now, it is very important that we lend a helping hand whenever we can. I shall write to him soon, and endeavor to encourage him in every noble effort to extricate himself from the difficulties which environ him; and, if success crowns his efforts, as I believe it will, ultimately, we shall all rejoice at the result.

Lovingly and confidently yours,
KATIE MALVOURNEY.

P. S.—I have received a letter from Lind. She desired to be remembered to you. She regrets very much we could not be with them on the blue hills of Scotland. She wants my advice about many things, now; but I am sure it is better for her to be thrown more upon her own responsibility. My teacher said to me many years since: "You will never learn younger." KATIE.

The following is a copy of Edgar's letter just referred to:

ROME, July 30, —

MY GOOD FRIEND—It is a long time since I have heard from you or written to you; and, as you were very prompt in replying to my last, it is my own fault. A thousand incidents have occurred since I wrote, which at the time I might have spoken to you about, yet so temporary were their interest that most of them have passed into oblivion. I want to tell you of some of the struggles that I have passed through, and am passing through at present.

When I wrote you, there was a prospect of my taking holy orders, but as my movements were somewhat uncertain, I did not mention this. As I looked toward the holy office, I felt such a dread coming over me that I shuddered at the thought of taking upon me its solemn obligations; but as I became closely intimate and familiar with some of its members, I found there was very much of human nature, unregenerated human nature, I am sorry to say, there. I felt sadly about this, and I determined to enter the sanctuary, and that it should be my effort to bring a pure and devoted heart to its labors, and that I would carefully avoid associating with any except those whose pure lives adorned their profession.

I entered among the juniors, where I found some very pure and devout young men; and others, I am sorry to say, even upon the threshold, are ambitious, and seek to

"Steal the liver of heaven to serve the devil in."

Oh, how I have been sustained by your purity. It has ever burned as a vestal fire—as a lamp to my feet and a light to my path. And as the pure rays of a single star, standing out, as it were, alone on the vast firmament, sheds more light upon humanity than all the elaborate theories and profound mathematical calculations of the astronomer, so does the beautiful light that flows out from a pure soul, shed its mild radiance over the pathway of humanity, and give more true light to the seeking souls than all the theories and dogmas, creeds and formulas of all the religions that have ever marked the history of mankind. And as it is the light of the planets that enables us to form a correct theory of astronomy, so it is the light of purity and goodness, as it shines forth from the human soul, that can alone enable us to form a correct theological system. A true soul opens

"rivers in high places and fountains in the midst of the desert" of human life.

I have passed on to higher classes, hoping each time that a winning process would take place, and I should find purer hearts and cleaner hands; but I am sorry to say it is not so; but what discourages me most is, I have so little power over them. Katie, would you believe it, sinners in the Church are much harder to reach than any other class I have met? They have a sort of pharisaical righteousness which makes them invulnerable. These men always keep an account, and have large credits upon their own side, reckoning their own prayers and their good deeds as of great importance. They say, by their actions to others, "stand by, I am holier than thou," I am very much astonished at the amount of deception there is in the world, and especially among this class of persons; they, of all others, need to remember Burns's lines:

"Oh, wad some power the glicht gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

These things have troubled me, both on account of those who are thus afflicted, and my own weakness. I feel very certain, from my past experiences, that I shall not be able to stem these currents which sweep so strongly over me.

How shall I avoid these things? This has troubled me very much, and I have concluded to write freely to you and ask your counsel. How often do I wish I could see you, as I formerly did. I did not half prize your kind and good labors. Thus it is always, "blessings brighten as they take their flight."

I have made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman named Charles Le Bon. He is the descendant of a noble family, who, in the varying fortunes of that fickle country, have been reduced to poverty. He is an orphan, and has two sisters, in whom I feel a deep interest, from hearing their letters read to me. He is my room-mate and constant companion; an excellent scholar, with a rare combination of true goodness and great intellectual ability. He reminds me of you, in his manners and the originality of his remarks. He said to me one day, as we were sitting alone:

"Monsieur Dunderery, do you know I think the mass of the people are asleep and dreaming, and they do not know what they do? You know, my good friend, that sometimes when persons are asleep and dreaming, if you whisper in their ear, you can turn their dream in almost any direction you desire. So it is with mankind. The teachers speak a word in their ears, and it turns their dreams, and to them this is as real as life. And if you and I would succeed in our labors, we must learn thus to whisper truth into the ears of humanity without waking up or arousing their feelings of opposition, and then we can make them dream of beautiful truths, and in this manner mold their lives. Many persons ignorantly, and some willfully, use their powers in this way to convert human life into a horrible nightmare, filled with howlings and curses, instead of a pleasant dream which should shed its mild and peaceful blessing over the pathway of life."

I was at first a little shocked with some of his views, though he was very cautious and prudent in the expression of them. At another time he remarked:

"There is a God and devil in every man, and all I know of either of them is in myself and in other men. This great God whom we talk about, I do not know. I cannot find him. I cannot measure him. My little capacity is not large enough, so I take the God I do find, and him I worship. He is the good in mankind, and I think I worship him best when I make him stronger there. So when I can speak a good word in the ear of my sleeping brother, and rouse up the God there, and make it take the government in his soul, then I am spreading true religion. I do not care about particular doctrines; they always confuse my mind; but I know what goodness is, and that is plain enough to me; it makes me happy, and it makes every body happy, and it does not hurt anybody."

I would be glad if you could see him; he is the most original character I have met since I left you. Will you not remember me with one of your kind and good letters soon?

Yours truly,
EDGAR ATHLENE DUNDERERY.

Reply of Doctor Kenrick to Katie's last letter:

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND—Your letter, and also the accompanying one from Edgar, have both reached me, for which I thank you. Will you allow me to say, in regard to your letter, that I was quite as much pleased that you could not write just as you desired, and as it seemed to me you always had done, as if you had. Do you know that I began to think you could write anything you desired to, at any time? and much as I love you, and highly as I esteem you, this seemed to place you further from me than anything else, for my own inspirations are "like angels' visits, far and far between." So I took pleasure in finding my idol loved a little, and now I hope to step up nearer to you. A little grain of selfishness here, you see.

I, too, am appalled by the vastness of the subject we are considering. I feel like a young civil engineer, when about to tunnel a great mountain, as if its whole weight was upon me. You say mankind do not realize the connection between cause and effect. In this, more than almost everything else, do I discover the weaknesses and follies of humanity.

There is an eternal and indissoluble connection between cause and effect, everywhere, from the Great Central Cause, to the endless and infinitely varied movements and conditions which mark the universe complete. This bond of union—this step from cause to effect—is the basis of all philosophy, and the comprehension of this is the sum of all human knowledge. Ignorance of this great law is the cause of all the folly and absurdity that attaches to philosophy, and all the bigotry, intolerance and falsehood that hang like a millstone on the neck of humanity, crushing out most of the pure, loving and living aspirations from man's nature.

Mankind are not only ignorant of these laws, but in many instances they are endeavoring to separate cause and effect, and to convince themselves and those around them that certain conditions are inevitable, but not the natural sequences of causes in active operations.

I was interested in Edgar's letter. I hope you will speak a word in due season to him.

Do you not find in your experience that there are times when a cloud envelopes you, and you are unable to pursue your investigations? This is my experience now.

May I ask you to let me have a copy of your reply to Edgar's letter? I have retained a copy of his in my journal, supposing, of course, you would have no objections; and I would like your reply to be there also.

This I know: that though clouds do now rise between me and the clear atmosphere of investigation, no one has ever risen to break the telegraphic line of sympathy and devotion that extends between ourselves. That bond grows stronger with each day, and I am ever yours,
HENRY T. KENRICK.

Reply of Katie to Dr. Kenrick:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your very acceptable letter was received; and as you requested me to send you a copy of my letter to Edgar, I now comply, and take the opportunity to pen you a short letter.

My inspirational experiences correspond with yours, which you speak of as being "like angels' visits." Did you know you were uttering a great truth? We often write wiser than we think, and speak more profound truths than we comprehend. I believe human life is, as you say, a unit, and human experiences may vary in character and amount, but they are the same in essentials.

I have no fears that I shall be an idol beyond your reach. My hopes and my prayers are, that I may stand just far enough above the troubled waters of an active life, such as your mission leads you to follow, that it will be necessary for you to put out your hand to reach me, and that there, as a dutiful companion, I may watch and wait calmly to see the coming tides and currents which may sweep across our pathway, calculated either to engulf us in misery and suffering, or waft us gently to the land of peace and bliss immortal. I tremble at the responsibility which you have placed upon me, by confiding so lovingly and trustingly in me. May there be strength given me to walk in Wisdom's way and follow her footsteps.

I have just finished my letter to Edgar, and send you a rough sketch.

In sunshine and storm, faithfully yours,
KATIE MALVOURNEY.

P. S. I should have written to you that the people hereabouts are much distressed at the reports that the cholera—that fearful scourge that has swept so many thousands of human beings out of this life—is coming among us. I remain calm, having confidence in the all-sustaining power of "our Father which art in heaven." I thought perhaps you might make some suggestions to aid me in my labors among the sick, which I foresee will become very arduous. KATIE.

To Edgar Dunderery:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter awakened many pleasant memories. I have followed you in the visions of my spirit, and was prepared for your statement in regard to your feelings and surroundings. I am glad to perceive that you have come to so perfect a consciousness of these things; and your resolutions made me feel happy. Let me urge you to fortify yourself. If my desires can blend with yours, and thereby give you strength, you shall have them continually.

Brother, there are hours—clothed as we are in weakness—when we need all the strength that can be brought to our aid from the loved ones around us. And there are hours when we are covered with a panoply of divine and eternal truth, which is not only a certain and safe protection to us, but which enables us to stand victorious, sublime, over all the stormy waves of Passion and Temptation, both within and without, firm as adamant, and true to the divinity within, unmoved and unmovable.

Brother, the secret of success in life consists in studying carefully our own conditions; in learning to measure both our strength and our weakness; and to know these things so well that addressing the God within ourselves, of which your friend spoke, we can adopt the words of the prayer, "lead us not into temptation," and on other occasions the memorable language, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" At times like these we must flee to our tents; and, like the Prophet, when he stood in the mouth of the cave with his mantle wrapped about him, wait while the earthquake, the storm, and the fire pass by, and listen attentively to the still small voice within the soul. Doing this in the hour of weakness, we shall find ourselves strengthened to stand firm amid the buffeting waves of passion and temptation; and heeding not these things, walk through the fire and the water, and realize the truth, "that blessed is the man that withstandeth temptation."

Ponder well these things. I do not desire to multiply words without wisdom, but my sympathies and my prayers go forth that the God within you may rise into dominion; that the government shall be upon his shoulders; and of the increase of his kingdom, there shall be no end to order it and to establish it with justice and judgment forever. I am glad you felt so free as to write to me; do not hesitate to yield to your impressions whenever they prompt you in this direction. And I will endeavor to be your faithful friend,
KATIE MALVOURNEY.

[To be continued in our next.]

A German writer says a young girl is a fishing rod; the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the better in which he is fried.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE'S LESSON.

BY GEO. WASHINGTON WEST.

"Oh! Love! what is it in this world of ours,
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Oh! why
With cyprus branches hast thou wreathed thy bow,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?"—BYRON.

My name is—no! I will not stain the fair page before me with the disclosure of my name—a name stained with infamy, with perjury and disgrace. Any one will do as well, so let it be Hermon—Hermon La Gardé. I was born at Toledo, Spain. My father was a cadet of the noble family whose name I bear; and being destitute of money and fortune, being possessed of martial spirit he entered the army, and served for many years, and was at last rewarded with many wounds and the rank of Colonel. On reaching this step of promotion, he married. The lady of his choice was of good family but low fortune; but I believe my father never regretted his choice. In the first year of their union I was born, and I proved to be the sole object of their affections. To increase the little patrimony which was one day to be mine, my father again entered active service; and in my twelfth year we received the announcement of his death on the field of battle.

I entered the University of Salamanca when in my sixteenth year. Here I engaged ardently in the pursuit of knowledge; and, stimulated by my own ambition, and by the conviction of the happiness my improvement would confer upon my mother (oh, how tenderly I loved her!) I soon became remarkable for application and success. My efforts were rewarded by the commendations of my superiors; and at this period of my life I experienced more happiness than has ever fallen to my lot since.

But the calm of my condition was soon broken. One of the professors, whose regard I had merited, expressed for me a particular friendship, and, among other kindnesses, frequently invited me to his house. Here I saw his daughter—Helena D'Este. Beautiful, accomplished and talented, the charms of Helena did not fail to interest me, and create an impression that was but too powerful.

Helena had always led a secluded life, enjoying the society of none but her father, till I was introduced to her notice; it was not surprising, therefore, that she should take pleasure in my society. I was delighted with her marks of approbation, and soon elicited from her a further avowal of her regard. We now loved mutually, ardently. Oh, the rapture of those moments! We were both too young to see any impediment to our happiness, and fondly indulged in blissful anticipations.

From this dream of delight I was suddenly aroused by a message from my mother, who, having been attacked with a fever, hastened to recall to her side her only and much-loved son. It was upon this visit that my mother discovered (through my eagerness to return to school, for my mother was shortly restored to comparative health,) that my affections were placed upon another. She inquired concerning the family of Helena, and discovering that it was not noble, at once commanded me to an immediate abandonment of the connection I had formed. In vain did I plead the obligations of my vows to Helena; in vain did I urge her beauty, her virtue, her many graces. Nothing could atone, in the mind of Madame La Gardé, for the want of noble descent; and the stern command to abandon my love was again and again reiterated. But the firmness of my own disposition became now aroused, and I refused to obey her commands.

My mother, with that tact which women alone possess, shedding tears, as she tenderly embraced me, conjured me, for the love I owed her, for respect to my father's memory, not to tarnish my name by forming a connection with one not noble, and consign her (my mother) to a premature grave.

This appeal was triumphant. After a few weeks I returned to Salamanca. I had written to Helena, informing her of all that had passed between my mother and myself, and bidding her an eternal adieu. As all society was irksome to me, I only ventured out at night, that I might avoid those who had been, formerly, my companions.

On reaching my door one night, I perceived that I was followed by some person whose figure was concealed by the folds of an ample cloak. Thinking I was pursued by some concealed enemy, I demanded the reason of the stranger's intrusion. In reply, the unknown threw off a cloak, and, habited as a man, revealed—Helena!

Confident that I was not violating my promise to my mother, I conducted the disguised Helena to my apartment.

"See, Hermon," cried the unhappy girl, "to what a condition you have reduced me. The torment of separation, which I could no longer endure, has compelled me to violate the delicacy of my sex in this imprudent step. But why is it that you have deserted me? Because I boast not a noble descent? Oh Hermon, had I not the same father when you promised eternal love? Have I since altered? Am I in any way less worthy your regard? Have the charms you once praised deserted me? Have I grown cold to that affection with which you blessed me? If none of this has happened, why am I deserted—abandoned to the bitterness of a sorrow implanted on the ruins of love?"

"Dearest Helena, my heart upbraids me for my perfidy to you; yet I am not undeserving your pity. You alone know the cause of my conduct—duty to my mother! You, only, do I love; and though a barrier is between us which I cannot pass, yet you will ever retain the fixed devotion of my heart!"

"Talk not to me of love, with those lips that have renounced me! Protest it not! If you still love me, why am I abandoned? My affection cannot dishonor you; and as I cannot hope for

greater happiness, oh Hermon, let us be as friends, companions; we will never speak of love. Surely from my society alone you have nothing to dread."

"Helena, think for one moment how impossible, imprudent—"

"Hermon, you do not love me! You never did!" and, with the air of a Melpomene, she turned toward the door.

"Stay, and hear me," I cried. "Your doubts of my love torture me. I love you, Helena, as sincerely, as ardently as ever; and the sacred obligations of honor could alone induce me to conquer my love. But what honor can justify cruelty to you? Alas! I have now caused you much unhappiness, and the business of my life should be to atone for the misery I have occasioned you. I must still refrain from the cup of happiness prepared for me; but no act of mine shall add to your unhappiness. You say it would give you pleasure to sometimes meet me: it shall be so, though I perjure myself before high heaven. I will now attend you home; and before we part we will concert measures for our future meeting."

On the way it was settled that I should meet her again on the following evening. I was not unmindful of the dangers of our intercourse; but by a strict guard on my conduct I hoped to avoid them. No terms of endearment ever passed our lips. Our hands never met. Our glances were chastened by that delicacy that was ever on the alert to save us from ourselves.

But how utterly vain is every precaution of the most prudent against the fire of Love! It was as easy to imprison the lightning, and with a word command it to restrain itself within the thunder-fraught cloud when wooed by the mountain-top to leap from its fleecy bed, as to place an effectual barrier between two hearts animated by a mutual affection. I would fain forget, and let them pass untroubled, the events of my life subsequent to the time I have already described, but they are not to be torn from my memory.

I would so stand naked on the Lybian sands, and meet the desert monarch in his wrath, than again endure those torments of remorse that assailed my guilty heart. Reparation, if in my power, was now my duty. I believed the obligation I was under to redress the wrong of my own infliction paramount to the pledge that bound me to my mother; and with this conviction I made the necessary arrangements for a private marriage with Helena, and then hastened to inform her of my intentions.

Scarcely had I gained the street, when a man, springing from the shadow of the building, confronted me with a naked rapier in his hand, and exclaiming, "Villain, receive thy reward!" plunged the weapon at my breast. By a sudden spring I so far avoided the fatal point that it only grazed my side, and quickly unsheathing my sword, I commenced a desperate conflict with my murderous enemy. Thinking I was set upon by some vile bravo, I gave my opponent no time to recover from the failure of his first attack, and soon laid him dead at my feet.

The noise of the conflict had alarmed the occupants of the neighboring houses, and by the time it was thus fatally terminated I was surrounded by several persons, among whom was Professor D'Este. Stooping to examine the features of the corpse, the lamp he bore dropped from his nerveless grasp, and uttering with the keenest agony, "My son! my son!" he threw himself upon the inanimate body.

The exclamations of the afflicted father and the horrified bystanders alarmed Helena; and, anxious for the fate of her father, the terrified girl now hastened to the spot. A glance was sufficient to inform her of the whole. Before her, pale, bloody and inanimate, lay her brother, the crimson tide yet oozing from his heart. As if the wintry tide of the North had stretched forth his icy wand, and with one touch congealed the current of her veins, she stood a rigid statue. At length a scream, loud, long, and piercing as the arrow of death, burst from her heart, and she lay on the blood-stained earth, stark and cold.

This horrible catastrophe was occasioned, as I afterward learned, by the following circumstances: Helena had a brother who had gone from home on a commercial enterprise previous to my acquaintance with her. Immediately after leaving Alamanca, upon the visit to my mother, this brother had unexpectedly returned to his home. Here, observing in the deportment of his sister sufficient to excite his suspicions of her having formed some imprudent attachment, he took upon himself to examine her upon the subject, but she denied his charges and refused him all explanations. He did not desist from his purpose, and inquired in other quarters. An old woman, who lived opposite, had seen me frequently enter the house; and this belated, being interrogated by the suspicious brother, quickly made him acquainted with all she had seen.

Inflamed with this intelligence, he immediately took measures to accomplish his revenge. For many nights he had lain in wait, anxiously expecting the object of his hate; and on this evening he saw me enter the house, but waited till I departed, thinking he might accomplish his revenge without leaving a clue to his own detection. With this design he attacked me, and I have described what ensued.

Upon a charge of murder, I was committed to prison, where I had ample time to brood over my misfortunes. My anxiety for Helena so wrought upon my brain that a fever was the consequence, and I was soon reduced to a pitiable condition. At the expiration of some time my constitution rallied, and I daily recovered much of my former health. But there was a blow in reserve for me that made my recovery hateful.

My inquiries concerning Helena had been entirely disregarded, but at length I elicited, from a kind visitor, the dreadful truth. The agony of her sufferings at perceiving, at the very moment of her fondest anticipations, an eternal barrier placed between her and the dearest object of her heart, together with the horrors of that fatal night, had proved too mighty for the delicate being on whom they had fallen; and in a few hours the gray-headed Professor, who had carried me to his house in all the confidence of a generous friendship, was by my means left childless and broken-hearted.

A deep, heavy melancholy succeeded the first agonizing pangs of grief and remorse. I became a gloomy and lonely creature, to whom all things that gave joy to the fortunate were hateful. By some unknown influence I was released from prison—or, rather, I was turned from a dungeon into the prison of the world—for I was restrained, though free; heavily manacled, though the gyves of slavery had been knocked from my limbs.

Sometimes a girl, says no to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means yes. The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her nose.

At a Friends' Sunday school, a bright looking little fellow was asked: "What is conscience?" He answered very properly: "An inward monitor." "And what is a monitor?" "Oh, one of the iron-clads."

Written for the Banner of Light.

TAKE CARE.

BY FANNIE ALLEN.

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

Yes, earthly man, take care! take care!

How, 'neath thy mortal feet,
Thou tramplest God's own image down,
And coldly others greet;
A human soul, to angels' sight,
With God-gems ever gleams;
And from the casket of the mind
His name forever beams.

The rudest elements of earth
Bring lessons full of truth;
The beautiful of lies beneath
An outward form uncouth.
The richest gold, immured in mud,
Emitteth not its glow;
And till it's cleansed with watchful care,
Its worth we may not know.

'Tis so in life! much precious gold
Is buried from our sight;
But kindly words and loving deeds
Will bring the good to light.
We know not by external garb
The "saint" or man of crime;
Earth-laws detect not mental stains,
That bear no outward sign.

By word or deed, then, dare not crush
Beneath a bitter soul
A MAN—for lo! he bears for aye
The name and seal of God!
Earth-vision cannot penetrate
The worth beneath the gown,
Nor tell who'll wear, in Eden Life,
The purest soul-pearl Crown.

Scarsport, Me., 1865.

The Spirit-World.

CREATION OF MAN, ETC.

[J. O. Jenkins, M. D., of Bowling Green, Ky., sends us the following communication, which, among others, was given at a circle, consisting of himself and two other investigators. The Doctor says all the communications are of a profound and exalted character, and were given by C. Powell, (a spirit) through the mediumship of a lady far advanced in years.]

Man has been, and ever will be, the great leading theme of contemplation. Everything centres in him, and finds in his nature its counterpart, its companion, its dormitory, its representative, its explanation and its home. Everything proceeds from God, through nature, to man; and everything returns from man, through gorgeous spheres, to God. Man is the most complicated, the most wonderful, the most enigmatical, the most fearful, and yet the most simple, of all created things. How, and for what purpose, was man created?

Previous to the present structure of the universe, the immeasurable realms of immensity were channels through which flowed seas of unformed materials. Infinitude was filled with elements of divine power, and with essences of progressive and eternal tendencies; and, residing in the centre, yet to the unimaginable circumference, was the Holy Artizan; the Divine Architect; the Great Positive Almighty Power and Creative Principle, which is God. The eternal elements of his being were conceiving, in their utmost depths, a sublime creation, a sacred embodiment of celestial principles; for there were then but two great co-eternal principles in all the wide-spread universe—mind and matter; or, God and the elements of his physical organization. And having perfected the plan of the universe, God said—with the full cooperation of his indwelling elements and essences of love—"Let us make man."

Then the first attribute of wisdom, which is Use, said: Man shall be a culmination of universal nature; he shall be so organized in his body, as to receive and elaborate the animating elements of nature into an eternal and unchangeable soul; and his soul being constituted of those principles which are in themselves pure, everlasting and infinite, shall possess and obey the tendency to unfold and progress forever.

Then the second attribute of wisdom, which is Justice, said: Man shall occupy such a position in the universe, as will secure to all things, organized or unorganized, visible or invisible, a permanent equilibrium of power, possessions and demands.

The third attribute, Power, said: Man shall be created through the instrumentality of countless suns and planets; and, also, through the regular and harmonious development of minerals, vegetables and animals, each of which shall correspond to and represent and embody some particular portion of his organism.

The fourth attribute of wisdom, which is Beauty, said: Man shall represent and embrace all suns and planets, all minerals and vegetables, and also the energy, strength, symmetry and structural beauty of all animals, in his form, organs and functions.

Then the fifth attribute of wisdom, Aspiration, said: Man shall know himself to be immortal. He shall be the King, the Lord, the crown, the coronation of nature. He shall aspire to be an angel, a seraph, a God.

The sixth and highest attribute of wisdom, which is Harmony, said: Man shall be an exact embodiment of the Great Spirit who created him. He shall represent, in a finite degree, the elements and attributes of the Infinite. He shall desire, and be capable of, and shall enjoy the most ineffable blessedness. He shall aspire after harmony; shall unfold it, and shall give his eternal existence to its maintenance. He shall be an embodiment of nature, a revelation of harmony, and an image of God.

Immediately subsequent to the concurrence of plans and decisions in the wisdom chambers of the Supernal Mind, there rolled forth into the sublime depths of infinity an endless chain of the most magnificent Orbs—suns of immeasurable magnitude and unutterable grandeur! And in like manner circle after circle of Suns were unfolded from out the deep bosom of the previous seas of unorganized materials. And thus the universe was organized, and spread throughout the immeasurable realms of boundless infinitude! The stupendous universe was organized for the ultimate purpose of organizing and developing man; for he is a culmination of universal nature.

Notwithstanding the unpopularity of the philosophy which accounts for man's existence upon principles of progressive development, it is the only philosophy which reason can sanction, and the soul cherish as its own. But it is exceedingly difficult for those minds who have been born and educated in the midst and under the influence of mythological theology, to see its truth and understand its application. Should the reader have his reason clouded, or his intuition so buried beneath a superficial education as to cause him to shrink from the present investigation, then he should

arise with manly strength, to unshackle his thoughts, and to burst open the dungeon door, that his imprisoned understanding may come forth and be free. One breath of liberty's atmosphere, one glimpse of the serene light which emanates from truth and knowledge is sufficient to compensate the soul for years; yea, for a lifetime of intellectual and spiritual slavery.

The most repulsive feature of this philosophy to the uneducated is, that man came from the animal creation; which are inferior, and subordinate to man. I do not mean any sudden, miraculous or unnatural metamorphosis of the quadrumanous into man, nor that man is the effect of the immediate transfiguration of any peculiar organization to be found in the animal kingdom; but I affirm that man was developed subsequent to minerals, vegetables and animals, by a focal concentration of all the elements, essences and substances under the most perfect conditions and influences which exist in nature. God made provisions for the minutest objects, in the universal plan. He instituted the widespread universe, with all its parts and powers perfectly adjusted; and as the growing plant arrives at a period when branches are unfolded, and at another when buds burst forth, at another when fruit is developed and matured, so has nature, according to the unchangeable workings of divine law, arrived at a period when minerals were unfolded, and at another when vegetables burst forth, at another when animals were developed, and yet at another period when all conditions, elements and essences conspired to the organization of man.

It is just as easy to believe that God creates and shapes, like the potter, from the dust of the earth, each little twig, bud and acorn of the oak, and places them upon the tree, as to believe that he created, by any special and personal action, the multifarious forms and human structures that breathe and move upon the earth's surface.

The mammalia embrace all animals that suckle their young. The higher we ascend in nature, the more closely allied do we find the various organizations to man. It is almost impossible to contemplate nature with a comprehensive generalizing eye, and determine which to first term man—whether the highest of the quadrumanous, or the lowest of the human type—so gradual and progressive is the immingement of one kingdom into another. The primary change of the quadrumanous into the inferior types of the human organism is so easy and unconscious, that, to the scientific and systematic investigator, the anatomical and physiological transformation is scarcely perceptible.

A full synopsis of man's creation may be obtained by simply interrogating nature; for she points up to the Eternal Mind who instituted laws that manifest themselves throughout his unfolding, and bids us consider the principles of association, progression and development. Because, under the powerful and constant direction of these laws, we perceive the unbroken and perpetual tendency of all forms and substances toward perfection. Every created thing demonstrates that from the great central mind there originally proceeded innumerable elements and substances, which formed through infinitude innumerable nuclei. These individually attract these elements and substances that have corresponding individual affinities; and these accumulate and condense, and purify and form suns—systems of suns—comets, planets and satellites. And these planetary organizations form the central mass and fertile womb of each orb which rolls in space. Thus, in the planet, in the mineral, in the vegetable, and especially in higher forms of animal, do we behold unmistakable manifestations of the laws of association, progression and development, or of the universal and constitutional predisposition of all matter and vitality toward a homo-central unity and an immortal individualization. This truth brings us to the contemplation of a conspicuous reality—the reality that every organization becomes more and more complete and perfect in its anatomical and physiological constitution, and in its position and influence, from the mineral up to man. Hence, all which are inferior and subordinate to man are but parts of him, and, in order fully to understand why man occupies the highest position, exerts the strongest influence, and is, in every respect, the most important and beautiful of all created things, we must consider the use for which he was made.

The foundation of the present inquiry is now fully ascertained; for the use of nature is to individualize man, and the use of the physical man is to individualize the spirit; and now, to consider him anatomically and physiologically, we must examine his forms and functions with reference to the ultimate purpose which they were originally designed to subserve.

Original Essays.

"MARRIAGE AND MATERNITY."

BY J. G. DILL.

In an article under this head, by J. Covert, in the Banner of March 18th, the writer, in treating of the "marital duties of wives," says, "The indisposition, or inability, to discharge the duties connected with offspring, is the secret but powerful cause of most family strife, and is often the cause of husbands straying away from home enjoyments." "If I understand him rightly (and I think his expression admits of but one interpretation), and what he states is true, it presents a deplorable picture of the degradation of masculine humanity. But I, for one, cannot believe in its truth. I admit that men are weak, and their passions strong; but, nevertheless, I believe that, on the average, their nature is noble, and gravitates toward generosity and goodness.

Most of the family strife (and by this I mean, as I suppose Mr. Covert does, strife between husband and wife), which have come under my knowledge, are traceable to far other and more natural causes. Comparatively few wives are unable, and fewer still unwilling, to discharge the duties referred to, provided they entertain a proper affection for their husbands; and a loss of conjugal regard must precede such unwillingness, which is therefore an effect, and not a cause.

So long as marriages are entered into as hastily and inconsiderately as they usually are, disagreements and strife are naturally to be expected. The great element of conjugal happiness is congeniality; without it there can be no such thing as happiness, or even comfort, in the marriage relation. "Soul affinity" I regard as a perfect humbug, invented as a mere cover to license, and an apology for lust. It does not appear reasonable to me that God should institute an important principle operative in but a few exceptional instances, and which nearly all the ordinary affairs of life conspire to thwart. Affinity is of a fixed and positive nature, having an inseparable and unalterable relation to its counterpart, and being antagonistic to all else. Congeniality, on the contrary, is yielding and pliable. It may be acquired where it does not exist, and destroyed where it does.

It is the nature of congeniality to develop itself by association, and whilst, perhaps, but few men

and women possess it for each other primarily—except to a very limited extent—I think that all may acquire it by a small effort. It seems highly probable to me that no man or woman of the same class could be selected, however incongruous, who could not, by association, accompanied by acts of mutual kindness, become sufficiently congenial to satisfy even the votaries of "soul affinity." That the majority of married persons do not, do so, is owing, perhaps, to their ignorance of human nature, and especially as applicable to each other's sex. Men and women are as essentially different in their mental and moral organizations as in their physical; and when association commences, they are usually an enigma to each other. Under the artificial restraints of society, neither has had an opportunity to learn the true characteristics of the other sex, and each expecting perfection, and neither finding it, permanent disagreement is the very frequent result. Then it is, and not before, that the wife manifests a repugnance to the marital duties before spoken of. The husband—if the animal in his nature predominates—demands them as a right, and if they are refused, goes elsewhere for gratification. Then follows a divorce, and one, or perhaps both, find a "soul affinity," which, so far as I can learn, is an institution patronized principally by separated husbands and wives.

The doctrine of "marital duties," in the sense in which the term is used in this article, I utterly repudiate. I regard it as most atrocious. It may answer for Constantinople or Dahomey, but is inconsistent with true civilization. Even throughout the animal world, the female yields only to the solicitations of the male, and is the sole judge of "the propriety, fitness and occasion of maternity." The man who enters upon married life with "marital duty" views, is not only bargaining for disappointment and unhappiness, but is degrading a most sacred association, of which the most endearing and safest element is friendship. When men and women generally come to understand that marriage is a partnership for mutual benefit, and that it is the interest, as well as duty, of each to contribute as much as possible to the other's happiness, and that both parties are equal, there will be less strife among the married, and fewer persons seeking "soul affinities."

One fruitful source of unhappy marriages is, that they are entered into, on the part of the man, for an object, which, if not just, is nearly akin to it, making a primary motive of what should be a mere concomitant. If a man entertain wanton thoughts in the presence of the woman whom he is addressing, let him be assured that he is building on a very unsafe foundation. If men and women will only marry from good, honest motives, and be patient with each other's faults and failings, they will be sure to live together very happily.

Orange Co., Me.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WOMAN'S WRONGS.

BY K. GRAVES.

Several articles have appeared in the Banner recently in vindication of the rights of woman, in which the writers attempt to set forth some of the mental disabilities under which she labors and the practical means for her redemption—momentous and prolific themes, as every moralist will readily concede who is connected with the exposition of the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy. But I am thoroughly impressed with the conviction that some of these masculine writers are actuated more by a desire to win the applause of "the fair sex" in thus yielding the pen in their behalf, than by a desire to expose their own practical connection with the causes which conspire to keep woman in her state of mental enslavement.

The intimate connection of woman's rights with man's wrongs have not been portrayed. The principal and most powerful cause which now operates to keep woman enchained in her present state of mental bondage, seems to be overlooked, even by most of those who volunteer to plead her cause. If ever it is fully disclosed, it will be found to have its root in man's pampered and perverted appetite. A large proportion of the women in all Christian countries lead a life of toil—some drudgery in catering to the artificial and superficial wants of their "liege lords," amongst the most prominent and predominant of which is the excessive—at least redundant—demands of a false, distorted and habitually surfeited appetite.

Mr. Chase says, in the Banner of 22d inst: "Pay women equal wages for equal services." To be sure, this would be right; but we venture to suggest that there is a much more important consideration that should first occupy our attention, lying back of this, and claiming a precedence over it. I consider it a matter of much greater importance to reduce the "service" than to increase the "wages," though both have legitimate claims upon our attention. Women should work less, and read and study more, the cultivation of the immortal mind transcending infinitely in importance the transient wants of a perishable body. But, gracious God! how is she to find time for the cultivation of her mind while she is doomed to one unceasing round of toil and turmoil, from day to day, through her long-drawn, wearisome life, in keeping the pantry and side-board replenished with pies, pastries, cakes and ginger-snaps? And, if she would ever find an hour's time in such a crowded life to steal aside and snatch up a paper or book, both mind and body are too much exhausted, and too much distracted or disordered, either to enjoy or be benefited by reading under such circumstances.

Hence I would say, banish forever such desserts, and all desserts, from your table, rather than have so much of woman's precious time sacrificed in preparing them as is now required by the inexorable fashion of an age yet more distinguished for gluttony than that lofty aspiration for spiritual and intellectual development which ignores all gratification of the palate, not absolutely demanded by the economy of the system and the highest state of health; an age which "lives to eat, instead of eating to live." And, I confess, I have often grieved to observe that this state of things widely prevails, even amongst those who style themselves "Reformers." I once heard a prominent spiritual lecturer, now in the field, flatteringly commend a lady for her slavish attention to the demands of his appetite, while she was perspiring at every pore, from the effects of leaning over a hot fire for hours in cooking "extras" which he would have been better off, both in body and mind, if he had never permitted to enter his mouth.

I make these statements, not to condemn, but to stir up thought and reflection. And I will venture to suggest that we who throw stones at others for trampling on woman's rights, should first reflect whether we are not the tenants of glass-houses, and hence may break our own windows in the act of hurling fatal weapons at our neighbors. And I wish, also, to say, to my female readers, before I conclude, that, as I design entering the lecturing field some time during the coming autumn or winter, I shall be more highly

gratified to find a well-rehearsed book-case and centrepiece ornamenting these family mansions I may chance to enter, than to observe the larger being practical evidence that the minds of its possessors lie below the belt," as John Van Buren might say.

First to cook, then to church.
Woman's work is never done.

P. S. I desire to say, in answer to several inquiries, that I design to enter the field of vocal labor just as soon as I can get the work through the press (a new and true Bible) which I am about publishing.

Harveysburg, Ohio, April 28, 1865.

THE EMBODIMENT OF IDEALS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The worship of the ideal is innate in human consciousness, and is a divine fore-glimpse of the realities that await us in immortal life. But we seek for premature actualization of these spiritual visitants; and, in hasty and mistaken embodiments, we reap sorrow and disenchantment in place of the joys of fruition. Ourselves blinded by imperfections, we demand of others the completeness of our ideals, and exact what, at their stage of soul-growth, they are incapable of giving. We vibrate between extreme judgments, deeming some all angel and others all devil; endowing the imperfect human creature with all the exalted attributes of the fully developed angelhood, and denying to the low and vile the redeeming traits that allies him to God and spirits.

Hence the manifold mistakes, errors and sorrows of our lives. We love with impassioned eagerness, without the heed or sanction of wisdom, until time and change, or providential sending, misnamed chance, reveals to us the flaw in the diamond we deemed so faultless. We hate with unreasoning willfulness, that pays no manner of attention to expostulation or palliation of offences. We grow absorbed in one or a few individuals, to the detriment of our soul's growth, and become selfish in consequence, because we blindly worship the idols of our own formation. And when we find them common clay, and that the winds of change and worldly expediency suffice to rend away their poetic and borrowed masks and garbs of beauty, what weeping and sounds of sore distress arise from the heart wounded unto death! what reproaches fall upon the cruel destiny thus chilling the summer-bright hopes of the soul!

Oh spiritual vision, darkly sealed because of thine insensate adoration of externals! Oh divine and everlasting realities, falsely embodied by impatient and unskillful human hands, that could not abide the divinely-appointed time of God! Love, standing yet upon the threshold of the sensual, and seeking to grasp the spiritual in vain and presumptuous experiment! Friendship, yet self-engrossed and exacting the tributes of complete self-sacrifice! Philanthropy, that lacks the soul of charity, complaining of the short-comings of the world! Oh Self-love, that bandages eyes and warps the heart and intellect, wherefore demand the loftiness of heroism from other souls?

When our ideals fail us, when, in the world's customary parlance, our hopes are blighted, our fairy-like and unsubstantial castles overthrown, as we are men and women endowed with immortal progressive souls, destined for communion with and understanding of wisdom, let us not sit ignominiously down and bewail our fate—for life is what we make it; but, rather, let us gather the precious and imperishable gems of salutary experience from the painful past, and we shall be chary of our idol-worship, and cautious with regard to earthly embodiments of the heaven-life. We shall "learn to labor and to wait" for the realization of our ideals.

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

Not with the cannon's thunder,
Not with the gleaming spear,
Not with the bomb-shell's booming,
And the war-cry loud and clear;
Not to the sound of drums,
Nor to the beat of drums—
We come not to the battle
As angered warriors come.

We come with strong hearts throbbing
For the cause of Truth and Right—
'Tis a holy watchword, sounding
From heart to heart to-night;
To witness of hope to the saddened,
To lift to the light the weak,
To call the degraded, Brother,
To brighten the laggard cheek.

Death! death! to the created serpent!
War! war! on the curse of rum!
From mountain to valley the watchword
Repeat, till our lips are dumb.
Follow the trail of the monster—
Track him through forest and glen,
Hunt him wherever he hideth—
Slab him to death in his den!

Hath he not murdered our mothers,
Brought their gray locks to the tomb?
Hath he not murdered our brothers,
Yet in their manhood's bloom?
Hath he not coiled on our hearthstones,
Hissing his fiendish words?
On! on the warfare, brothers!
Nor cease till he writhes in death.

Arm for the battle of glory!
Strike for the cause of Truth!
Fathers, with locks so hoary,
Sons, in the bloom of youth,
Mothers, and sisters, and daughters,
Hail! your prayers and blessings, come!
Death! death! wherever he lurketh,
To the serpent whose name is Rum!

A Ghost in Belfast.

There has been considerable excitement in the western part of our city during the past week, occasioned by what is said to be some very unusual or supernatural manifestations at the house of a Mrs. Brown, on the Augusta road. It appears that a young girl named Reardon, daughter of a blacksmith in that place, who resided with Mrs. Brown, some week or ten days since, was suddenly startled by hearing what she supposed to be a distinct rap at the front door of the house, and that she immediately saw a man, whose dress and appearance was supernatural, near the house. That night at twelve o'clock loud and distinct raps were heard at the door, and upon opening it no one was visible. The same occurred the following night, the raps being so loud as to be heard by the neighbors across the way. The whole neighborhood soon became excited, and numbers visited the house, remaining through the night, and being startled by the same raps occurring, sometimes so violent as though the door would be torn from its hinges.—Belfast Age.

WORKING AND THINKING.—It is no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two: we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense.

As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying the other, and despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the professions should be made liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.—Ruckin.

RICHARD CORDEN.

APRIL 2, 1865.

Death, in our Sonnets, who could
 Have placed so much nobility
 The noble minister of Fate,
 Has sent another to his rest,
 Born but a simple yeoman's son,
 Unaided by the rich or great,
 By his own vigorous mind alone
 Raised to be Swayer of the State.
 His sole ambition was to serve
 His country, and Old England's cause;
 Devote each energy and nerve
 To assert both equal rights and laws;
 And when they offered rank and place
 His simple soul the gifts declined,
 As weights which might impede the race,
 As gilded fetters to the mind.
 Then though he may have erred on themes
 Ungentle to his peaceful breast,
 Though many think his theories dreams,
 And mere Utopian at the best;
 Still, foes and friends must all lament,
 And sigh, when gazing on his bier,
 An earnest, truthful, eloquent,
 And honest Englishman lies here.

Correspondence.

Notes from Mrs. Townsend.

"I still live," although I have been quite miserable in health since I came to this city, and am still troubled with a cough, but I am coming out all right soon, for who that loves God through nature and her divine revelations cannot gain inspiration and strength enough to throw off disease, if there is one magnet of power left, when the sweet spring flowers come, and the thousand warblers pour forth their rich songs of praise, when earth is carpeted with green, and the streams murmur forth their eloquent tones of thanksgiving for freedom from the tyrant who has chained them beneath his power so long? Nature, in her purity, ever teaches us grand lessons of the inner life, giving us to understand that all inner powers purify, refine and elevate matter through which they manifest themselves. Oh, there are such holy teachers all around us; if we would only heed their admonitions that we might be more harmonious, loving, happier! Nature teaches us to be true to our highest aspirations, and not crowd them back under false coverings of pretence and conventionalism. Well, she will compel us to be true by-and-by, and then will the "good time" come.

One of the Methodist ministers of this city said that Spiritualism had died out nearly everywhere but in Troy, and the devil had let it all loose here. I am sorry if that is so, that you do not faithfully record in your obituary notices its demise, so that they who love it may mourn its decease, and give an opportunity to those who despise it to rejoice. Seriously, I think it has not the vital strength here that it has in other places where I go, although there are many rich souls bringing their offerings of faith to the altar of truth. They have no Lyceum for their children yet, though I think they will have, and there are hundreds of believers in the city who do not attend the meetings.

I am sorry to realize that so many who profess to be Spiritualists are unwilling to visit the birthplace of their Saviour, because it is not crowned with gilded spires, carpeted and cushioned with velvet. And I am more sorry that they who have recognized, and with apparent sincerity acknowledged that God is love, ever wise, ever just, and ultimates all things for good, cannot show more evidence that their professions are real, by the exercise of more charity for their fellow-men. But these things will all come, in God's own good time, and we will strive to wait patiently.

Messrs. Starbuck and Waters are still the head deacons of the church, and live men in the cause of truth. God bless and help them!

In the Troy Times, on Saturday, I saw notices of the religious meetings to be held in the different churches, under the heading, "Religious Meetings," but in another column of the paper I also saw this notice:

"SPIRITUALISM.—Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture at Harmon's Hall to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, and 7½ in the evening."

This is a free country, you know, where all men are born free and equal, and have a right to worship God after the dictates of their own consciences; but woe unto the man whose conscience teaches him that the humble truth, as Jesus taught it, does not compel him to worship God through forms and ceremonies, instead of real acts of goodness, and leads him also, through the evidence of his God-given senses, to believe that angels communicate with mortals. He is, of course, despised and persecuted, and were he to persist in carrying his religion into full practice, as Jesus did, they would cry, as of old, "Crucify him! crucify him!" Thank heaven, he could say, in the language of Jesus, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." M. S. TOWNSEND.

Troy, N. Y., May 1, 1865.

Hammon, N. J.

Moored at last in my pilgrim bark amid the vineyards, pear and peach groves, and fair strawberry fields of this, till recently, unknown spot of earth, sacred to the fair Pomona. Here she luxuriates. Here she displays her most captivating charms. Here she seems to have a special laboratory, gets her crucible ready, "over winter," and distills the pure juice of fruit all summer and away into the autumn, to the great joy and satisfaction of the Hammonites and Philadelphians; and her annual offerings have even been exported so far, that they have pleased the palates and gladdened the hearts of the far-famed "Gothamites." 'Tis said that even the "Hub" has, at times, in receipt of her luscious tributes, modestly blushed, even to her lips and finger ends, a real "strawberry red." A sister of hers, with gay, parti-colored phyacteries, has been hereabouts for the last three weeks, making calls and giving pledges for Pomona to fulfill. They call her Flora, from the robes she wears. Her first call was among the peach trees, that she dressed up in her gayest colors, and profusely festooned them and decorated them and left them, whereupon the astonished trees have gone right to "peaching." The peach trees—tiny little things—more scorchings, so to speak—"dwarfs." If the nurseryman likes that better—she visited next, and at the touch of her magic wand they were all of a tremor of delight—arrayed themselves in their brodered garments of purest white—seem-bloomer only; for the skirts almost reached the ground—bowed and nodded a salute to the gentle goddess, received instruction for the season, to get ready during summer, and "in pears" great Pomona, in the autumn. And the trees said, as well as they could, "Yes, Flora," and shifted their green dresses of white for their working ones of green. For several days, I notice, she has been kneeling quietly and unassuming among the strawberry vines, and one by one she has unraveled a profusion of the meekest white blossoms, that look like great snowflakes embossed in green, as if Juho and December had mingled their offerings together. But she must not stay here long, for Pomona is getting ready her "favoring," and her "fritting," and says the offering shall be ready, "satisfied," and upon the altar in four weeks. So she shakes her robes till the air for miles

around is loaded with the pure, rich balm of "strawberry," and accepts a fervent invitation from the grapevine, extended upon the "present arms" of its tendrils.

Flora is going to visit the "Lawtons"—a rather "sharp," aristocratic family—by-and-by; and, 'tis said, that here she "lets herself out" in one grand display of finery, matched only by the heavy, costly mourning that Pomona—she is the only one that mourns at that time—drapes herself in her visit to the same family in August. I see that this little fairy goddess has visited several "out-of-the-way" places in this vicinity, such as the marshes and swamps, and has hung up a "sign" in them that reads thus:

"Huckleberries and cranberries made here. Market open from July till October. Don't forget the place. Walk in, ladies, gentlemen and children, and get your labor's worth."

How all this flowering and fruiting can be carried on in a soil that has, like all the lands in Southern New Jersey for the last hundred years or more, been almost annually burned over, till there is left in it scarcely any vegetable deposit at all, may seem mysterious. Nature's laboratory is deep in the subsoil, but easily reached through the loose sandy surface. Yet both goddesses accept and acknowledge most heartily a little or good deal fertilizing tribute, and say to the husbandman, "Please, sir, repeat that offering again and often."

From two to three hundred bushels of strawberries daily, during the season, will go from this place to Philadelphia and New York markets, and probably twice that amount daily of Lawton blackberries. Of vegetables and sweet potatoes, many more are raised than can be consumed. No fivers here, or chills. Winters short and mild, render it probably the best climate for consumptives this side the Rocky Mountains. Fare to Philadelphia, thirty miles, one dollar. To New York, sixty-five miles, two dollars and thirty-five cents.

The Spiritualists are the leading people here, and are not a "community," as many have been led to believe. I find them perfectly grounded in their belief and principles, the leading of which is pure free love, to which they are endeavoring to attain, that they may make it a rule of life—that is, to love all mankind and womankind so fervently and purely, that they will not injure them through passion, envy, selfishness, or lust. Hence they ignore "affinity seeking," and all sickly sentimentalism, exercise of passion, and selfish and lustful gratification, as calculated to injure some fellow mortal, as well as the perpetrator; and no one can tell when or where the last results of a wrong action in violation of this love-principle may be felt.

Bro. D. H. Hamilton, of Maine, has recently located here, and is endeavoring to establish a community on the fraternal basis, somewhere in the State, and is very sanguine of success. The friends here have opened their doors—their hearts are always open—to entertain all who may attend the Convention on the 20th of May, for the furtherance of that object, and wish it success; but whether many here wish to make that change in their mode of living ardently enough to embark in Bro. H.'s enterprise, is still a problem. Should he succeed in effecting such an organization, and making it live upon the basis of fraternal love and chastity, maintaining the sacredness of the conjugal and domestic ties and relations, with a common interest and common treasury, I shall want to say to him, "Hail, brother, beloved of all mankind!"

There may be men enough found with sufficient means and development to make the thing a success; but your humble servant—sorry to say—is lacking in both respects; yet would earnestly say, let all who feel an interest in the matter, attend and talk it over, and eat our strawberries, and have a good time, and, hoping for a better—the "good time coming"—thank God, and take courage.

J. G. FISKE.

Hammon, N. J., 1865.

A Healing Medium.

As the art of healing by the laying on of hands is daily becoming better understood, and, of course, more popular, it is, but right that the world should know of those who are really in possession of this invaluable gift. There is a lady here, Miss Amanda Hartman, who is possessed of this power in a remarkable degree. The writer of this was greatly benefited (if not cured) of chronic catarrh and deafness, with only three applications. I write this from a sense of obligation to the lady, as well as to notify those similarly afflicted where they can apply with a reasonable hope of being cured.

She leaves here this month for Oswego, N. Y., where she intends to devote herself to benefiting suffering humanity. I may add, that she has been associated for some time past with the celebrated Dr. Newton, by whom she has been heartily recommended.

JOHN NESBITT.

Springfield, Mass., 1865.

"Pay of Lecturers and Writers."

"Why do not the millions of Spiritualists of this country support their best speakers and writers, as the Christian sects do?"

Since the above quotation from Warren Chase has called out several articles from persons who have tried, with some degree of success, to manifest their real souls' selfish sentiments, still not sufficiently so to meet the understanding of the masses, I would like to lend them my assistance in the following paragraph. I desire to do so, because I think in some instances it is better that the soul be opened, so all can read the sentiments nearest the heart, even though those sentiments are at variance with human good; for if we know how venomous the serpent is, we will take the more pains to avoid it.

"We have no occasion to hire men and women to coin thought. We commune with the friends across the mystic river without the darkening shade of scrip or greenback, for there are mediums, speakers and writers innumerable who have been conscripted by the spirits to work for humanity in their various departments, and they are held to their work by those intelligences, and we rejoice when these teachers are sent into our midst, giving us the opportunity to gather precious truths such as cannot be otherwise gained, in spite of being ill clad and hungry nearly to starvation."

Yes, why not pay them, so they may enjoy the comforts of life as others do, since they are obliged to administer to "the millions," even though they do in consequence suffer for want of the absolute needs of life? Oh, what a glorious day this, when we can gain precious truths without paying for them! Yes, if these workers, who year after year have suffered opposition of the severest kind, had been diffused many times of the very necessities of life, even that they desire compensation sufficient to enable them to live comfortably as other people do, with "the millions" will brand them with epithets, such as "bribe-taking priesthood," or "butterflies gathering sweets from whatever flower they chance to light on!" all because we are so contemptibly parsimonious that we cannot see the needs of those earnest workers in the field of human elevation. We, in our selfishness, think they can keep the body well clad and satisfy hunger solely with the inspiration

they get from the Summer-Land; and if they cannot, it makes no difference to us, since we can by hook or crook, get their services for nothing.

We are forced to the conclusion that the above expresses the real heart sentiments of a certain class, whose articles on the subject have appeared in the Banner.

But all true, noble and generous souls do not lose sight of the fact that workers in the spiritual ranks, as well as those dependent upon them, require good wholesome food to keep them from starving, good garments to keep them warm and comfortable, and a home where they can rest when they become weary, without feeling that they are where they are not wanted. But the parsimonious, miserly and inhuman, will neither contribute to their needs, nor allow others to do so, if within their power to prevent it.

T. M. WATSON.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Children's Lyceum Exhibitions in Philadelphia.

This Spring Exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Philadelphia, was held on the evening of May 3d, at Concert Hall, at which about twelve hundred persons were present. Upon entering the Hall the attention was attracted by a new and beautiful figured damask curtain, tastefully ornamented with a series of blue, inverted arches or festoons, extending across its entire length, the blue fields being covered with stars artistically arranged, and each festoon surrounded with a heavy and rich fringe of scarlet and gold color. The bottom of the curtain was also fringed in a similar manner. At eight o'clock the curtain was drawn, one-half to either side, revealing, upon the platform, the opening Floral Tableau—the members of the Lyceum, about one hundred and eighty in number, dressed in white, with their badges tastefully trimmed with grape rosettes—as a mark of respect for the memory of our beloved, arisen President—with wreaths of flowers upon their heads, bouquets in their hands, and over-arched with fifty garlands of evergreen arches, interspersed with flowers of every variety of shade and color. The whole Lyceum, being arranged in the form of a pyramid, presented a scene of beauty rarely equalled.

The conductor, Mr. M. B. Dyott, then stepped forward and made the following remarks:

Ladies and Gentlemen—As our audience this evening is largely composed of friends of the Lyceum and those who have favored us with their presence upon previous occasions, a statement of the objects, purposes and aims of the Institution would scarcely be appropriate or interesting to a large portion of the company. I shall therefore, in obedience to the presumed wishes of the majority of our audience, make no reference to subjects which have, upon any previous occasion, been the basis of remark. There are, however, a number of persons present who are asking the questions: "What means this movement, designated The Children's Progressive Lyceum? In what respect does it differ from our ordinary Sabbath and day schools? Why this innovation upon our time-worn and venerated customs, made sacred only by the dust of ages? I shall not, however, trespass upon your time or patience by attempting a reply to that question, but, with your permission, will say that this movement is designed to fill a vacancy in the education and culture of the young, which we deem paramount in importance to any that has preceded it. The ordinary Sunday and day schools have one and the same purpose, and we frankly admit that purpose accomplished in a manner deserving of praise and commendation in many respects.

The ordinary branches of education have due consideration and attention. The memory, intellect and devotional capacities are well and practically cultivated in the day and Sabbath schools, but what can we say of the cultivation of the physical and reasoning faculties of our children? Do not the day schools cultivate the intellect at the expense and ruin of the physical, and the Sabbath schools waste their energies and usefulness by a repetition of the same error, coupled with an inculcation of faith and belief in the mystic theories and dogmas of by-gone ages, which not only ignores but stifles the God-given faculty of reason?

We find no fault with what is done in the day schools, but with what is left undone. In the Sabbath school we reverse the proposition. We cannot justify what is done, but we regret that it has not some more useful purpose. One of the primary effects, therefore, of this movement, is to supply the deficiency that exists in the schools that have preceded it, by the education of the physical, and, secondly, by the cultivation of reason, that noblest of all gifts with which a bountiful, wise and beneficent Creator has endowed all his children, and which, in common with all other faculties, it is our duty to educate, exercise and eliminate to its fullest capacities. Knowing that you have come to see and hear that which will endeavor to make more use of the faculties which God has given, I will not further trespass upon your time or patience, except to note a few incidents that have transpired during the brief existence of this Lyceum.

On the 17th of January, 1864, the gentleman whom I shall in a few moments have the pleasure of introducing to you, organized this Lyceum, the first one of its kind in the city, though there were, and are now many others in various sections of the loyal States. It started with the aid of the vigorous and powerful that we could scarcely realize it had not seen the snows of many winters. Scarcely had our beloved brother, Mr. S. J. Finney, left for his home in the far West, when one of the Lyceum members plumed her angel wings and soared to the bright Summer Land. During the brief period of this Lyceum's existence, three of its members, two of its leaders and one of its benefactors, have passed to the lighter life. We do not call them dead, but we say, as represented in the beautiful lines of Sir E. B. Lytton:

There is no death! The stars go down
 And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
 They shine forevermore.
 There is no death! An angel form
 With a new crown and a new sword,
 He bears our best loved things away,
 And then we call them "dead."
 Born into that undying life,
 Leave us to come again:
 With joy we welcome them—the same,
 Except in sin and pain.
 And ever near us, though unseen,
 Their boundless love and true,
 For all the boundless Universe
 Is life—there are no dead.

Since this institution was inaugurated, its meetings have been regular, well attended, and, we hope, in some degree profitable. We have obtained for the use of the Lyceum, by purchase and by the generous aid of friends, a valuable library of over nine hundred volumes, a piano, and other appendages necessary for its success, continuance and usefulness. To the liberality of its friends, and the flattering success with which its exhibitions have been marked, we are indebted for the prosperity with which our efforts have been crowned; and for the present manifestation of your approbation permit me to return the thanks of the officers, leaders and members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia.

Our Musical Director, Mr. C. E. Sargent, now took charge of that department of the exercises for the evening, and the Lyceum Children sang, accompanied by piano, flute, violin and other instruments, "The Spring Holiday." The curtains were drawn, and the Lyceum, in their regular order, marched to music around the hall, each member carrying a flag draped with crapo, massed in the space reserved for that purpose in front of the stage, each group being followed by its leader, and the whole led by the Guardian of Groups. The Lyceum now went through their drill exercises, with a precision which would do credit to a company of cadets. "The world is what we make it," was read; after which they counter-marched, delivering their flags to an officer at a given point, in order. The members were then seated, and an

address, appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by Mr. S. J. Finney, at the conclusion of which a young lady member of the Lyceum sang the Serenade, "Slumber on, beloved one."

A Mythological Tableau, "Music and her Sister Song," was now presented, in a style which called forth the admiration of the audience.

The Infant Group, dressed in costume, performed with wonderful precision the Free Gymnastic Exercises, led by Master Charles Dyott. So gratified were the spectators with the performance, that they were called upon to go through a second series of the exercises.

A piano solo, "Home, Sweet Home, with variations," was executed by Mr. C. E. Sargent, the Musical Director, in a masterly manner, replete with feeling, sweetness and artistic skill.

The Gymnastic Exercises with rings, were presented by a class of young ladies and ladies, with a grace, elasticity and precision highly creditable. The Dumb Bell Exercises were also exhibited by the same class, in an equally creditable style.

During the evening the following pieces were sung: "When I pour out my spirit in prayer," by Mrs. Adams, of the New York Lyceum; "The Frog Song," by Frankie Adams; "The Prisoner's Hope," by the Lyceum; "Toll the bell mournfully," a new song, composed and published by C. Everett, of this city, by a young lady member of the Lyceum; also, "Love's Childings" was sung in exquisite style by a young lady.

The Exhibition was concluded with a Patriotic Tableau, in which the whole Lyceum were grouped in the form of a pyramid, each member holding a flag, and singing, "The Flag of our Union," with brilliancy and beauty was added by a pyrotechnic illumination of crimson fire, contributed by Mr. Jackson.

Spiritual Phenomena.

From the London Spiritual Times, March 18th.

The Spirits in Prison.

Sir—As I perceive by the London papers that the Davenport Brothers have with you, and knowing, by experience, the great variety of opposing opinions that their extraordinary manifestations have called forth, even here, in America, where all eyes are turned to the spiritual origin of the phenomena, and "plenty as blackberries," I submit to you, as an addenda to other of the Davenport marvels, two rather unusual manifestations of "the power" and its modus operandi.

Ira and William Davenport (in accordance with the general practices of the law, the Church, etc., in connection with spiritual manifestations) have been subject to every species of insult, persecution, and injustice, that the civilized and Christian community could inflict within the pale of the law of the land, and modes of obedience to the apostolic charge, "to try the spirits," resorted to in the case of the Brothers, has been to arrest and try them in several sections of country, for performing "juggling tricks without a license." The Brothers, by payment of a fine, could easily have evaded the penalty inflicted "by justice" on their offence, but by the advice of the spirits, they invariably refused the tender of their many friends and admirers to do this; alleging that they might be compelled to yield obedience to violence, but would never sanction illegal law, by paying the fine.

In pursuance of this resolve, the Davenports submitted to the disgrace (?) of imprisonment in several instances, for having perpetrated the enormous offence of sitting tied hand and foot, whilst the disembodied souls of dead men, telegraphed to each the intelligence that they still lived. It was on the occasion of their imprisonment in Oswego Jail, New York State, the following sentence took place:

The Davenport Brothers had as usual been tried and convicted of the felony of proving humanly tried, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in Oswego Jail. Somehow the committal had an odd effect on the citizens of Oswego, who (instead of being deterred from following in the baneful footsteps of the cultists, by a warning of their awful fate), not only visited them and filled their cells with presents of fruit, flowers, books, and testimonials of every kind, but testified their abhorrence of their crime by encouraging them to its repetition by holding sances in the precincts of the prison cell itself.

On a certain Monday evening, I, in company with my mother, a lady, and two gentlemen who ranked amongst the oldest and most respectable citizens of the town, went to visit the boys in their cell, they having expressed a desire to see me during my stay in Oswego, where I was delivering Sabbath-day lectures for the Spiritualists Society. Shortly after my arrival, I was introduced with my friend into the cell by the warden of the prison, Mr. P., who informed us that, though after hours, he was willing to oblige us beyond his custom. Our party completely filled the cell; and Mr. P., the jailor or warden, who seemed on friendly terms with the Messrs. Davenport and my companions, stationed himself at the open door of the cell. I had not been seated above five minutes, when I perceived, in the glowing light of the evening, several spirits in our midst, whose company was both unlooked for and unknown to the rest of the party. Amongst them was one of particularly grotesque appearance; he looked like what they call, in New York, a regular "rowdy," was dressed in an old tarnished military suit, much too small for him, but worn with ludicrous affectation of finery. On his head appeared an old battered general's hat, with a broken feather, and, altogether, an odd or more comical-looking general, whom I never beheld on any other occasion.

On describing what I saw to the Messrs. Davenport, they at once explained: "The figure you describe must be a spirit who calls himself General Murek; he is evidently dressed up in honor of you, and his presence and readiness to appear betokens that he wishes us to hold a circle." At this intimation, Mr. P., our worthy jailor, declared that his feelings were so hurt by our irreverent mention of spirits, that he would have us leave the cell, and that the best thing he could do in the absence of a magistrate to commit us was to lock us up, adding, however, that in respect to me as "the Spiritualists' Minister," he would leave us some instruments of music to amuse ourselves with; thereupon, he pushed into the cell a guitar, tambourine, horns, a drum, and several other instruments commonly used in such circles. Before quitting us, he expressed his decided opinion that we would all eventually come forcibly, he threw in a large coil of new rope, as suggestive of our fate. This done, he shut, locked, and bolted the door, leaving us with the instruments of music, a lamp, and box of matches, all of which looked as if the said jailer was pretty well aware of what was to follow. All "secure," however, we proceeded to make the best use of our time, the first occupation of which on my own part was an old song captain was to tie the Messrs. Davenport to their chairs, and then again to staples in the wall, all of which consumed nearly thirty minutes, so resolved were we to secure ourselves against any imposition. I must reiterate my assertion about the size of the cell, which was so completely filled up by our party that I, who was crowded in between the two mediums, must have felt the slightest movement made by either of them.

Unless, then, my very much astonished and considerably frightened mother and lady friend were the parents, or the magistrate, one of my male companions, or the venerable old skeptical sea captain the other, turned jugglers for the scene, invisible, numerous, and very strong hands were there busy enough in that cell to play several of the instruments at once, whirl them in the air, and perform noise, music, and indescribable feats of the usual character at these circles, with a power and rapidity marvelous enough had we all engaged in the fun instead of cowering in tremulous statu quo.

Several times, at the request of the spirits, a light was struck, and the knots which still confined the boys to the iron-rings, &c., carefully inspected. The spirits favored us with some conversation through the horn, principally addressed to myself, whom they politely styled the "big

preacher." Their remarks, though highly complimentary in character, were seasoned with considerable spice of what might be termed "slang," but that they had some means of scrutinizing our countenances was evident; for though my mother never said a word, or expressed any fear of the invisible performances, they seemed to remark what she afterwards confessed to, namely, her unmitigated terror of the whole proceeding, by gruffly observing "Old lady is frightened—very; never mind, ma'am, you've got to be initiated." After about three quarters of an hour of as considerable a pandemonium as could be got up in so narrow a space, the invisibles called out—"Look out! be still! we're going to untie the boys!" and before one of the party could finish the counting of seventy, the ropes, which had occupied us half an hour to knot up, were untied, and very gently, but with incredible swiftness, wound around my neck and waist, until, when the light was struck immediately after a loud signal rap was given, I was found sitting between the mediums in a perfect coil of rope.

I have no comment to make on this narrative, one of many that had occurred in my experience of sances with these mediums, except to add that any one acquainted with the City of Oswego, the names of my companions shall be especially given by application to myself, Emma Harding, No. 8, Fourth Avenue, New York City. I had intended to give another and very different narrative of a spiritual manifestation in connection with the Davenports, but as I have already occupied more space in your columns than I had at first intended, I shall reserve my second narration for another occasion, and have the honor to subscribe myself,

Yours for the truth,

EMMA HARDING.

GLEANINGS.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

"When the victorious armies of Napoleon laid bare the dungeons of the inquisition in Italy and Spain, and disclosed the dark secrets of that infernal institution, all the world wondered and shuddered. Nothing has more nearly paralleled that disclosure than the exposure of the chief seat of Slavery in Charleston. Both of these institutions claimed in their behalf the sanctions of religion—both were upheld by the most eminent men in Church and State, as essential to the welfare of society, and both will live on the pages of history amid the execrations of the civilized world."

The above is taken from the Tract Journal, published by the American Tract Society; but it seems to me rather hard that effects should be execrated, while the cause remains untouched. The Spanish Inquisition and American Slavery are the legitimate children of the doctrine of eternal punishment, and of election, and have Bible infallibility as their maternal grandparent. Surely, if it is true that those who do not believe shall be damned forever, it is right that those who hold erroneous views should be prevented from incultating them, when such incultation might be the means of the eternal loss of not only one, but many souls; and no torture can be too severe that tends to prevent a result so awful.

And, if it is true that God from all eternity fore-ordained some to eternal damnation, and some to salvation, without any work or worthiness on their part, it must be right that for so worthy a cause as both ignorance and blackness, some should toll and sweat their lives away, while others roll in the wealth that is the product of their hard labor; and how either of the above doctrines can be disposed of, so long as the Bible is held as the infallibly inspired Word of God, is more than I can tell. I see by the statistics that the publications of the above Society for the month of February, 1865, amount to 12,226,000 pages. This is what the advocates of a partial salvation are doing. Awake, and put forth your energies, oh ye that clasp the hands of the angel hosts!

A MIRACLE AT ROME.
 I find the following in the New York Observer: "The foreign papers contain the accounts of the miraculous cure of a Polish Princess, through the intercession of the Pope with St. Chrysogonus. There is a quick cut at Chicago, who is said to be performing just such miracles by the wholesale, with the simple touch of his finger. We have equal faith in both; they are both quacks."

It is said that a man by the name of Peter, some eighteen hundred years ago, was so famous in this line, that the sick were laid in the streets, that his shadow might fall on them as he passed. Wonder if the writer of the above heard of him?

In the same paper a writer is arguing against the use of salt in the food. I don't know why, unless he is afraid of getting some of Lot's wife into his stomach. But he quotes the words of an opponent, as follows: "It is something serious to tilt against the habits and customs of the whole civilized world for six thousand years;" and then replies, "Yes, quite serious; nevertheless, we contend that the truth should be known, though the whole civilized world should right-about-face. It is the lot of humanity to err." Amen, brother; stick to that, and you will do well enough, even though you should "right-about-face" yourself.

TALKING WOMEN.

Another taunt against reformers comes in the following shape. Speaking of a lady lecturer in England, he says, "Judging from the description of this female apostle of infidelity, she must resemble some of the talking women in our own country, who advocate Spiritualism, and other delusions, preferring the light which is darkness." I infer that the editor of the Observer dislikes writing women, as well as "talking women," from the way he criticises Gail Hamilton's New Atmosphere. After making the following quotation: "Love is the sole morality of marriage, and a marriage to which love has never come, or from which it has departed, is immorality, and a woman cannot continue in it without stain," he says: "We need not say to our readers that the doctrine is licentious, wicked, unscriptural and infamous. This is the New Atmosphere that the New York Evangelist says is a moral one, but we declare it eminently immoral." Wonder why he didn't add, "Wives, be in subjection to your own husbands, for the wife hath not power over her own body, but the husband?"

FIRST-CLASS PULPITS VACANT.

In the heading of a long article, in which the writer mourns the pride of the people, and the remissness of the ministry in being prepared for their work. I am not prepared to say just what is meant by "first-class pulpits;" but if I should be called upon to give a definition, I should say it was where pride and popularity had driven away the spirit and power, and the people, because they cannot have both, will not have either. May all reformers see to it that in seeking external advantages, they let not go of the hand of the angels.

I have read Bro. Peabody's account of the Conference at Johnson Creek. We did, indeed, have a glorious time, and it is the only place that I have found real "live Spiritualists" in Western New York. I mean as a body. There are earnest, whole-souled individuals, but the mass need greatly that the time of quickening should come. May the angels speed it.

I visited Dr. Griswold's rooms in Batavia, and it is really wonderful that one who has not been educated as an artist, should paint pictures of so much merit. May he meet the reward of his labors in their full appreciation.

There are many good healing mediums in this part of the country, among whom Dr. Amos, of Rochester, is favorably spoken of; but lest I make this article too long, I close with best wishes for the onward march of Truth.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET
ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY.

EDITOR.

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

Charity in Speaking.

Some persons think that charitableness consists as much as anything else in the matter of fair and friendly judgments. For our part, we incline to the belief that persons have no right whatever to pass judgments at all. What do they necessarily know of the motives or circumstances which impel the deeds of others? How are they better qualified to judge of others' conduct than they appear to be of their own? By what sort of authority have they been set up to pass opinion in such a final and decisive way upon actions whose spring and inspiration they know nothing about? With what reason do they decide so readily of results, when they have taken no pains to acquaint themselves with causes?

A large share of the uncharitableness among men is to be found in their speech alone. They really do not entertain such hard and harsh opinions one of another as their language would appear to imply; but the fault is, they speak before they think at all, and hence their thoughts shape and color themselves afterwards to match their speech. There is far too much inclination abroad to let the tongue run on before the judgment. The Scriptures well style it an "unruly member," and charge it with being the author of a great deal of mischief. It too often does work which a whole lifetime is not long enough to atone for.

Among Spiritualists, there is great and urgent need of the careful cultivation of the spirit of true charity. Not so much the feeling which first is very resolute to form its judgment, and then to lay it away and keep it a secret afterwards, with a sense of self-satisfaction at having refrained from doing an injustice; but the other and better feeling that one really has no right nor authority to set up his judgments upon another, and that it is doing no more than an honorable duty to keep one's thoughts turned rather upon himself than upon his neighbor, his heart cherishing no suspicion or malice, and his lips speaking no guile. If we did but realize at the time how much such a rule of conduct helps us, instead of hurting and wronging others, we should not be slow to accept and act upon it. When we do what is right, we may be sure it is best; and what is best is always certain to be best for ourselves.

In our editorial capacity and experience, we have been called upon to exercise charitableness to a very liberal degree toward individuals who themselves insisted that we should practice uncharitableness toward others still. For example, we have received almost innumerable letters, complaining of the course of this and that person in the spiritual ranks, and insisting that we should use our columns to expose them. We need not remind our readers that we have invariably refused to do any such thing. In the first place, a paper like the Banner, sustained and cherished as it is by persons of the widest variety of sentiments and opinions, was never established for any such purpose as general fault-finding and individual reproof. In the next place, it is a very bold and daring assumption, as men and women are constituted in this world, for one person to start with the idea that he is right on any subject whatever, and the person criticised is all wrong. The question of motives and circumstances in human action is a very nice one indeed, and is by no means to be kept out of the account in making up a judgment of another. But, in the third place, this business of judgment-making as a profession, or calling, is a pretty poor business, of no sort of profit to those engaging in it, or those set up for condemnation. And finally, it is, and long has been, our fixed belief that men and women are made better by kindness rather than by denunciation, that a word spoken in love is worth ten thousand for power of those spoken in hatred, that we are none of us so very perfect as to be in a condition to pass infallible judgments upon others, and that the practice of condemnation is even more harmful to the one habitually indulging in it than to the one on whom it is exercised. These certainly should be reasons enough.

But if we were to seek to impress any single view distinctly and permanently on the minds of our readers, in connection with this subject, it would be this: that the practice of charitableness, both in thought and in speech—and if in thought, then necessarily in speech—is of the first importance to the persons themselves following it. They in truth receive all the benefit. For if they still go on to condemn, they do the objects of their condemnation neither good nor harm; the very spirit in which it is done stands in the way of any advantage that might flow from it, or else excites outright antagonism. The feeling therefore only reacts on the individual who has taken the business of judging in hand to do; makes him conceive and foster dislikes, opens his heart to the inroads of malice, keeps his thoughts continually untamed and rebellious toward every one, and disqualifies him entirely for that tranquil state in which alone his soul becomes receptive of the higher and nobler influence.

It is for this reason, as the first of all good and sufficient reasons, that we would dissuade persons from yielding the first particle to the temptation to speak or think unkindly of others. If others do wrong, they must suffer from it. If they seek our harm, that result can generally be avoided; certainly it is not more surely avoided by our becoming a willing party to their quarrel. If we would but try and meet hatred with love, it would astonish us to find what a world of fresh power lay right at our feet. And that is the greatest lesson, too, simple as it is, which this life has in its little limits to teach us.

A correspondent writes us from Sacramento, Cal., that never has the interest in Spiritualism been as great as it is at the present time. And this is the case everywhere. Truly the light is dawning upon the world more rapidly than the most sanguine Spiritualist had ever dared to hope for.

Practical Spiritualism.

The readers of this paper are already aware that our brother and co-laborer in the cause of Spiritualism, George M. Jackson, late of Prattburgh, N. Y., has passed from his earthly tenement of clay to dwell among the angels.

On the 13th of February last, we first learned that Mr. Jackson was sick and destitute. We at once sent him ten dollars to relieve his immediate wants. In the afternoon of the same day the controlling intelligence of Mrs. Conant's Circle announced the sickness and necessitous condition of our brother, calling for pecuniary aid for him from the audience, to which they responded nobly. The remarks of the invisible speaker were recently published on our sixth page. What will appear singular to many, in this connection, is the fact that Mrs. Conant, previous to the time the message was given through her, knew nothing whatever of the condition of Mr. Jackson, and was somewhat surprised at the close of the seance, when informed of the tenor of the remarks given through her.

On the evening of the following Wednesday (Feb. 15), Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike had occasion to visit the residence of Mrs. Conant, professionally. While there, the medium became suddenly clairvoyant, and remarked to the Doctor: "A spirit-lady presents herself to me and desires to know if I will go away with her." Mrs. C. immediately answered: "Yes, I will." The Doctor then took her by the hand, when she announced that, in spirit, she was at the place of destination.

"I see," she said, "a man here, sick; a young lady; also an old gentleman and an old lady. The room is small, with a somewhat faded carpet upon the floor, but everything looks neat. The young lady is reading a letter. 'Goodness!' she exclaims, 'it is from the Banner office—there is money in it.' Oh, there are many folks here," continued Mrs. C., "but like myself, they are invisible to the mortals present. The sick man now says: 'There! did I not tell you the angels would not leave me here to starve?' The old lady replies: 'I believe now, George.' There is an old grey-haired man here, (a spirit), who says to me:

'Child, now go back to your earthly home, and teach the people that it is better to give than to receive. He that giveth feeleth that he hath done well, and he that receiveth feeleth that he hath something to pay for; so, therefore, it is better to give than to receive. Every son and daughter of the great Father-Spirit hath some one in attendance, and they take note of the kind offices of those who give to the poor and needy, and make it their special business to repay such with interest. Now, child, again I say, go back and teach the people that it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Thus the vision ended. Subsequently we received the following letter which explains itself:

Prattburgh, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1865.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE BANNER OFFICE—Your letter and the money enclosed came to me most unexpectedly. Accept my heart's warmest thanks for the same. I have indeed been in a very destitute condition, as in these times of high prices the small amount of means I had was soon swept away by doctors' bills, medicine, &c. Until lately I had been obliged to do without many common articles of comfort. My health is gradually failing, and I look forward with joy to the not distant hour, when, freed from pain and want, I shall join those gone before to the better land.

May success attend all your efforts for the advancement of our glorious faith, without which how miserable should I be. It is my sole consolation.

May the angels bless and aid you ever, is the wish of your grateful Brother,

G. M. JACKSON.

February 19th we again wrote to Mr. JACKSON, relating to him in substance the above vision, and desiring to ascertain its truthfulness, or otherwise. His reply we append, with an affidavit, signed by his aged father and mother and himself, who were the parties present alluded to in the vision of Mrs. Conant:

Prattburgh, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1865.

BROTHER COLBY—I answer your letter as soon as I am able to sit up, which has not been for several days until to-day. In answer to your inquiries respecting the clairvoyant examination, I am happy to be able to inform you that it is correct, as we remember the events.

I was sitting up; had been attempting to eat a little; was taken with nausea and severe cramps; was a little better; had just said, "I do wish I had something I could eat," when the letter was brought in, and, to the best of my recollection, the conversation stated by the clairvoyant then occurred. This was on Wednesday evening, Feb. 15th.

The spirits have always said they should convince my friends, before I passed away; and, by this, have done much toward it. May they continue. I think the fact should be published, as it is a capital test. Father and mother certify to it willingly.

Yours in truth,

GEORGE M. JACKSON.

Here follows the certificate alluded to above: We certify that, to the best of our recollection, the communication said to have been given by a clairvoyant, in Boston, Mass., is true in every essential particular, and that such conversation and circumstances did occur at our residence in Prattburgh, N. Y., on the evening of Feb. 15th.

O. JACKSON,

EMILY M. JACKSON,

G. M. JACKSON.

Should skeptics or investigators doubt the truthfulness of the above statements, they have only to write to Mr. or Mrs. Jackson, who, we have no doubt, would be glad to render all the information possible in regard to so interesting a development of direct spirit power and guidance.

We would here state that the amount collected in our Circle Room for Bro. J., was \$25.45, to which were added various sums afterwards from friends at a distance. Mr. White, who has charge of the Banner Circles, forwarded the above amount, accompanied with a kind letter to the invalid, from whom he received the following touching reply:

Prattburgh, N. Y., Feb. 24th.

DEAR BROTHER—You can never know the feelings which I experienced when your letter was read to me last evening. The human language fails and words are powerless to convey the thoughts to you, my brother, which I faint would indite. The money is indeed most acceptable; but the kind words of sympathy fall like a healing balm, and are a source of consolation in the hour of sickness.

Oh, the glorious Religion of Humanity, by which we feel another's sorrow. I would be glad longer to remain on earth, to give my powers for its more general diffusion; but I suppose that may not be. But, thanks to our faith, the thought of a speedy dissolution is accompanied by no dread or fear. Through the partly opened door sweet visions of my future home have been vouchsafed me, by the loving Father, and the angel friends. I shall go to meet our Sister Sprague and others who have been workers for humanity.

My dear brother, I may never meet you in the form; but after my passage to spirit-life is accom-

plished, I will, if conditions are favorable, visit your circle and endeavor to express my thanks. Again I thank you all—the spirits, too.

Your grateful brother, G. M. JACKSON.

It will be gratifying to the believers in the Spiritual Philosophy to know that, faithful to his promise, Mr. Jackson, the immortal, visited our public circle on Monday, May 8th, and cordially thanked Mr. White, and others who aided him in his last illness, which aid had so essentially served to smooth his pathway through the tomb to eternal life.

An interesting account of Bro. Jackson's last hours on earth, written by his intimate friend Alexander H. Donnelly, will be found on our eighth page.

The Tidings in England.

Not only in England but in all the continental capitals, the horrible crime perpetrated by the power at whose instigation the President was assassinated, has been heard of with nothing but expressions of universal horror. This we were in expectation of hearing. On the receipt of the shocking intelligence from this side, there were public meetings, both of the men of the State and the masses of the people, and both the press and the authorities spoke out in an unmistakable voice concerning an atrocity which is almost too great to bear a name properly describing it.

The press, too, without a dissenting voice, give utterance to the universal sorrow and sympathy and indignation. It is all very grateful to us at this time. We are made to feel by it that England is still our nearest relation across the water.

The London Shipping Gazette says:

"The excitement caused throughout England by the American news has never been equalled, at least in the present generation. Even the death of the Emperor Nicholas produced less emotion, although that event, happening in the midst of the Russian war, had a more direct effect upon ourselves."

Earl Russell in the English House of Lords, and Sir George Grey (on behalf of Lord Palmerston,) in the House of Commons, gave notice that they would, on the 1st of May, move an address to the Queen, expressing sorrow and indignation at the assassination of President Lincoln, and praying her to convey that expression of feeling to the American Government. And all the members present in the House of Commons on the day when the sad news was received signed the following address, which was presented the same evening, to Mr. Adams:

"We, the undersigned, members of the House of Commons, have learned with the deepest regret and horror that the President of the United States has been deprived of life by an act of violence; and we desire to express our sympathy at the sad event to the American Minister now in London, as well as to declare our hope and confidence in the future of that great country, which we trust will continue to be associated with enlightened freedom and peaceful relations with this and every other country."

The Times of the next day said:

"This evening it may be expected that the leaders of the great parties in the House of Commons will take the opportunity of expressing, in the name of the nation, the horror which is everywhere felt at this crime, and of assuring the American people that, whatever difference of opinion may exist in this country as to the present war, there is but one feeling of sympathy with them at the loss of an honest and high-minded Magistrate."

Coming Home Again.

The brave army heroes, the "boys in blue," are coming home again in brigades and divisions. We shall shortly have them in our midst, telling over their trials and triumphs, and receiving our expressions of gratitude in return. Many of them will come back maimed and sick, almost unable to help themselves by the tasks of physical labor. They vacated good employments when they took up the musket for us and our posterity; they ought to be returned, with our assistance, to at least as remunerative employments when they come back. Wherever there is an office in the power of Government to bestow, it should be given to the man who has defended this Government in the field, if he can as well perform its duties as another individual who has not exposed himself to such service. That much, or little, is due to the hero, and there are no true men in the country to gainsay it.

How glad these brave fellows will all be to get back among friends and relatives and acquaintances again; to their wives, their children, their parents and brothers and sisters, and to their homes. That word home has many a time and often been upon their lips; in the lonely vigils of the night, on the weary and dreary march, in the solitary moments in the camp, and in the hustling of battle. Now they are to realize again what it means. It is a great while to be gone from all that one holds dear on earth, with his life every hour in his hand, four long years. Yet we have never heard anything like repining or disheartened voices from them. Even if we at home at times grew oppressed with anxiety even to doubt, for the result, they held up stoutly, nor allowed themselves to think that any but success would crown our endeavors. Let us welcome back the soldiers, then, with enthusiasm, and with substantial tokens of friendship beside.

Prices of Living.

The necessities of life ought not, as a general thing, to be held up much longer, if any longer, to their present high price. For example, ice promises to be even so high as a cent per pound before midsummer; while coal is kept up much higher than it should be, although the price of labor at the mines, as well as the cost of transportation to market, has very greatly diminished. We are to have lower prices for every article we consume, however, very shortly, so that men can again support families at reasonable rates. There is, we know, a scarcity of all kinds of goods at the South, and so there is a want of money to buy them with; to enable them to purchase, they will have to quit war and go to work in the fields again. This will bring out cotton in plenty by another year, which will cause in turn a great shipment of northern goods southward, and bring back all the cotton we want, besides furnishing enough to turn and keep foreign exchange in our favor for long years to come. It is a consoling fact, if we are not in too great impatience over it, that in due time we shall be settled on a basis of commercial prosperity, to which the best we ever had will be a mere bagatelle in comparison.

The Late President.

The more time that elapses between President Lincoln's violent death and our own ever-active present, the more endeared he becomes to our hearts. We discover, as we always do in such cases, that we did not sufficiently prize him while he lived with us. His virtues, now he has departed and his lips are forever dumb for our ears, shine out with a truer and clearer effulgence. Now we begin to realize what we have lost. And so will it be as the years roll on. It is necessary that a man be taken away before he can become sainted in the popular sentiment. His name and fame are forever precious to the American people and the world. He will always be our first, as we hope he may be our last, "martyr President."

A Poem.

Given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, illustrating the reception of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in the home of his fathers beyond the River of Death:

He comes! America's chieftain comes!
Not with the sound of muffled drums,
Nor yet with the trumpet's stirring strain,
For lo! the music is Love's refrain.

Full fifty millions, twice counted o'er,
Have welcomed the Hero to our blessed shore;
And their songs of joy have well repaid,
For his cherished hopes in green graves laid.

Lovingly, gently they bore him away,
From the prostate form of mould'ring clay;
'Peacefully, joyfully 'll lead him on,
To receive the reward of deeds well done.

From the highest roll of earthly fame,
To his place in the angel-world he came.
Then dry your tears—no longer mourn—
He is not dead, but only born;

Born out of darkness into light;
Born to a life where right is might;
Born to receive new strength, new power,
To aid you in your darkest hour.

That hour will come, when all the land
Shall feel the force of War's dread hand;
When North and South, and East and West,
Will drink the spirit of unrest.

Think not the night is wholly past,
That morning's dawned on you at last;
For lo! the sky is dark with clouds,
And Loki's weaving many shrouds.

Full many a soul will sigh in vain
For peace, with all her holy train;
And many a throbbing heart grow still—
Yet this is God's, not human, will.

Oh learn to trust that power Divine
That dwells outside the human mind;
Who rules in Heaven—ay, too, in hell;
And ever "doeth all things well."

The War of Ideas.

Now peace is come back, and the cause of liberty and union has triumphed, it is with the best reason expected that the masses of the European countries will again begin that agitation of ideas which has been held in abeyance for some years past, and the several dynasties be put upon their defence. Bonaparte said, while in his exile at St. Helena, that within fifty years Europe would become all Cossack or all Republican. But a few years more remain in which his prophecy can be made good, yet much may be done in that little time, considering what has transpired on this continent within the past four years. The rulers of Europe have deliberately deceived and defrauded the people in relation to the United States in this rebellion, seeking to make out to them that we only wanted to subjugate an unwilling people. Now the result is causing a startling reaction on the part of the people against the rulers; which will without doubt terminate in an entire revolution of the existing order of things.

The Spiritualists' Convention.

We again call attention to the Convention of Spiritualists which is to convene at the Melancon, in this city, on Tuesday, May 30th, and continue three days. The subject to be considered—co-operative action for educational purposes—is an important one, and carries with it the conviction that it should be met and favorably acted upon at once. The time has come when something of a practical nature ought to be started and pushed to a successful issue in regard to those who are to take our places in the future. The present is the time to work for the future.

No special invitations are extended to speakers, but all who feel an interest in this subject are cordially invited to attend and take part.

It is very desirable that friends in the city who can accommodate persons from out of town with board during the Convention, should do so, as all the hotels and large boarding-houses will be over-run. Those who can accommodate one or two friends for a few days, will confer a great favor by informing us at this office.

Emma Hardinge's Lectures.

Miss Hardinge was greeted by full houses, on Sunday, May 7th, at Lyceum Hall, it being her first appearance, as a lecturer, in this city, for about three years, during which time she has been laboring in the Middle and Western States and in California. Her labors in the latter State have done a vast amount of good to the people, who will long remember her visit. She is looking nicely, and her trip to the Pacific has evidently been beneficial to herself, as well as to others. Her lectures on Sunday were marked for the high tone, deep philosophy, and the eloquent enunciation, which characterize her efforts on the rostrum, and were deeply imbued with the essence of the Spiritual Philosophy, making it the basis and fundamental principle which must underlie all religions and governments.

Miss H. is to speak in the same hall every Sunday; and also every Friday evening during the month.

Emigrants Coming.

We have all along heard it said that the inhabitants of Ireland, and of certain parts of Great Britain, were only waiting to see how our civil war was going to end before coming over almost en masse. We now learn that they have started on their way. They are coming by the thousands upon thousands. Ireland is pouring out upon our shores an emigration with which no previous hegebra of the sort is to be compared. In a little while, there will seem to be scarcely any population at all left on the green isle. One immediate cause of this is the fact that the estates in Ireland are fast being turned into pasturage from tillage, which offers no opening whatever for unemployed labor, and continues to keep everything down in the shape of wages. This change is the last symptom of the country's retrograde to a sort of barbarism.

Annie Lord Chamberlain's Circles.

Mrs. Chamberlain is at present holding circles for Physical Manifestations in the adjacent towns. During Anniversary Week, however, she will hold sittings at her rooms in the Banner Building, 153 Washington street, every evening, except Sunday, commencing at 6 o'clock, for the purpose of accommodating those of the friends from a distance, who may be present at the Spiritual Convention.

The manifestations at these seances are produced by spirit-power, and are of such a convincing nature that skeptics rarely, if ever, doubt their genuineness. The powers of the medium are daily increasing, and so, in like ratio, do the manifestations become more powerful. After the first of June Mrs. C. goes to Bridgeport, Conn.

Rev. David A. Wasson.

This gentleman, distinguished for his high literary attainments and liberal sentiments, was installed as minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, on Sunday, May 7th, in the Melancon. This Society has had no regularly settled minister since the lamented Theodore Parker filled the desk. Mr. Wasson appears to have given better satisfaction than any one else. Wendell Phillips read the correspondence between Mr. Wasson and the Committee, and then made the welcoming address. Devotional exercises followed, conducted by Mr. W., after which he addressed the congregation, giving a statement of the beliefs which would command and animate his ministry—principles which he believed himself to hold in common with most of his hearers. His theme, he said, might with propriety be called "The Radical Creed." And then the reverend gentleman proceeded to consider the meaning of radicalism in religion, as illustrated in the discussion of the purposes for which they had associated themselves together. The entire services were very interesting, and the large hall was filled with an attentive audience.

The Public Library.

The Common Council of this city, last week, sustained the Board of Aldermen in the proposition to keep the Public Library open on Sunday, from five to ten P. M., by a vote of twenty-two to eighteen, after a long and animated debate. We are glad to perceive that this progressive movement has been approved by both branches of our City Government. Progress becomes easier after the first step is taken in the right direction. Now that portion of our citizens who have no other time to avail themselves of the privileges of the Library, can do so, although to a very limited extent.

A Powerful Medium.

The following is the conclusion of a letter from a gentleman at Brighton, Eng., who a few months ago was writing against Spiritualism in the local journals:

"We have developed a medium, and a powerful one, at last. Christy plays about the room, the heaviest pieces of furniture dance about, and rappings of a very loud character occur. But the spirit lies, as well as speaks the truth. My piano leg was broken by one the other evening—a very heavy instrument—having jumped up and ran out of its place after the medium."

The National Anti-Slavery Society.

This Society held a meeting in New York, on the 10th inst. A proposition was made to disband the Society, on the ground that the work for which it was formed had been accomplished. A very spirited discussion ensued, which resulted in a decisive vote in favor of continuing the organization. William Lloyd Garrison having declined the Presidency of the Society, Wendell Phillips was elected to that office.

Sociables.

The last of a series of Progressive Sociables given by the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, will be held in the Large Hall, on Friday evening, May 19th. It will be the concluding party of the season, and will be continued until a later hour. In consideration of the increased expenditure for rent and music, the tickets, admitting a gentleman and two ladies, will be one dollar; can be procured of M. B. Dyott and the officers of the Lyceum only.

The Sanitary Fair.

Those who intend making donations to the Boston Committee for the Spiritual Department at the coming Fair in Chicago, are requested to do so as soon as possible, as the time is drawing to a close. The headquarters of the Committee are at this office. We acknowledge the receipt of several donations received by mail, which will be promptly forwarded.

A Spiritual Convention at Greensboro', Indiana.

Our venerable friend, Seth Hinshaw, informs us that a call for a Three Days' Spiritual Gathering, commencing May 12th, was sent to us for insertion in the Banner; but, we are sorry to say, it did not reach this office. We always cheerfully give publicity to calls for such meetings.

The following from a private letter published in the "Country Gentleman," will, we think, interest our readers:

"Three years ago the gentleman I spoke of told us a story of Mr. Lincoln, which I had not thought of since, until now. When Mr. L. received the news of his first election, he came home to tell Mrs. Lincoln about it. She was up stairs in the bedroom; and, after telling the news, in walking about the room, his eyes fell upon the bureau-glass. Immediately he threw himself down upon the lounge, and told Mrs. Lincoln he thought he must be ill, for he saw a second reflection of his face in the glass, which he could not account for. It was perfect, but very pale. 'Oh,' said Mrs. L., 'that means that you will be re-elected; but I don't like its looking like,' she added, 'that looks as if you would not live through your second term.' Mr. Lincoln himself told this to the friend I mentioned, and this gentleman told it to us in our parlor, soon after the first Bull Run battle. It made quite an impression upon me at the time—but we forget such things. Was it not singular?"

The same writer says: "I think he was not without some presentiment of death, though not of the manner of it. He told Mr. McCulloch, only a few days before his death, that it was idle for him to try to be always guarded; he felt certain that if any person wished to kill him he would be sure to find the means to do so."

Spiritualists are called upon to render us all the pecuniary assistance in their power at this period of our country's transition from a state of war to the blessings of peace. Remember that our Free Public Circle Room subjects us to much extra expense, but at the same time aids many undeveloped as well as developed spirits to open communication with their friends in earth-life. It depends entirely upon the friends of the cause whether or not these Free Circles shall continue. Do not allow us to faint by the way.

Persons having business at the South, requiring the services of the legal profession, are recommended to William Hunter, Esq., Attorney at Law, and Commissioner for the State of Illinois, of Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Hunter has been doing service for his country, until recently, as Lieut.-Colonel of the 32d Illinois Infantry. His references are all men of high standing, and we feel confident that whatever business is entrusted to him will be promptly attended to with honorable fidelity.

We have received a printed circular from the "Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association," of Chicago, in which appears the name of William White, the senior publisher of this paper, as one of the incorporators. His name in this connection, he would state—in justice to himself and the friends of the Banner—was used without his knowledge or consent. He is not, nor has he ever been, a member of said corporation.

New Publications.

VOICES OF THE MORNING. By Belle Bush. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

It is with unalloyed satisfaction that we take pen in hand to write of the choice merits of this collection of Belle Bush's Poems. Many of them are known to our tens of thousands of readers already, and are established favorites with them. The author supplies a list of the names of the several publications for which she contributed those as original poems. The finest, most spiritual, and most powerful of them all is "The Artist and the Angel." No one who loves true poetry should omit the perusal of this decidedly original production. The title of it suggests the topic. In her introductory Remarks, which she gives at length, and in a spirit of true inspiration, one can see the character of the writer clearly depicted. She there attempts to set forth what, in her view, forms the soul of the poet and of poetry. It is her faith that the divine gift of poetry is born in every human soul; that we are, in fact, all of us poets in the morning of life; and that it is the solemn duty of every one to take care that this glorious gift within us should not be buried beneath the rubbish of cares and troubles, but be kept alive and cherished with the tenderest devotion and the most anxious solicitude. In this spirit she has given voice to the verses which illuminate these beautiful pages.

The leading quality of these collected poems of Belle Bush is their pure spirituality. All sees only out of the eyes of her spirit. All material and outward beauty with her is such only as she is able to find the soul in it. Almost any one of her pieces will convince the penetrating reader of this priceless fact. She knows life only inwardly; the outward is not outward to her, but all takes on a secret and mysterious meaning. And still this costs her nothing of true simplicity. Many of her verses run as clear as the stream of a brook, through which the smooth and shining pebbles are visible everywhere. So with her poems: the language is so clear, and the rhythm so singing and unobstructed, that the bright and shining pebbles of her thought are as plainly to be seen as if one were impressed with the beautiful ideas himself, without waiting for the seconding of the chosen words of suggestion. With a lofty quality like this as their leading characteristic, these poems will not fail to grow upon the reader with every perusal. They are verses to become intimate and familiar friends. They will keep the fireside with one in dull weather, and go to one's chamber when bedtime comes, and accompany one on his favorite walks in the wood and across the hillside. What more or better can be said for the poems of any of the gifted sons or daughters of song?

The better to convey a proper idea of the variety and character of the themes which she has chosen, or been inwardly inspired to take for poetic treatment, we subjoin a few of their titles: "The Oracle of the Oak," "The Prophet Bird," "Hymn to Death," "A Song for the Army of Knitters," "Flowers in the Market," "The Shadow-Land," "Life is in the World," "The Ancient Pine," "Spring," "April," "Lines suggested on visiting an Asylum for Mutes," "Patience," "The Lily," "The Flight of Birds," "The Mystery of Melancholy," "Every Day a Burial Day," "My Mother," "Skeleton Leaves," etc., etc. These titles alone hang thick with clusters of suggestions.

Perhaps if the fair poetess had given more labor to the task of polishing and perfecting some of her verses mechanically, she might have secured greater smoothness in many instances at the cost of that impulse, and fire, and refined passionateness which are among the very reasons why they are such favorites. She has been true to her own gift, and that is enough; it would have been false in her to play the part of an imitator. The reader will find on her pages pathos and passion, color and warmth, description and didacticism, with all the lights and shades which proceed from the play of the most airy, most sincere, and most profound sentiments. The publishers have issued the volume in a truly beautiful style, for which they will receive the gratitude of Belle Bush's thousands of friends and tens of thousands of admirers.

GINGER SNAPS: A Collection of Two Thousand Scintillations of Wit. The Material Gathered and the Whole Baked by Joe Cose. Boston: Amsden & Co., 14 Bromfield St.

The readers of the Banner know Joe Cose—the inevitable and imitable—"like a book": yes, like this very book which he has got up with such nice taste and care, and now offers them for sale. The jokes of Mr. Cose in this pretty little volume are as "thick as spatter." Those who have read a great many of the neat turns of expression, the bon mots, the brilliant points, the thrusts and sallies of wit, and the illustrations of broad humor which the ever pleasant author has regaled them with in these columns, any time within five busy years past, will be delighted to run them over again in their present convenient form, and laugh once more where they laughed before. "Ginger Snaps" is a very suggestive title for a very spicy book. It may be taken up snap by snap, and each enjoyed by itself. There is a deal of warming virtue in their pith and humor. We will do no more, however, than commend them to the friendly favor of all the readers of the Banner, assuring them that they will find such variety as will make the life of the little book spicy indeed.

DERRICK AND DRILL: or, An Insight into the Discovery, Development, and Present Condition and Future Prospects of Petroleum, in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, etc. Arranged and edited from numerous sources, by the author of "Ten Acres Enough." New York: James Miller. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

The above title tells pretty much the story of the book. All who feel the slightest interest in Petroleum will want to run over its contents. The compiler is certainly a man of much literary skill, as his "Ten Acres" plainly showed. He has here thrown together a mass of facts that bear directly upon the great question of getting oil out of the bowels of the earth, for which the general reader hardly less than the seeker for sudden wealth will thank him. Some of the stories told by him about tapping oil are like the stories of romance, and not one but is greatly interesting. How the derrick and the drill are used in boring the earth for oil, it is the province of this book to inform us. We have run it over with much pleasure, and feel sure it will impart equal pleasure to others. The author has worked his matter up into the form of a narrative, which allows him to introduce human figures more freely and to set them forth with almost the spirit of a tale. He takes us all through the history of oil in this country, from its first flow to its largest yield.

MARY BRANDEGEE. An Autobiography. By Cuyler Fine. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Ainsworth.

This is called, and really is, a novel of decided ability, originality and power. It is not a little after the Jane Eyre school. The authoress is the lady who claimed to be the real author of "Nothing to Wear," that well-known piece of versification to which the name of Wm. Allen Butler was prefixed. We suppose that the appearance of this novel, therefore, will tend to reopen the excited

controversy about who was the real author of that story to immortal verse. No matter, if so good a story as this is by the means brought directly to the attention of the general reader. The scenes, descriptions, characterization, style and general current of sentiment and thought pervading this volume, are such as to set down its author as one possessed of decided skill and power. There is a great deal of true vitality in the book.

HOURS AT HOME is the elegant new "Religious Magazine," published by Scribner & Co., New York, and to be had in Boston at A. Williams & Co. Its table of contents is very choice, and will find acceptance in families. It is not intended to make this magazine the organ or exponent of any particular creed, but its general tone is to be religious—not necessarily "pious." It is very handsomely printed, and the type is such as to attract the eyes of even elderly people. The frontispiece is a fine engraving of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Hon. Charles Sumner has accepted an invitation from our city government to deliver an oration on President Lincoln, June 1.

A woman's heart is the true plate for a man's likeness. An instant gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

The Metropolitan Police Bill has been defeated.

Gen. Rosecrans visited our Legislature on the 11th, and was enthusiastically received. He made a very handsome speech, in which he took occasion to deny the truth of the newspaper reports that he was recruiting men in the United States for the Mexican Republic.

Robinson, writes.

It is proposed to commemorate the next 4th of July by laying the corner-stone of the monument over the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Gov. Curtin is now in Washington making preparations for the ceremony.

The following New England Regiments are on their way from Richmond to Washington to be disbanded and return to their homes: The Maine 1st, 20th, 17th, 1st heavy artillery; the Massachusetts 32d, 61st, 39th, 11th, 19th, 20th, 1st heavy artillery, 28th; the New Hampshire 5th.

A gold dollar is now worth only about thirty cents more than a "greenback" of the same denomination.

BURIAL OF THE MURDERED PRESIDENT.—Abraham Lincoln lies in his grave at his Illinois home. The last sad rites took place on Thursday, May 4th, when the remains, in obedience to the request of Mrs. Lincoln, were interred in the Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield.

Miss Hosmer's statue of Zenobia, which has been on exhibition in this city for several months, is to be one of the attractions of the Sanitary Fair at Chicago, in June.

The poet Tennyson's mother died recently at Hampstead, England, at more than eighty years of age.

According to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Newton, all kinds of farm stock in the loyal States, except sheep, decreased largely last year. The increase of sheep was 43,000,878, and the estimated amount of the wool clip for 1865 is 114,589,076 pounds.

The Philadelphia Courts have affirmed the right of colored people to ride in the street railway cars.

The statement in the papers that the Prussian ships of war were about leaving their Keil, is "officially denied," as it would be a very unsafe operation.

TO MAKE FRENCH LIQUID GLUE WITHOUT HEAT.—Break the glue in small pieces, then add vinegar, say two-thirds vinegar and one-third glue; shake it well several times during twenty-four hours, and it is fit for use, fully equal to Spalding's glue. This is no patent, equal to any glue, and easily made. Try it.

Why may the exercise of skating serve as an excellent introduction to society? Because, when once the ice is broken, you may often drop in.

UNPAID LETTERS.—The new act relating to the postal laws provides that all domestic letters, except letters lawfully franked and duly certified letters of soldiers and mariners in the service of the United States, which are deposited for mailing in any post-office of the United States, on which the postage is unpaid, shall be sent by the postmaster to the Dead Letter Office in Washington; and all letters deposited for mailing and paid only in part, shall be forwarded to their destination, charged with the unpaid rate, to be collected on delivery.

Ladies will sooner pardon want of sense than want of manners.

It is said that melted ice is as pure as distilled water. During congelation the salts are eliminated.

Fortune loves not a poltroon, and often favors brave men in the wrong more than towards the right.

In the air doth listening spirits Hover near at dewy eve; And in hours of solemn stillness, Round our brows Love's chaplet weave.

Oliver Cromwell was a staunch Puritan, and could not brook the least approach to popery. "What are these?" he once inquired, as he saw a dozen silver statues in the niches of a chapel. "The twelve apostles," replied the trembling dean. "Take them down," said Cromwell, "and coin them into money, so that they may go about doing good."

The War Department has ordered commanding Generals of Departments to immediately muster out of service all volunteer soldiers of the cavalry arm whose term of service will expire prior to October 1, 1865.

Savings Banks of this State pay a tax on the aggregate amount of their deposits, consequently depositors in these Institutions have no tax to pay on their deposits, either to cities, towns or Government.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in reply to the memorial of the Board of Trade of Boston, refuses to authorize the shipment of any of the cotton from any of the Southern ports to Boston, but orders it all to New York.

TIME'S CHANGES.—A portrait of John Brown hangs in the parlor of Henry A. Wise's former residence, and a daughter of John Brown teaches contraband children in the same room.

"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking one day with her intended, during a slippery state of the pavement. "Why—y—yes!" said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father!"

The Message Department of the Banner.

Many lovingly expectant hearts turn to the weekly greeting of the spirit-hope, and in the consolations there received, baptize their souls anew in faith and knowledge of immortal life. Even where no test is given, no loved one gone before returns to communicate, there is imparted a fund of religious instruction, of philosophical enlightenment, no other source has given so well. Questions of deep import are responded to; and suggestions are placed before the mind, whereby it can expand and unfold its powers. No rational mind will dare to scoff at the "words of soberness and truth" there uttered. No liberal soul will cast them thoughtlessly aside. No friend of humanity, no true Spiritualist, will turn heedlessly away from these demonstrations of spirit-love and wisdom, but will persevere with reverential mood and grateful heart, these leaves of the great book of life eternal, which reveal human character in all its continued phases in the great hereafter. The Message Department of the Banner is the public school of spiritual instruction. Let not pride nor prejudice prevent you from reaping the benefits of its teachings. I have as yet never received a personal message through the Banner; but I have learned, and have been strengthened and consoled; and my earnest thanks are henceforth tendered to the kind spirits, and to the truth-loving medium—Mrs. Conant. CORA WILBURN. LaSalle, Ill., April 25th, 1865.

Spiritualists' Convention.
A Spiritualists' Convention will be held in the Melrosean, (Tremont Temple,) Boston, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 30th, 31st, and June 1st, 1865. The following subject will be prominently before the Convention for discussion; viz: "Can any plan be devised to secure the cooperative action of Spiritualists for educational purposes, especially to bring our children under the influence of spiritual teachings, and thus to guard them against the demoralizing tendencies of POPULAR THEOLOGY?" All Spiritualists are cordially invited to attend.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D.
Boston, March 24, 1864.

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

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Box 377, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 469 West Lake street.

James V. Mansfield, Test Medium.
Answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

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

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

W. F. L. SACRAMENTO, CAL.—You will find two articles in the Banner of May 13th, 1865, treating upon the subject to which you allude.

M. T. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—\$5.00 received. Many thanks. Glad to learn that the BANNER is "fully appreciated" on the Pacific Slope.

L. K. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—\$5.00 received.

W. C. RICHMOND, N. Y.—\$5.00 received.

Obituary.

Passed to the Summer Land, from Great Falls, N. H., March 30th, Edgar Brattle, son of Oscar F. and Susan P. Dove, aged 14 years and 2 months. (Corrected.)

When we heard the flutter of the death-angel's wing, and knew our cherished one must be borne from our mortal vision, it was hard to say "Thy will be done;" for our dearest, and our purest, was the chosen of the messenger. "Brattle," we miss thy form in our earth-home; but that thy loving spirit presence is here we cannot, will not, doubt; yet we must mourn for that dear form we loved and cherished so tenderly—ay, worshipped, in our love. Come to us ever, dear one, and gladden our hearts by thy manifest presence. Then shall we be comforted.

As streams that over golden mines, In modest murmurs glide, Nor seem to know the wealth that shines Within their gentle folds, So, veiled beneath a simple guise, Thy radiant genius shone, And that which charmed all other eyes, And which was life to thy own, J. P. R.

TO CURE SORE STOMACH.—Add to a pint of cold water, two table spoons full of Dr. T. T. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider; drink all at once, and you will have immediate relief.

Once upon a bottle sent free by mail on receipt of 30 cents to pay postage.

For sale by M. S. BURR & CO., 28 Tremont street, Boston, and druggists generally.

B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent.

64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK.

Blacking, Bluing, &c. Use the Liquid or Army and Navy Paste Blacking, and also the "Laundry Blue," made by B. F. Brown & Co., Boston. Ask your grocer for them; you will be sure to like them. eow 6m—March 25.

Boy METAL-TIPPED SHOES for children's every-day wear. One pair will out wear three pairs without them. Sold everywhere. 3m—April 22.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

DR. J. DODGE WARREN, M. D., OF LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN.

No Medicines Given!

No Surgical Operations Performed!

Chronic Diseases Cured!

Acute Pain Instantly Relieved!

HEALS ENTIRELY BY THE TOUCH!

Is now making the tour of the West, prior to his departure for Europe. Operated for six weeks at Detroit, Mich., and eight weeks at Chicago, Ill., with great success, and for the past thirty days, ending April 30th, at St. Louis, Mo. He has publicly healed the sick, each day, free of charge, without money and without price, performing in Verandah Hall 16,000 operations with a degree of power, and an assurance of success unprecedented in the annals of modern history.

Will be in CINCINNATI, O., from May 15th to June 15th. Due notice will be given in the columns of this paper of the place of opening. He will operate openly and publicly in the largest hall that can be procured. All others will be unable to pay, and all others will be paid proportionately to property.

For testimonials of Cure, or other information, send to him for Circulars. May 20.

THE BEST MOVABLE COMB BEE-HIVE IN THE WORLD!

Send stamp for Book Circular.

K. P. KIDDER, Burlington, Vt.

ITALIAN QUEENS FOR SALE, from the most celebrated importations. For particulars, address,

K. P. KIDDER, Burlington, Vt.

MENDENALL'S PATENT HAND LOOM, OPERATED BY A CRANK.

For weaving Flax, Wool, Hemp, Cotton and Silk; being the only complete Loom ever invented. For particulars, enclose stamp for Circular to the manufacturer, Keaton Street, May 20.

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

DR. JEHIEL W. STEWART, OF 122 PLYMOUTH AVENUE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN.

FOR CHRONIC AND ACUTE DISEASES.

WILL BE IN ITHACA, N. Y., at the TOWNKIN House, from May 10th to June 1st, 1865.

WANTED—A Situation as HOUSEKEEPER, by an American woman, fully competent to take charge of a family, and to do all the housework. Call, or address, Mrs. L. WHITE, 24 Tremont street, Boston. 1w—May 10.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE!

This is truly an age of wonders; and among the many marvelous things which it has brought forth, THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS are indeed the most miraculous.

From twelve to fifteen thousand letters, containing inquiries, calls for circulars, and remittances for the Positive and Negative Powders, testify to the fervor which they have excited in the public mind.

From seven to eight hundred solid, substantial certificates, and other written and oral testimonials of cure, are the best evidences of the glorious work which the Positive and Negative Powders are doing.

Many of those certificates we have just published in the recent new edition of our circular, which will be sent free to any address.

In this brief communication, space will not permit us to do more than present the following synopsis of those certificates and testimonials. The figures at the end of the name of each disease, indicate the number of certificates and other oral and written evidences now in our possession, testifying to the cure of that disease by the Positive and Negative Powders:

Fever, 104; Neuralgia, 57; Headache, 43; Earache, 28; Toothache, 21; Suppressed Menstruation, 68; Painful Menstruation, 72; other Menstrual Derangements, 46; Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, 42; Catarrh in the Head, 19; St. Vitus' Dance, 3; Worms, 33; Inflammation of the Bladder, 4; Rheumatism, 30; Epilepsy, or Fits, 6; Spasmodic, or Seminal Weakness, 7; Palpitation of the Heart, 3; Sterility, or Barrenness, 5; Threatened Abortion, or Miscarriage, 5; Dysentery, 28; Miscellaneous, 142. Total, 705.

Such success is unprecedented in the history of medicine. It is not surprising, therefore, that we have received numerous letters, from earnest men and women in all parts of the United States, asking us to explain to them the philosophy of the magical effects which they have experienced from that strange thing, the Positive and Negative Powders. To all such inquiries the following is our reply:

It is a fact, now admitted by all really scientific men, that the great agents which restore health to the patient are Electricity and Magnetism—the Positive and Negative Forces. But, unfortunately for humanity, the clearest and most conclusive demonstration of a truth in science, does not necessarily point out the most practical and successful method of using that truth to the best advantage. Hence, a great mistake has heretofore been made, and still is made, in the application of Electricity and Magnetism to the curing of disease. That mistake is this: It is supposed, because the Positive and Negative Forces are the real agents which cure disease, even when medicines are used, that, therefore, the medicines (the material vehicle, or carrier of those forces) can be dispensed with, or altogether, and pure, unmixed electricity, or magnetism, be made to do the work alone. Hence various kinds of machines and batteries are now used for the purpose of directing a current of pure, uncombined magnetism upon the diseased organ, in the hope of effecting a cure. This is the case of a vital organ, would cause the instant death of the patient; and in all other cases it would produce a worse disease and disorganization than that which it was intended to cure.

The consequence is, that pure, unmixed electricity, or magnetism, can cure no diseases except those which are located upon the surface of the body, and those which are located in organs that sympathize with the skin, and that react in response to electrical or magnetic stimulation of the nerves which are spread out upon the skin. This is the reason why both patients and physicians are so often disappointed in their high expectations of pure electricity and magnetism; and this is also the reason why Nature's real curative agents (the electric and magnetic—Positive and Negative forces) have so often been brought into unmerited disrepute. Too much has been expected of them in their pure, uncombined form; and the numerous failures, which are so often met with, have caused them to be rejected by both the unlearned patients, and the unsuccessful physicians.

Now the magnetic, or the Positive and Negative forces, in order to reach all the diseased organs of the body—the deep-seated as well as the superficial ones—must be combined with a suitable material substance, a medicine which can act as a vehicle, or carrier of those forces. This is the secret of the unparalleled success of the Positive and Negative Powders. They are, as their name indicates, composed of two parts—the one Positive, the other Negative. In other words, they are charged, by a peculiar process, with those very forces which, as we have just stated, are the real curative agents in all diseases. The Positive and Negative Powders thus become the vehicle, or carriers of those curative forces, and convey them first to the stomach, thence through the absorbing vessels to the blood, and through the blood to every organ of the body—the deep-seated as well as those of the surface. This is the reason why, wherever we are suffering against the most liberal inducements to cooperate with us in so great and good a work. Men and women, local and traveling mediums and lecturers, and all others desiring a light, pleasant, profitable and beneficent occupation as agents for the Positive and Negative Powders, will please address the undersigned for terms, &c.

For other particulars, the reader is referred to our advertisement in another column of the Banner of Light, and also to our circular, which will be sent free to any address.

OFFICE 97 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

All Letters and Remittances should be addressed as follows:

Prof. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., General Delivery, New York City.

May 20.

DR. H. S. PHILLIPS, MAGNETIC HEALING PHYSICIAN.

HAS located at VINELAND, N. J. Office two doors west of Railroad Station, on Landis Avenue. His treatment is the Apostolic mode—healing by the laying on of hands. May 20.

MRS. LOUGEE, Clairvoyant Physician, will receive the sick and relieve their sufferings at No. 2 Prescott Place, leading from 608 Washington street. Hours 12 to 2 P. M., 4 to 6 P. M., on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Examinations, \$1.00. 2w—May 20.

DR. JEHIEL W. STEWART will be in Ithaca, N. Y., at the TOWNKIN House, from May 10th to June 1st, to heal the sick. He has all diseases, both Chronic and Acute, without giving tangible medicine. 2w—May 20.

MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing Medium, 7 Indiana street, near Harrison Av. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 3m—May 20.

DRESSMAKER WANTED.—A Competent Dressmaker wanted by Mrs. J. H. CONANT. Apply at this office immediately. May 20.

J. B. CONKLIN, Test Medium, 599 Broadway, New York, Room No. 5. 1m—May 20.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC—"A GLOOM IS CAST UPON ALL THE LAND."—Song and chorus to the memory of our illustrious Lincoln, by L. H. Lincoln, of the "Marching on to Victory" song, with chorus, by Carl Herman. The music is by L. H. Lincoln, and the lyrics, by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst. Instrumental—"Funeral March" to the memory of our illustrious Lincoln, the Martyr President, by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst.

The Home Journal says: "This is a fine composition, well worthy the reputation of its writer." Price, 30 cents; with Violoncello of the Violoncello, 50 cents. Sent by mail, 60 cents. Grand Triumphant March, by G. C. Norman. Price, 30 cents; with Violoncello of the Violoncello, 50 cents. Mailed free. Publisher, H. W. BAKER, No. 481 Broadway, New York. May 20—2w.

MRS. C. S. HULL, Magnetic and Electric Physician. 30 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. May 20.

BELLE BUSH'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS, ENTITLED

VOICES OF THE MORNING.

THE work is issued in elegant style, of the same size as Ticknor & Field's Library edition of Longfellow, Tennyson, &c., and makes two hundred and seventy pages, in all will be found many poems of unsurpassed beauty, although all are of a high order.

CONTENTS:
Introduction. The Oracle of the Oak. The Prophet Bird. The Hymn to Death. The Angel of the Army of Knitters. The Lily. The Flight of Birds. The Mystery of Melancholy. Every Day a Burial Day. My Mother. Skeleton Leaves, etc., etc.
Thoughts of the Future. Don't Wake them. The Holy Ground. Lines Suggested on Visiting an Asylum for Mutes. Patience. The Lily. The Flight of Birds. The Mystery of Melancholy. Every Day a Burial Day. My Mother. Skeleton Leaves, etc., etc.
The Oracle of the Oak. The Prophet Bird. The Hymn to Death. The Angel of the Army of Knitters. The Lily. The Flight of Birds. The Mystery of Melancholy. Every Day a Burial Day. My Mother. Skeleton Leaves, etc., etc.

Price \$1.25; postage free. For sale at this office. April 22.

MRS. FARNHAM'S GREAT FICTION: THE IDEAL ATTAINED;

A Story of Two Standfast Souls, and how They Won their Happiness and Lost it not.

By MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

THIS production, by the author of "Woman and Her Era," is more than an ordinary story. It is full of sentiment as well as incident—not less instructive than entertaining, an embodiment, in vivid, life-like characters, of the author's exalted ideal. The lessons it teaches will be found new and unparalelled in the history of fiction. Price only \$2.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Liberal discount to the trade. For sale at this office. May 15.

THE NEW CURE.

NATUROPATHIC HEALTH INSTITUTE.

DR. URIAH CLARK, Practical Naturopathic Physician.

SEES Diseases at a glance! Deals by the All-potent Elements of Nature! Often cures immediately by Powers once deemed mysterious! No Poisonous Drugs!

MRS. CLARK'S long continued success in the cure of all diseases, in all highly successful operations in behavior of numerous invalids constantly throughout his rooms, in the large, well-furnished house, 18 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass., has been a household name for many years. A few patients needing treatment for a week or more, can be accommodated in the Institute, on giving five days' notice. Consultations free, and all letters promptly answered, and circulars sent free, if written and mailed and accompanied by terms. Terms fair and equitable to all. The free use on Tuesday and Friday forenoon. Satisfactory references by numerous patients and physicians, can be given.

Address, DR. U. CLARK, 18 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass. May 20.

USE IT NOW! Moths while in the chrysalid state are much more economically destroyed than a month later, when each has sprung from the germ, become winged, and has generated far and near the foundation of a colony of their destructive genus. Give this a moment's consideration, for it will pay you well.

CEDAR CAMPHOR

Is now sold by every druggist! Is Cheap and Reliable for the protection of clothing. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, of Boston, make it. 3w—May 13.

LOCOMOTIVE CANTERING HORSES

AND RACING PONIES, Both for Old and Young.

For sale by JORDAN & WILDER, Controlling Agents, 101 Washington street, Boston. 8w—May 13.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

ANDREW JOHNSON, a very excellent likeness; also, a remarkably correct one of PRESIDENT LINCOLN; a fine one of MRS. LINCOLN; one of MRS. SEYMOUR; one of FRED. REYNOLDS; and one of J. WILSON BOWEN—all from life, and the best that can be had. Price of each 20 cents; the six for \$1.00. Sent by mail by AMES & CO., Publishers, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 2w—May 13.

WILLIAM HUNTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

No. 18 Court Street, between Front and Main, MEMPHIS, TENN. 8w

EPILEPSY, FITS, or FALLING SICK

Message Department.

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

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circle is held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, Life of Eternity, Holy Spirit, whose glory is not the glory of nations, nor universes, nor individuals, whose greatness meaneth something more than the greatness of time, whose written volume we have in the outspread universe, whose altar is the human heart, whose great, white throne is the individual consciousness of the soul. Oh Father, Spirit, this hour we come to thee in the spirit of prayer, casting the past behind us, living in the sunlight of the eternal present, acknowledging thee as the wondrous principle by which we are surrounded and sustained, in which we live and move. Though we cannot personify thee, nor especially locate thee, nor give thee a name, yet we can know thee, can worship thee, adore thee, and most of all, we can love thee; not through a blind, meaningless faith, not through a hope that will fail us, but because we know thee, because we have talked with thee, because, throughout an endless universe, we have found thee to be our friend. As the sunlight falls lovingly upon the earth, kissing away its tears, so thy smiles and thine approbation fall lovingly upon our souls, kissing away our tears. Father, Mother, Holy Spirit of all Time and Eternity, accept the desires and petitions of thy children. Answer them in thine own way, bless them according to thy law, and grant that thy children may understand that law by reading thy written volume. Oh, may they henceforth consider that volume to be greater than any written record of men's thoughts, and, when they turn leaf after leaf of that volume, may they be inspired to praise thee, as well as to ask gifts at thy hands. Then shall the earth, through her countless sources, sing songs of thanksgiving. Then shall men grow glad because of an understanding with thee. When the stone is rolled away from the sepulchre of men's souls, then, oh God, the ages will cease to fear death, and learn that all is life, life forever and forever more. March 16.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to give an opinion concerning the inquiries of your correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—C. M. Nye, of Windsor, Vt., sends the following inquiry to the circle: "As the term progression implies growth, development, or the advancement from a lower to a higher condition, does it not necessarily follow that if the universe, (taken as a unit), is progressive, that it must have had an origin, from the fact that that which is governed by a law of progression, when traced backwards, continually decreases, consequently must finally be reduced to a point where it commenced? Such being the case, does not the theory that the universe has always been governed by a law of progression, bring us to the absurdity of supposing that something can be produced from nothing?"

ANS.—Progression, as it is generally understood, can be applied only to form, and not to the spirit or life of the form. Now it is a well-known scientific fact, that all forms of life, belonging to the human, progress or move on in cycles or circles. Therefore these forms or conditions of time are perpetually repeating themselves. But, because the form progresses in this way, it does not follow that the life of the form is subject to the same law, for it is independent of that law. You are perpetually confounding the essence with the external; the God-principle with the form. How long—how long will you do this? We must answer our own question: You will continue to do this as long as you are finite, particularly while you dwell in the flesh. We, too, who have passed beyond the boundaries of mortal life, oftentimes find ourselves enveloped in the mists and fogs of ignorance and superstition. At such times we often question as to the whereabouts of Deity's progressing. We ask, if these forms progress, does not Deity progress also? But, when we turn within the holy of holies of our own being, we are speedily answered that God knows not of progression, ever was perfect, is perfect, and ever will be perfect; therefore is not subject to the law of progress.

CHAIRMAN.—L. B. of Cascade, Iowa, desires the following questions answered at our Circles:

Q. 1st.—Is not the resurrection of the human family to spiritual life and happiness the result of immutable law or principle?

A.—Yes, in a certain sense, but not in the sense it is generally theologically understood. It is supposed by a great number of false reasoners, that these human bodies, after a period of time, are reorganized, called into human life again. And it is also supposed that they are called into life with bodies corresponding to those which have been their in times past. Now this is a false theory, and yet it has its foundation. All things, in a certain sense, are continually being resurrected. These bodies, these physical forms that are sown in weakness, one of our ancient brethren says, shall be raised in power. That is true, so far as universal life is concerned; forms are constantly changing conditions. The form that exists as the human body, the temple of the living soul to-day, a few years hence may exist in the daisy, the blade of grass, the violet, the rose. Who can deny this? Certainly not the soul who reads human nature. In this sense alone, as humans, so far as your physical life is concerned, you are perpetually being resurrected.

Q. 2d.—Is not that person now in the material form that will be developed to exercise the full power of the law referred to in the first question?

A.—Your correspondent seems to limit this power to one individuality. We contend that it is limitless. All have this power, all are endowed with this resurrecting gift, by virtue of their human nature.

Q. 3d.—How long a time will intervene from now until some medium will be developed to exercise the full power intended by Christ, when he said: "He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these, will he do also."

because I go to my father?" This power is also referred to in several places in the Scriptures.

A.—That time has already come; and they who question concerning its coming, are blind, for they do not see, and deaf, for they do not hear.

Q.—[From the audience.] Will the intelligence explain concerning the alternate changes of heat and cold in cases of fever and ague?

A.—It is generally attributed to certain malarial influences. To a certain extent, this is true; but these malarial influences produce certain inharmonies in the physical machine, which inharmonies, in their turn, produce, perhaps, fever and ague. It is a well-known fact that all human bodies are but electric and magnetic machines—that they present perfect electrical powers. There is the positive and negative, and the forces playing between the two. Now these malarial influences, when they enter the physical form, so far disturb the natural harmony of the system as to cause alternate heat and cold to an unnatural degree. This is done simply by the introduction of that more positive power, the malarial influence, than that positive power that exists naturally in the physical form.

Q.—If the soul does not progress, what advantage is there in its being connected with the physical form?

A.—Inasmuch as it is by virtue of divine law connected with form, inseparably united to the form, it is of advantage, of use. We do not question the power of Deity in this respect, neither should you.

Q.—Are we to understand that the soul does not progress?

A.—As a soul essence, a divine principle, it does not progress, in our opinion. Its manifestations change, and the manifestations, or form, are subject to the law of progression—not the internal principle.

Q.—Do the band of spirits controlling here agree in saying that Mr. Tuttle's picture is a creation of his own mind, and not from spirit control?

A.—No, they certainly do not. It is by no means a production of mere fancy. Its foundation rests in the spirit-world proper. Many of its adornments may, perhaps, have been gathered from human life.

Q.—Will you explain the difference between a fact and a principle?

A.—A fact is the demonstration of the principle. We may call Deity, or God, a principle. The power by which we exist, we say, is a principle. We also say, it is a fact that the disembodied manifest themselves in certain ways. Now, then, a fact must be the demonstration of the principle, while the principle is the principle or essence still.

Q.—If the soul is self-existent, never had a beginning, never had a creation, how can it be held in existence by a superior power when it would die if that superior power were withdrawn?

A.—It is our opinion that it would come to an end if that superior power were withdrawn. But it is also our opinion that that influence never will be withdrawn. The branch of the tree cannot say, I am the tree, and yet it is fully dependent upon the tree for its existence. As a branch, it is an individuality; but it belongs, at the same time, to the tree, and is dependent upon the tree for its life.

Q.—We know it is so; but the other is a different problem. The tree and limb never before had an existence.

A.—That is a mistaken idea. You say that the tree and branch once had no existence at all. This is not true. The life of the tree ever has existed, and that is the real part. The life of these human bodies has always existed; that is the real. The atoms composing the body human have only been gathered together, aggregated by human circumstances, have not been created or called into being at any special time. It is our firm belief that life, wherever you find it, is an eternity. By that we mean it ever has existed, does exist, and ever will exist. March 16.

Major William L. Forney.

It is a fearful thing to be suddenly thrust into a world of which you know nothing, and through whose influences and conditions you are expecting to receive, perhaps, the curses and frowns of an offended Deity, or the blessings of a God well pleased. Christianity furnishes no proof even of the existence of the soul after death; and it certainly furnishes no proof of the condition of a soul after death. It does not even prove to us that there is anything beyond the things of time.

It is but seven days since I was called to take what to me was a great leap in the dark. It was like pushing out from a shore known into the rough billows of an unknown ocean. It was like the sinking of hopes, the burying of faiths.

I had hoped that something would be revealed to me at the hour of death that would satisfy me in regard to the future, but I failed to receive such light. In my days of health there were times when I firmly believed that the Christian religion was all that we needed to carry us safely over the river. But when I was suddenly changed, in the conscious moments of my passage to the spirit-world, I can truly say I passed through a hell more terrible than any I ever conceived of, theologically considered. I was no coward. I did not fear passing through death; but oh I said, "Where, where am I going? What am I to meet with?" But as I got no answer to my earnest inquiries, I supposed that there was nothing but annihilation, and I dreaded it. The soul instinctively dreads to be annihilated, wants to exist.

I was wounded at Kingston, and died seven days ago. I am on an early return, I know; but I believe my prayers for knowledge before death have been answered since death, and I have every reason to bless the great, good Power that keeps all things in their places: What that Power is, I am unable to tell to-day as I was before death.

I would like that you say for me that Major William L. Forney, of the Second Virginia Cavalry, has manifested himself here, and asks that the dear friends whom he left at the South will endow him with the blessed privilege of talking with them this way.

I am not unhappy, nor should I speak the truth were I to say I was happy. I am satisfied; but it is hardly possible for a soul to be perfectly happy when there are so many ties drawing one back to earth.

I have left those near and dear to me in sorrow and in want, and perhaps a part of their sorrows I have occasioned; but surely it was through ignorance.

You pray to the same good God that your Southern antagonists do. You expect to be delivered from your present unhappy warlike conditions, and so do they. Now if there is any one gift I should pray for, it would be that the Great Supreme Intelligence controlling all things might shower down wisdom upon each; for if they had it, it seems to me they would both act very differently.

I would like that my brother, James Forney, do what he may be able to toward settling my property; he kind to those I have left; lead gently the little ones, and teach them of the return of the spirit. Brother, as you hope to be kindly dealt with, so deal with them. T. A. N. March 16.

Willie H. Prescott.

I went away in October. [Last October?] Yes, sir. My name was Willie H. Prescott. I lived in Pepperell.

I want to go to my father and mother. I was most ten years old. I want somebody like this at home. Can I go? Can I go now? [Have you said all you wish to?] If mother was here, I should want to say more. [Can't you say a few words more to her?] I'm alive, and I'm well, and I'm happy. I'm only just a little afraid here. March 16.

Henry Orne.

I'm Henry Orne, sir, of the Second Pennsylvania. I heard about your allowing us to come back here and send letters to our friends, and thought I'd come this way and try it. [You're welcome.] It's pretty hard work to get in here. I've been doing my best to come for months. I just got ahead to-day.

I left a brother and two sisters, and a mother. I was a soldier, sir, and not a coward; fell in the front ranks. I've been rather uneasy about the folks, because some of them, particularly my mother, was dependent upon me. They used to say the dead can't talk, and the dead don't know anything; but things have changed. It seems the dead can talk, and the dead know more than they did when they were here.

Now I told my brother, in case I died, was killed, or anything happened to me, to give all I had to mother. It was not much, but what there was, to give her. I should like to see that wish respected. It's all very well to talk of what you're going to do, but then a person may die while you are getting ready to do what you might have done in season as well as not, if you'd seen fit to do it. So I should like to have 'em make as good time as possible. I'd like that they run into "double quick," if they've no objection to it. It would suit me a good deal better than this lagging behind, and waiting for somebody to tell you what you ought to do, when you know just what to do yourself.

My years here numbered thirty-three; my time of service, about two years and little more than two months. I'd saved up the most of what I had from Uncle Sam, which, together with what I had before, makes quite a little sum. And if I should take time, I could figure to a mill as to what I left. [You had things pretty accurate.] Yes, sir; that was my way of doing business. Now all I ask is, that my wish be respected; for I think just as much of it now as I did before death. The fact of it is, I'm somewhat more alive than I was before I was shot.

You publish, do you, in a paper? [Yes.] How often is it issued? [Once a week.] It's all right. Good-day, sir. March 16.

Patrick Walsh.

How do you do, sir? Well, sir, I suppose I'm from Salisbury, the last I was here in the body. I went out, sir, from Salisbury, but was a soldier, sir, in the 20th Massachusetts, and I come back here to-day to do what I can toward getting some word to me folks.

I was a prisoner; had not any chance to send any word home. I supposed I'd be exchanged, until I went out in the fall, late in the fall. I knew nothing about this thing until I got to the spirit-world. I see the crowds coming this way. We all have a chance to jump on the car and take a ride, if we can keep our seats. Well, sir, I got no chance before, and I don't know, I suppose I'll take it now.

Me name, Patrick Walsh. I'm an Irishman, sir. I suppose you deal just as kindly with me as with one that's American born? [Certainly.] There's plenty have come here who say they have been civilly treated; so I thought I'd like to do what I could toward getting myself straightened out, and having a talk with me folks.

I should like, sir, to have a fair talk with the priest, if I could. [What priest?] Faith, I would not care which one, for it's all the one story they have, and a very bad story it is, too; because it leads you to suppose you'll have things you won't have. Yes, sir, they do; and maybe it's what they say you'll not get that you'll be sure to have, after all. Yes, sir; and I, for one, would like to say something to the priest about this wholesale lying business. [May they not be honest in their belief?] Ah, well, the Devil may be honest, for what I know. I don't know but he may be; but if he leads me to hell, I suppose I'll say that the Devil is not honest. Maybe they're deluded themselves. Oh, well, then I'll be the one to come back and tell them their story's false. It's a lie, sir, clear through, and nothing short of it. Now, sir, I'm speaking the truth, and I think there'll be many thousands on the other side who will agree with me on this point. Ah, I'll address them all, sir. They're about in the same fix, every one of 'em; any of 'em, don't matter what one. Ah, there's many a poor soul, like myself, that's been deluded by the priest, and when you get across, you got no priest, got no religion, no nothing, anyway. Ah, it's all very well to talk about the priest's being honest, but it's not the kind of honesty I like.

Well, sir, this is not getting meself straightened out so as to talk with the folks. Suppose, sir, you ask for me, that Jim Walsh will give me a chance to talk with him this way. [Won't that bar you from getting a chance?] What I have said? [Yes.] Faith, I don't know, sir. I'll tell the truth, if it shuts me out from heaven here. [We mean his being a Catholic?] Ah, yes, sir, I suppose so. Well, I can make the call upon him, anyway. If they do not want me to come and talk, they needn't answer me call. I like to do it, if they like to have me; not for me own part, you know, but me friends. I'd like to spake with them before they come to the spirit-world. I don't know how long it will be; it may be soon. [Is Jim Walsh here in Boston?] Yes, sir, most of the time. [Did you reside here before you left for the war?] Yes, sir; yes, sir, I did.

Well, I like for you to tell the folks I'm out with the Church, and to be out with that is to be out with the whole Irish fraternity, I suppose. But I'm out with me body, and it's me body that was in the Church, you know, not the spirit. Ah, I think I could preach as good a sermon as any priest. Maybe I could not know anything about the Latin, but I could tell about the English and Irish, and what I know to be truth—ah, what I know I can tell. What's the use of telling anything you do not know, oh? It's like a man telling what he knows to be false. It's so, sir, I like straightforward things, you see, if I am an Irishman. Yes, sir. Well, good-day to you, sir. I got a little excited; maybe next time I won't be so, sir. [Come again.] Thank you, sir. March 16.

Frances Elwell.

Frances Elwell, daughter of Col. Thomas Elwell, of the Southern Confederacy. I was seventeen years of age, and died of fever. I was sick fourteen days in Gainesboro, N. O. I had many kind wishes to send to my friends, but this most earnest of all is, that they will give me an opportunity to speak with them. I would say to my father, "Father, I was with

you when you were wounded; and when you thought you were mortally wounded, it was I that impressed you that it was not so; and that you would live."

I have met brother Henry. He tells me he fell at Bull Run. We were not certain as to whether he fell on the battlefield, or was wounded and captured. He fell, and was buried there. Love to all; blessings from both. March 16.

Invocation.

Our Father, our Life, the beauty of this glorious day of Nature seems to challenge us to praise; seems to say to the returning spirit, Come, worship at our shrine; come pay your vows within our beautiful temple. Oh Father, Spirit, though there are sounds of woe, though the voices of mourning and lamentation is heard throughout the land, though every household contains its sepulchre, every heart its green grave, yet there is cause for praise, there is cause for thanksgiving and prayer, there is reason that we should tune our lyres anew, and sing glad halleluiahs to him that was, is, and ever shall be; for out of all this desolation and human woe, out of all this moral darkness shall come a child of freedom and truth, whose brow shall glisten with a crown made of the morning stars, and upon whose lips shall be a song of freedom. Oh God, our Father, thou Spirit of the Eternal Past, thou who hast walked with us in all the changing conditions of the past, thou who art with us in the present, thou who will continue to walk with us through all the future, we have nought but praises to utter to thee. We have no complaints to bring to this sacred natural shrine. We do not find fault because night exists, because sorrow is with us, because death is part of life. Oh Eternal Spirit, we would only bow in humble reverence, in holy submission to thy most sacred law; and yet we would know something of that law and our relation to it. We would know, oh Great Spirit, that that is our sustenance, the power by which we live; that is the eternal sunshine in which we dwell. Notwithstanding it bestows night, notwithstanding it bestows desolation upon the land, notwithstanding the shadow falls heavily upon human hearts, still, oh God, the sun of thy smiles is never obscured. The soul always feels thou art with it, dwells in thine atmosphere; then it must be with thee. Oh grant, Eternal Spirit, that all thy children everywhere, may speedily in this, their mortal life, come to a knowledge of that holy law. Oh Father, Spirit, we ask no blessing in behalf of thy children, for thou art blessing them ever. We do not ask that peace may come to this sorrowing and distracted people, for we know it will come. We do not ask that the cannon's mouth may be silenced, that the sword may be sheathed, that brother may understand brother, for we know that all these things will come. We know that so sure as day follows night, so sure peace will follow war; so sure truth will follow error; so sure wisdom will follow ignorance and superstition. Therefore it is that we are hopeful, that we are prayerful, that we are continualy thanking thee, and singing unto thee, in our homes beyond Time, those glad halleluiahs that thy children here sooner or later will participate in. March 20.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to give an opinion concerning the inquiries of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—W. P., of Brooklyn, N. Y., asks: QUESTION.—"Will the communicating spirit (through Mrs. Conant) tell me the meaning (if it means anything) of the sentence, 'Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God?'"

ANSWER.—The sentence purports to be the embodiment of an idea offered by one of our ancient brethren. It no doubt possessed great meaning to the utterer. But to the children of the present day it means little or nothing, in our opinion.

Q.—What is Providence, religiously considered?

A.—The will of that Divine Intelligence, that something which men call God. Philosophically considered, it is the action of law.

Q.—We would inquire if it is true, as affirmed by some investigators, that certain undeveloped spirits have the power, without let or hindrance, to remove mortals during their slumbers from this sphere of existence?

A.—Your correspondent seems to query as to the limitation of the power of such undeveloped spirits. The soul in itself, in its divine essence, possesses all power; but that power can be used only in accordance with law. Now if the law of the individual dwelling in the human permits any such an occurrence, surely it will come; for law is inexorable, immutable, and he who understands it can avail himself of its power. It matters not whether you are in the body or out of it.

Q.—Why are not all persons mediums?

A.—All are mediums; the difference is only in degree.

Q.—Are sorrow and grief as necessary in this sphere, as joy and happiness are in the other?

A.—It is our belief that they are. It is also our belief that all things that are, are from necessity. If sorrow is an existent principle with you, it exists with you from necessity, because you have need of it.

Q.—Do spirits direct all their energies to effect a certain result? or do they only externalize that which is a known duty to the soul?

A.—It is our belief that they only externalize that which is a known duty to the soul. No well disposed spirit would ever take it upon himself to absolutely lead another spirit against his will.

Q.—Is it possible for us to engage in worldly affairs, and not have the aid of spirits?

A.—No, certainly not; for you are all spiritually bound to each other. There is no vacuum here, neither in the spirit-world. Soul is bound to soul, and affected by the changes of soul. You are all dependent upon each other; and yet you all possess, in the divinest sense, your own individualities.

Q.—Is the control of this world possessed by a certain class of minds in the higher spheres, by them transmitted to those of a lower sphere, and the directions coming to us?

A.—The higher always, in a certain sense, governs the lower; for the lower ever looks upward to the higher for power, for strength. In this sense the band of intelligences inhabiting what may be called the wisdom spheres, do indeed control the affairs of your world.

Q.—And do they combine for one purpose, or have they several interests?

A.—Their interests are as numberless as the stars in the firmament; for the spirits upon the sea-shore, and yet they are all harmonious, giving forth no discordant sounds.

Q.—Will human affairs eventually be governed in harmony, the same as we believe them to be in spirit-life? or will the human family become perfected to that degree here as to understand each other as spirits understand each other in the spirit-spheres?

A.—Certain portions of the human family are constantly arriving at this state of wisdom or perfection. But it is our opinion that there are

other portions of the same family that will stand upon a lower step. There are as many different degrees of love, and wisdom, and goodness, and truth and virtue, as there is need for degrees. All cannot inhabit one sphere, or one degree. Each will gravitate to its proper sphere. And what is beneath you, as an intelligent being, what does not come up to your intellectual standard, is a sphere below you, intellectually speaking. What has gone beyond you is a sphere above you. And so there are an infinite number of degrees. No man can number them.

Q.—Will man ever arrive at perfection so far that he can lay the body off at will, and pass into the next world?

A.—There are instances of such perfect harmony existing between the spiritual part of man and the animal, or physical, upon record at the present day, but they are very rare, are not often met with.

Q.—Is it not to be regretted that so great a number are going to the spirit-world now in consequence of our civil war?

A.—No, certainly not. If we have that firm reliance upon the Great Power that governs that we should have, we certainly cannot, consistently, offer regret for any of the manifestations, either of time or eternity. The war is a necessity, we believe, just as your storms are a necessity to atmospheric life.

Q.—Why a necessity?

A.—That we cannot tell. Without war you would never understand peace. Peace could not perfect itself, could not stand up in all its God-given beauty.

Q.—Has the spirit in your sphere a body as tangible as the one you lost?

A.—Yes, as tangible, as visible, as real to them as yours to you.

Q.—A fac-simile of the body you left?

A.—No.

Q.—The features the same?

A.—No.

Q.—You would recognize your friends there, would you not?

A.—We do not recognize by form and feature, but by spiritual attraction.

Q.—Is the habilitment that a spirit wears a necessity of the soul, a result of physical conditions, or is it a mind acting to the wish of spirit?

A.—It is a result of the internal properties or characteristics of the individual.

Q.—Is it composed of the same material as the material body?

A.—Yes, if material you may call it; only a different kind of material from that composing your physical body.

Q.—Only different because more refined, is it?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Does the spirit produce this body?

A.—Yes, it is an outgrowth of the internal; an external wardrobe that has been projected from the internal. We all know just what you are in the spirit-world, for your external clothing corresponds to the internal.

Q.—What is the process requisite for spirits to clothe themselves in the same garments they wore on earth?

A.—The physical atmosphere holds within itself all that pertains to physical life. By coming within that atmosphere and taking advantage of its laws, they are able to condense the properties of that atmosphere that have an existence through physical life, so as to mold them into human form, and thus surround themselves with a body, for the time being, as real, as tangible, as thoroughly human, as the body they parted with at death.

Q.—Does that same rule answer with the manifestations of the Allen Boy?

A.—Certainly it does.

Q.—Are all spirits obliged to come immediately to us, or can they control magnetically from a distance?

A.—They certainly can control from a distance. Some spirits prefer to be absorbed in the physical body of the subject they control here. Others prefer to send down their ideas through a number of spiritual mediums, and thence to the human medium. One may be called a personal, positive control, the other a psychological control.

March 20.

Lieut. William H. Haddam.

From my earliest infancy I was taught to believe in the existence of a supreme God, a Father if I may to who would hear us and answer us. I cannot say that I believed he was a personal being, but I blindly inferred that, from the teachings of the priests.

Sixteen months since I was wounded and captured by the rebels. I was taken from prison to prison, subjected to all sorts of indignities. Part of the time I prayed for death to come as a liberator, and part of the time I prayed that God might, through any means—I cared not how—deliver me from that terrible condition. On going to sleep I prayed; on waking I prayed again; and all through the long and dreary days and nights I prayed, almost without ceasing, for deliverance. Still it did not come—still I suffered on, and about the last month of my life in the body I began to doubt the existence of a God. I began to say that this belief is good for nothing. If there is a God he does not amount to much, and I seem to be on an unknown sea, without a compass.

When I got liberated, the first one that met me was my mother. She says, "William, we have heard all your prayers. I taught you in childhood to pray, and to pray believing that God would answer them. But I didn't teach you that faith and works, in order to be effectual, must go together. I didn't teach you that God worked always through human means, so far as humanity is concerned, for I didn't know it myself."

I soon found I'd prayed and prayed and prayed, but my prayers were not of the right kind. If I had written the letter that I was almost spiritually impelled to write, I might have been liberated from prison, and I should have been. But I didn't do it. I prayed to God that he would come and open the doors of my prison-house, and he didn't come. I lived, until death, in the hardest possible way, relieved me—until suffering that comes of starvation and misery, changed me to a wretch, and I died almost cursing God.

Well, I don't regret it, not even now. I did as I thought was right, and I do not believe I shall ever find any hell, and I verily believe that I've got through all the hell I shall ever see. And now I'm here. It's just about five weeks since I was liberated by death. I'm here in full possession of all my faculties, as far as I know; and I am earnest, as thousands are, to talk with those I've left.

Will you be kind enough to say that Lieutenant William H. Haddam, of the 3d Wisconsin Company, is very, very anxious to commune with those he's left. Say to my friends that I am free. They need not look for my return, not in the body. March 20

Pearls.

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

A MAY IDYL.

The Spring is here; the sweet May-blooms,
Like snow-flakes, whiten all the air:
I smell the delicate perfumes
Of apricot and pear.

I wander down the garden slopes,
And take the path that nearest leads
To where in blind assurance gropes
My buried store of seeds.

Ah, Nature fails me not! She keeps
Her promise sacred as of old;
See where her glad fulfillment peeps
Up through the softened mould!

Pansies and pinks and daffodils—
A brave array of bursting green;
Prophetic of the bloom that fills
The summer days with sheen.

A handful of unsightly seed—
That was the simple gift I brought;
And lo! in answer to the deed,
A miracle is wrought!

Every good doctrine leaves behind it an ethereal furrow ready for the planting of seeds which shall bring an abundant harvest.

PHANTOM FLOWERS.

They are spirits of flowers that blossomed and died
Long since in the garden—its beauty and pride;
Yet they rise from corruption, in robes new and bright,
As vision-like phantoms, all spotless and white.

Gay bodies we knew have gone down to decay;
With the Winter's first breath they have withered away.
But a change has come o'er them, and dream-like and fair,
The features that marked them they once again wear.

The same wondrous tissue, the outline and grace
Of each tiny leaflet and blossom we trace;
True type of ourselves, whose poor bodies shall rise
From the grave of corruption, the heirs of the skies.

Dear sign of our hope, of salvation the key,
The purest of offerings thy chaplet shall be;
Of blossoms for healing, from heavenly bowers,
We twine round the Cross phantom leaflets and flowers.

We cannot well dispense with the respect of
Others unless we are possessed of our own.

WELCOME TO SUMMER.

Come, summer, come!
With genial skies and budding flowers,
And balmy gales and fragrant showers,
And smiles that clothe the earth in flowers—
Come, with thy bright and fairy hand,
And scatter gladness o'er the land!

Come, summer, come!
Society is a masked ball, where every one hides
His real character, and reveals it by hiding.

Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LEIGH HUNT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;
OR,
MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

CHAPTER XI.

There is a cold, dreary season, called winter,
When the flowers have faded, when the trees are bare,
And Nature seems to have forgotten to put
On her beautiful garments, and wraps herself in
mantles of snow, ice and frost, and sleeps. But,
in the heart, this season may be like a beautiful
summer-time. The sweet flowers of love and good-
will may bloom and shed their fragrance, so that
there may seem to be a perpetual summer. There
are, too, days of cloud and gloom, when storms
rage, and the light hardly breaks through the
shadows; but these days may be so full of beauty
and gladness that no one will miss the sunshine,
for the sunshine of love warms and gladdens all
things. Christmas eve was cold and bleak. Heavy
clouds settled over the whole sky, and in the far
east a storm seemed to be advancing. Nothing
abroad looked bright and cheering, for the cold
winds blew, and, as the night came on, they sighed
and moaned most dimly.

But what cared Willie or Joe or Marianna?
Their hearts were so full of gladness that it seemed
a beautiful summer time of sunshine. The cold
winds had not kept Marianna and Mr. Tom from
accepting Mr. Welter's kind invitation to
spend the holidays in town, and, much to Willie's
surprise, just at twilight of the day before Christ-
mas, they came. The evening lamps were lighted,
so that the room was all aglow; but brighter
than this was the light that shone from their happy
faces. The Christmas gifts were all distributed,
and each one was made glad. Willie was anxious
to have this done early, for he could hardly wait
for the best part of the evening's pleasure. Tim
had been concealed at a neighbor's through the
day, he having arrived with Joe the evening be-
fore, and Mr. Welter had helped the boys carry
out their plan of surprise for Miss Jackson.

At length she was requested to join in the game
of forfeits; she declared herself too old, but finally
consented, and received her sentence to go into
the little front room and stay five minutes and
then return. She left the room rather displeased
at so strange a demand. On entering the room
she saw a pleasant, smiling face and heard a
hearty laugh.

"Who are you?" said she, rather gruffly.
Tim had been instructed what to say, and replied:
"I am the great magician who has come to bring
you what you want most."

"I want nothing," said Miss Jackson; "you are
all fooling me."

"But you do, if you could have all you wish.
Suppose, now, you should want Tim, would not
you have him?"

Miss Jackson looked directly in his face; some-
thing in the boy's eyes appealed to her heart.

"Tim? where is he? I do believe you know—"
"Guess I do!" replied Tim; and he jumped
down from his high chair, quite forgetting the
part he was to play, and, calling to Mr. Welter,
said:

"Can't I tell now that I am Tim, and that I've
come here to see her?"

Miss Jackson could not believe what was soon
told her; but when convinced, she first laughed
and then cried and then asked questions. When
told of what the boys had done, and how much
faith Joe had had, and how strangely he had been
able to find the boy, she said:

"It's just the doings of the Lord, for nobody
else would have done it for Jinny Jackson!"

And then she drew Tim back into the front
room, and asked him all manner of questions, and
hugged him and kissed him until Willie grew so
impatient for their return that he insisted that

the five minutes granted at first was still a law,
and they must return. They had their evening's
treat of nuts and fruits, and, after this, Mr. Welter
said:

"You are all fond of stories, and now I have
one to tell you."

"Oh, goodie! good!" said Willie.
"And it is a really true story, too, every word
of it; and you must be very patient with me while
I tell it, and each one must promise not to inter-
rupt me with questions. I told you that I had a
sister that I used to love very much. Well, as I
grew up, I loved her more and more; but I never
thought it best to express my love by being very
patient with her, but I was quite likely to demand
that she should do just as I wished. She was so
gentle and good that she willingly yielded her
wishes to mine, so that we never had any quar-
rels, but lived very harmoniously. Our violins
were always in tune.

But, owing to her goodness and gentleness, I
fear I had become quite a little tyrant, for, as we
grew older, I often grieved her by compelling her
to do as I wished, against her own will. She grew
to be very beautiful, and after I was old enough
to go away from home to finish my education, on
my return I thought I had never seen anything
so sweet as her smile or so lovely as her eye. I
believed she loved me better than any one else,
and I counted on having her ever near me to ful-
fill my wishes, for she never refused me. If I
wanted some one to bring me my hat or coat, or
to put away a book, or to find my music, Angeline
was always ready. If I chose to be out late, she
always sat up for me, and so sweet a smile al-
ways greeted me that I supposed it would always
be her pleasure thus to do.

On one of my returns home I found that an-
other had taken the best part of my Angeline's
heart. She had learned to love an Italian whom
she had met, and I soon saw that some one else
had my sweetest smile and her gladdest welcome.
My father and mother both died, and I was left
in care of the old home. I was made so angry by
Angeline's preference for her lover, that I used my
authority and drove him from our door. Angeline
followed him, married him, and I forbade their
ever coming to our old home. They went to Italy.

I was made so unhappy by my harshness, that
I determined to dispose of all my estate and come
to America. Before leaving my home I received
a letter from my sister, telling me that she and
her husband were reduced to miserable poverty,
and that she had a beautiful boy who needed bet-
ter care, and, for this reason, she begged me to
send them some money. I did so, but I wrote not
one word of love in my letter, and I never received
another from her. I came to America; and it was
here, in my loneliness, that I first felt the great
wrong that I had done. I sent to Italy for my
sister, and abundance of means for her coming,
but she never came. I lost all trace of her, and I
believed she was dead. At length I heard that
she was, and that her husband and boy had start-
ed to come here, but I never heard from them,
and so great was my dislike of my sister's hus-
band that I did not care to find them.

When you came to my home, Willie, I thought
of the dear boy that perhaps I could call my own,
my sister's child; but when you grew fretful and
ill-natured, I was glad I had let all the years pass
without seeking him out. I thought to myself,
What should I do if I was obliged to have a boy
near me to remind me of my dear sister, who
brought no gladness with him? It was only until
I found out how much real happiness you held in
your hand, that you could bestow on others, that
I began to wish that I had the child nearest to my
heart in my own home.

When I learned of the surprise you were plan-
ning for Miss Jackson, then I began to wonder if
I might not also find my sister's child, and I set
myself about it. I believe I should have given up
had it not been for thinking of Joe's good luck, and
of his faith. I went to work with all the faith I
could gain, and in the course of one day, through
some friends of mine from Italy, I learned the
history of the boy, and very soon I traced him."

"Oh! oh!" said Willie, "I can't wait any longer.
Where is he?"

"But your promise, Willie—I shall hold you to
it—not a question till I am done. Then I began
to ask myself again if I should be happier if I
found him. So I went to all who had known him,
to learn what sort of a boy he was; and every-
where I went I could think of nothing but tracing
sunshine; his path was all gladness and light the
past years. Then I resolved to keep on his track
and find him, and I did."

"Where?" said Willie; "do tell!"

"Why, in my own house," said Mr. Welter;
"hidden under—"

"Under a barrel?" asked Willie.

"Oh, you naughty boy for asking so many ques-
tions!" said Marianna. "But, Mr. Welter, where
could it have been?"

"I am sure he was not in the cellar," said Miss
Jackson. "Where was he?"

"Was he in the little front room?" said Tim.

"Really," said Mr. Tom, "I am getting quite im-
patient, too; if you would only tell the boy's name.
Was it—"

"There," said Mr. Welter, "you have all broken
your promises, except Joe, and asked questions;
and you are all condemned to go in the little front
room and wait until Joe goes to announce his com-
ing."

There was a great burst of indignation at this,
but Mr. Welter drove them all out in the midst of
laughing and scolding. When they had gone, Joe
went to Mr. Welter and put his hand in his.

"Oh, pray tell me, was not your sister Angeline
my mother? They said I was named for her."

Mr. Welter put his arms out, and drew to his
friendly heart the orphan boy. Joe could not
speak for joy.

"Yes, you are right," said Mr. Welter; "and
now I can pay all the love I ought to have given
years ago, to you. How it gladdens my old age
to know that the beautiful providence of my life
has led me to this."

"That providence led my mother to do it all, I
know," said Joe. "She always said, 'Angelo,
your pathway leads through flowers at last.' And
Mr. Welter, I am sure she has known all about
you, and led me to you; for I have heard her sing
many a night when I was going to sleep and you
were playing on the organ."

There was no more time for talking, for the im-
patient company outside began clapping and
stamping, and Joe opened the door.

"He was hidden under the guise of poor Joe,"
said Joe.

"Well, where is your guise?" said Willie.

All laughed; and Mr. Tom explained that Joe
was Mr. Welter's nephew, and that the dear sister
of Mr. Welter was Joe's mother.

Willie could not restrain his joy at this informa-
tion, but fairly danced around Joe; and when Mr.
Welter entered, he begged to know if there were
not some more uncles somewhere, or aunts, and
some boys hidden.

"One word," said Mr. Tom, "I have been
thinking how kindly a good Providence leads us.
What could be better than Joe's whole life, kept
as it has been by his mother in heaven? Even his
misfortunes brought him good."

"And I think somebody kept me, too," said Wil-
lie; "and it must have been Susie."

"And me, too," said Miss Jackson; "and it must
have been Tim's mother."

"No doubt," said Mr. Welter, "we all have our
angels who watch over us continually. The good
Father in Heaven cares for us in that way; but
there is one thing we must always do, and no one
can do it for us: we must keep ourselves so full of
love and goodness that those angels can speak to
our hearts. If Joe had been a disagreeable, ill-na-
tured boy, I doubt if we had had so merry a Christ-
mas meeting. And now Joe and I will sing the
fine old Christmas hymn:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

Thus passed this pleasant Christmas evening,
and thus began many years of loving care and
kindness.

The morning of a new day dawned for Joe, for
from this time he felt he had a home, and some-
one to love him for his dear mother's sake, as well
as his own.

And for Miss Jackson, too, there had come the
new gladness. Tim remembered no more his cross
Aunt Jinny, but was glad in receiving all the kind-
ness of Miss Jackson's heart.

Willie, too, having begun a manly, noble course,
indulged no more in fretful ways, but found the
bright light of love over the cheapest and surest
lamp for his feet.

Marianna, in the beauty of Oakland, strove more
and more for the beauty of a life free from all
wrong, and bright with the sunshine of goodness.
And thus we leave our friends for a few years.

[Concluded in our next.]

May Music.

DEAR CHILDREN—Most of you have heard the
grand music of an organ, and you know how it
seems to come nearer and nearer as the tones swell,
and then as they grow soft and sweet they seem
floating away; but, near or far, loud or soft, every
tone filled us with delight and spoke to our hearts.
Well, it seems to me that we ought to be like that
grand instrument—that we ought to have so much
harmony within, and you will understand har-
mony very well by the word love—so I will say that
we ought to have so much love in our hearts that
when an angel touches the keys, or when any
beautiful thing that is as a messenger to our spirits,
touches them, we shall speak forth beautiful tones
that every one can feel.

I wonder if you know what it is to feel music. I
once knew a man who was deaf and dumb. Of
course he could hear no sweet sounds; and yet, if
any one played upon an instrument, he showed
the greatest delight. He made signs to show that
he felt the sounds in his fingers and arms, and run-
ning up thence into his head; so you see there is
such a thing as feeling music. But the music of a
piano or organ most of us can hear. There is a
music, however, that we can only feel, or hear with
our spirits; and that is the music of happy, loving
hearts.

This beautiful May day those can hear the sing-
ing of birds that are so fortunate as to be in the
country; but what are those to do who see no
green fields or budding trees? Must they have no
May music? If they can feel the sweet melody of
love, they will not so much miss the glad songs of
birds. Shall we not all try to make that sweetest
of all melody, the music of loving hearts?

Your friend, LOVE M. WILLIS.

Answer to Transposition in our Last.

Think of me the first May flower
You gather in the field or wood;
Pick a violet with a prayer
For all that's beautiful and good.

LOVE MARIA WILLIS.

Correspondence in Brief.

Meetings in Cincinnati.
Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson closed a course of ten
lectures before our society Sunday evening, April
30th, and gave one week-evening lecture for the
benefit of the Sanitary Fair at Chicago. All of
the subjects were given to her by the audience, or
a committee, and were treated in a masterly spirit.
Every thought seemed to evolve from the centre
of her being, and for their purity and simplicity
the psychological effect was perceptible. For in-
stance, the subjects "What evidence have we of
the immortality of the soul?" and "The Science,
the Philosophy, and the Religion of Spiritualism,"
were treated entirely from an interior standpoint
of reasoning, and no attempt was made to bring
up external relations or physical manifestations
as collateral arguments.

On Sunday evening, April 16th, she spoke upon
the "Divine destinies of Providence in relation
to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln." It was
an anxious and crowded house to hear what Spiritu-
alism would have to say of the national calamity.
She was quite unwell, and had not the physical
strength to magnetically hold the audience,
but in thought there was great power. After vir-
tually Mr. Lincoln many fine encomiums for his vir-
tues, she closed by saying, "You have worshiped
the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob of old; you
have now another Abraham, and we say, Wor-
ship the God of Abraham Lincoln!"

We wish our sister every success, and trust our
adjacent towns and cities will not be tardy in se-
curing her services before she returns to her home
in the East.

By order and approval of the Executive Board
of the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists,
Cincinnati, O., at their monthly (official) meet-
ing, Sunday, May 7th, 1865.

A. W. PUGH, Secretary.

Spiritualism on Kelley's Island.

Spiritualism here is of a very quiet kind. There
is very little excitement on the subject. We have
no regular meetings and seldom have circles. We
are always glad to have good speakers give us a
call, and our hall is well filled whenever there are
meetings. There is not opposition enough to get
up much excitement. There are several mediums
here who have given manifestations satisfactory to
their friends, but who do not wish to appear
before the public as such. If a Spiritualist is one
who believes that the spirit exists after death, and
is around us, and can, and does, under certain con-
ditions, communicate to mortals in the body, then
most of the intelligent inhabitants of this place
are Spiritualists. Some believe this, and believe
in Christ as a Saviour of sinners, etc., and call
themselves Church members, and not Spiritualists.

Kelley's Island, May 4th, 1865.

Telegraphing by Sounds.

I read with pleasure in the Banner of April 29th,
a small article headed "A Suggestion," and I do
not see why it is not a good one. I am, myself,
much interested in Spiritualism, and would like
to take this method of communicating with some
of my brother operators who have gone to spiri-
tland; and respectfully advise all "sound opera-
tors" who saw that suggestion in the Banner, to
try it; at least I shall as soon as an opportunity
presents itself to me.

JAMES C. MCNEIL, Telegraph Operator.
Belvidere, Ill., May 24, 1865.

New Salem, Ill.

E. B. Lowmes writes, asking some healing me-
dium to locate in or near that place. He also in-
vites speakers to give them a call. He alludes to
the strong healing powers of Dr. A. W. Williams,
of Vermont, Ill. Mr. Lowmes will be pleased to
open correspondence with any one who desires to
come out there transiently, or to locate perma-
nently. His address is New Salem, Johnson's
P. O., Ill.

Last Hours of George M. Jackson.

I write to inform the spiritualistic public of the
death of our esteemed friend and brother, George
M. Jackson. His long and protracted illness is
well known to the readers of the Banner. He
passed the change on the 25th of April. To me
he was all that a friend or a brother could be—my
"chum" in civil life, and my comrade upon the
tented field. None knew him as I did, none will
love and cherish his memory more ardently, none
enduringly. It was not for me to be with him
when he took his departure for the Summer-Land;
though on receipt of a letter from his parents in-
forming me of his critical condition, I made all
possible haste to see him once more, but did not
arrive at his residence until it was too late to wit-
ness even his burial; and the few facts which I
have to narrate for the readers of the Banner were
gleaned from his mother and attendant physi-
cians.

For the last three weeks of his illness, says Dr.
Cheney, he suffered a great deal of pain, but bore
it with a manly fortitude rarely, if ever, witness-
ed. Indeed, he was seldom free from pain; and
this was usually during the long hours of the
night. At such times, says his mother, he would
frequently describe the most beautiful sights and
scenes of spirit-life—"beautiful, ineffable, grand
beyond description." Among other incidents re-
lated to me, none, perhaps, stand out more con-
spicuously, nor speak more eloquently of that in-
herent gratitude which always characterized his
actions toward his friends, than his unbounded
joy when he found himself the happy recipient of
pecuniary aid from his friends and patrons in the
field of reform. On receipt of the first package
of money from the Banner office, he said to his
mother, "This is the Religion of Humanity,"
while tears of joy and gratitude came trickling
down his cheeks.

In the early twilight of the morning on the day
of his departure, he suffered the most excruciating
agony. He said to his mother, "If I thought I
could remain with you much longer, I would take
an opiate. But when I pass the change I wish to
have my mind clear—I don't want to be stupe-
fied with drugs." The Doctor came in directly,
and George called him to his bedside, saying,
"Doctor, I wish to ask you a question, and I want
you to be candid with me. How long do you
think I can live?" On being told he could not
live through the day, he thanked him very cor-
dially, adding, "I am happy to know it." For
half an hour previous to his departure he was
totally blind, yet such was the clearness of his
mind, that he could distinguish his friends and
neighbors by the modulation of the voice. The
conditions for his final dissolution were fast ripen-
ing into that culmination which our beneficent
Creator, his benevolence to prove, wisely stamped
on human nature—immortality and love.

His thin and emaciated form suddenly straight-
ened, his head and arms quivered and trembled,
as he was passing into the abnormal state, and
his eyes were opened to their fullest extent and he
looked amazed. It was evident that some spirit
panorama, unseen before, was breaking upon his
vision. His lips moved, and he beckoned to some
one apparently above him, while his face seemed
hallowed with a smile of recognition of some de-
parted friend who had passed on before.

"Can it be," said a skeptic who witnessed the
scene, and to whom this mediumistic beatitude was
inexplicable, "that he has been given a view of
the other world?" The question was answered
by one who loved him as none but a mother can
love, and who knew he was holding converse
with the angels who had come to receive him, for
she had witnessed even greater spirit phenomena
than this during his illness.

The sublime scene closed, and the reformer,
the soldier, had passed the portal of death and
entered the radiant temple of enduring life.

ALEX. G. DONNELLY,
Burdett, Schuyler Co., N. Y., May 4, 1865.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER
OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore be-
comes a duty to promptly notify us of ap-
pointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.
Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party
unwilling to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as
the column is intended for Lecturers only.)

Miss EMMA HARRINGTON lectures East up to the Fall,
and West up to Christmas. Sundays engaged. Address, 8 Fourth
avenue, New York. Speaks in Lyceum Hall, Boston, during
May.

Miss LIZZIE DOTY will speak in New York City during
May, in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other
engagements to lecture until further notice. Her many cor-
respondents will note the above announcement. Address
as above, or the Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Haverhill, Mass., during
May, in Chelsea during June; in Lowell, July 2, 9 and 16.
He will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address as
above.

Dr. L. C. COCKLEY will lecture and treat in Chatsworth,
Cheneca, El Paso, Kappa, Peoria, Ill., and vicinity from the
first of May to June 15th. Address, care of Mr. Woodard, El
Paso, Tex. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of
Light.

M. H. HOGGARTH will speak in Somers, Conn., May 28; in
Norwich, June 4 and 11; in Malden, Mass., June 18 and 25.
Address as above.

A. W. WILSON will debate with Elder Stephenson, May 25,
26, 27 and 28; will speak in Sterling or Dixon, Ill., June 10
and 11; in Coldwater, Mich., June 18 and 25; in Jonesville,
July 2. Address accordingly.

Miss AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Worcester, Mass.,
during May. Address, box 616, Lowell, Mass.

Miss MARTHA L. BROWN, trance speaker, will lecture in
Lowell, Mass., during May, in Chelsea during June, and in
Chelsea during July. Address, care of Geo. Beckwith.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Lowell during May; in
Worcester during June; in Foxboro, July 2; in Haverhill,
Mass., during September; in Lowell during October; in Phila-
delphia during November. Will make engagements to speak
during the winter and spring of 1866, if the friends
desire. Address as above.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Troy, N. Y., during May.
Address accordingly.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the
first Sunday in May, and on the second Sunday in May, in
East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the
coming year; in Rochester, May 21. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

J. M. ALLEN will speak in Washington, D. C., May 21 and
28. Address accordingly, or Banner of Light, Boston.

Miss SARAH A. NUTT will speak in North Dana, Mass., dur-
ing May; in Woodstock, Vt., June 11, 18 and 25, and July 9, 16
and 23. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H.

E. V. WILSON will be at home, Menckau, Oconto Co.,
Wis., during May. Parties wishing his services week evenings
will address him at above. He will give magnetic readings of
character and tests during the week-days.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in North Cambridge,
May 21 and 28. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. H. T. SYRANKS will lecture in Dover, N. H., during May,
May 21 and 28. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. E. M. WOLCOTT will speak in Eden Mills, Vt., and
vicinity during June and July. Address as above.

Miss LIZZIE CABLEY, Ypsilanti, Mich., will lecture during
May in Coldwater, Mich. Would like to make engagements
for the late fall and winter months with the friends in New
York and Pennsylvania. Address, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mrs. F. O. HYTZER will lecture in Baltimore, Md., during
June. Address, 861 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

ISAAC P. GREENE will speak in Lowell, Mass., May 21,
June 18, 25, and Aug. 29; in Newburyport, N. Y., July 8,
15 and 22; in Portland, Me